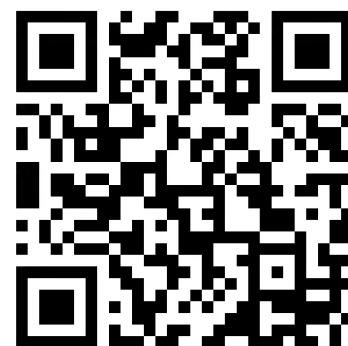

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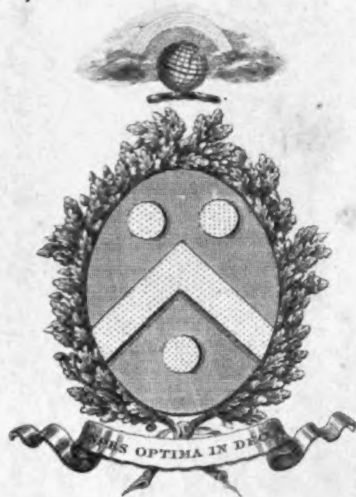
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Hope folio 115.



John Thomas Hope.

Per. 2714. c. $\frac{1}{2}$.

THE PORT FOLIO.

BY

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... various that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulged.
COWPER.

VOL. II....FOR 1802.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY H. MAXWELL, AND SOLD BY WILLIAM FRY, NO. 25, NORTH SECOND-STREET,
OPPOSITE CHRIST-CHURCH.

.....
1802.

THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
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COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 1.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. I.

EVERY periodical writer has, I believe, experienced the difficulty of fixing upon an appropriate title for his work: it has been expressed by many, it has been felt by more. In the present day, this difficulty is experienced in a tenfold degree, for so numerous has been the tribe of adventurers in this department of literature, that almost every name, expressive of the character or the writings of a desultory essayist, has been anticipated. What a variety of appellations has been assumed, from the Tatler of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. down to the Port Folio of Oliver Oldschool, Esq.!

Under these circumstances, the attempt to invent a name for my paper, which should be perfectly original, was utterly repugnant with my love of ease; my only difficulty was, to discover a title among the fugitive writers of Great-Britain, which would best suit my habits and dispositions, and I could then easily appropriate it, by the addition of the epithet American. With a rapid glance, I reviewed the catalogue, and found objections to almost every name which had been assumed. The airy levity which seemed connected with that of the "Tatler," would have suited me tolerably well; but I have, for some time, endeavoured, and I flatter myself, not wholly without success, to form myself upon the model of some of the fashionably *nonchalant* characters, which may be met with in some modern novels. Besides, with all submission to the superior knowledge of Isaac Bickerstaff, the title seems so appropriate to the fairer part of the creation, that I was afraid of being supposed, in this revolutionary age, to be actuated by a wish of encroaching upon one of the inalienable and imprescriptible rights of woman.

The Spectator, I was informed, had been already adopted; the Guardian conveyed unpleasant sensations to my mind, as more than four months must elapse, before I shall be emancipated from the controul of an unpolished being, who, under that appellation, has presumed to curtail many of my elegant expenses. To the "Rambler" I objected, because, to adopt the style of the author himself, it "savoured of loco-motion." The "Idler" I had almost determined to adopt; but I was terrified by observing, that his very idleness is instructive; and, independently of the opinion so justly and universally entertained, that the world cannot be mended or instructed, I am the last person in the world that would be impertinent enough to undertake such a task. But, not to detain my readers, by a minute exposition of my motives for rejecting all other appellations, I was at length determined to adopt the title of the American Lounger, by remarking its coincidence with my disposition, my habits, and my name.

Thus much for the appellation which I have adopted: I shall now follow the example of many of my predecessors, in giving an account of myself, and of my qualifications; and, "upon that favourite

topic, on which the dull can expatiate with brilliancy, and the sterile with copiousness," I shall be as brief as possible.

With respect to my personal appearance, I may remark, that I have overheard more than one young lady, in a half whisper, acknowledge, that I had "most elegant eyes." With this remark, I have been, hitherto, not a little gratified, 'till the unlucky appearance of an essay in the 49th number of the Port Folio, with the signature of Restorator, very much abated my self-complacency. As the author observes, that this epithet is occasionally applied to a piece of beef, to a peach, and to many other articles, equally differing in their natures from each other, I must acknowledge, that I have been rather puzzled ever since, to form a definite idea of what the dear creatures mean. I could also repeat many soothing observations upon the elegance of my person and dress, were it not for the ambiguity already mentioned. I can assure my female readers, that my attention to the latter circumstance costs me nearly as much time as the duties of their toilet, especially since the happy introduction of wigs saves them the two hours, heretofore appropriated to the hair-dresser. Not that I would have them imagine, that my person is attired with studied nicety; on the contrary, I can honestly say, that it always takes me some time, to give that careless air to my habiliments, which is suitable to the character of a loungeur.

With respect to my qualifications, I may observe, that I am a most acceptable visitant at tea-parties; for I have something pretty to say, to each of the fair assembly, and talk sentiment with an interesting simper. I hand a young lady to and from the piano-forte, with an easy air, and applaud her execution, although I can hardly distinguish between the much admired air of "The Cottager's Daughter," and "Go to the Devil and shake Yourself." Add to this, that I always go to the assembly, and to all private dancing parties, to which I am invited; although, in compliance with the example of many of my ingenious brother loungeurs, I soon profess myself tired of dancing. I frequent the theatre pretty constantly, not to attend to the play, but to join a knot of ingenious young friends, in parading the lobby, with as much noise as possible, talking loud, laughing at the most serious passages in tragedy, and abashing the performers. These traits in my character, will, I trust, establish my claim to the appellation which I have assumed; yet, I must candidly own, that, without assistance from correspondents, the American Lounger will boast but a short existence. From professed indolence, much cannot be expected; but, if each of my worthy brethren, and I may add sisters also, in this city, will only contribute one letter each, upon some fugitive topic, I am confident, that my existence will be more protracted than even that of the Spectator of Great-Britain; and I should not be at all surprised to read, ten years hence, the American Lounger, No. 500.

The plan, therefore, that I propose to myself in this paper, is to take an occasional glance, in which I hope, that I shall be assisted by the friendship of

correspondents, at the fleeting topics and manners of the day. It will be, particularly, an object with me, to attract the attention of the fair; and I am not without hopes of assistance, from the pen of many an ingenious female. Their communications would always be received with particular pleasure, and meet with particular attention. I can assure my readers, that I am very good-humoured, and that personal satire, or private malevolence, shall never pollute these papers. Should I be occasionally detected in addressing letters to myself, I may plead the example of preceding writers, and remark, that none can so completely trace all the beauties of a composition, as the writer himself. Should I occasionally draw a character, whether male or female, I would humbly warn any person from appropriating it. It may be ten to one that I may never have heard of persons, the lineaments of whose characters may, nevertheless, be supposed to be traced, with an exactness almost equal to that, with which Stuart would copy their features. I could enlarge upon this subject; but Dr. Smollett has treated it in so admirable a way, and illustrated it so happily, in his prefatory apologue to Roderic Random, that I shall, without further ceremony, conclude my introductory paper, with referring my readers to the perusal of it.

* * Those of our friends, who may be disposed to correspond with SAM SAUNTER, are requested to address their communications to the Editor of the Port Folio, as usual; but to prefix to their contributions the words "For the American Lounger."

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"Reports of Cases, adjudged in the Circuit Court of the United States, for the third Circuit. By JOHN D. WALLACE. Octavo, pp. 146, Philadelphia: published by Asbury Dickins, S. C. Ustick, printer, 1801."

THE industrious reporter of these cases has, with a very laudable ambition, chosen to commence his professional career, by a history of law cases and decisions, in a tribunal, distinguished for the learning of its officers, and the purity of its justice. It is but too common for young men of genius, destined for the profession of the law, to consider their legal noviciate in a barrister's office, but a genteel retreat for indolence, and who have no object more legitimate, than to while away their awkward hours, in "a calm, middle state of mental and moral inactivity."

The number of those, who have substituted poetry for special pleading, swells the catalogue of British biography; and POPE, with no exaggeration of satire, lampoons that class of lawless loiterers,

"Who study Shakspeare—at the inn of court."

With this species of indifference to black letter reading, and professional cares, Mr. Wallace appears to be in no wise chargeable. Without neglecting or contemning polite literature, he has judiciously given his most eager attention to BLACKSTONE; and the good fruits of his diligence

and perseverance, appear abundantly in the volume before us.

As we think our reporter's preface is vigorously written, and as its neatness and perspicuity of phrase gives us the assurance that Mr. Wallace has mingled classical with law books, we transcribe it with much pleasure. It will convey, moreover, a very luminous idea of the nature of his design, of the "disadvantages" attendant on his task, of his anxiety for the present, and his hope for the future.

PREFACE.

"BY those who are conversant with subjects of municipal jurisprudence, the design of publishing memorials of adjudged cases in the circuit court of the United States, for the third circuit, will, no doubt, be received with approbation.

"Questions on the constitution and laws of the United States, on general commercial law, and the law of nations, must furnish a series of decisions, highly valuable to every juridical officer, and of great importance to the community; and such are the questions which will principally occupy the attention of this court.

"It is only for the execution of the task, that I feel anxiety. I am no ways satisfied that this first essay will be thought to augur favourably of the reporter. It may serve, however, to soften the rigour of judgment, to know that it has been made under considerable disadvantages, which will not attend upon future efforts: and if, in these circumstances, the present publication should meet with patronage, I shall feel encouraged to proceed, in the hope of arriving much nearer to the point of merit.

"The state of each case will, I think, be found to be accurately given; and the opinion of the court, generally, in the words in which it was delivered; with only such slight departures, in mere phraseology, as to create no variation in the sense. It does not come within the power of any one but the stenographer, to exhibit a copy of an oral discourse, that shall, in every particular, comport with the original. Where the opinions were written, I have been favoured by the judges, with leave to take copies. As to the arguments of counsel, from their nature, they require much compression: where several are concerned, the arguments of all on each side, must be thrown together. In doing this, much of the spirit, and many of the beauties of an eloquent debate will be lost. I have to lament, that it is not within the compass of such compilations, to do justice to the great abilities, which are conspicuous at the bar of the court, in which these cases were decided. All that I can profess to have given on this head, is a correct state of the points made by the counsel, and the substance of the arguments on each side. It may be thought, that I sometimes give to the arguments, a cast rather more forensic than is usual in the modern style of reporting; and that I too frequently introduce, into the principal report, colloquial and incidental matter. I am not conscious, however, of having indulged this too far; and, where I have yielded to it, I promise myself, it will be found to answer some useful purpose; and to present, if not so much of symmetry, at least a more natural exhibition of the case.

"I have only to add, that, in the outset of a great national judicature, it appeared to me proper, not only to record the more solemn sentences of the law, but also to preserve rules of practice, and the course of proceeding. In courts long established, and where the practical forms and principles are well understood, or may be traced to digested systems, the preservation of these incidental cases of a discretionary kind, would not be so important. But, in this court, which must, in some measure, originate a code of practice, points of that nature, when settled, become of considerable consequence.

"Should my design be approved, I purpose to continue a report of the adjudged cases in the third circuit.

"Philadelphia, October 1st, 1801."

Mr. Wallace's motto to his book, though, at first, it may appear a circumstance, not of sufficient consequence to justify a particular memorial, yet deserves quotation, for its aptness and propriety. It is from CICERO, and declares a salutary and an eternal truth.

"Optimum est MAJORUM sequi vestigia."

The judges of the court, in which these "cases" were "adjudged," are the

Honourable William Tilghman, of Pennsylvania, chief judge,

Honourable Richard Basset, of Delaware,

Honourable William Griffith, of New-Jersey.

The cases reported are, Hammond's lessee against Haws—Penn against Butler—The United States against Duane—the same against King—the same against Moore—Echeveria against Nairac

—Ferrer against the same—Duncan against Koch—Hollingsworth against Duane—the same against the same—Bentaloe against Pratt—Cowan against Magauran—Hollingsworth against Duane—Knox and Co. against Greenleaf—Bowerbank against Morris—the United States against Wayne—Boudinot against Symmes—and Hollingsworth against Duane.

It is worthy of an incidental remark, that, in a brief period, no less than five of these reported cases are those, in which the editor of the *Aurora* was a party. Law herself seems to hold to this partizan, the language of ULYSSES,

"Peace, factious monster! born to vex the state!"

It is evident, from the fidelity and precision of these reports, that Mr. WALLACE is not neglected by those, whose juridical skill and experience may give sanction and currency to his work. To those, who delight in the progress of enterprise, and the advancement of industry, no less than to law students and practitioners, it will be pleasing to learn, that Mr. WALLACE determines to persevere. His work, modest and humble in its pretensions, may soon reach a "high and palmy state;" and, we doubt not, that future purchasers will have occasion to remember, and apply the "crescit eundo" of Virgil.

We cannot conclude this article more advantageously to Mr. WALLACE, than by transcribing the following passage, from a very ingenious critique, originally published in that respectable journal, "The Gazette of the United States."

"The portrait of the cause is, in every case, just to the counsel, honorary to the court, and, as far as can come within the knowledge of a few individuals, perfectly true throughout; and when, in the report, the state of the case, the argument, and the judgment, have these merits, the reporter cannot want the aid of apology. The style of reporting is essentially the same as that of Durnford and East; and the collateral digest of the whole case, which Mr. Wallace has given in the beginning or course of the report, answers many purposes that an index cannot always subserve, while it furnishes, for a common-place book, the point of the cause already dressed. Many of the reports, particularly those of Cowan vs. Magauran, the United States vs. King, and Hollingsworth vs. Duane, are exhibited with singular perspicuity; and cannot but determine the readers to extend that encouragement to Mr. Wallace, which will insure a continuation of the work."

POLITICS.

[Many have complained that, in our last volume, too small a share of our attention was given to POLITICS. As we have enlarged the Port Folio, we shall often render it a magazine of political disquisition, obtained from *principals*, or derived from the leading papers of the country. We resume, this week, the New-York exposition of the political imbecility of the president of the United States.]

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

NUMBER II.

The next most prominent feature in the message, is the proposal to abandon at once all the internal revenue of the country. The motives avowed for this astonishing scheme, are, that "there is reasonable ground of confidence that this part of the revenue may now be safely dispensed with...that the remaining sources will be sufficient to provide for the support of government, to pay the interest of the public debt, and to discharge the principal in shorter periods, than the laws or the general expectation had contemplated...and that, though wars and untoward events might change this prospect of things, and call for expenses, which the impost

could not meet...yet that sound principles would not justify our taxing the industry of our fellow citizens, to accumulate treasure for wars to happen we know not when, and which might not perhaps happen, but from the temptations offered by that treasure."

If we allow these to be more than ostensible motives, we shall be driven to ascribe this conduct to a deficiency of intellect, and to an ignorance of our financial arrangements, greater than could have been suspected: if but ostensible, it is then impossible to trace the suggestion to any other source, than the culpable desire of gaining or securing popularity, at an immediate expense of public utility, equivalent, on a pecuniary scale, to a million of dollars annually; and at the greater expense of a very serious innovation of our system of public credit.

That these, at least, are the certain consequences of the measure, shall be demonstrated by arguments, which are believed to be unanswerable.

To do this the more effectually, it is necessary to premise, that some of the revenues, now proposed to be relinquished, are, with every solemnity of law, pledged for paying the interest and redeeming the principal of our public debt, foreign and domestic. As to the interest, and such parts of the principal, as, by the original constitution of the debt, are payable by annual instalments, the appropriation is absolute. As to the residue, it is qualified. On the third of March, 1795, was passed an act of congress, which forms a main pillar in the fabric of our public credit...which, maturing and perfecting the establishment of a sinking fund, endeavours, with peculiar solicitude, to render it adequate, effectual, and inviolable. By the eighth section of this act, it is provided, "That all surpluses of the revenue, which shall remain at the end of any year, and which, at the next session of congress, shall not be otherwise appropriated or reserved by law, shall, *ipso facto*, become a part of the sinking fund." This fund, by other provisions of the same act, is vested in commissioners, in trust, to be applied to the redemption of the debt, by reimbursement or by purchase, until the whole shall be extinguished: and the faith of the United States is expressly engaged, that the monies, which are to constitute the fund, shall inviolably remain so appropriated and vested, until the redemption of the debt shall be completely effected.

The simple statement of these provisions goes far to confirm the character, which we have given to the proposition. But a distinct examination of the reasons, by which it is supported, will, when taken in connexion with those provisions, place beyond doubt, its absurd and pernicious tendency.

The first inducement offered for relinquishing the internal revenue, is a reasonable ground of confidence that it may safely be dispensed with.

When it is considered that we are in the very crisis of an important change of situation; passing from a state, in which neutrality had procured to our commerce, and to the revenue depending on it, a great artificial increase...with good reason to look for a diminution, and without satisfactory data, to enable us to fix the extent of this diminution: can any thing be more rash, more empirical, than voluntarily to abandon a valuable and growing branch of income, of which we are already in possession? Can it be said, that merely "a reasonable ground of confidence" is a sufficient warrant for so important a surrender? Surely we ought to have been told, that there was at least a moral certainty of the fact. But even this would not have been deemed enough by a prudent statesman. Nothing less than experimental certainty ought to have been relied upon. There was no pressure of circumstances making it proper to precipitate the measure. It would have been ridiculous to pretend that the burden is so heavy as to demand immediate relief, and, without this incentive to relin-

quishment experience ought undoubtedly to have been taken, as the only fit and sure guide.

Not only is it problematical what the present duties on imposts, will, for succeeding years, produce; but it is in a degree questionable, whether it may not be found necessary to reduce the rates. That they are now high, when compared with the commercial capital of our country, is not to be denied, and whether they may not be found too high for a beneficial course of our trade, is yet to be decided by experiment. The latter augmentations of the rates of duty, were made at times, and under circumstances, in the situations of this and other countries, which forbid us to regard past experience as conclusive on the point.

Should it be said, in answer, that the revenues can hereafter be renewed, if, on trial, it shall be found that they have been prematurely abandoned, the decisive reply is, that this is to invert the natural order of just reasoning. Were it now the question, whether such revenues should be created, in anticipation of a possible deficiency, the correct answer would be, let experiment first ascertain the necessity: as they already exist, on a question to abolish them, the answer equally ought to be, let experience first shew them to be unnecessary.

But how can they be unnecessary? Let us grant that the remaining sources will be equal to the purposes enumerated in the message, does it follow that it will not still be wise to retain the internal revenue? Is it not desirable that government should have it in its power to discharge the debt faster than may have been contemplated? Is not this a felicity in our situation, which ought to be improved? A precious item in the public fortune, which ought not rashly to be squandered? But it is not even true that the laws have exclusively contemplated a definite period, for the ultimate redemption of the entire debt. They have only made a determinate provision for its extinguishment, at all events, within a given term of years: but, anxious to shorten the period, they, in the clause, which has been quoted, respecting the surpluses of revenue, have made an auxiliary provision for the purpose of abridging that term. The message, while it goes to impair the efficacy of the principal provision, proposes formally to renounce the auxiliary, and thus to disappoint the provident care of the laws to accelerate the discharge of the debt.

How reconcileable is this with the wanton and unjust clamours heretofore vented against those, who projected and established our present system of public credit; charging them with a design to perpetuate the debt, under the pretext that a *public debt was a public blessing*! It is not to be forgotten, that in these clamours Mr. Jefferson liberally participated! Now, it seems, the tone is entirely changed. The past administrations, who had so long been calumniated by the imputation of that pernicious design, are, of a sudden, discovered to have done too much for the speedy discharge of the debt, and its duration is to be prolonged, by throwing away a part of the fund destined for its prompt redemption.... Wonderful union of consistency and wisdom!

Before we yield our approbation to the proposal, we ought to have a guarantee for the continuance of our peace, long enough to give effect to the leisurely operation of that residue of the fund, which it is intended to retain: else war, which never fails to bring with it an accumulation of debt, may intervene, and we may then rapidly hasten to that period, when the exigencies of government may render it necessary to appropriate too large a portion of the *earnings of labour*. To guard against so unfortunate a result, towards which there is always too great a tendency, in the affairs of nations, our past administrations have evinced a deep foresight, and exercised a truly patriotic care. Unhap-

py will it be, if any succeeding projector shall be permitted to frustrate their salutary plan.

It has been seen that the message anticipates, and attempts to answer objections to the dereliction of revenue: the answer is, that "sound principles will not permit us to tax the industry of our citizens, to accumulate treasure for wars to happen we know not when, and which might not perhaps happen, but for the temptations offered by that treasure." Unless, however, the *accumulation of treasure* be the necessary consequence of retaining the revenue, this argument is evidently futile. But the president had only to open our statute book to learn, that this consequence is chimerical. All future surpluses of revenue, being already eventually appropriated to the discharge of the public debt, it follows, that, till the whole debt shall have been extinguished, there could be no *accumulation of treasure*....no spoil from that source, to tempt the rapacity of a greedy invader. Here we fix the charge of ignorance of our financial arrangements: to which there can be no alternative, but a deliberate design to delude the people. Between the two, let the worshippers of the idol make their option.

NUMBER III.

HAD our laws been less provident than they have been, yet must it give us a very humble idea of the talents of our president as a statesman, to find him embarrassed between an absolute abandonment of revenue, and an inconvenient accumulation of treasure. Pursuing the doctrine professed by his *sect*, that our public debt is a national curse, which cannot too promptly be removed, and adhering to the assurance*, which he has virtually given, that a sponge, the *favourite instrument*, shall not be employed for the purpose, how has it happened that he should have overlooked the simple and obvious expedient, of using the supposed excess of income, as a remedy for so great a mischief?

After all we have heard in times past, it would ill become either the head, or any member of the *orthodox sect* to contend, that a too rapid reimbursement of the debt might be attended with evils. In courtesy, however, this shall be supposed to be urged by some new convert, who has not entirely shaken off the prejudices of former modes of thinking; and it shall be examined, whether this argument will afford a justification of the measure recommended.

It shall not be denied, that the immediate payment of our whole debt, if practicable, would be likely to be injurious in various ways. It would, in the first instance, produce a money-plethora, if the phrase may be allowed, which experience has shown to be inauspicious to the energies, and especially to the morality and industry of a nation. The quick efflux of this money to pay a considerable part of the debt in the hands of foreigners; and to procure from abroad the means of gratifying an increased extravagance, would, after some time, substitute a too great vacuity to a too great fullness; leaving us to struggle with the bad habits incident to the latter state, and with the embarrassments of a defective circulation. To these, other reasons might be added, which, though equally just and solid, are omitted, as being more liable to dispute.

Though an extreme case is here presented, the immediate reimbursement of the entire debt; yet it must be admitted, that the same considerations are applicable, in a less degree, to a summary, or very rapid repayment, by large instalments. But the answer to all this is, that it would have been

full time to adopt preliminary measures against evils from such a source, when experience had realized the danger. Till such time, it is certainly the highest wisdom to continue the employment of a fund, which is already provided, and without overburdening the people, for the all important purpose of exonerating the nation from debt, and of placing it in a condition, with competent resources to meet future contingencies, which may threaten its safety. On the other hand, is it not a mark of the highest improvidence and folly, to throw away an important part of this fund, on the mere speculation that it may possibly be superfluous?

But admitting it to be already ascertained, that the fund is greater than what is requisite to extinguish the debt, with convenient celerity; does it follow that the excess, if retained, must be suffered to accumulate, and that no different method could have been found to employ it, which would have been productive of adequate utility?

Whatever diversity of opinion there may be, with regard to military and naval preparation, for the defence and security of the country, there are some things, in which all well-informed and reflecting men unite. Arsenals, foundries, dock-yards and magazines, especially those containing materials for the construction and equipment of ships, so that, upon the breaking out of a war, there may be a sufficient supply of warlike implements, and of means for the speedy creation of a navy; are by all deemed eligible objects of public care. To provide for these objects, upon a competent, though moderate scale, will be attended with expense so considerable, as to leave nothing to spare from the amount of our present income. To persons unacquainted with the subject, the quantities of several articles on hand may appear ample; but, to good judges, there is hardly any one class of supplies, which will not be thought to require much augmentation. As far as a navy is concerned, the deficiency is palpable.

If dock-yards are to be established in earnest, they ought certainly to be well protected. For this purpose, fortifications of a substantial and durable nature, very different from the temporary shifts hitherto adopted, ought to be erected. And if the president will inquire into the cost of even these trifling constructions, in the instances where they have been managed with all practicable economy, he will become convinced, that the erection of proper works would call for an expenditure forbidding the supposition of a superfluity of revenue.

In addition to objects of national security, there are many purposes of great public utility, to which the revenues in question might be applied. The improvement of the communications between the different parts of our country, is an object well worthy of the national purse, and one, which would abundantly repay to *labour* the portion of its *earnings*, which may have been borrowed for that purpose. To provide roads and bridges, is within the direct purview of the constitution. In many parts of the country, especially in the Western Territory, a matter, in which the Atlantic states are equally interested, aqueducts and canals would also be fit subjects of pecuniary aid, from the general government. In France, England, and other parts of Europe, institutions exist supported by public contributions, which eminently promote agriculture and the arts: such institutions merit imitation by our government: they are of the number of those, which, directly and sensibly, recompense *labour*, for what it lends to their agency.

To suggestions of the last kind, the adepts of the new school have a ready answer: *Industry will succeed and prosper, in proportion as it is left to the exertions of individual enterprise*. This favourite dogma, when taken as a general rule, is true; but, as an exclusive one, it is false, and leads to error in the administration of public affairs. In matters

* One of the essential principles of government, is "the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith."...INAUGURAL SPEECH.

of industry, human enterprise ought, doubtless, to be left free in the main, not fettered by too much regulation; but practical politicians know, that it may be beneficially stimulated, by prudent aids and encouragements on the part of the government. This is proved by numerous examples, too tedious to be cited: examples, which will be neglected only by indolent and temporising rulers, who love to loll in the lap of epicurean ease, and seem to imagine, that to govern well, is to amuse the wondering multitude with sagacious aphorisms and oracular sayings.

What has been observed, is sufficient to render it manifest, that, independent of the extinguishment of the debt, the revenues proposed to be yielded up, would find ample and very useful employment, for a variety of public purposes. Already in possession of so valuable a resource; having surmounted the difficulties, which, from the opinions and habits of our citizens, obstruct, in this, more than in any other country, every new provision for adding to our public income; certainly without a colourable pretence for there being a grievous or undue pressure on the community.... how foolish will it be to resign the boon, perhaps in a short time to be compelled again to resort to it; and, for that purpose, to hazard a repetition of the obstacles, which have been before encountered and overcome; which, however, gave birth to one insurrection, and may give birth to another? Infatuated must be the councils, from which so injurious a project has proceeded!

But admitting the position, that there is an excess of income, which ought to be relinquished, still the proposal to surrender the *internal revenue* is impolitic. It ought to be carefully preserved, as not being exposed to the casualties, incident to our intercourse with foreign nations, and therefore the most certain.... It ought to be preserved, as reaching to descriptions of persons, who are not proportionably affected by the impost, and as tending for this reason, to distribute the public burden more equitably..... It ought to be preserved, because, if revenue can really be spared, it is best to do it in such a manner, as will conduce to the relief or advancement of our navigation and commerce. Rather let the tonnage duty on American vessels be abolished, and let the duties be lessened on some particular articles, on which they may press with inconvenient weight. Let not the merchant be provoked to attempt to evade the duties, by the sentiment, that his case or interest is disregarded, and that his capital alone is to be elogged and encumbered by the demands of the treasury.

But who and what are the merchants, when compared with the patriotic votaries of whisky in Pennsylvania and Virginia?

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

[From the city of Washington, we have just received a very interesting pamphlet, intended to expose the enormous evils, which will ensue from the abolition of the present judiciary system. It is our duty to reprint this admirable argument. It will be concluded in an *extra* Port Folio, which will be published on an early day of the ensuing week.]

A FRIEND TO THE CONSTITUTION.

No. I.

To an American, who loves his country, and its present happy frame of government, and ascribes to that frame of government much of the positive good we possess, as well as our escape from those ills, which have, for years, afflicted a large portion of the human race.... who looks to the same source for the surest guaranty of future prosperity, and counts upon it as that from which, if preserved in

its purity, the same blessings will flow for his posterity, which have been so amply enjoyed by himself.... any premeditated attack upon the constitution of the United States, which shall endanger its vital principles, and render it less capable of protecting public liberty, and of affording safety to individuals, must cause the most serious alarm. That the great mass of my fellow citizens are of this description, and are truly solicitous to preserve unimpaired, that wise, and, hitherto, beneficial system of civil policy, which now prevails in America, I will not permit myself to doubt. If they can be seduced into measures, which assail the fundamentals of the constitution, and radically change its essential parts, I am persuaded that such melancholy deviations into error must be attributable rather to the fallibility of the human mind, than to an intentional abandonment of principles, it is alike their duty and their interest to maintain. Unfortunately for the happiness and liberty of man, the warmth of discussion in popular governments, produces a zeal, and too often a malignity in party, peculiarly calculated to favour and produce these deviations. Under their influence, so unpropitious to the exercise of judgment, or the dominion of reason, we overlook the prostration of the most sacred principles, provided our political antagonists be prostrated with them. In the triumph of victory, we forget that we are triumphing over the constitution of our country; and, while we speak only of eradicating mischiefs, against which we have been in habits of declaiming, we not unfrequently establish precedents, fatal to the choicest institutions of society.

It is then in the first moments of success, that the honest men of a party, for such there are in all parties, ought to distrust themselves, and examine, with cautious attention, their own measures. That spirit of party, which generally animates an opposition, is no longer allowable, when, ceasing to be a mere opposition, it has become the government of the country, and has acquired the power of dictating the measures of the nation. While new in this opposition, and yet under the influence of those irritations experienced in acquiring it, there is much danger of being still actuated by the spirit of revenge, rather than that of a liberal policy; by the spirit of party, rather than that of the nation. To guard against this danger, which, in republics, has often produced such serious calamities, which has seldom been more imminent, than in the present moment, all those who love real liberty ought, unmindful of former distinctions or animosities, to rally together, round the standard of the constitution, and form one indissoluble band for its protection.

To prove that the times require this virtuous effort, and that the constitution of our country is in danger, needs no other evidence, than the openly avowed plan, formed by persons, high in the new ministerial party, to annihilate the independence of the judiciary of the United States.

If any one political truth has been demonstrated by unvarying experience, it is, that life and property can only be secured under a system of government, in which the judges are withdrawn from that influence, which results from dependence on the will of others, for the continuance in office. There is no proposition, on which the best political writers have more generally concurred, than on this. There is none, on which the judgment of America appears to have been more completely formed. There is none, which the constitution of our country seems to have more cautiously guarded.

How daring, how criminally daring then must be that hand, which can pollute the sacred page containing this principle, so replete with human happiness, so admired by the wise and virtuous of all nations, so approved by the sober judgment of America.... and blot it forever from our code of

fundamental law! How completely must the spirit of party, instead of that of the nation, predominate, if such measures can prevail! How entirely must the spirit of revenge have supplanted that of patriotism, if matured opinions, founded on the solid base of experience, are to be abandoned forever, in order to serve the malignant purpose of the moment! How unsafe, how miserably unsafe, must be every other principle of the constitution, if one so important to our happiness, and so strongly fenced in by express provision, in the great charter we profess to reverence, can be offered up a sacrifice to resentments, which ought never to have been felt!

I believe I need not fear contradiction, when I say, that had the dependence of the judiciary been suggested in the convention of sages, which formed our constitution, no member could have been found, who would not with all his powers have reprobated a principle, which puts into hazard the first objects, for which men enter into society, by leaving their persons and their property insecure. In that day of genuine patriotism, when party had not yet unfolded its powers, when faction had not yet erected its crest: when the only effort, without view to men, was to establish wise and correct principles, no man could have been found departing so far from the theories of the statesman, the lessons of experience, and the opinions of his country, as to have maintained the political heresy, that judges ought to depend on the legislature for their continuance in office.

Had such a doctrine stolen into the constitution, offered to the states for their acceptance, we need only examine the several governments they have framed for themselves, to determine what would have been its fate. We cannot doubt but that so pernicious a principle would have been universally execrated; the opponents of the constitution would, throughout our continent, have taken this strong ground: from every quarter of the union, the danger, to which liberty would be exposed, from an enslaved judiciary, would have resounded in our ears: and not all the necessity, not all the other excellencies of that instrument, could have saved it from rejection. For this I appeal to the opinions then entertained by those, who acted either in the general or state conventions, and conjure them by the sacred flame of patriotism, which then glowed in their bosoms, and which cannot yet be intirely extinguished, to examine well the causes, which have changed their opinions, before they yield to that change.

If, at any time before the late revolution in men, I hope not fatally in measures, the abstract proposition, unapplied to particular characters, of creating a dependent judiciary, had been made to the people of America, who would have been found to support it? Who would not, with all his powers, have reprobated a doctrine so fraught with baneful consequences, so surcharged with danger to the dearest rights of man? If the first or second administration could have so deviated from their principles, as to have countenanced such a measure, how would it have been received by those, who, under a third administration, are themselves its patrons? Let their efforts to agitate the public mind on the mission of Mr. Jay answer this question.

What can have produced this ominous change? The very men, who then affected to tremble for the independence of the judiciary, because a judge might be bribed by being appointed to a temporary employment, without emolument, who affected to tremble for the constitution, because a judge entered on the performance of duties he was not forbidden to discharge: now boldly and openly support a measure, which totally prostrates that independence, by making the office dependent on the will of the legislature, and at the same time inflicts a vital wound on the constitution, which explicitly de-

clares the tenure of the judicial office to be during good behaviour.

These things require the serious consideration, not only of the wise and good, but of all those, who, from any motives whatever, wish to perpetuate to themselves and their posterity, the blessings of civil liberty.

The subject will be more closely examined in a succeeding number.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The success of the elegant poems, which have appeared, under the title of *The Pleasures of Hope*, and *The Pleasures of Memory*, seems to have encouraged the attempt of an author (Mr. P. Courtier), who has lately published a little volume, called *The Pleasures of Solitude*. From a perusal of his work, we cannot assign to him so honourable a station in the temple of Fame, as that already occupied by his celebrated predecessors, Rogers and Campbell. He has adopted, in his poem, the stanza of Spenser, a measure which is now read with far less pleasure than the common heroic line, which fatigues, with the repetition of the same sound, and which, we think, has been successfully adopted by two authors only, in modern times, Beattie, in his exquisite poem of *The Minstrel*, and Sotheby, in his animated translation of Wieland's *Oberon*. We have not forgotten *The School-mistress of Shenstone*; but, as this is a perfect imitation, and does not extend to any considerable length, it scarcely constitutes an exception to the remark.

The poem of *The Pleasures of Solitude* is in three books. We shall transcribe the arguments, as these will give the most adequate idea of the plan of the author.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK I.

Introduction—General design of the Poem—Some effects of Solitude—Nature, Fancy, Solitude—Lord Bacon's observation on the subject of the Poem—Whom Solitude delights—Expostulations with those inimical to Solitude—Distinction between Solitude, as it applies to the virtuous, and as it is apprehended by the dissipated—Conclusion of book the first.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK II.

Solitude promotes Gratitude and Friendship—The concentration and fixedness of the Affections, arising in Solitude, necessary to their strength—Utility of partial feelings—Strictures on Philosophical Universalists—Nature invariable: the Happiness resulting from this order—Solitude soothes the mind, often supplies the want of social resources; it aids the moral feelings, and calms the Passions—Different effects of similar objects, as varied by circumstance: exemplifications of this truth—Conclusion of Book II. that we are indebted to Solitude even for the gratifications which we experience from public Pleasures.

ARGUMENT OF BOOK III.

Nature of Book III—Retrospective thoughts—Youth the happier state—Solitude as it affects Childhood; as it tends to assuage the troubles of maturer life—Affliction—Fame—Solitude by no means local—Improvement—Solitude highly conducive to Piety—Conclusion of the Poem.

In the execution of his plan, the author has been occasionally, but by no means uniformly, successful. The first stanza has a degree of obscurity which is unpleasant.

Some best mad dissonance shall entertain,
In these is tumult or ambition rife;
Other such passions view with sweet disdain,
They love the insipidities of life;
Again, there are whom both its ceaseless strife
And idle vacancies alike disgust;
And some who hourly dread assassin's knife;
For ever struggling in the toil unjust,
These hate the eye of man, and mourn beneath the dust

The second is far more happy.

No exile I, from social converse driven,
Who sing of Nature, Fancy, Solitude;
No surly misanthrope, to whom is given
To shroud where sympathies dare not intrude.
Though I, alas! have borne the buffet rude,
Have dregged the chalice, brimming with deceit,
And known of fortune in her darkest mood;
I from the world but ask some kind retreat,
Where storms remotely frown, and billows vainly beat.

Of the following three stanzas, the first is harsh, but the second and third contain a well-drawn picture.

His was a dogma specious, but confined,
Who of retirement this drear semblance drew
The man secluded, either, far refined,
Claims kin with angel, or, to that vile crew,
Ycleped satanic, must belong; a view
Unworthy this of one, whom vulgar lore
Vainly resisted.....Bacon, who, still true
To science, dared the path untrod before,
And sought, with untired steps, its limits to explore.

Sure, 'twas not Solitude the sage portrayed,
But gloomy banishment to wilds forlorn;
Not the calm breezes of the rural shade:
But sullen thought, in love and madness born;
The sad resolves of him, from whom are torn
Life's opening dreams, who hates even human kind;
For whom no carols wake the merry morn;
Nor suits there aught the aspect of whose mind,
Save the dark gathering skies, and rough and howling wind.

And, at such time, O see! by frenzy sped,
The melancholy man yon summit gain,
To the bleak tempest bare his burning head,
Then, like the tempest, scowl upon the plain.
Ah! not to him those kindly pains pertain,
Which heal and harmonize, and renovate;
Known only these to that high-favoured train,
Who, while by nature touch'd, their souls dilate,
Can speed the hour with bliss, and smile at frowning fate.

We occasionally trace a coincidence of thought between Mr. Courtier, and the elegant author of the Task, in the favourable effects of solitude upon the heart. The following stanzas, which represent it as highly conducive to piety, conclude the poem:

In secret best the humble soul may rise,
As grateful incense, to the Eternal Power!
Winging its way above yon passing skies,
To Him, who loves the world-excluded hour.
'Tis now, that streams of heavenly radiance shower
On the misguided thought; now, that the ways
Of chequered Providence no longer lower;
Now that the enlightened eye can firmly gaze
Beyond the precincts drear of this benighted maze.

And whether Spring descend in vesture bright,
Or Summer wanton in a thousand hues,
Or Autumn cast around a mellowing light,
Or leafless Winter moral truth infuse;
Whether in nature's various path we muse,
Or lonely pause amid the city's roar;
Be it in youth or age; the mind pursues
That, which alone shall halcyon smiles restore,
The solitary haunt by foe unharassed more!

Upon the whole, we have perused this poem with some pleasure. The author appears to be a sincere friend to the cause of religion and morality, and though he has sometimes sketched the world in colours of too dark a hue, he uniformly evinces a benevolent design to advance the best interests of his fellow-creatures.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In our former articles, under this head, we have principally confined our attention to foreign publications; we shall now cheerfully notice a work of this class, which is edited in our own city. The third volume of Mr. Carr's *Musical Journal* has just commenced; and the three numbers of

it, which are already published, give fair promise of the merit which it will be found to possess, when completed. In the vocal section, two numbers have appeared. The first commences with the "Exile of Erin," composed by Mr. Carr; the music of which expresses, with his usual success, the spirit and pathos of a ballad, possess of unusual poetical merit. The scientific hearer will admire, and the common one will applaud, the felicity of the transition into the major key, in the fifth line of each stanza, the return to the minor in the last, and the abrupt singularity of its close. This is succeeded by a pleasing melody of Mazzinghi's, introduced in the comedy of *Life*; and the number concludes with a canzonet by Hook, which may be numbered among the more happy efforts of one, who, in our opinion, has composed too much for his reputation. The second contains a charming little ballad, called "The Sails are Bent," the song with which Mrs. Merry enchanted us in the *Wedding in Wales*; the animated and cheerful melody of "Each coming Day," sung by Mrs. Jones in *Il Bondocani*; and a ballad, called "Lady Alice," which we remember to have perused with pleasure, among Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. If the music of this ballad be modern, we must admire the felicity with which it has been adapted; but we rather suspect it to be an ancient melody harmonized.

Of the instrumental section, one number only has appeared, containing a waltz, by Clementi; which will be an acceptable exercise for the young performer, during the present rage for dances of that description.

Mr. Shaw has issued proposals for a volume of *Sacred Music*. We wish him success in his undertaking; for we are the decided votaries of the old school in that science. Our ears are soon satisfied with the general run of modern compositions; but we can always listen, with fresh delight, to the impressive combinations of those "mighty magicians of harmony," who are emphatically called "the old masters."

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A new musical instrument has lately been invented at Paris, by an ingenious German. It is called *The Harmonicon*. It is of a round form, about a foot and a half in diameter, hollow in the middle, and the distance between the two ends about three or four inches. In the upper end, or top, a number of metal bodkins are inserted, from the length of an inch, to seven or eight inches, in progressive proportion. With these are connected a number of brass wires, like those of a piano-forte, and which cover the surface of that end. The instrument is played with a common fiddle-stick. When skilfully touched, it produces the most agreeable sounds, and very similar to the musical glasses. The music is very sweet.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The London satyr is continually making himself and his readers merry, by sarcasm or declamation against *face painting*. But we reverently presume, that in Philadelphia, the pure and the pious, where no cheeks are crimsoned but by modest suffusion, or the glow of christian charity, there cannot be the least foundation for the subsequent charge.

In this enlightened age, the visage that time had tintured with a philomet hue, now assumes the mellow blush of Hebe. Circassia sends her bloom to animate the face of American beauty; exotic blushes are imported, as superior to those suffusions, formerly celebrated by our poets; and art,

wonder-working art, is the creator of fashionable beauty. Hoary locks and wrinkles are banished, and washes, which render the ladies "*ever fair and ever young*," may be obtained for gold.

These irresistible arms of the ladies are chiefly compounded of ingenious chymical preparations. Mercury, that conqueror of the sons of pleasure, and lead, that destroyer of heroes, form the principal ingredients, with which some of our painted dolls so plentifully *lacker* their skin. Ah! spare us, ye fascinating matrons, and *ever-blooming* virgins, nor thus encase yourselves in a *coat of mail*, that, at once, allures and destroys.

THE FINE ARTS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THIS article is derived, in substance, from a foreign journal. We are induced to insert it, not merely because it describes a beautiful copy from a lovely original, but because it contains a narrative of very extraordinary peculiarities in the human form.

The portrait of Miss Hervey, or, as she is technically termed, The beautiful *Nyctalope*.

The original, from whom this picture has been painted and engraved, by J. R. Smith, engraver to his royal highness the prince of Wales, was publicly exhibited in the course of the year 1800, in Piccadilly. She was 19 years old, of a very elegant form, her eyes of a *sparkling red*, and her hair, which was of great length, of *unparalleled whiteness* and silken texture. Her countenance was described to be remarkably interesting, and her complexion remarkably clear.

Of this lovely lady Mr. Smith has produced a very pleasing half-length portrait, which he has made fully correspondent to the above description, excepting that it displays something too much of *en bon point* for the original. The print is, of course, coloured to shew the natural peculiarities of the young lady.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

MRS. Shaw, a Welsh lady, lately bequeathed principal part of her property, amounting to 15,000*l.* to her *house maid*. The heir at law doubted the validity of the will, and endeavoured to prove that the deceased was in a complete state of intoxication, when she executed the deed. This allegation was not substantiated, and the fortunate *house maid*, of course, *sweeps off* the whole of the legacy.

Among the innumerable stories, related of Dr. Johnson, we believe the following has not been often repeated:....

He was once prevailed upon to listen attentively to a composition of Scarlatti's, at Mrs. Piozzi's. When it came to a period, all, but Johnson, exclaimed *bravissimo, exquisitissimo, charmante, superbe, &c.* Then "it was so beautifully *chromatic*, and so *extremely difficult*." The doctor replied, "I would to the Lord it had been *impossible*."

The witty author of "*Symptoms of the Millennium*," the new year's verses of the carrier of the "*Connecticut Courant*," thus apostrophizes this *fortunate* country:....

O, happy people, happy land,
What can thy bright career withstand!
When "*labour's mouth*" is cramm'd with bread,
When nought is tail, and all is head;
When taxes all are swept away,
And "*LIVING CHEAT*" the only play.

What stupid mortal's head can doubt,
The devil's time is almost out;
That Gog and Magog must retreat,
And own their troops are fairly beat;
And that our country soon will find
A FRENCH MILLENNIUM to her mind.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

AFTER some delay, the unavoidable result of new arrangements, No. 1, of the New Series of the Port Folio is submitted to the friends of the Editor, and of a magazine, conducted upon principles neither timid, versatile, nor complying. The brief history of its fortune may be boldly written. It is supported, and always will be supported by the liberality of the catholic, and the energy of the stedfast. It has been, and will be forsaken by many, either captious, or hostile. But neither a subscription, angrily withdrawn, nor the insolence of democratic dictation, will urge a disciple of the OLD SCHOOL to temporize; to court the populace, or tremble with the pusillanimous; to surrender up the manliness of sentiment; and forfeit the title of consistency; or, by a miserable process, to soften and dilute the ink of his press, till nothing but a weak and watery infusion remain, too indistinct to be looked at, either for brilliancy or use.

By the employment of a type entirely new, which, though small, is of a face beautiful and bold, we are enabled, without any augmentation of price, to give nearly two additional pages of letter press. Hence, the numbers of the Port Folio for a month greatly exceed, in quantity, the ordinary limits of a magazine, and we have the satisfaction, with Mr. Nichols, the conductor of a well-known literary journal, in London, "to give a great plenty of matter for a cheap consideration."

TO THE PUBLIC.

IN future, all *epistolary* applications or communications, for this paper, must be addressed, "To the Editor of the Port Folio, No. 25, North Second Street, Philadelphia," on whom the sole management of the concern has devolved.

Gentlemen of Philadelphia, inclined to take in this paper, will please to leave their names, address, and subscription money, with WILLIAM FRY, bookseller, No. 36, Chesnut street, by whom they will be regularly and punctually furnished with the Port Folio, to whom they will prefer any complaint of negligence, and by whom all mistakes in the delivery of the paper will be rectified. During the

past year, the Editor was constantly chagrined by the carelessness of carriers, and the croak of complaint. His city subscribers may rest assured that they will be attended to with courtesy and diligence by Mr. Fry.

Gentlemen throughout the United States, and in British America; in England, or her colonial possessions, will please to apply to the Editor, No. 25, North Second-street, Philadelphia. Their orders and letters will be straightway answered.

No paper will be delivered in the city, nor transmitted to the country, *without payment in advance*.

As the publication of the paper has been delayed until to-day, we shall print *two* numbers the ensuing week. Fifty-two papers will be delivered, as usual, in the course of the year.

For the accommodation of the curious, who wish to please the eye, or the careful, who choose to bind their files, a few copies of the Port Folio will be printed on *superfine paper*, at six dollars, the annual subscription.

Our Theatrical review will be resumed next week. "The Drama" will receive a due share of our attention.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

—On the 29th of October, the KING met both houses of parliament, and opened the session with a speech. He congratulates the country upon her pacification with France, adverts to the adjustment with the Northern powers, and is of opinion that the essential rights of England are secured, and her substantial interests regarded, by the late pacific scheme of policy. In the house of Commons, in the debate on the answer to the speech, an animated discussion was maintained by Messrs. Addington, Pitt, Windham, Sheridan, and Fox. These gentlemen seemed to anticipate an opportunity to give their sentiments upon the peace, and, although the subject was not before the house, Mr. WINDHAM, in his usual bold and explicit language, expressed his strongest sentiments of disapprobation of the preliminaries. As this nervous speech is Anti-Gallican; as it is a *war* speech; as it is a wise one; as it is the honest idiom of an undaunted and prescient legislator; as it is exactly such a speech as EDMUND BURKE would applaud, and Dr. JOHNSON endure, it is proper to present to the public its bolder features. "Mr. Windham said he should have contented himself with giving a silent vote of approbation of the address, had it not happened that some things were dropped, which seemed to imply an approbation of the preliminaries of peace. His friend did not intend it so, but from what he said, he seemed to convey an idea, that all the members of the house approved of that measure; he was desirous to give no countenance to opinions, to which he did not assent. This matter being clearly understood, he should have no disposition to say more this night, upon the subject, reserving the opinion he had formed, and the reasons he had to support it with, to the occasion which might regularly call for it, which would, he presumed, be a day appointed for that purpose; but as his honourable friend had gone a little further, and had given his opinion upon the outline of the subject, Mr. Windham said, he must likewise state his, which was, unfortunately, as decidedly against the peace, as that of his friend was for it. He was aware, that to dissent from any such general opinion as that of his honourable

friend, was at all times painful to him, it was still more so, since that opinion was so generally approved of and supported. He could have no delight in being a mourner, in a scene of general rejoicing.....to wear a countenance of sorrow, while others seemed to sparkle with joy.....to sink into despair, while others were lifted up by hope, was a singularity not to be envied, nor should he be longer in assigning his reason for it, than would be necessary in order to be understood. In his view of things, which might, perhaps, be a mistaken one, there was no cause for rejoicing at the peace we were about to have; he foresaw that this rejoicing might be turned into bitter lamentation: this he said, because he thought that the advantages, as some people called them, which this peace would bring with it, would pave the way to the ruin of this country. The general illuminations were to him no sign of comfort, for he saw no reasonable cause for the people of England to rejoice. He must, before he assented to it, ask himself, "Are these the lights of the sepulchre, or the tokens of the knell of our funeral?" Before I put on my wedding garment, I must know whether I am invited to the feast, or the funeral; FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART I THINK THIS PRECEDES THE BITTERNESS OF SORROW, AND THE LAMENTATIONS OF DEATH. Considering the situation in which we now stand, I think that the moment my honourable friends signed this treaty, they signed the death warrant of their country; or, at least, they have given it a blow, which I think it can never recover from. He said, he knew how unpleasant it was to the house, nay, he felt it unpleasant to himself, to dwell upon observations, which were made against his wishes, although dictated by his judgment. He knew the uncertainty of human affairs, and how vain it was in man to attempt to prescribe bounds to the dispensations of Providence, the ways of which were invisible to human sight. He could not tell what changes there may be without and within us; what temper, what spirit, the people of this and other countries may have: what may be done for our political salvation. He did not say we should entertain no hope, for he knew that hope might exist, when reasonable confidence was extinguished; and he knew that exertions ought to be continued, after reasonable expectation was gone; and, therefore, he did not wish the people of this country to despair; but he would say, that upon no view he could take of public affairs, from no principle that he knew induced a reasonable man to act, could he state to himself the way, in which this country could come out of the difficulty, into which this peace would throw it. There was one thing more, which he wished to take notice of: he had long thought there was one way, by which this country could escape from the dreadful effect, which we all apprehended from the gigantic power of France: and that was by preserving the superiority of our commerce. It had appeared to him also, that there was but one thing wanting for France, to enable it to extend its empire, and to become as much the terror of other nations by sea as it had by land, and that was, to extend its commerce; this, in a fatal moment, in his opinion, we had given to France. How our ruin could be avoided he did not know. Others, undoubtedly, entertained hopes; how well founded such hopes were, time would shew. All that he had hitherto heard upon that subject, appeared to him to be either very doubtful, or entirely defective. What might be the effect of what we now saw, no man could know: but he apprehended nothing to us but our ruin. This was nearly all he had to say, and which, he apprehended, was called for by what had preceded it on this occasion; he should not have added another word, if the expression of an "honourable peace" had not occurred to him. It need not have been introduced; it seemed to have

been improvidently and unpolitically mentioned: for it was more than was asked. He would not ask for an honourable peace; not that he undervalued the honour of the nation; no, he thought honour one of its dearest possessions, but for the sake of argument, and for that only, he would put it out of the way, and say, in this particular case, "Show me it is a safe peace, and I shall be contented." Now, after saying this, which was certainly his opinion on this peace, whether that was a subject of censure or applause, there was certainly no disapprobation of the present address, implied by what he said, although he had no wish to dissemble any sentiment he entertained; because, if what had gone abroad was true, we were really driven to agree to this peace by necessity. If that was the case, the framers of the peace, on the part of this country, had great merit. We were not to condemn them for what they gave up, but to applaud them for what they had saved; not for Ceylon or Trinidad, but for saving to us Portsmouth or Plymouth, or preserving Ireland to the British empire, and for preventing greater humiliation. If this was really our state, and we made peace from necessity, we must applaud them for the peace, because the value of the peace would then be judged of, not from the thing itself, but from the necessity which gave it birth. That, however, was a subject, which should be discussed hereafter; and the questions would be, how far the peace was a peace of necessity? and what the degree of the necessity was? for nothing, in his apprehension, could justify the putting of the state into such danger, as this peace would, but absolute necessity. This was all he had to say at present upon this subject, except merely to add, that, as to the address now before the house, he concurred with the two gentlemen, who had just preceded him (Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox), in giving it his assent.—Alexander I of Russia, who is called "an universally beloved sovereign," has been crowned at Moscow, and has commenced the exercise of his imperial functions, by several acts of grace and favour.—The captain of the Tripolitan corsair, after receiving from the brave captain Sterret, what BUTLER would call a "magnificent rib-roasting," shaped his weary way to Tripoli, where, according to a very summary process, long known in Barbary, he received the bastinado, for suffering himself to be beaten. Flogged at sea, and flogged on shore, defeated abroad, and disgraced at home, this buccaneer has nothing to do but to blow out his renegade brains, and, by way of elegy and dying speech, recite a passage from the well known ballad of "Jacky Lines," who, as the learned reader may remember, had the triple misfortune

"To be catch'd, and trapann'd, and well scourged for the same."

—A violent quarrel happened at Cadiz, between the French general, who commanded the batteries at Algesiras, and the Spanish commandant. The former absolutely *struck* the latter with his sabre, in the public walk. The Spaniard tamely suffered this outrage. O, high minded Castilian, how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of thy warfare perished!—On the authority of "The Glasgow Courier," and from other respectable sources, we learn, that the debates in both houses of the imperial parliament were anticipated as highly important, on the great question of the necessity, the good, or the evil of the late accommodation between England and France. The opposition, com-

* "The Glasgow Courier" is a paper of such excellence, that it deserves more than a transient memorial. Its proprietors and editors are men of consideration, learning and genius. One of its principal writers is a professor in the university. It is well supported by the powers of a literary club, and by the remunerating spirit of an inquisitive and liberal nation.

posed of characters of the most resplendent genius, though, heretofore, of the most discordant principles, will be very formidable. The marquis of Buckingham and earl Fitzwilliam are to take the lead against the treaty in the house of lords. Mr. Windham, one of the greatest political characters in England, will move for the amendment in the house of commons, and the celebrated George Canning will be a powerful auxiliary. From the talents, energy, and zeal of these accomplished characters, the most ingenious and powerful arguments against a *bad* peace may be expected.—

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

—A letter from a member of congress, to his friend in New-York, published in the *Evening Post*, corrects a mistatement, which has been current in most of the public prints. Our letter-writer alludes to a paragraph, purporting, that "the French convention was before the senate, because of a new article inserted in it, &c." but this is declared to be a mistake, which might lead to a dangerous error. It is true that the president, *ex majore cautela*, laid the ratification of the first consul before the senate; but it is equally true, that the senate declared it to be their opinion, that the treaty was fully ratified. It is also true, that in the proclamation, the first consul's ratification, *as translated*, contains a proviso to the effect mentioned in the paper I have just seen; but it is equally true, that in the original, there is no such proviso. The effect of the alterations made in the convention by the senate, last winter, is, indeed, clearly ascertained by the form of expression usual on such occasions, and which, in plain English, means, *It being well understood*, but no new clause, nor any new interpretation of an old clause, is to be found after these words. So far, indeed, was the first consul from inserting a proviso, or any limitation or condition, that what he has added, is in mere conformity to, and confirms what was already done.—A letter from Washington, and from the pen of a *principal*, printed in the New-York Evening Post, contains the following sentiments upon the politics of the president and his party. As no article, which has appeared since the commencement of the session, contains more truth and information, succinctly expressed, we copy it with much satisfaction:....."Things go on smoothly in congress, as yet. Economy of time and money is the pretended order of the day, with the majority; but, notwithstanding these pretensions, you will see, that they have adjourned from Friday until Monday. I do not censure the measure; but mention it merely to shew the difference between *profession* and *practice*. Every measure of the executive departments appears to me to emanate from *one source*. What are called *heads of departments*, may as well be without heads as with; for, I believe, they make very little use of them; performing, as they do, every direction of the prime mover, with mechanical accuracy. Their private judgments appear suspended, and, in the minutest particulars, they act only as they are bidden. As far as my observations have extended, I think I ought to except from the above observations the secretary of state, who appears to me, "a man not fashioned for these times." I am more and more convinced, that the great cause which moved the president to address the legislature by *message*, was the fear of submitting his recent conduct to the scrutinizing investigation of the minority of congress. Although the majority of the ministerial members would doubtless vote to whitewash their chief, however sable he might appear, there are, nevertheless, in my opinion, many of the majority who are men of nice honour; who would never sacrifice their reputation for propriety and magnanimity, to flatter any one. Of such, if I mistake not, is Mr. Nicholson, of Maryland,

THE PORT FOLIO.

and Dr. E. from New-York. I am sorry any notice has been taken in the papers, of the grammatical errors, and obscure sentences in the message. There are other points in it, which ought to call forth all the energies of the pen and press, to expose, confute, and reprehend. It is true, some of his thoughts are involved in a labyrinth of words, which he has left to be disentangled by his readers, if they are able....But a truce to verbal criticisms. The promised abolition of the internal taxes will be popular; though it is well known, that three-fourths of them are paid by the wealthy, who can well afford the contribution, and who have never complained of it. But I imagine the object in the measure lies deeper than the mere extinction of these taxes:....The impost duties will probably be lessened one-third by the peace in Europe; and, of course, the receipts of the treasury will not be adequate to discharge all the demands thereon. To what then will congress resort?....Certainly not to the renewal of taxes just abolished. What then?....The public funds. You must not start at this idea, but make up your mind for the event, at no very remote period..... Such are my fears ;...may they prove groundless!.....The recent dreadful fires, which have so materially injured the capital of New-England, are supposed to have been kindled by some incendiary. The town officers have proffered a liberal reward, to the detector of this enormous villainy. —A newspaper commences with the year at Baltimore. It contains bright evidence of talents, usefully directed. The style of the prospectus, the editor's address, and the initial essays, are luminous and forcible, and the object of the undertaking cannot be sufficiently applauded. It is entitled *The Anti-Democrat*. —The portrait of General Washington, drawn at full length, by that eminent artist, Stuart, a native of Newport, Rhode-Island, has been placed in the senate chamber of the state house in that town. This excellent likeness is said to do great credit to the artist, and the execution is in the first style. —Congress are said to be indolent, or luxurious, during the holidays, and the bustle of business is exchanged for festal pleasure. The mouth of the orator, and the door of the committee room are shut, and even the most vigilant nod over the poppy columns of Albert Gallatin. As during the present pitiful politics of this country, no spirited man will exert himself to varnish over the rottenness of our institutions, a state of oblivion appears to be the one thing needful! Let those, therefore, who are proud and honourable, who love a strong government, a genuine independence, and a protected freedom, drug themselves with many an opiate, or be lulled by the ripples of the lazy Potomac, into a forgetfulness of recent men, and recent measures. Happy, thrice happy would be even the death-like state of such indefatigable sleepers!.... Hence they could not see the gigantic folly of the time, and hence they could not hear the lying tongues of patriots, the bawl of stupid democracy, the gibberish of usurping renegadoes, nor the unwarlike alarum of the militia drum. —The 22d of December, the anniversary of the landing of our pilgrim forefathers, at Plymouth, in the memorable year 1620, was commemorated at Boston, by upwards of one hundred of their descendants..... The honourable Stephen Higginson presided; and we observe, among the list of distinguished guests, the late president of the United States, Colonel Pickering, John Q. Adams, George Cabot, and Fisher Ames, Esquires. Among the toasts, we note the following:

The liberty of our forefathers, as they have defined it, "a civil, moral, federal liberty."

The federal constitution....May it govern those, who govern us.

Some democratical creature, who writes very obscurely, in S. H. Smith's National Intelligencer,

the official paper at Washington, speaking of Gallatin's report, declares, in words that Godwin's self might use, that "it will be found to contain a mass of facts, embracing views of the past, present, and future resources of the government, that will enable the public, with less difficulty than has hitherto been experienced, to understand distinctly the objects to which the revenue has been applied, and those which at present, or prospectively require its application." It is fortunate for America, that she can obtain from Geneva, a high treasurer, with his "mass of facts," and such "embracing views."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

—The editor of "*The Farmer's Museum*" remarks, that "among the great variety of literary works, which are occasionally published, we find the fate of them to vary, not always in proportion to their merits. A fortunate title to some, will ensure the fate of the third or fourth edition, where the intrinsic value of the work is trivial; while another, which is written with genius and ingenuity, and which may not happen to catch the capricious taste of the public, is considered as only literary lumber. Some again are only neglected for a while, till their deserts call them from an unjust oblivion. Amongst the latter, may be classed the *Algerine Captive*, written by R. Tyler, Esq. a work of much humour and merit, and for which we are happy to see a late and increasing demand." From our partiality for Mr. Tyler, and our conviction of the ingenuity of his mind, we are much delighted with the above information. A second edition of his work, enlarged to two volumes octavo, and published in the style of "Mordaunt," by Dr. Moore, is greatly wanted, and would afford the author an opportunity, to extend his chapters, which are now too brief, and fill a fine outline, with very captivating colours. —Mr. Thomas Dobson, bookseller, of this city; has just published a second edition, with additions, of "*Essays and Notes on Husbandry and Rural Affairs*, by John B. BORDLEY." In the advertisement, the bookseller states, that the first edition of this work having met with a favourable reception from the public, the author has been induced to revise it, and, by many additions, to render the book still more valuable, not only to the practical farmer, but also to private families, where it will prove a very useful companion, furnishing a great number of instructions, which will be found very serviceable in domestic life. From general testimony, we are convinced that this system of rural economics is worthy of the above commendation; and, for the honour of our country, for the benefit of the husbandman, for the profit of the respectable bookseller, and for the reputation of the author, we sincerely wish it may have a very general perusal.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONG TO ECHO.

WRITTEN FOR MR. B. CARR.

I.

IN yon deep grove, oh let me stray,
Unmark'd by any human eye!
There let me keep my lonely way,
And Echo only hear my sigh.
And, as in pity to my woes,
Her voice more sweet shall whisper every close,
Yes, Echo, thou may'st hear my sigh.

II.

For thou, like me, wert doom'd to prove
Neglected love and wounded pride;

Like mine, thy sorrows fill'd the grove,
When thy belov'd Narcissus died:
He died; and still the lover's woes
Provoke thy voice to whisper every close,
Yes, Echo, thou, like me, hast sigh'd.

III.

Let no rude sound thy slumbers wake,
List to the lover's plaints alone,
Then let thy voice the silence break,
Responsive to the softest tone!
Then, oft as Night's pale Queen shall rise,
To thee I'll haste to break my plaintive sighs:
Yes, Echo, thou shalt hear my moan.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ASPASIA.

The letter i, I plainly see,
Unlocks your riddle like a key;....
Except one turn, at which we may
Use with success the letter j.

OMICRON.

SELECTED POETRY.

The style of Shenstone has been so languidly imitated, by the herd of poetasters, that we exult to laugh at his drawling verse, with the author of the following burlesque.

Your zephyr I cannot espouse,
For often my corn he will parch;
And I know that the roof of my house
Was blown off most sweetly last March.

The cow in my yard, which I keep,
All night does her calf so bemoan,
That I can't get a wink of good sleep,
Tho' I'm weary, and lying alone.

Of nymphs and of swains what they say,
I never could read, but I smil'd,
For my shepherd's at....*Botany-bay*,
And my dairy maid's always with child.

EPIGRAMS.

Gold is so ductile, learned chymists say,
That half an ounce will stretch a wondrous way;
Our metal's base, or else the chymists err,
For now-a-days a guinea won't go far.

TO A POET.

Unthrifty wretch, why still confine
Thy toil and homage to the nine,
'Tis time to bid the nine begone,
And now take care of number ONE!

A wag once hearing a countryman say,
Pray tell me to prison the readiest way;
There are many bye-paths, the punster replied,
But the highway's the road the most commonly tried.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
GOWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 2.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 21st, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

[In the "Anti-Democrat," we read some original essays,
which display the gaiety of Goldsmith.]

THE AMERICAN OBSERVER.

No. I.

*Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.*

JUVENAL.

All human actions, wishes, fears or rage,
Pleasures, or joys, or reasonings of the sage,
Compose the motley matter of our page.

THERE is, perhaps, no mode of writing so well calculated to excite universal attention, as the productions of the essayist. Few men are disposed to pursue, systematically, the concatenation of historical events, to watch the unfolding of characters in a novel, or lose their senses in its labyrinth; but all can find time, and supply it patience, for a short essay on life or literature.

But the great difficulty in undertaking a periodical paper for the public, is to find an appropriate title. I have been anticipated in almost every name that my mind could suggest. The Tatler, Spectator, Guardian, and Rambler; the Idler, Mirror, World, and Lounger, are titles become classical by prescriptive veneration; and, for a common writer to assume either of these, would be to incur animadversion, and provoke the insolence of contempt. To the preceding writers, have succeeded a *seruum pecus*, an ignoble herd, of *Bablers*, *Triflers*, *Philanthropes*, and *Quizzes*, whose productions are fast descending to the peaceful shelf. But from this censure must be exempted the Looker On, Observer, and Indian Observer, whose remarks on life are acute, whose criticisms are just, and whose style is always pure.

When Mr. Boyd entered on the duty of Censor *Morum* at Madras, he assumed the title of Indian Observer, and advanced steadily in his march, gratified by the voice of public approbation, and undisturbed by those literary reptiles, whom the rays of his genius called forth into a momentary existence. That I am as much an American, as Mr. Boyd was an Indian, no man, of any country, will deny; but that I shall not equal him, either in acuteness of research, profoundness of criticism, or inculcation of moral duties, I fear the whole world will affirm. Yet confidence is necessary to great undertakings, and, as I consider this a very important one, I, far from servilely deprecating the severity of my readers, call boldly on them to read my essays, admire the justness of my thoughts, the naivete of my humour, and the melody of my periods.

But it is not my purpose, in the progress of this paper, to enter into abstract reasoning, or grave discussions of moral duty. Let those who write, says Horace, chuse subjects that are suitable to their genius. It belonged to a Johnson to make the atheist tremble, and impiety shrink at his rebuke; for me only is left the hope of harmlessly amusing, and to shoot the lighter follies that eluded his giant grasp.

It has been observed, both by an ancient sage, and a modern poet, that

"The proper study of mankind is man."

I, therefore, leave the joy and the depression, the loves and hatred of plants, to Dr. Darwin and his enthusiasts; I purpose to make life and manners the object of my investigation; and, as some men take delight in determining the specific gravity of the air, fabricating a cheese of vast dimensions, collecting the bones of an overgrown animal, or ascertaining the distinction between mushrooms and toad-stools, so my felicity consists in examining the volume of the world, and tracing the emotions of the soul, in the *human face divine*.

If I labour under some privations in this city, I also enjoy many advantages. For models of eloquence, I have only to repair to the "siege of York," where my ear is ravished by the music of periods, that out-Cicero Cicero; where the action is suited to the word, and the word to the action; where every recess of the human character is explored, from the white to the black man; and, lastly, where the mind can sublimely digress from *Charles of Sweden* to *Svedenborg*, and from *Buonaparte* to *Barnaby Rattle*.

I conclude this first number, with inviting all those, who are desirous of literary reputation, and eager *virum volitare per ora*, to rouse from their lethargy, and contribute their help to promote cheerfulness, and a love of erudition. The correspondence of the fair shall be particularly noticed; for *place aux Dames* was ever a favourite maxim of the Observer.

D.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

To night, after my return from the theatre, into which I sometimes saunter, to smooth the wrinkles of my brow, to surrender myself to the illusions of imagination, and derive fresh spirits for my lucubrations, I could not help reflecting, in consequence of witnessing the new pantomime of *Obi*, upon the universal belief of the existence and potency of supernatural and malevolent beings. Magical rites and incantations; the charm and the cauldron, the loathsome reptile and the dragon's blood, have been successfully employed by the cunning, and implicitly dreaded by the timid, in every age. The striking similarity observable in most of the mummeries of superstition, lead me to the collation of the "charms" of sorcery, as described by three different authors. The substance of the first account is extracted from the British Magazine. The circumstances, on which this piece is founded, are related in Dr. Moseley's Treatise on Sugar, and Medical Observations. A revolted negro, named Jack, of gigantic strength and great intrepidity, took up his residence in the inaccessible parts of Mount Lebanon, in Jamaica, and by his boldness, bravery, and depredations, became the terror of the island. Many attempts were made to subdue him, but without success; in one of

these conflicts with a negro, named Quashee, he lost two fingers, and thus acquired his nickname. He was dreaded by the negroes, on account of his supposed magical powers, and the influence of his *obi*. This *obi* consisted in a composition of dirty and disgusting materials; namely, *grave* dirt, ashes, the blood of a *black* cat, and *human* fat, mixed into a paste, kept in the end of a goat's horn, and worn about the neck. He had also in a bag, a dried toad, a pig's tail, and a slip of *virginal* parchment of kid's skin, inscribed with characters of blood. His repeated enormities, at length, induced the government to offer a large reward for killing him, which was finally effected by two negroes, Quashee and Sam; aided by a little boy. Before they set out on the expedition, the negroes took the precaution to be baptized, in confidence that by such means, they would be enabled to resist the effects of *obi*.

The following article contains some additional information touching this *African* magic.

Obi, or, as it is pronounced in the English West Indies, *obeah*, originated, like many customs among the Africans, with the ancient *Egyptians*. *Obi*, for the purpose of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave dirt, hair, teeth of sharks and other animals, blood, feathers, egg-shells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, liver of mice, and some potent weeds, roots and bushes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant. A negro, who thinks himself bewitched by *obi*, will apply to an *obi* man or an *obi* woman for cure.

The next narrative of these baleful rites is to be found in BEN. JONSON, who, in his "*Masque of Queens*," has thus minutely described a nocturnal meeting of the hags of witchcraft. As this description is not generally known, as it is most wildly poetical, and of vivid interest, as the form of invocation is tremendous, and as it describes things "most fanciful and strange," we recommend it to the curious reader.

Dame, dame, the warch is set:
Quickly come, we all are met,
From the lakes, and from the fens,
From the rocks, and from the dens,
From the woods, and from the caves,
From the church-yards, from the graves,
From the dungeon, from the tree
That they die on, here are we.

The owl is 'broad, the bat and the toad,
And so is the cat a-mountain,
The ant and the mole both sit in a hole,
And frog peeps out of the fountain;
The dogs they do bay, and the timbreis play,
The spindle is now a turning;
The moon it is red, and the stars are fled,
But all the sky is a burning:
The ditch is made, and our nails the spade,
With pictures full, of wax and of wool;
Their livers I stick, with needles quick;
There lacks but the blood, to make up the flood.
Quickly, dame, then bring your part in,
Spur, spur upon little Martin,
Merrily, merrily, make him sail,
A worm in his mouth, and a thorn in his tail,
Fire above, and fire below,
With a whip i' your hand, to make him go.
O, now she's come!
Let all be dumb.

* "Three-Fingered Jack."

I have been all day looking after
A raven, feeding upon a quarter;
And, soon as she turn'd her beak to the south,
I snatch'd this morsel out of her mouth.

I have been gathering wolves' hairs,
The mad dog's foam, and the adder's ears;
The spurning of a dead man's eyes,
And all since the evening star did rise.

I last night lay all alone
O' the ground, to hear the mandrake groan;
And pluck'd him up, though he grew full low;
And, as I had done, the cock did crow.

And I ha' been choosing out this skull!
From charnel houses, that were full;
From private grots, and public pits;
And frighted a sexton out of his wits.

Under a cradle I did creep,
By day: and, when the child was asleep
At night, I suck'd the breath: and rose,
And pluck'd the nodding nurse by the nose.

I had a dagger: what did I with that?
Kill'd an infant to have his fat.
A piper it got, at a church aisle,
I bade him again blow wind i' the tail.

A murderer yonder was hung in chains,
The sun and the wind had shrunk his veins;
I bit off a sinew: I clipp'd his hair;
I brought off his rags, that danc'd i' the air.

The screech owl's eggs, and the feathers black,
The blood of the frog, and the bone in his back,
I have been getting: and made of his skin
A purset, to keep Sir Cranion in.

And I ha' been plucking (plants among)
Hen-lock, henbane, adders-tongue,
Night-shade, moon-wort, libba-d's bane;
And twice, by the dogs, was like to be ta'en.

I, from the jaws of a gard'ner's bitch,
Did snatch these bones, and then leap'd the ditch:
Yet went I back to the house again,
Kill'd the black cat, and here's the brain.

I went to the toad breeds under the wall,
I charm'd him out, and he came at my call;
I scratch'd out the eyes of the owl before,
I tore the bat's wing: what would you have more?

DAME.

Yes, I have brought (to help our vows)
Horned poppy, cypress boughs,
The fig tree wild, that grows on tombs,
And juice that from the larch tree comes,
The basilisk's blood, and the viper's skin:
And now our orgies let's begin.

Dame Earth shall quake,
And the houses shake,
And her belly shall ache,
As her back were brake,
Such a birth to make,
As is the blue drake,
Whose form thou shalt take.

The sticks are across, there can be no loss,
'The sage is rotten, the sulphur is gotten
Up to the sky, that was i' the ground.
Follow it then, with our rattles, round;
Under the bramble, over the brier,
A little more heat will set it on fire:
Put it in mind, to do it kind,
Flow water and blow wind
Rouncy is over, Robble is under,
A flash of light, and a clap of thunder,
A storm of rain, another of hail.
We all must home i' the egg-shell sail;
'The mast is made of a great pin,
The tackle of cobweb, the sail as thin,
And if we go through and not fall in.....

DAME.

Stay, all our charms do nothing win
Upon the night; our labour dies!
Our magic feature will not rise;
Nor yet the sorm! we must repeat
More direful voices far, and beat
The ground with vipers, till it sweat.

Bark dogs, wolves howl,
Seas roar, woods roll,
Clouds crack, all be black,
But the light our charms do make.

Not yet! my rage begins to swell,
Darkness, devils, night, and hell,
Do not thus delay my spell.
I call you once, and I call you twice;
I beat you again, if you stay my thrice;
Through these crannies where I peep,
I'll let in the light to see your sleep.
And all the secrets of your sway
Shall lie as open to the day,
As unto me. Still are you deaf?
Reach me a bough that ne'er bare leaf,
To strike the air; and Aconite,
To hurl upon this glaring light;
A rusty knife to wound mine arm;
And as it drops, I'll speak a charm,
Shall cleave the ground, as low as lies
Old shrunk-up Chaos, and let rise.
Once more, his dark and reeking head,
To strike the world and nature dead,
Until my magic birth be bred.

Black go in, and blacker come out;
At thy going down we give thee a shout.

Hoo!

At thy rising again thou shalt have two,
And if thou dost what we would have thee do,
Thou shalt have three, thou shalt have four,
Thou shalt have ten, thou shalt have a score.

Hoo. Har. Har. Hoo!

A cloud of pitch, a spur and a switch,
To haste him away, and a whirlwind play,
Before and after, with thunder for laughter,
And storms for joy, of the roaring boy;
His head of a drake, his tail of a snake.

About, about, and about,
Till the mist arise, and the lights fly out.
The images neither be seen nor felt:
The woollen burn, and the waxen melt:
Sprinkle your liquors upon the ground,
And into the air: around, around.

Our last quotation is sufficiently familiar, but it
would be high treason to the majesty of SHAKS-
PEARE, to omit the subsequent passage from his
"Mucbeth."

Thrice the brindled cat hath mew'd,
Thrice; and once the hedge pig whin'd.
Harper cries: 'tis time, 'tis time.
Round about the cauldron go,
In the poison'd entrails throw;
Toad that under the cold stone
Days and nights hast thirty one
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first in the charmed pot.

Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owl's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,
Witch's mummy; maw and gulf
Of the ravin'd salt sea shark;
Root of hemlock, digg'd in the dark;
Liver of blaspheming Jew;
Gall of goat; and slips of yew,
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;
Finger of birth-strangled babe,
Ditch deliver'd by a drab;
Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's claudron,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S

MESSAGE, CONTINUED,

NUMBER IV.

IT is matter of surprise to observe a propo-
sition to diminish the revenue, associated with in-
timations which appear to contemplate war. The
suggestions in the Message respecting the Barba-
ry States, plainly enough imply, that treaties are
found to be too feeble cords to bind them; and

that a resort to coercive means will probably be
requisite to enforce a greater sense of justice to-
wards us. Accordingly, as a comment on this
hint, we have seen a resolution brought into the
House of Representatives, authorising the Presi-
dent to take measures effectually to protect our
commerce against those states. Believing it to be
a sound position, that these predatory nations will
never be brought to respect sufficiently the rights
of this country, whether derived from nature or
from compact, without first being made to feel its
power, there is no disposition to condemn the ef-
ficacious employment of force. Yet, considering
the maxims by which those states are governed,
and the obstinacy which they have evinced upon
other occasions, it is likely that a policy of this
sort will be attended with considerable, and with
no very temporary expense. This alone is con-
ceived to be a conclusive reason against parting
with any portion of our present income: nothing
could be less advisable, at a moment when there
is the prospect, if not the project, of a general
rupture with them.

Hitherto the proposal for sacrificing the internal
revenue, has been tried almost wholly by the test
of expediency;—it is time to put it to a severer
test: to that of *Right*. Can the proposed abolition
take effect without impairing the PUBLIC FAITH?

This is a question of infinite moment to the cha-
racter of our Government—to the prosperity of
our nation. If it is to be answered in the nega-
tive, it must be matter of profound regret, that a
proposal which could give rise to it, should have
come from the first Magistrate of the United
States.

It is hardly necessary to premise, by way of ex-
planation, that to *pledge or appropriate* funds for a
public debt, is, in effect, to mortgage them to the
public creditors for their security. Retracing our
financial system to its commencement, we find
the impost and the excise on distilled spirits, re-
peatedly and positively pledged, first, for the pay-
ment and interest of the debt, next, for the reim-
bursement of certain instalments of the principal.
It is true, the appropriation is qualified by the
words, "so much as may be necessary," but the
public faith is engaged in express terms, that *both*
the funds shall continue to be levied and collected,
until the whole debt shall be discharged; with the
single reserve, that the government shall be at
liberty to substitute other funds of equal amount. It
follows, that these *two items* of revenue constitute
a joint fund for the security of the public creditor,
co-extensive in duration with the existence of any
portion of the debt: and it is to be inferred, that
the Government, contemplating the possibility of
a deficiency in *one*, intended that the *other* should
serve as an auxiliary, and that the co-operation of
the *two* should effectually guard the creditor
against the fluctuations and casualties to which
either singly, might be exposed. Anticipating,
however, the possibility that *the one or the other*, in
whole or in part, might in practice be found in-
convenient, a right was reserved to exchange ei-
ther for an adequate substitute. But it is conceived
that this does not imply the right to exchange *the*
one for the other. The effect would be essentially
different in the two cases: in the first there would
always be *two funds*, aggregately, of the same or
similar force and value, to secure the creditor; in
the last there would be *only one*: from being dou-
ble, the security would become single.

This mode of reasoning is the only one, upon
which the rights and the interests of the credi-
tors can safely rest: It is plain and intelligible,
and avoids the danger of erroneous speculations
about the *separate sufficiency* of the respective
funds. Admitting, however, for the sake of the
argument, that this is too rigid a construction of
the contract, and that when *one* of the *two funds*
should have acquired a stable increase, which

would render it equal to the purpose of the pledge, it might then be made to stand in the place of both: yet, surely, neither the purity of the public faith, nor the safety of the creditor, will endure the application of this principle to any other, than an ascertained result.—Neither, certainly, will tolerate, that merely a *reasonable ground of confidence* shall authorize so material an alteration in the essence of the security which protects the debt.

THE foregoing reasoning as to the question of right, may be further elucidated by the particular provision in the Act* which introduced the excise on distilled spirits. After a *permanent* appropriation of the proceeds of the tax to the interest of the debt, it provides, that the surplus if any there shall be, at the end of each year *shall be applied* to the reduction of the principal; unless that surplus or any part of it should be required for public exigencies of the United States, and should be so appropriated by special "Acts of Congress." While at this early period of our finances it was not thought expedient to appropriate this surplus *absolutely* to the *Sinking Fund*, it was contemplated that it should not be diverted except for *public exigencies*. Gratuitously to relinquish it, is therefore contrary to the letter as well as to the spirit of the original institution of the fund. The like observations, though with less force, apply to the provision noticed in another number, respecting the surplusses of the revenue generally, which, as we have seen, are all appropriated to the *Sinking Fund*. At the session of Congress immediately succeeding any year in which such surplusses may accrue, they may be specially *appropriated* or *reserved* by law, for other purposes; but if this be not done, they are then to go of course to the *Sinking Fund*. To *appropriate* or to *reserve*, plainly, can never mean to *relinquish*. The true meaning of the provision appears, therefore, to be that, though Congress, under the restriction expressed as to time, may *appropriate* or *reserve* those surplusses for other objects of the public service, yet if not wanted for such other objects, they shall continue to inure to the fund for the reduction of the debt, so long as by the laws regulating their duration they are to continue to be levied.

Thus, on whatever side it is viewed, there is a temerity and a levity in the proposition which confounds and amazes.—If, unhappily, it shall receive the sanction of Congress, there will remain nothing in principle of our system of Public Credit—nothing on which the confidence of the creditor can safely repose. The precedent of a fatal innovation will have been established; and its extension to a total annihilation of the security, would be a step, not much more violent, than that by which the inroad had commenced. But it is devoutly to be hoped, that the delirium of party spirit will not so far transport the Legislative Representatives of the nation, as to induce them to put the seal to a measure, as motiveless—as precipitate—as impolitic—as *faithless*—as could have been dictated, even by a deliberate hostility to the vital principles of our national credit. Particularly the guardians of the PUBLIC FAITH, and of the *Public Purse*, they surely will not consent to impoverish the one, and the other, through an abject and criminal complaisance.

It is a fact not unknown to himself, that abroad as well as at home, a diffidence has been entertained of the opinions and views of the person now at the head of our government, with regard to our system of public credit. This undoubtedly ought to have been with him a strong reason for caution, especially at so early a stage of his administration, as to any step which might strengthen

that diffidence; which was in the least equivocal in its tendency. Nor ought it to have been overlooked, that the interest of the State, and a regard for his own reputation demanded this caution. The appearance of instability in the plans of a government, particularly respecting its finances, can never fail to make injurious impressions.—To a government, the character of which has not yet been established by time, the example of sudden and questionable innovations, may be expected to be in the highest degree detrimental. Prudent men every where are apt to take the alarm at great changes not manifestly beneficial and proper; a disposition which has been much increased by the terrible events of the present revolutionary era. Yet, disregarding these salutary and obvious reflections, the President has ventured, in the very infancy of his administration, upon the bold and unjustifiable step of recommending to the legislative body, a renunciation of the whole *internal revenue* of the country; though the nation is at this moment encumbered with a considerable public debt; and though that very revenue, is, by the existing laws, an established fund for its discharge.

What then are we to think of the ostentatious assurance in the Inaugural Speech as to the preservation of PUBLIC FAITH? Was it given merely to amuse with agreeable, but deceptive sounds? Is it possible that it could have been intended to conceal the insidious design of aiming a deadly blow at a System which was opposed in its origin, and has been calumniated in every stage of its progress?

Alas! How deplorable will it be, should it ever become proverbial, that a President of the United States, like the *Wierd Sisters* in Macbeth, "*Keeps his promise to the ear, but breaks it to the sense!*"

NUMBER V.

IN the rage for change, or under the stimulus of a deep-rooted animosity against the former administrations, or for the sake of gaining popular favour by a profuse display of extraordinary zeal for economy, even our judiciary system has not passed unassailed. The attack here is not so open as that on the revenue; but when we are told that the states individually have "*principal care of our persons, our property and our reputation*"; constituting the great field of human concerns; and that therefore *we may well doubt whether our organization is not too complicated, too expensive*; whether offices and officers have not been multiplied unnecessarily and sometimes injuriously to the service they were meant to promote;" when afterwards it is observed that "*the Judiciary System will of course present itself to the contemplation of Congress*;" and when it appears that pains had been taken to form and communicate a numerical list of all the causes decided since the first establishment of the courts, in order that Congress may be able to judge of the proportion which the institution bears to the business; with all these indications it is not to be misunderstood that the intention was unequivocally to recommend *material* alterations in the system.

No bad thermometer of the capacity of our Chief Magistrate for government is furnished, by the rule which he offers for judging of the utility of the Federal Courts; namely, the exact *number* of causes which have been by them decided. There is hardly any stronger symptom of a pigmy mind, than a propensity to allow greater weight to *secondary* than to *primary* considerations.

It ought at least to have been adverted to, that if this circumstance were a perfect criterion, it is yet too early to apply it, especially to the courts recently erected: And it might have merited reflection, that it would have been prudent to wait for a more advanced period of the Presidential

term, to ascertain what influence the great change which has lately happened in our *public functionaries* may have on the confidence, which in many parts of the Union has heretofore been reposed in the State courts, so as to prevent a preference of those of the United States.

But to enable us duly to appreciate the wisdom of the projected innovation, it is necessary to review the objects which were designed to be accomplished by the arrangement of the Judiciary power, as it is seen in the constitution, and to examine the organization which has been adopted to give effect to those objects.

It is well known to all who were acquainted with the situation of our public affairs, when the constitution was framed, and it is to be inferred from the provisions of the instrument itself, that the objects contemplated, were, 1st. To provide a faithful and efficient organ for carrying into execution the laws of the United States, which otherwise would be a *dead letter*. 2d. To secure the fair interpretation and execution of our treaties with foreign nations. 3d. To maintain harmony between the individual states; not only by an independent and impartial mode of determining controversies between them, but by frustrating the effects of partial laws in any one, injurious to the rights of the citizens of another. 4th. To guard generally against the invasions of property and right by fraudulent and oppressive laws of particular states enforced by their own tribunals. 5th. To guard the rights and conciliate the confidence of foreigners, by giving them the option of tribunals created by and responsible to the general government; which having the immediate charge of our external relations, including the care of our national peace, might be expected to be more tenacious of such an administration of justice as would leave to the citizens of other countries no real cause of complaint. 6th. To protect reciprocally the rights, and inspire mutually the confidence of the citizens of different states in their intercourse with each other, by enabling them to resort to tribunals so constituted as to be essentially free from local bias or partiality. 7th. To give the citizens of each state a fair chance of impartial justice through the medium of those tribunals, in cases in which the titles to property might depend on the conflicting grants of different states.—These were the immensely important objects to be attained by the institution of an adequate Judiciary power in the government of the United States. Nor did its institution depend upon mere speculative opinion, though indeed even that would have been sufficient to indicate the expediency of the measure: but experience had actually in a variety of ways demonstrated its necessity.

The treaties of the United States had been infringed by state laws, put in execution by state judicatories. The rights of property had been invaded by the same means, in numerous instances, as well with respect to foreigners as to citizens; as well between citizens of different states, as between citizens of the same state. There were many cases in which lands were held or claimed under adverse grants of different states, having rival pretensions; and in respect to which the local tribunals, even if not fettered by the local laws, could hardly be expected to be impartial. In several of the states the courts were so constituted as not to afford sufficient assurance of a pure, enlightened and independent administration of justice; an evil which in some of them still continues. From these different sources, serious mischiefs had been felt. The interests of the United States, in their foreign concerns, had suffered; their reputation had been tarnished; their peace endangered; their mutual harmony had been disturbed or menaced; creditors had been ruined or in a very extensive degree much injured; confidence in pecuniary transactions had been destroyed, and the springs of industry had been proportiona-

bly relaxed. To these circumstances, as much, perhaps, as to any other, that accompanied a defective social organization, are we to attribute that miserable and prostrate situation of our affairs, which immediately before the establishment of our present National Constitution, filled every intelligent lover of his country with affliction and mortification. To the institution of a competent judiciary, little less than to any one provision in that constitution, is to be ascribed the rapid and salutary renovation of our affairs which succeeded.

The enumeration* of the component parts of the Judicial power, in the constitution, has an evident eye to the several objects which have been stated: And considering their vast magnitude, no sound politician will doubt that the principal question, with the administration, ought to be, how to give the greatest efficacy to this essential part of the system; in comparison with which the more or less of expense, must be a matter of trivial moment. The difference of expense between an enlarged and a contracted plan, may be deemed an atom in the great scale of national expenditure. The fulfillment of the important ends of this part of our constitutional plan, though with but a small degree of additional energy, facility, or convenience, must infinitely overbalance the consideration of such difference of expense.

The number of causes, which have been tried in these courts, as already intimated, can furnish but a very imperfect test by which to decide upon their utility or necessity. Their existence alone has a powerful and salutary effect. The liberty to use them, even where it is not often exercised, inspires confidence in the intercourse of business. They are viewed as beneficent guardians whose protection may be claimed when necessary. They induce caution in the state courts, and promote in them, a more attentive, if not a more able administration of justice. Though in some districts of the union the federal courts are seldom resorted to, in others they are used in an extensive degree, particularly as between foreigners and citizens, and between citizens of different states.

That their organization throughout the United States ought to be uniform, will not be denied; and it is evident that it ought to be regulated by the situation of those parts in which a greater degree of employment denotes the courts to be most necessary: Of consequence, if the quantity of business were at all a guide, the scenes in which there is the greatest employment for the federal courts, ought to furnish the rule of computation; it ought not to be sought for in the aggregate of business, throughout the union.—In reference to this point, it is likewise material to observe that, from the manner in which the federal courts were constituted, previous to the last arrangement, the organization of the state courts was so much better adapted to expedition, as to afford a strong motive for giving them a preference. The establishment of circuit courts, as now modified, will vary that circumstance, and therefore, attract more business; but it is evident that, it must require a course of years, fully to exemplify its operations, which cannot be seen in a few months, or in a single year. To attempt, therefore, to draw important inferences from the short experience hitherto had, is worse than puerile.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

A FRIEND TO THE CONSTITUTION.

No. II.

THE constitution ordains that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as the congress may from time to time ordain and establish....*The judges both of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour,* and shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office."

A prior section provides that all civil officers of the United States shall be removable from office on impeachment.

At the last session of congress, an act passed ordaining and establishing in each state, circuit courts inferior to the supreme court. The judges who were to administer justice in these courts have been appointed, and, in conformity with the constitution, have received commissions *during good behaviour*.

It is now contended that these judges are dependent on the will of congress, who may repeal the law, abolish the office, and discontinue the judge.

This is the opinion I mean to controvert.

The words of the constitution leave it in the discretion of the legislature to ordain and establish such inferior courts as, from time to time their wisdom may suggest.

The reason of this is apparent. The situation of the United States, a country increasing beyond calculation, in population, in wealth, and resources, will continue to change. The necessity for inferior courts will very probably change with this change of situation, congress is rightly permitted to judge of this necessity, and, from time to time, to establish such courts; but when established, "the judges," says the constitution, "shall hold their offices during good behaviour." The constitution then has submitted to legislative decision the establishment of the court, but not the permanence or independence of the judge. So soon as he is appointed, the constitution adopts him, and declares that he shall hold his office by the firm tenure of "*good behaviour*." He is recognized by the constitution, and becomes a judge under it, not merely by virtue of the law.

If it be possible to make this subject still more clear, and it is in the charter of our government, I would attempt it by varying somewhat the expression of that instrument. Suppose, instead of ordaining that there should be a supreme court, the article had allowed still greater latitude to the legislature, and had declared that the judicial power of the United States should be vested in such courts as congress should, from time to time, ordain and establish, and that the judges of such courts should hold their offices during good behaviour, could it have entered into the mind of any man to say, that the provision for the permanence of the judge had been totally annulled, by the power given to congress, from time to time to establish the courts? That, because the necessity for exercising the power of establishing courts was a continuing necessity, and, consequently, the power ought not to be terminated by the first exercise thereof, nor the number of courts limited in the constitution, therefore the constitution was unable to provide for the independence of the judges, and the attempt made to do so, by positively ordaining that they should hold their offices *during good behaviour*, was a void and ineffectual attempt? This proposition would seem too absurd to be maintained, nor would it be less absurd to contend, that, by establishing absolutely a supreme court, the force of the clause, declaring that the judges of the inferior courts "shall hold their offices during good behaviour," is in any degree impaired.

The letter of the constitution, then, which declares in terms that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour," is unaccompanied by other expressions, which might give colour to a construction hostile to the very words themselves.

If we examine the duties, which must have been contemplated for the supreme and inferior courts, we shall perceive no reason to admit the possibility of an intention, varying from the words, which have been used. The original jurisdiction of the supreme court extends only to "cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those, in which a state shall be party." The great residuary mass of jurisdiction, involving life, personal liberty, reputation, and property, is committed to the inferior courts; and the appeal to the supreme court is allowed, "with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the congress shall make." The most interesting objects, therefore, may be decided ultimately by the inferior courts. Indeed, in cases of imprisonment, should an appeal from the judgment be always allowed, the punishment might often be suffered, pending the appeal.

If, then, the motive for giving independence to the judges, be the security, which that independence affords to the life, liberty, and property of the citizen, that motive applies with peculiar force to those of the inferior courts.

But if the strange opinion that any discretionary agency of congress, in the establishment of courts, over-rides the positive and explicit regulation of the constitution, concerning the tenure of office, is to be supported, it applies as well to the supreme as inferior court. The constitution, which declares that the judicial power shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as congress may establish, does not fix the number of judges, who shall compose that court. The number is fixed by law; and that law may be repealed, and the number reduced; so that, according to this opinion, all the judges of the United States would be removable by the repeal of the laws, establishing the courts, of which they are members.

But the continuance of the individual in office is not secured by that part of the article, which declares, that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts, as congress shall, from time to time, ordain and establish." Had the article proceeded no farther, the exterior form of the system would indeed have been marked out, the parts to compose it would have been designated, but the rights of the individual would have been left to the discretion of the legislature. The judge might certainly have held his office at the will of the president or of congress, or in any other manner the law might have prescribed. It is the subsequent part of the article, ordaining that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour," which constitutes their independence, and this plainly embraces the judges of the one court as well as of the other.

The right to permanence in office is then alike bestowed, by the constitution, on the judges of the supreme and inferior courts, and the inquiry is reduced to this naked question, do they really hold their offices during good behaviour, or at the will of congress?

This question, if indeed it can, without insult to the human judgment, be termed one, shall now receive a brief consideration.

The proposition, that the constitution is the paramount law, and that it limits the powers of the legislature, as well as that of the other departments of government, is no longer a problem in the United States. Had the members of the legislature even not sworn to observe it, still they have no power, as a legislature, to pass the boundary it

* "SEC. II. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states, between a state and citizens of another state, between citizens of different states, between citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state, or the citizens thereof and foreign states, citizens or subjects.

would render it equal to the purpose of the pledge, it might then be made to stand in the place of both: yet, surely, neither the purity of the public faith, nor the safety of the creditor, will endure the application of this principle to any other, than an ascertained result.—Neither, certainly, will tolerate, that merely a *reasonable ground of confidence* shall authorize so material an alteration in the essence of the security which protects the debt.

THE foregoing reasoning as to the question of right, may be further elucidated by the particular provision in the Act* which introduced the excise on distilled spirits. After a *permanent* appropriation of the proceeds of the tax to the interest of the debt, it provides, that the surplus if any there shall be, at the end of each year *shall be applied* to the reduction of the principal; unless that surplus or any part of it should be required for public exigencies of the United States, and should be so appropriated by special "Acts of Congress." While at this early period of our finances it was not thought expedient to appropriate this surplus *absolutely* to the *Sinking Fund*, it was contemplated that it should not be diverted except for *public exigencies*. Gratuitously to relinquish it, is therefore contrary to the letter as well as to the spirit of the original institution of the fund. The like observations, though with less force, apply to the provision noticed in another number, respecting the surplusses of the revenue generally, which, as we have seen, are all appropriated to the *Sinking Fund*. At the session of Congress immediately succeeding any year in which such surplusses may accrue, they may be specially appropriated or reserved by law, for other purposes; but if this be not done, they are then to go of course to the *Sinking Fund*. To appropriate or to reserve, plainly, can never mean to relinquish. The true meaning of the provision appears, therefore, to be that, though Congress, under the restriction expressed as to time, may appropriate or reserve those surplusses for other objects of the public service, yet if not wanted for such other objects, they shall continue to inure to the fund for the reduction of the debt, so long as by the laws regulating their duration they are to continue to be levied.

Thus, on whatever side it is viewed, there is a temerity and a levity in the proposition which confounds and amazes.—If, unhappily, it shall receive the sanction of Congress, there will remain nothing in principle of our system of Public Credit—nothing on which the confidence of the creditor can safely repose. The precedent of a fatal innovation will have been established; and its extension to a total annihilation of the security, would be a step, not much more violent, than that by which the inroad had commenced. But it is devoutly to be hoped, that the delirium of party spirit will not so far transport the Legislative Representatives of the nation, as to induce them to put the seal to a measure, as motiveless—as precipitate—as impolitic—as faithless—as could have been dictated, even by a deliberate hostility to the vital principles of our national credit. Particularly the guardians of the PUBLIC FAITH, and of the *Public Purse*, they surely will not consent to impoverish the one, and the other, through an abject and criminal complaisance.

It is a fact not unknown to himself, that abroad as well as at home, a diffidence has been entertained of the opinions and views of the person now at the head of our government, with regard to our system of public credit. This undoubtedly ought to have been with him a strong reason for caution, especially at so early a stage of his administration, as to any step which might strengthen

that diffidence; which was in the least equivocal in its tendency. Nor ought it to have been overlooked, that the interest of the State, and a regard for his own reputation demanded this caution. The appearance of instability in the plans of a government, particularly respecting its finances, can never fail to make injurious impressions.—To a government, the character of which has not yet been established by time, the example of sudden and questionable innovations, may be expected to be in the highest degree detrimental. Prudent men every where are apt to take the alarm at great changes not manifestly beneficial and proper; a disposition which has been much increased by the terrible events of the present revolutionary era. Yet, disregarding these salutary and obvious reflections, the President has ventured, in the very infancy of his administration, upon the bold and unjustifiable step of recommending to the legislative body, a renunciation of the whole *internal revenue* of the country; though the nation is at this moment encumbered with a considerable public debt; and though that very revenue, is, by the existing laws, an established fund for its discharge.

What then are we to think of the ostentatious assurance in the Inaugural Speech as to the preservation of PUBLIC FAITH? Was it given merely to amuse with agreeable, but deceptive sounds? Is it possible that it could have been intended to conceal the insidious design of aiming a deadly blow at a System which was opposed in its origin, and has been calumniated in every stage of its progress?

Alas! How deplorable will it be, should it ever become proverbial, that a President of the United States, like the *Wierd Sisters* in Macbeth, "*Keeps his promise to the ear, but breaks it to the sense!*"

NUMBER V.

IN the rage for change, or under the stimulus of a deep-rooted animosity against the former administrations, or for the sake of gaining popular favour by a profuse display of extraordinary zeal for economy, even our judiciary system has not passed unassailed. The attack here is not so open as that on the revenue; but when we are told that the states individually have "*principal care of our persons, our property and our reputation*"; constituting the great field of human concerns; and that therefore *we may well doubt whether our organization is not too complicated, too expensive*; whether offices and officers have not been multiplied unnecessarily and sometimes injuriously to the service they were meant to promote;" when afterwards it is observed that "*the Judiciary System will of course present itself to the contemplation of Congress*;" and when it appears that pains had been taken to form and communicate a numerical list of all the causes decided since the first establishment of the courts, in order that Congress may be able to judge of the proportion which the institution bears to the business; with all these indications it is not to be misunderstood that the intention was unequivocally to recommend material alterations in the system.

No bad thermometer of the capacity of our Chief Magistrate for government is furnished, by the rule which he offers for judging of the utility of the Federal Courts; namely, the exact number of causes which have been by them decided. There is hardly any stronger symptom of a pigmy mind, than a propensity to allow greater weight to secondary than to primary considerations.

It ought at least to have been adverted to, that if this circumstance were a perfect criterion, it is yet too early to apply it, especially to the courts recently erected: And it might have merited reflection, that it would have been prudent to wait for a more advanced period of the Presidential

term, to ascertain what influence the great change which has lately happened in our *public functions* may have on the confidence, which in many parts of the Union has heretofore been reposed in the State courts, so as to prevent a preference of those of the United States.

But to enable us duly to appreciate the wisdom of the projected innovation, it is necessary to review the objects which were designed to be accomplished by the arrangement of the Judiciary power, as it is seen in the constitution, and to examine the organization which has been adopted to give effect to those objects.

It is well known to all who were acquainted with the situation of our public affairs, when the constitution was framed, and it is to be inferred from the provisions of the instrument itself, that the objects contemplated, were, 1st. To provide a faithful and efficient organ for carrying into execution the laws of the United States, which otherwise would be a *dead letter*. 2d. To secure the fair interpretation and execution of our treaties with foreign nations. 3d. To maintain harmony between the individual states; not only by an independent and impartial mode of determining controversies between them, but by frustrating the effects of partial laws in any one, injurious to the rights of the citizens of another. 4th. To guard generally against the invasions of property and right by fraudulent and oppressive laws of particular states enforced by their own tribunals. 5th. To guard the rights and conciliate the confidence of foreigners, by giving them the option of tribunals created by and responsible to the general government; which having the immediate charge of our external relations, including the care of our national peace, might be expected to be more tenacious of such an administration of justice as would leave to the citizens of other countries no real cause of complaint. 6th. To protect reciprocally the rights, and inspire mutually the confidence of the citizens of different states in their intercourse with each other, by enabling them to resort to tribunals so constituted as to be essentially free from local bias or partiality. 7th. To give the citizens of each state a fair chance of impartial justice through the medium of those tribunals, in cases in which the titles to property might depend on the conflicting grants of different states.—These were the immensely important objects to be attained by the institution of an adequate Judiciary power in the government of the United States. Nor did its institution depend upon mere speculative opinion, though indeed even that would have been sufficient to indicate the expediency of the measure: but experience had actually in a variety of ways demonstrated its necessity.

The treaties of the United States had been infringed by state laws, put in execution by state judicatories. The rights of property had been invaded by the same means, in numerous instances, as well with respect to foreigners as to citizens; as well between citizens of different states, as between citizens of the same state. There were many cases in which lands were held or claimed under adverse grants of different states, having rival pretensions; and in respect to which the local tribunals, even if not fettered by the local laws, could hardly be expected to be impartial. In several of the states the courts were so constituted as not to afford sufficient assurance of a pure, enlightened and independent administration of justice; an evil which in some of them still continues. From these different sources, serious mischiefs had been felt. The interests of the United States, in their foreign concerns, had suffered; their reputation had been tarnished; their peace endangered; their mutual harmony had been disturbed or menaced; creditors had been ruined or in a very extensive degree much injured; confidence in pecuniary transactions had been destroyed, and the springs of industry had been proportiona-

* Passed March 3d, 1791.

bly relaxed. To these circumstances, as much, perhaps, as to any other, that accompanied a defective social organization, are we to attribute that miserable and prostrate situation of our affairs, which immediately before the establishment of our present National Constitution, filled every intelligent lover of his country with affliction and mortification. To the institution of a competent judiciary, little less than to any one provision in that constitution, is to be ascribed the rapid and salutary renovation of our affairs which succeeded.

The enumeration* of the component parts of the Judicial power, in the constitution, has an evident eye to the several objects which have been stated: And considering their vast magnitude, no sound politician will doubt that the principal question, with the administration, ought to be, how to give the greatest efficacy to this essential part of the system; in comparison with which the more or less of expense, must be a matter of trivial moment. The difference of expense between an enlarged and a contracted plan, may be deemed an atom in the great scale of national expenditure. The fulfillment of the important ends of this part of our constitutional plan, though with but a small degree of additional energy, facility, or convenience, must infinitely overbalance the consideration of such difference of expense.

The number of causes, which have been tried in these courts, as already intimated, can furnish but a very imperfect test by which to decide upon their utility or necessity. Their existence alone has a powerful and salutary effect. The liberty to use them, even where it is not often exercised, inspires confidence in the intercourse of business. They are viewed as beneficent guardians whose protection may be claimed when necessary. They induce caution in the state courts, and promote in them, a more attentive, if not a more able administration of justice. Though in some districts of the union the federal courts are seldom resorted to, in others they are used in an extensive degree, particularly as between foreigners and citizens, and between citizens of different states.

That their organization throughout the United States ought to be uniform, will not be denied; and it is evident that it ought to be regulated by the situation of those parts in which a greater degree of employment denotes the courts to be most necessary: Of consequence, if the quantity of business were at all a guide, the scenes in which there is the greatest employment for the federal courts, ought to furnish the rule of computation; it ought not to be sought for in the aggregate of business, throughout the union.—In reference to this point, it is likewise material to observe that, from the manner in which the federal courts were constituted, previous to the last arrangement, the organization of the state courts was so much better adapted to expedition, as to afford a strong motive for giving them a preference. The establishment of circuit courts, as now modified, will vary that circumstance, and therefore, attract more business; but it is evident that, it must require a course of years, fully to exemplify its operations, which cannot be seen in a few months, or in a single year. To attempt, therefore, to draw important inferences from the short experience hitherto had, is worse than puerile.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

* SEC. II. The judicial power shall extend to all cases in law and equity, arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states, between a state and citizens of another state, between citizens of different states, between citizens of the same state claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state, or the citizens thereof and foreign states, citizens or subjects.

A FRIEND TO THE CONSTITUTION.

No. II.

THE constitution ordains that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as the congress may from time to time ordain and establish....*The judges both of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour,* and shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office."

A prior section provides that all civil officers of the United States shall be removable from office on impeachment.

At the last session of congress, an act passed ordaining and establishing in each state, circuit courts inferior to the supreme court. The judges who were to administer justice in these courts have been appointed, and, in conformity with the constitution, have received commissions *during good behaviour*.

It is now contended that these judges are dependent on the will of congress, who may repeal the law, abolish the office, and discontinue the judge.

This is the opinion I mean to controvert.

The words of the constitution leave it in the discretion of the legislature to ordain and establish such inferior courts as, from time to time their wisdom may suggest.

The reason of this is apparent. The situation of the United States, a country increasing beyond calculation, in population, in wealth, and resources, will continue to change. The necessity for inferior courts will very probably change with this change of situation, congress is rightly permitted to judge of this necessity, and, from time to time, to establish such courts; but when established, "the judges," says the constitution, "shall hold their offices during good behaviour." The constitution then has submitted to legislative decision the establishment of the court, but not the permanence or independence of the judge. So soon as he is appointed, the constitution adopts him, and declares that he shall hold his office by the firm tenure of "good behaviour." He is recognized by the constitution, and becomes a judge under it, not merely by virtue of the law.

If it be possible to make this subject still more clear, and it is in the charter of our government, I would attempt it by varying somewhat the expression of that instrument. Suppose, instead of ordaining that there should be a supreme court, the article had allowed still greater latitude to the legislature, and had declared that the judicial power of the United States should be vested in such courts as congress should, from time to time, ordain and establish, and that the judges of such courts should hold their offices during good behaviour, could it have entered into the mind of any man to say, that the provision for the permanence of the judge had been totally annulled, by the power given to congress, from time to time to establish the courts? That, because the necessity for exercising the power of establishing courts was a continuing necessity, and, consequently, the power ought not to be terminated by the first exercise thereof, nor the number of courts limited in the constitution, therefore the constitution was unable to provide for the independence of the judges, and the attempt made to do so, by positively ordaining that they should hold their offices *during good behaviour*, was a void and ineffectual attempt? This proposition would seem too absurd to be maintained, nor would it be less absurd to contend, that, by establishing absolutely a supreme court, the force of the clause, declaring that the judges of the inferior courts "shall hold their offices during good behaviour," is in any degree impaired.

The letter of the constitution, then, which declares in terms that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour," is unaccompanied by other expressions, which might give colour to a construction hostile to the very words themselves.

If we examine the duties, which must have been contemplated for the supreme and inferior courts, we shall perceive no reason to admit the possibility of an intention, varying from the words, which have been used. The original jurisdiction of the supreme court extends only to "cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers and consuls, and those, in which a state shall be party." The great residuary mass of jurisdiction, involving life, personal liberty, reputation, and property, is committed to the inferior courts; and the appeal to the supreme court is allowed, "with such exceptions, and under such regulations, as the congress shall make." The most interesting objects, therefore, may be decided ultimately by the inferior courts. Indeed, in cases of imprisonment, should an appeal from the judgment be always allowed, the punishment might often be suffered, pending the appeal.

If, then, the motive for giving independence to the judges, be the security, which that independence affords to the life, liberty, and property of the citizen, that motive applies with peculiar force to those of the inferior courts.

But if the strange opinion that any discretionary agency of congress, in the establishment of courts, over-rides the positive and explicit regulation of the constitution, concerning the tenure of office, is to be supported, it applies as well to the supreme as inferior court. The constitution, which declares that the judicial power shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as congress may establish, does not fix the number of judges, who shall compose that court. The number is fixed by law; and that law may be repealed, and the number reduced; so that, according to this opinion, all the judges of the United States would be removable by the repeal of the laws, establishing the courts, of which they are members.

But the continuance of the individual in office is not secured by that part of the article, which declares, that "the judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts, as congress shall, from time to time, ordain and establish." Had the article proceeded no farther, the exterior form of the system would indeed have been marked out, the parts to compose it would have been designated, but the rights of the individual would have been left to the discretion of the legislature. The judge might certainly have held his office at the will of the president or of congress, or in any other manner the law might have prescribed. It is the subsequent part of the article, ordaining that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour," which constitutes their independence, and this plainly embraces the judges of the one court as well as of the other.

The right to permanence in office is then alike bestowed, by the constitution, on the judges of the supreme and inferior courts, and the inquiry is reduced to this naked question, do they really hold their offices during good behaviour, or at the will of congress?

This question, if indeed it can, without insult to the human judgment, be termed one, shall now receive a brief consideration.

The proposition, that the constitution is the paramount law, and that it limits the powers of the legislature, as well as that of the other departments of government, is no longer a problem in the United States. Had the members of the legislature even not sworn to observe it, still they have no power, as a legislature, to pass the boundary it

has marked out; and beyond its lines, they are mere individuals.

The injunction of the constitution, then, is to be religiously observed, and we have only to inquire what that injunction is. For this we must resort to the instrument itself. The words are, "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour." If words are the fixed representatives of ideas; if they convey to the mind any distinct meaning; what idea, let me ask, is represented, what meaning is conveyed by the words "shall hold their offices during good behaviour?" When they proceed from an authority, which admits of no opposition, which cannot be disobeyed, they amount, certainly, to an exclusion of any other possible mode of terminating the office, by the act of government, than by convicting the officer of a breach of good behaviour. They "shall hold their offices during good behaviour," is certainly equivalent to saying *they shall hold their offices until they misbehave*. And this imperative sentence will admit of the substitution of no other event for misbehaviour, unless it be by an equivalent authority. If their offices may be terminated by the legislative will, expressed by the repeal of the law, or in any other manner, then they do not hold their offices during good behaviour, merely, but during the will of the legislature also.... But the words of the constitution do not admit of any additional condition, encumbering the pure tenure of good behaviour. They unequivocally exclude any other condition. The mind is irresistibly referred to the conduct of a person holding a commission during good behaviour, as the sole standard, by which his right to remain in office can be measured.

If a person, declared by the constitution to be in office during good behaviour, can be removed by the legislature, then, either the constitution does not bind the legislature, or *good behaviour* and *legislative will* are synonymous terms.

The first part of the proposition has long since been decided, and the last can be, by the common sense of mankind, but in one manner. I appeal to every man, learned and unlearned, and do not fear finding one, who will assert that the two phrases make on his mind the same impression; that he understands by an office held during good behaviour, an office held during the will of the legislature.

A mode of eluding the intent of the constitution has by some been suggested. These ingenious gentlemen have discovered, that, though the man cannot be removed from his office, yet the office can be removed from the man. As if an office could be holden during good behaviour, and could yet be separated from the holder, by other means than his misbehaviour. This rare piece of cunning, unworthy the integrity of the American character, will not serve the purpose of those, who resort to it. The plain stubborn words of the constitution admit of no such evasion. The man does not hold an office, if the office be struck from his hands.... When a superior, having a right to command, ordains that an office shall be held for a certain time, or until a certain event, the inferior, who, by any means, forces that office out of his hands, before the period arrives, or the event happens, which is to terminate its duration, plainly disobeys the order of his superior; so when a constitution ordains that a judge shall hold an office during good behaviour, the legislature, which would deprive him of that office, without misbehaviour, equally disobeys the plain mandate of the constitution, whether the illicit attempt be made, by removing the man, or annihilating the office.

Those, who maintain the existence of this power in the legislature, are reduced to the necessity of contending substantially, that where the constitution forbids a particular object, that object may be effected circuitously, though not directly: that a

measure may be adopted, which, by a necessary consequence, produces the forbidden effect, although the effect cannot be immediately produced. This unworthy artifice can impose on no man. All those, who read the constitution, must perceive that it is the end itself, and not the mean effecting the end, to which that instrument attends; and, consequently, all means, which defeat the end proposed, are alike unlawful.

It cannot escape the most cursory observer, that the views of the constitution must be as entirely defeated, and the independence of the judges as entirely destroyed, in allowing the legislature to deprive them of office, by destroying it, as by removing them from it. In the one mode or the other, the judge becomes entirely dependent on the legislature, who may, at will, terminate his official character. Indeed it would be a work of more difficulty to feign accusations against an upright judge, in order to justify his removal, than to discover that the public good requires some modification of the courts, which would silently displace one set of men, to make room for another.

But if gentlemen could solace themselves under this apparent violation of the constitution, by the miserable attempt at evasion, which has been noticed, even this consolation is unattainable. The office cannot be put down. It is that of a judge, not of this or that circuit, but of the United States. By the express words of the act of congress, the judges, who perform the circuit duty, are judges of the United States. The office to be abolished is that of a judge of the United States.

Have we already made such a progress in a system of reasoning, which is to destroy the constitution of our country, as to come to a conclusion, that the office of a judge of the United States may be abolished by a legislative act?

In the succeeding number, the public attention will be solicited to some opinions, which deserve to be respectfully considered, because they were formed at a time, or on an occasion, when talents and patriotism were not obscured by the spirit of party.

No. III.

AMONG the various commentaries on the American constitution, which were offered to the consideration of the public, while the question of its adoption was depending, no one has acquired or deserved so much reputation, as that written under the signature of *PUBLIUS*. It is worthy of the pens, to which it has been ascribed: and, while other productions on the same subject have passed away with the occasion, which gave them birth, this valuable political treatise not only continues to be read with admiration, but is resorted to by all parties, as containing the best exposition ever yet presented to the public eye, of the constitution of our country. To this contemporaneous exposition I will now beg leave to refer.

In his seventy-eighth number, *PUBLIUS* says:.... "According to the plan of the convention, *all the judges*, who may be appointed by the United States, are to hold their offices *during good behaviour*, which is conformable to the most approved of the state constitutions, and, amongst the rest, to that of this state. Its propriety having been drawn into question by the adversaries of that plan, is no light symptom of the rage for objection, which disorders their imaginations and judgments. The standard of good behaviour for the continuance in office of the judicial magistracy, is certainly one of the most valuable of the modern improvements in the practice of government. In a monarchy, it is an excellent barrier to the despotism of the prince;

in a republic it is no less an excellent barrier to the encroachments and oppressions of the representative body. And it is the best expedient, which can be devised in any government, to secure a steady, upright, and impartial administration of the laws." The residue of the chapter, which is too long to be quoted, contains a very able argument, demonstrating the policy of making the judicial independent of the legislative authority.

It will be readily perceived, and the circumstance is not unworthy of attention, that *PUBLIUS* does not attempt to prove that the judges, the tenure of whose office is during good behaviour, cannot be deprived of their offices by any legislative act; but, considering that as a position, too clear to be contested, proceeds to defend it. It is also worthy of remark, that no one of those, whose "rage for objection disordered their imaginations and judgments," counted sufficiently on the public folly to hazard the opinion, that men, who were, by the constitution, fixed in their offices, during good behaviour, could, without violating that constitution, be removed by any measure of any department of government. The friends and the enemies of that instrument concurred in a construction, so obviously required by its words.

When the conventions of the states assembled severally, to deliberate on the great question submitted to their decision, and on which the preservation of the union was believed to depend, it will be admitted, that human ingenuity was put on the rack, to devise objections to the instrument under their consideration. The article, relative to the judiciary of the United States, like every other article in the constitution, was scrutinized, with a wish to condemn. It was objected, that the judges were not sufficiently independent of the legislature, because the power of raising their salaries existed; but no one objector, so far as I am informed of the debates of the conventions, was wild enough to imagine, that they were in fact dependent on the legislature, by holding offices which congress could terminate.

It is not known, that in any of the states, except Virginia, this question has been discussed, in relation to the rights of the state judges. As that state, however, is acknowledged to lead, in the present political system, and as some of its members are understood to be peculiarly ardent in support of the measure, here reprobated as a most daring invasion of the constitution, applicable precedents of construction, drawn from thence, cannot be considered as totally improper.

The constitution of Virginia declares, that "the two houses of assembly shall, by joint ballot, appoint judges of the supreme court of appeals, and general court, judges in chancery, judges of admiralty, secretary, and the attorney general, to be commissioned by the governor, and continue in office, *during good behaviour*."

Another clause subjects them to impeachment for misbehaviour.

By the first judicial system of Virginia, one general court was constituted, with original common law jurisdiction, throughout the state; there was also one court of chancery, with an equitable jurisdiction, equally extensive. To these was added a court of admiralty.... and the judges of the court of chancery, general court, and court of admiralty were, by law, declared to constitute the court of appeals. As judges of appeals, no commission was given them. The general court became manifestly incompetent to the business assigned it; and, in order to avoid delays, which amounted to a refusal of justice, a change of system, the necessity of which had become apparent to all, was resolved on.

In 1787, this subject was taken up by the legislature; a system of circuit courts was adopted, and it was enacted, that the judges of the court of appeals should perform the duty of circuit

* Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Madison.

judges. This law the judges refused to execute, as unconstitutional, and agreed unanimously, Edmund Pendleton, George Wythe, John Blair, Paul Carrington, Peter Lyons, William Fleming, Henry Tazewell, Richard Cary, James Henry, and John Tyler being present, on a remonstrance, from which will be extracted such parts, as are deemed applicable to the present inquiry.

After lamenting the necessity of deciding a question between a law and the constitution, and that in a case personally interesting to the judges themselves, they say:

"On this view of the subject, the following alternatives presented themselves to the court; either to decide these questions, or resign their offices. The latter would have been their choice, if they could have considered these questions, as affecting their individual interests only; but, viewing them as relating to their office, and finding themselves called by their country, to sustain an important post, as one of the three pillars on which the great fabric of government was erected, they judged, that a resignation would subject them to the reproach of deserting their station, and betraying the sacred interests of society intrusted with them, and on that ground, found themselves obliged to decide, however their delicacy might be wounded, or whatever temporary inconveniences might ensue; and, in that decision, to declare, that the constitution and the act are in opposition, and cannot exist together; and that the former must controul the operation of the latter.

"The propriety and necessity of the independence of the judges is evident in reason, and the nature of the office; since they are to decide between government and the people, as well as between contending citizens; and, if they be dependent on either, corrupt influence may be apprehended, sacrificing the innocent to popular prejudice, and subjecting the poor to oppression and persecution, by the rich. And this applies more forcibly to exclude a dependence on the legislature, a branch of whom, in cases of impeachment, is itself a party.

"This principle supposed, the court are led to consider, whether the people have secured or departed from it, in their constitution or form of government. In that solemn act, they discover the people, distributing the governmental powers into three great branches, legislative, executive, and judiciary, in order to preserve that equipoise, which they judged necessary to secure their liberty; declaring, that those powers be kept separate and distinct from each other, and that no person shall exercise, at the same time, an office in more than one of them. The independence of the two former could not be admitted, because, in them, a long continuance in office might be dangerous to liberty, and therefore they provided for a change, by frequent elections; at stated periods; but, in the last, from the influence of the principle before observed upon, they declared, that the judges should hold their offices during good behaviour. Their independence would have been rendered complete, by fixing the quantum of their salaries."

After stating the vast increase of duty, without a correspondent increase of salary, which they deemed such an attack on their independence, that it would be inconsistent with a conscientious discharge of duty to pass it over, they say: "For vain would be the precaution of the founders of our government to secure liberty, if the legislature, though restrained from changing the tenure of judicial offices, are at liberty to compel a resignation, by reducing salaries to a copper, or by making it part of the official duty, to become hewers of wood, or drawers of water."

Without attempting to defend, in its full extent, the opinion advanced by the court of appeals of Virginia, an opinion which very clearly goes beyond the letter of the constitution, and beyond the

principles maintained in these numbers, the public attention is solicited to some parts of it, which are believed to be unquestionably correct in themselves, and which are peculiarly applicable to the subject we are discussing.

The judges consider themselves as forming "one of the three pillars, on which the great fabric of government was erected," and that, when this pillar was endangered, "a resignation would subject them to the reproach of deserting their station, and betraying the sacred interests of society, intrusted with them." They say, that "the propriety and necessity of the independence of the judges is evident in reason, and the nature of their office;" and "this," they say, "applies more forcibly to exclude a dependence on the legislature, a branch of whom, in cases of impeachment, is itself a party." Under the influence of these principles, the people, continues the court of appeals, have, in their form of government, "declared that the judges should hold their offices, during good behaviour. Their independence would have been rendered complete, by fixing the quantum of their salaries."

According to the unanimous opinion then, of all the judges of Virginia, an office held under the constitution, during good behaviour, and of which the quantum of salary is fixed, is completely independent of the legislature; and, whenever the legislature can be so unmindful of its high duties, as to assail the independence of the judiciary, the "constitution and the act are in opposition, and cannot exist together, and the former must controul the operation of the latter."

The legislature appears to have acquiesced under this decision of the court. The law was new modelled. A separate court of appeals was established, the judges of which were to be elected by joint ballot, in conformity with the constitution. Several members were added to the general court, and it was declared to be their duty to ride the circuits. The judges of the court of chancery, general court, and court of admiralty, who had not been elected, in pursuance of the constitution, judges of the court of appeals, but on whom that duty was imposed by law, were relieved from the further discharge of it. In making this arrangement, several of the judges were understood to have been consulted; and, on the ballot, the six senior judges were elected, five into the court of appeals, and the sixth into the court of chancery.

Yet this arrangement, so agreeable to many of them, and formed in concert with them, was not accepted without a protest, asserting their rights.

On the fifth of March, 1789, the act was laid before them, Mr. Pendleton, Mr. Wythe, Mr. Blair, Mr. Lyons, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Mercer, Mr. Parker, Mr. Cary, and Mr. Tyler being present, when, after stating reasons for not proceeding on the docket, they say: "But, before the close of their session, they conceive (however painful the repetition) that they are again under an indispensable obligation to advert to an act of assembly, which they are constrained to consider as incompatible with their independence. The act intended, is an act of the last session, for amending the act entitled 'an act constituting the court of appeals.' The direct operation of this law is the amotion from office, of the whole bench of judges of appeals, and the appointment of new judges to the same court.

"But although the office of a judge of the former court of appeals was in the mode of election as established by the act of 1779, accessory and appendant to an office in one of the superior courts, yet a judge of this supreme court properly invested, was by the constitution intended to be equally independent and equally secure in the enjoyment of that office as of the office of judge of one of the superior courts to which it is annexed, and therefore could not be constitutionally deprived of it.

It appears to the court probable that the general assembly were so much engrossed by the idea of the utility of their great object, the establishment of district courts, as either to have overlooked this difficulty which stood in their way, or, if they perceived it, to have counted on the acquiescence of those whose rights were thus to be invaded; and in this expectation (if it was indeed entertained) the legislature were not deceived. The court is truly willing to make any voluntary sacrifice for the attainment of so desirable an object as the establishment of courts which by the expeditious administration of justice, will not only give that relief to suffering creditors which has already been too long withheld from them, but contribute much to the increase of industry and improvement of the morals of the people. Yet whatever concessions this court may be willing to make, they think it their duty to guard against encroachment. And in conformity to these sentiments, after protesting against every invasion of the judiciary establishment or any deprivation of office in that line in any other mode than is pointed out in the constitution,* they do hereby in their mere free will in order to make way for the salutary system lately adopted, resign their appointment as judges of the court of appeals, and as they do not hold any separate commission for that office which might be returned, do order the same to be recorded."

It is to be recollected that by the act here noticed, no judge was to be divested of his judicial character or of his salary. No constitutional court of appeal then existed. No judges had been elected or commissioned for that court in the manner prescribed by the constitution, and its duties had been assigned by an ordinary legislative act, to the judges of the court of chancery, general court, and court of admiralty. The legislature thought itself competent to relieve these judges from this extra duty, but without diminishing their salaries, and to erect a court of appeals in pursuance of the constitution. The judges in this state of things, delivered opinions, which, however, they might have been misapplied on that occasion, are unquestionably correct in themselves, and directly applicable to the present situation of the circuit judges of the United States. They declare, that "they are constrained to consider" the act repealing the law by which the court of appeals was constituted, "as incompatible with their independence." That a judge of the supreme court properly invested was intended by the constitution to be equally independent and equally secure in the enjoyment of that office, as of the office of judge of one of the superior courts to which it was annexed, and, therefore, could not be constitutionally deprived of it." That "whatever concessions the court may be willing to make, they think it their duty to guard against encroachments;" and they protest "against every invasion of the judiciary establishment," or "any deprivation of office in that line in any other mode than is pointed out in the constitution."

These were the sentiments of the court of appeals of Virginia, when that court was composed of all the judges of the commonwealth, and when its bench was graced with law characters of whom she does not yet cease to boast. The miserable quibble (if indeed it be not even below that epithet) of distinguishing between a blow at the office and at the man, was then undiscovered. The judges declare that they cannot be constitutionally deprived of office. And this declaration is made in consequence of a law repealing that by which the duties of judges of appeals were assigned to them. Their protest is against every legislative invasion of the judiciary establishments, and any legislative de-

* That is by impeachment.

prication of office, no matter by what mode, as unconstitutional. It was at that time the opinion of Virginia that no means could be lawful, which were adopted to effect an unlawful end.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FESTOON OF FASHION. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AS it is notorious that the Ladies of America neither paint their cheeks, nor "daub their tempers o'er with washes, as artificial as their faces," we publish the following merely as a satire upon *European* deception. We do not dream that any *Domestic* application can be made.

Great praise is unquestionably due to those beautifiers of the human countenance, the inventors of Cosmetics, aided by the miraculous powers of lotions and tinctures, new beauties reanimate the face, and we behold the roscate bloom of youth smile like morning light on the varnished visage of age.

While a superabundance of paints and lotions renovate beauty, the fair artist daily improves in taste; she guides the pencil with such skill over every line of her face, and imitates nature with such elegance that we may soon be able to boast of female portrait painters, who will excel, even sir Joshua Reynolds himself. One great advantage in favour of female genius in this instance is the superior texture of the skin to canvas, or any other artificial ground. It is to be regretted, however, that too many of our female artists grow negligent after marriage, and, reflecting that the portrait is sold, take little pains to improve its tints; nay, it is asserted, that they often become hideously deformed in a few years. This is certainly a great imperfection, for the works of the most eminent male artists have generally become more estimable in the eyes of the connoisseur in proportion to their antiquity.

As it is a matter of infinite importance that the Belles of Philadelphia should be acquainted with the movements of the belles of New-York, we hasten with the speed of a *Lauriston*, to communicate the following from the "New-York Evening Post."

On new year's eve the City Assemblies commenced for the season, with a display of much beauty and fashion: the company though not large was select and brilliant. The Ball was particularly distinguished, by the presence of six young ladies, who had chosen this evening for their first appearance; and whose attractions promise to add much to the brilliance of our succeeding assemblies.

It was further honoured by the attendance of the lovely Mrs. F——, who made her bridal debut with undiminished charms, and received from the managers the customary compliment.

At eleven, a handsome cold collation was served up: in which was provided, with a laudable omission of expensive superfluities, an abundant supply of such substantial refreshment as the season affords. After the active amusement of the evening, the pinion of a partridge appeared not unacceptable to the most youthful and delicate of the party: while the ladies of a certain age, to speak in courtly French style, whose pleasure had been derived from witnessing the enjoyment of their juvenile friends, regaled with the sedatest satisfaction on the plentiful variety of wild and tame with which the tables were furnished.

After being invigorated by this seasonable repast, the company returned to their favourite amusement; and, with great good humor, bade adieu to the past, and welcomed the present year.

Rose in the prevailing colour at Paris. They seem to use reluctantly black velvet for the hats of the season. Black crape hats are still much worn; on these are remarked large comets, placed at equal distances, and forming chequered

squares. The morning caps are of white crape, and have bands of Chinese ribbon across them. The ends of the ribbons are left very long, and cut in the form of horns. The horns are particularly noticed on the *Spartie* straw hats.—Short jackets have replaced the spencers.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

—Proposals, by G. F. Hopkins, No. 113, Pearl street, New-York, for publishing, by subscription, in two handsome octavo volumes, *THE FEDERALIST*, on the New Constitution, by Publius; written in 1788. To which is added, *PACIFICUS*, on the Proclamation of Neutrality, written in 1793. The whole revised and corrected, with new passages and notes.....The *Federalist* was written in a series of numbers, under the signature of Publius, shortly after the promulgation of the federal constitution, addressed to the people of the state of New-York, with the design of enforcing the propriety and necessity of its adoption. It is principally the production of a man, whose name will be held in sacred respect long after the pitiful attempts, which have been made to slander his fame, shall have sunk into oblivion. Two other gentlemen, of distinguished talents, occasionally contributed some essays, which will be marked in the publication*. All parties seem, at length, united in professions of regard for the constitution; if they are sincere, the consideration cannot fail to enhance the value of a work, which, by employing all the energy of argument, and all the persuasion of eloquence, was eminently useful in promoting its general ratification. Whoever is desirous of being well informed of the principles and provisions of our government, and the manner, in which they have been supported and vindicated; of the objections, that were made to the constitution by its first opposers, and how they were answered, will find these volumes fraught with ample and satisfactory instruction. The study of them must form an essential part of the education of the American statesman. Politicians, indeed, of every country, will here discover materials in the science of government, well worthy of their attention; a science, of all others, the most interesting to mankind, as it most deeply concerns human happiness. The *Federalist* contains principles, that may be remembered and studied with advantage, by all classes of men, in other countries than our own, and in other ages from that, in which we live. The people of America, alone, have afforded the example of a pure representative republic. In this work it will appear, that the principles of this form of government have been well understood, and thoroughly developed; and should, uniformly, the experiment which we have made, hereafter fail, it will be in vain to attempt the renewal of similar systems, as no rational hope can be entertained, that more correct notions, on this subject, will prevail, than are here exhibited. To preserve these papers, therefore, which have so much intrinsic merit, and such lasting utility, in a dress suitable to their character, is the inducement to their re-publication. *Pacificus* is from the pen of the same enlightened statesman, who was the chief author of the *Federalist*. These essays were written in defence of the first leading step, which our government took to preserve that neutrality, which it continued to maintain, during the late Trans-Atlantic conflict; a conflict, which has annihilated the minor powers of Europe; and shaken the civilised world. Now that the storm has passed over, and the angry and tumultuous passions, which, at that time, agitated our country have, in some measure, subsided, these papers will be read with profit and pleasure, by the intel-

ligent man of every party. Candour will probably wonder, that any should have doubted of the fitness of the measures, which this writer has so ably advocated, and which experience has so forcibly proved to have been the best adapted to the interests of the country. To give to these latter essays a form which shall outlive the fleeting impressions of a newspaper, they are incorporated in these volumes. *Publius* and *Pacificus* will serve to keep in just remembrance two very important events in the history of our country.

CONDITIONS:

I. The work shall be put to press immediately after 400 subscribers are obtained, and finished with the utmost expedition.

II. Where practicable, the books shall be forwarded, free of expense, to such places as may be designated, and a person appointed to deliver them.

III. It shall be printed on a superfine medium paper, with a neat type, handsomely bound and lettered, and delivered to subscribers at two dollars a volume. To non-subscribers the price will be enhanced.

IV. Subscribers to pay, where convenient, one dollar in advance.

* Subscriptions received by the publisher.... also by the principal booksellers in the United States, where such gentlemen as chuse can subscribe, without paying till the work is published. The holders of subscription papers will particularly oblige, by advising the publisher of the number of subscribers obtained, before the first of April.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE annual ode, by the Connecticut wits, for the new year, sarcastically opens in the following manner, at the expense of our political visionaries:

" Oft has the period been foretold,
By prophets and by seers of old,
When men and beasts should all be blest,
With long and universal rest;
When fists no more 'gainst fists should rise,
No bloody nose, no blacken'd eyes,
When galls should into taverns turn,
The gallows be cut up to burn,
"Oppress'd humanity" no more
Should wander to Botania's shore;
But birds of every note and feather,
And snakes and toads should flock together,
And bears and wolves should learn to browse,
And go to pasture with our cows.
Then every child, well brac'd with health,
Well fed, well cloath'd, and fill'd with wealth,
No crows in his bosom ranking,
Shall die as old as Dr. Franklin.
And Satan, source of all our evils,
Chief Consul of the other devils,
Shall for his sins, and tricks, and strife,
To Sanbury mines be sent for life.
That this best moon approacheth nigh
Behold the beams in yonder sky.
The cock has crow'd; from spray to spray
The songs ere greet the god of day;
The day-spring dres the east with red,
And smiles on every mountain's head.

A late writer, of some humour and knowledge of the world, introduces, in an ingenious novel, the characters of a libertine and a man of chaste habits and deportment. The former is made to say, that he should avoid marriage, on the principle, that it would be impossible to keep the flame of love burning longer than during one moon. The other, in reply, dryly observes, that this is precisely the case of the man, who declines partaking of a good dinner, lest it should spoil his appetite. [*P. Museum.*]

A New-York paper mentions the marriage of a Mr. Wallace to miss Helena Fortan. All Fortan's daughters, but the eldest, is a common toast. We hope Mr. Wallace is not wedded to miss fo-

* The first gentleman here alluded to, is General Hamilton.....the other two, Mr. Madison and Mr. Jay.

tune, but that he is rich with the boon of a smiling sister, and that he may have reason loudly to laugh

"Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari."

The "New-England Palladium" commences the new year with augmented spirit. The daily increase of the value and circulation of this excellent paper is manifest to every delighted reader. No paper in the union receives so much literary and political aid.

One can scarcely forbear smiling at a marginal note of lord COKE, in which he gravely acquaints his reader with an excellence, which he might otherwise have overlooked: "This," says he, "is the thirty-third time that Virgil hath been quoted in this work." The mixture, however, is so preposterous, that to those, who can read Coke with pleasure, these passages will appear like a dancer, who should intrude on the solemnity of a senate; and to those, who have a taste only for polite literature like a fountain or a palm tree, in the deserts of Arabia.

A Wilkesbarre wit, with many an arch allusion to a great man's speech, thus describes the "procedure" of a herd of kine, a sort of democratic party, rather more respectable, in point of talents, sense, and integrity, than any popular herd.

"On Thursday last, a number of democratic cows held a meeting, for the purpose of devising means to 'restore harmony to social intercourse,' when it was observed, that the only sure method of accomplishing this desirable end, would be, by seizing on all the federal cow bells, and giving them to the democratic cows; until this should be done, it was contended that the cows, without bells, would keep up a continual bellowing, and peace could not be expected. A cow of a different 'sect' was opposed to the motion, as unjust, but the mob, in their zeal for peace, declared the end would justify the means, and, to prevent any further opposition to their laudable plan, rushed upon the unfortunate cow, and gored her to death."

The Editor of the Gazette of the United States, in a late paper, indulges himself in some very successful sneers, at the expense of the administration. He laughingly tells us, that since, unhappily, we are doomed to have the monied matters of the treasury conducted by a foreigner, one would suppose we might, at least, have the treasury language managed by an American. In the late report of the secretary, there is such a derangement and confusion of the auxiliary verbs and prepositions, that, in some places the language is totally unintelligible. Mr. Gallatin should be reminded of the anecdote of the unfortunate Frenchman, who, in falling into the Thames, cried out, "I will be drowned, nobody shall save me."

It is said, that commodore Dale is to be tried, for the indignity brought upon the American flag, by feeding his crew on English beef at Gibraltar. It is understood, that the commodore means to rebut the charge, by proving that he employed French cooks....*ibid.*

The attorney general of the United States is supposed to be the author of a series of rumbling and incorrect essays, called "The Worcester Farmer."

SUBJECT FOR THE PENCIL.

The "Worcester Farmer," with a mask on, upon which, in large capitals, appear "CANDOUR and MODERATION." His right hand resting upon a galloway....his left, with No. 10, pointing to the

"Ægis," with its motto, "*nimbosque cietet*,"...i. e. *I shall raise a tempest, in New-England.* At a small distance, two horses and a yoke of oxen, trying to answer the questions about the navy-yard....the *Berceau* in perspective....*Palladium.*

When the Mammoth cheese arrived at Washington, the president, as we are informed by the *Evening Post*, stood in his door to receive it, dressed in his suit of customary black, with shoes on, that closed tight round his ankles, laced up with neat leathern strings, and absolutely without buckles, considering them as superfluous and anti-republican, especially when a man has strings.

A northern paper wittily proposes the following cheap method of radical reform:

"Take the salaries of all the judges, and divide their amount by the number of cases which have been decided, and the quotient will show the cost of each decision. Then, by another operation, see whether the justice is worth the money."

Certain it is, says a grave writer, that the finest show in the world excites but little curiosity in those, who have seen it before. "That was a very fine picture," says the connoisseur, "*but I had seen it before.*" "Twas a sweet song," says the amateur, "*but I had heard it before.*" "A very fine poem," says the critic, "*but I had read it before.*" Let every lady, therefore, take care, that, while she is displaying in public, a bosom whiter than snow, the men do not look as if they were saying, "Tis very pretty, but we have seen it before!"

What HORACE WALPOLE and lord CHESTERFIELD thought on the *undress* of the ladies, in the year 1753, may, perhaps, be applicable to some of our *Talliens*.

"It may be urged that the nakedness in fashion is intended only to be emblematical of the innocence of the present generation of young ladies, as we read of our first mother, before the fall, that 'she was naked, and not ashamed; but one cannot help thinking, that her daughters of these days should convince us, that they are entirely free from original sin, as well as actual transgression, or else be ashamed of their nakedness.'"

Some of our sensitive politicians of the new sect, talk, amid the figures of arithmetic, a great deal about public "sensation," and "public sensibility.".... Mr. DANA, member of congress from the state of Connecticut, a sound and spirited politician, who, in the worst of times, has the courage, careless of a vulgar popularity, boldly to express, what he justly conceives, lately declared:

"He could not, for his part, feel all that horror of public sensibility that had been pourtrayed. What have we to fear, suppose we interfere with that sensibility? If we do so, in the discharge of our duty, he was perfectly willing it should be excited; nay, it would be useful to the people themselves."

These sentiments are not at all to the taste of the frantic populace, the infuriated democrats, and "acquitted felons" of this distracted country.

The ridiculous mummery of the "Mammoth cheese," and the curious circumstance of its being conveyed to Washington by a priest, are most poetically satirized in the new year's verses at Hartford:

"A parson LELAND too at ease,
High mounted on a Mammoth cheese,
From curds and skimmers lifts his sight,
Like Moses on Mount Pisgah's height;
Thro' whey and rennet darts his eye,
And sees new milk beyond the sky!"

This place has been lately honoured with a visit of the learned pig; and we might have been wonderfully edified by this time, if he had not been hurried away, the swinish multitude, perhaps, being displeased to see any creature that is wiser than themselves.

A correspondent doubts, whether the presence of the learned pig may not be necessary at the Federal City, for putting an end to the disputes that prevail there at present. It is certain he set off thither, in great haste; but it is all in vain for us to dive into the secret motives of pigs and politicians.

There seems to be a perfect opposition betwixt the views of the founders of seminaries in former times, and those of our enlightened age. The founders of seminaries in Europe, took care that learned men should eat and drink, and be free from care and anxiety for their support, being persuaded that, in that situation, they would exert themselves most effectually, for promoting the interests of learning; and the respect that was paid them, by persons of all ranks, gave weight and authority to their instructions. But, in our glorious republics, men of letters are hired, like mechanics, at the lowest rate that they can be found, and a certain labour, or *opus operatum*, is imposed on them, by ignorant task-masters, who proceed on mere mechanical ideas, and consider the business of instructing youth, as entirely the same with that of squaring logs, or hammering bar iron, on which a certain number of percussions produce a certain and determinate effect. They insist that you should make bricks, not only without straw, but without clay, fit for the purpose, and accuse you of idleness or incapacity, if you do not perform impossibilities. When this grievance will be removed, is dubious. It is certain that it never will be removed, during the reign of the sovereign people.

One of the most remarkable events of the present time is, that Mr. Jefferson has been seen at church, and has assisted in singing the hundredth psalm. But whether his devotions were addressed to one God, or to twenty Gods, or to no God, or to the sovereign people, by whom Robespierre was wont to swear as the Supreme Being, neither his own writings, nor our information enable us to determine. It is probable, however, that he prayed that his legs might not be broken, nor his pockets picked, that he might continue to be president, and not be obliged to pay his British debts. It is uncertain whether he offered any petition for the people; nor can we imagine what he could ask for them, according to his principles, as they are already possessed of all power, all wisdom, and all property. If he asked any thing for them, it is probable that he prayed they might enjoy as much liberty and peace under his administration, as the citizens of the French republic enjoy, under the dominion of Buonaparte, or as the negroes of St. Domingo, "God's chosen people, if he ever had a chosen people," enjoy, under the dominion of Touissant.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 3:

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 23d, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. II.

I CANNOT insert the following favours from correspondents, without returning them my thanks. I had anticipated the approach of another Saturday, with some degree of dismay; for, with my usual procrastination, I had deferred the performance of my task, till too late a period, and had intended, to have announced that the Lounger, would in future, make his appearance once a fortnight, when an examination of the letter-box relieved me from my anxiety.

The subject of the first letter renders it somewhat doubtful, whether it were intended for insertion in my paper, or for my private admonition only. If in publishing it, I have done wrong, I ask pardon of my correspondent. His letter sets in a strong point of view, some of the difficulties, which attend the writer of a periodical paper; and besides, it helps to fill a column which the indolence of the Lounger, might perhaps have induced him to leave unoccupied.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

From the earliest appearance of the Port-Folio, I have been in constant expectation of seeing the commencement of a series of essays, upon a plan, similar to that pursued by the periodical writers of Great-Britain. It had always appeared to me, that such a paper would afford the most convenient vehicle, for fugitive remarks, or good-humoured satire on the topics of the day. I was disappointed upon seeing the year close without any such plan having been attempted, and was proportionably gratified, when I saw the second volume commence with an "American Lounger." Now that such an undertaking is begun, although you have my best wishes for its success, I cannot help being apprehensive of its failure. You disclaim, with much propriety, every idea of wounding private feeling; and you declare, and I am sure that I am not disposed, for an instant, to question your sincerity, that "personal satire, or private malevolence shall never pollute your pages." Yet I doubt, pardon my abruptness, whether your assertion will be generally credited. In your speculations upon characters and manners, you will probably be inclined to fix the scene of action, to "give to airy nothing, a local habitation, and a name;" and if you do this, I consider the existence of your paper in jeopardy. It will afford amusement and interest to the curiosity of some readers, and to the malignity of others, to trace out the real or supposed resemblances of the characters which you may draw; and if the scene be laid in any street, from Vine to South in one direction, or from Delaware to Schuylkill in the other; the name of the person supposed to be alluded to, will be confidently "proclaimed upon the housetops," although their names, their persons, and their cha-

acters may be equally unknown to you. Even personal vanity, (and who is exempt from this?) will perhaps induce some persons to think themselves brought by you into notice, whom you might deem absolutely below it. Impelled by a feeling similar to that which actuated the artist so pleasantly introduced in one of Peter Pindar's earlier publications, they may perhaps think with him, that it is "better be damn'd than mention'd not at all."

Upon this rock, I fear that your newly-launched bark will most probably split; at the same time, I can with truth say, that I hope, that my prediction will prove a mistaken one; and with wishes for its successful career,

I am sir,

Your friend and well wisher,

MONITOR.

In answer to my correspondent "Monitor," I can only say, that I had, in some degree anticipated the dangers which he points out. He has indeed displayed them before me in a more formidable light, than I had been accustomed to contemplate them. The experiment, however, shall be made: with what degree of success, time only can determine.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

SIR,

"THERE is an evil under the sun," of no great magnitude, it must be confessed, but sufficient, nevertheless, to induce the wish that it were corrected. I allude to the habit of interlarding common conversation, with *cant* phrases, from the fashionable dramas of the day. I well remember, that when the Road to Ruin was first exhibited on the American Stage, every one, who aspired to fashionable ease in conversation, introduced the phrase, "That's your Sort," into one sentence at least out of every three, to which he gave utterance. "The Cure for the Heart-ach" deluged the city with young Rapid's characteristic injunction, "Dash on, keep Moving;" and there have recently appeared some symptoms of a general adoption of Ollapod's facetious acknowledgment "I owe you one." This phrase, however, I humbly hope, will not continue in fashion much longer, as it has already descended among the very dregs of the community. Passing, a few evenings since, along Fifth-street, I observed under the wall of the State-house garden, two *black fair ones*, who were engaged in a scene of most vehement altercation. Their clamours were, for some time, equally loud; till at length, one of them suddenly ceased from reply, and coolly walked away. Her enraged adversary followed her retreat; with a repetition of that monosyllable, which is said by the facetious Henry Fielding, to be, of all other, the most offensive to female ears, and the purport of which he conveys by the more modest periphrasis of *she dog*. The other turned round, dropt a courtsey with the most provoking composure; and simply replied, "Thank you *Mqam*" with a drawl upon the *a*, which, if sounds could be measured by feet, would have extended to a yard at least, "I owe you one,"

As I look upon you sir, to be in some degree a censor *morum*, an inspector of the minor morals of our city, I must request you to declare, by your censorial authority that the use of these phrases, is prohibited in all polite companies for the future.

I am, sir, yours, &c.

OMICRON.

My correspondent Omicron, shews, by his request, that he entertains by far too exalted an opinion of the extent of my authority. But even if it were a just one, I should be cautious of promulgating the required declaration. Such a step would rob the conversation of several worthy young gentlemen with whom I have the honour of being acquainted, of the only rhetorical figures, with which it is ever embellished; and would at once, condemn them, either to absolute silence, or, to discussion of the state of the weather, and the occurrences of the tea-party of the preceding evening.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE must now call up in review a *host* of plays, which the temporary suspension of the Port-Folio has compelled us to neglect. Of "Harlequin Invasion" a pantomime, which followed up "The Wedding in Wales," justice obliges us to speak harshly. When we remember that it is the production of Garrick, that when originally represented it was the favorite of the nation, and detained many a gazing croud, we were astonished at the pitiful appearance which it made here. The proverbial patience of a Philadelphia audience was exhausted long before the curtain dropped;

"And welcome sleep reliev'd the drowsy pit"

From a *mangled* entertainment, in which neither memory nor judgment, nor fancy appeared to take any part.

During the holidays, George Barnwell was represented to confirm or correct the principles of the 'prentices of Philadelphia. Mr. Cain, in the character of the tempted youth, displayed occasional excellence, but, from timidity, indifference, or lassitude, he was too often languid and uninteresting. Mrs. Whitlock acted admirably the part of Millwood, a courtizan of no vulgar class, a strange compound of dignity and meanness, whose infamy excites abhorrence, yet whose talents extort reluctant admiration.

After the tragedy a new pantomimical drama was represented, for the first time, called, *Obi*, or *Three Finger'd Jack*. Entertainments of this class, are in general, calculated for the meridian of the holiday frequenters of the theatre only, but this is, by no means, the case with the piece under consideration. It is an interesting dramatic story, well told in action. *Obi* is said to be the appellation of a species of witch-craft, in use among the negroes; the exercise of which has been, if we mistake not, prohibited in the West-Indies under the severest penalties: as the superstitious reverence connected with it, animated the posses-

sor of it, in the cause of the villainy, and paralyzed the opposition of the innocent, who were destitute of this mysterious protection. An advertisement containing various extracts on this subject from the writings of Dr. Moseley, is prefixed to the book of the songs in this drama; it exhibits a curious proof of the uniformity of the operations of superstition in all countries. The mysterious rites of Canidia, as related by Horace, the dark spells of the witches in *Macbeth* as portrayed by the pencil of Shakespeare, and the revolting ingredients in the charmed composition of the Obi magician, as specified by Dr. Moseley, all bear striking analogy to each other: Fortified by the awe, inspired by the possession of spells of this kind, and by his own desperate valour, Three Finger'd Jack was long the terror of a certain district in the island of Jamaica. He was at length, suddenly discovered by three negroes, two men and a boy, who had long been engaged in the pursuit of him, and after a desperate conflict was slain. This outline of his real history is faithfully adhered to: But other incidents have been interwoven in the tissue of this piece, which considerably improve its dramatic effect.

This drama commences with the festivities of the negroes on account of the birth-day of Rosa, their master's daughter. An officer, sent in pursuit of Jack, arrives at the plantation, at this instant; and a mutual attachment takes place between him and Rosa. He is shortly after brought in wounded by Jack, whose name excites the terror of all the negroes. Upon his recovery, he goes on a shooting party with the planter, and being accidentally separated from him, his steps are unfortunately directed to the vicinity of Jack's retreat; he is again, desperately wounded by him, and dragged into the cave.—The disconsolate return of the planter strongly excites the interest of Rosa, and a proclamation is issued, offering freedom and a pecuniary reward to the destroyer of Jack. This offer stimulates Quashee and Sam, to undertake the achievement; Tuckey the captain's servant begs permission to accompany them, and before they depart they are joined by Rosa in boy's clothes. In the spot, which had proved so fatal to captain Orford, they are overtaken by a tempest, and Rosa takes shelter in the cave, while her companions continue the pursuit. Jack enters shortly afterwards, and forces her into the interior part of his retreat. He there compels her to perform the offices of a servant in providing the evening meal, and afterwards to sing him to sleep. Her ears are now assailed by a groan from a dungeon in the cavern, and the repetition of her own name. The door is opened, captain Orford is discovered, and a most interesting scene succeeds, in which, after baffling the numerous precautions adopted by Jack to secure his captives, they effect their escape. The piece concludes with the union of Orford and Rosa, and the festivities of the negroes, on account of the death of the ruffian, who had been so long the object of their terrors.

The interest of the story is increased by the songs and musical accompaniments, which are truly beautiful, and often highly appropriate. The scenery is in a style of superior excellence, and it was uniformly well performed. We should, however, be guilty of injustice, did we neglect to notice the striking excellence of Mrs. Snowden, in Rosa. Her action was at once graceful, interesting, and correct. Mr. Fullerton gave to Three-fingered Jack his appropriate force; and in his last conflict with his pursuers, was remarkable for the ferocious energy, with which he sustained it. Mrs. Oldmixon sang as charmingly as usual, and Miss Arnold gave new proofs of increasing vocal excellence.

As we did not scarcely for a moment listen to "*The Lover's Vows*," by one Kotzebue, we shall

not stop an instant to speak of this jacobin, but hurry away to the comedy called "*Life, or a Trip to Margate*." This, though very well played, seems to be no favourite of the town; and even the pleasant character of Sir Harry Torpid induced but few to exclaim

"Life let us cherish,
Whilst yet the taper glows."

In "*The Clandestine Marriage*," we were charmed with the excellent performance of Mrs. Whitlock, in Fanny, and Mr. Bernard, as the decrepid and gallant nobleman. The mere appearance of the Swiss valet was, in Johnson's phrase, a constant *renovation of merriment*; and Mrs. Shaw, as Mrs. Heidleburg, deserved the most unqualified praise. We never witnessed a more picturesque and faithful exhibition of character.

The first part of *Henry IV* is one of the most amusing plays of Shakspeare. We always welcome its announcement with high pleasure, when we anticipate its correct performance. But, in the hands of the present theatrical corps, we confess our strongest, if not our only inducement to witness its representation, was Warren's Falstaff, and this alone beguiles an evening's hour.

We feel much gratified, when the managers hazard the loss of a few dollars, to indulge us with Shakspeare, and duly appreciate their motives. They have too much taste, and too high a regard for the goodly customs of our ancestors, to applaud the blasphemous modern philosophy, and the flat, uninteresting dialogue of Kotzebue, and of Holcroft. But the vitiated state of the times has made the vile forgeries of these philosophers pass current as coin, and the managers must receive it, or become bankrupt. Situated thus, they merit great applause, when they join the contest against the corruptions of an *enlightened* age! But their support is feeble, and prudence bids them take care of themselves.

Mr. Wignell played the king correctly. We praise his exertions, and respect his talents. He brings his whole stock into partnership, and what he can do, is cheerfully done. He seldom needs the prompter's aid.

Mr. Wood, it is our pleasure and our pride to praise. Educated on our boards, he is no exotic. We witness, with increasing satisfaction, the expansion of his powers. We see in him the legitimate successor of Moreton. He has toiled to acquire a slow, distinct, and clear pronunciation, and a graceful action, and his success is great. We would only remind him, that, in trying to speak slow, and articulate distinctly, he is oft inanimate. In the merry frolics of *Hal*, and in the military feats of the Prince of Wales, he discovered a pleasing contrast of powers. We can assure him that the studies of his closet shall be well rewarded, and when we reflect on his amiable deportment in the private circle, the reward shall be bestowed with increased pleasure.

It is unnecessary to speak of Falstaff. Mr. Warren seems to have understood the character of the fat knight "*by instinct*," and to have studied his part "*without compulsion*." Always correct, he was great in this character. If not the most brilliant, he is the most useful pillar of the stage, and supports his burthen well.

Why was the character of Hotspur burlesqued by Mr. Fullerton? He is not the successful adventurer

"To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon," nor will he obtain it on the boards of a theatre.... His voice is unmusically monotonous, and his action might be mended by an attention to Hamlet's advice to the players. We speak not this in bitterness. If there were no other performer to supply his place, or if he would content himself in a lower character, he might pass the stage doors uncensured. But to see him in the most promi-

nent character, and that character Hotspur, is monstrous. How do these things happen? Did his own vanity, or the want of judgment of the managers deck him with the shield of the fiery and impetuous Fiercy. We believe it will prove no Ajax shield. Did not the voice of displeasure and contempt on this evening, teach him that he was in a situation, to which he is not entitled by his talents? Why does he represent characters, which the powers of Wignell, or Wood, or Cain, would render captivating?

We have little to say of the "*Honest Thieves*." It contains some humour. It was represented a season or two since. Why then was it announced in the bills as the *first time* of its representation?

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S

MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

NO. VI.

IN answer to the observations in the last number, it may perhaps be said, that the message meant nothing more than to condemn the recent multiplication of federal courts, and to bring them back to their original organization: considering it as adequate to all the purposes of the constitution; to all the ends of justice and policy.

Towards forming a right judgment on this subject, it may be useful to those, who are not familiar with the subject, to state, briefly, what was the former, and what is the present establishment.

The former consisted of one supreme court, with six judges, who, twice a year, made the tour of the United States, distributed into three circuits, for the trial of causes arising in the respective districts of each circuit; and of fifteen district courts, each having a single judge. The present consists of one supreme court, with the like number of judges, to be reduced, on the first vacancy happening, to five; of six circuit courts, having three distinct judges each, excepting one circuit, which has only a single circuit judge: and of twenty-two district courts, with a judge for each, as before: In both plans, the supreme court is to hold two terms at the seat of government, and the circuit courts to be holden twice a year in each district. The material difference in the two plans, as it respects the organs, by which they are executed, is reducible to the creation of twenty-three additional judges; sixteen for the six circuit courts, seven for the super-added district courts, and the addition of the necessary clerks, marshals, and subordinate officers of seven courts. This shews, at a single view, that the difference of expense, as applied to the United States, is of trifling consideration.

But here an inquiry naturally presents itself; why was the latter plan substituted to the former, and more economical one? The solution is easy and satisfactory. The first was inadequate to its object, and incapable of being carried into execution.....The extent of the United States is manifestly too large for the due attendance of the six judges in the circuit courts. The immense journeys they were obliged to perform, kept them from their families for several successive months in every year; this rendered the office a grievous burden, and had a strong tendency to banish or exclude men of the best talents and characters, from these important stations. It is known to have been no light inducement with one chief justice, whose health was delicate, to quit that office for another, attended with less bodily fatigue; and it is well understood, that other important members of the supreme court were prepared to resign their situations, if there had not been some alterations of the kind which has taken place. It was also no uncommon circumstance, for temporary interrup-

tions in the health of particular judges, of whom only one was attached to a circuit, to occasion a failure in the sessions of the courts, to the no small disappointment, vexation, and loss of the suitor. At any rate, the necessity of visiting, within a given time, the numerous parts of an extensive circuit, unavoidably rendered the sessions of each court so short, that where suits were, in any degree multiplied or intricate, there was not time to get through the business with due deliberation. Besides all this, the incessant fatigues of the judges of the supreme court, and their long and frequent absences from home, prevented that continued attention to their studies, which even the most learned will confess to be necessary for those, entrusted in the last resort, with questions frequently novel, always of magnitude, affecting not only the property of individuals, but the rights of foreign nations, and the constitution of the country.

For these reasons, it became necessary either to renounce the circuit courts, or to constitute them differently: the latter was preferred. The United States were divided into six circuits, with a proper number of judges to preside over each. No man of discernment will pretend that the number of circuits is too great. Surely three states, forming an area of territory equal to that possessed by some of the first powers of Europe, must afford a quantity of business, sufficient to employ three judges on a circuit, twice a year, and certainly not less than this will suffice for the dispatch of business, whether the number of causes be small or great. The inconsiderable addition made to the number of district courts, will hardly excite criticism, and does not, therefore, claim a particular discussion, nor will their necessity be generally questioned. They are almost continually occupied with revenue, and admiralty causes; besides the great employment collaterally given to the judges, in the execution of the bankrupt act, which probably must increase, instead of being diminished.

Perhaps it may be contended, that the circuit courts ought to be abolished altogether, and the business, for which they are designed, left to the state courts, with a right of appeal to the supreme court of the United States. Indeed, it is probable, that this was the true design of the intimation in the message. *A disposition to magnify the importance of the particular states, in derogation from that of the United States*, is a feature in that communication, not to be mistaken. But to such a scheme there are insuperable objections. The right of appeal is by no means equal to the right of applying, in the first instance, to a tribunal agreeable to the suitor. The desideratum is to have impartial justice, at a moderate expense, administered "promptly and without delay;" not to be obliged to seek it through the long, and tedious, and expensive process of an appeal. It is true, that in causes of sufficient magnitude, an appeal ought to be open; which includes the possibility of going through that process: but when the courts of original jurisdiction are so constituted, as not only to deserve, but to inspire confidence, appeals, from the inevitable inconvenience attached to them, are exceptions to the general rule of redress; where the contrary is the situation, they become the general rule itself. Appeals then become multiplied to a pernicious extent; while the difficulties, to which they are liable, operate, in numerous instances, as a preventive of justice, because they fall with most weight on the least wealthy suitor. It is to be remembered, that the cases, in which the federal courts would be preferred, are those, where there would exist some distrust of the state courts; and this distrust would be a fruitful source of appeals. To say that there could be no good cause for this distrust, and that the danger of it is imaginary, is to be wiser than experience, and wiser than the constitution. The first officer of the govern-

ment, when speaking in his official capacity, has no right to attempt to be thus wise. His duty exacts of him that he should respectfully acquiesce in the spirit and ideas of that instrument, under which he is appointed.

The detail would be invidious, perhaps injurious; else it would be easy to shew, that however great the confidence, to which the tribunals in some of the states are entitled, there is just cause for suspicion as to those of others; and that in respect to a still greater number, it would be inexpedient to delegate to them the care of interests, which are specially and properly confided to the government of the United States.

The plan of using the state courts, as substitutes for the circuit courts of the union, is objectionable in another view. The citizens of the United States have a right to expect from those, who administer our government, the efficacious enjoyment of those privileges, as suitors, for which the constitution has provided. To turn them round, therefore, from the enjoyment of those privileges, in originating their causes to the eventual and dilatory resource of an appeal, is, in a great degree, to defeat the object contemplated. This is a consideration of much real weight, especially to the merchants in our commercial states.

In the investigation of our subject, it is not to be forgotten, that the right to employ the agency of the state courts, for executing the laws of the union, is liable to question, and has, in fact, been seriously questioned. This circumstance renders it the more indispensable, that the permanent organization of the federal judiciary should be adapted to the prompt and vigorous execution of those laws.

The right of congress to discontinue judges, once appointed, by the abrogation of the courts, for which they were appointed, especially as it relates to their emoluments, offers matter for a very nice discussion, but which shall now be but superficially touched.

On the one hand, it is not easy to maintain that congress cannot abolish courts, which, having been once instituted, are found in practice to be inconvenient and unnecessary: On the other, if it may be done, so as to include the annihilation of existing judges, it is evident that the measure may be used to defeat that clause of the constitution, which renders the duration and the emoluments of the judicial office co-extensive with the good behaviour of the officer; an object essential to the independence of judges, the security of the citizen, and the preservation of the government.

As a medium, which may reconcile opposite ideas, and obviate opposite inconveniences, it would, perhaps, be the best and safest practical construction to say, that though congress may abolish the courts, yet shall the actual judges retain their character and their emoluments, with the authorities of office, so far as they can be exercised elsewhere than in the courts. For this construction, a precedent exists in the last arrangement of the judiciary. Though the number of the judges of the supreme court is reduced from six to five, yet the actual reduction is wisely deferred to the happening of a vacancy. The expense of continuing the salaries of the existing incumbents, cannot, prudently, be put in competition with the advantage of guarding from invasion, one of the most precious provisions of the constitution. Nor ought it to be without its weight, that this modification will best comport with good faith, on the part of government, towards those who had been invited to accept offices, not to be held by an uncertain tenure, but during good behaviour.

Weighing maturely all the very important and very delicate considerations, which appertain to the subject, would a wise or prudent statesman hazard the consequences of immediately unmaking at one session, courts and judges, which had only

been called into being at the one preceding? Delectable indeed must be the work of disorganization to a mind, which can thus rashly advance in its prosecution! Infatuated must that people be, who do not open their eyes to projects so intemperate....so mischievous! Who does not see what is the ultimate object? "*Delenda est Carthago*"... ill-fated constitution, which Americans had fondly hoped would continue for ages, the guardian of public liberty, the source of national prosperity!

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

A FRIEND TO THE CONSTITUTION.

No. IV.

IN my last number was exhibited an opinion of the court of appeals of Virginia, pronouncing any law which should in any manner deprive of his office a judge commissioned during good behaviour, to be unconstitutional.

On a subsequent occasion, a contest not very different in principle arose in the same state between the legislative and judicial departments, in which the point in controversy was again yielded by the legislature.

In 1792 it was enacted that the judges of the district courts, who are also judges of the general court, should so far exercise chancery jurisdictions as to grant injunctions to their own judgments, and decree finally, in cases of an equitable nature, which originated by way of injunction.

It will be recollected that by the constitution of Virginia, the two houses of assembly, "by joint ballot appoint judges of the supreme court of appeals and general court, judges in chancery," &c.

Under the act just stated, an application was made to the district court at Dumfries for an injunction, which was referred to the general court, and on solemn consideration, was unanimously rejected on the principle that the law was unconstitutional. In giving their opinions some of the judges stated reasons entirely applicable to the subject we are now considering.

Judge Roane observed—"Though a judge is interested privately in preserving his independence, yet it is the right of the people which should govern him; who in their sovereign character have provided that the judges should be independent: so that in fact, it is a controversy between the legislature and the people, though perhaps the judges may be privately interested."

"If there can be judges in chancery who have no commission during good behaviour, their tenure in office is absolutely at the will of the legislature, and they consequently are not independent. The people of Virginia intended that the judiciary should be independent of the other departments; they are to judge where the legislature is a party, and therefore should be independent of it: otherwise they might judge corruptly in order to please the legislature, and be consequently continued in office. It is an acknowledged principle in all countries that no man shall be judge in his own cause; but it is nearly the same thing where the tribunal of justice is under the influence of a party. If the legislature can transfer from constitutional to legislative courts all judicial powers, these dependent tribunals, being the creatures of the legislature itself, will not dare to oppose an unconstitutional law."

Judge Tyler.

"The constitution says that judges in chancery shall be appointed by joint ballot of both houses of assembly and commissioned by the governor during good behaviour;—and for the most valuable purposes—to secure the independence of the judiciary. Contrary to this express direction, which admits of no doubt, implication or nice construction, that bane to political freedom, the legislature has made the appointment by an act mandatory to the judges, leaving them not at liberty to accept or refuse the office conferred, which is a right every

citizen enjoys in every other case—a right too sacred to be yielded to any power on earth; but were I willing to do it as relates to myself, as a judge I ought not, because it would frustrate *that important object before mentioned*, intended by the constitution to be kept sacred for the wisest and best of purposes; to wit, that justice and the law be done to all manner of persons without fear or reward. For how would the right of individuals stand when brought in contest with the public, or even an influential character, if the judges may be removed from office by the same power who appointed them, to wit, by a statute appointment as in this case, and by a statute disappointment as was the case in the court of appeals.—Might not danger be apprehended from this source when future times shall be more corrupt?" "Let me now compare the law with the constitution in another point; that of the want of a commission during good behaviour, and the reasons will fully or forcibly apply—When I receive the commission, I see the ground on which I stand—I see that my own integrity is that ground, and no opinions but such as are derived from base motives can be sufficient to remove me from office—in which case whensoever an appeal is made to me by an injured citizen, I will do him justice as far as my mental powers will enable me to discover it, without any apprehensions of an unjust attack."

Judge Tucker, in a very elaborate opinion, which will do credit to his talents so long as it shall be read, thus expresses himself.

"The independence of the judiciary results from the tenure of their office which the constitution declares shall be *during good behaviour*. The offices which they are to fill must therefore be permanent as the constitution itself, and not liable to be discontinued or annihilated by any other branch of the government. Hence the constitution has provided that the judiciary departments should be arranged in such a manner as not to be subject to legislative controul. The court of appeals, court of chancery, and general court, are tribunals expressly required by it; and in these courts the judiciary power is either immediately or ultimately vested.

"These courts can neither be annihilated nor discontinued by any legislative act, nor can the judges of them be removed from their office for any cause except a breach of their good behaviour.

"But if the legislature might at any time discontinue or annihilate either of these courts, it is plain that their tenure of office might be changed, since a judge, without any breach of good behaviour, might in effect be removed from office by annihilating or discontinuing the office itself."

I must again remind those who may not have attended to the constitution of Virginia, that not only the judges of particular courts are recognized by that instrument, which does not proceed to declare that the judges of such other courts as might be created by the legislature, shall also hold their offices during good behaviour. The constitution also prescribes the manner in which these courts which it recognizes shall be filled, and of consequence no person is a constitutional judge in Virginia, but one appointed in the manner prescribed by the constitution, and to a court named by that instrument.

"If," says Judge Roane (now a distinguished member of the supreme court of appeals) "there can be judges in chancery who have no commission during good behaviour, their tenure of office is absolutely at the will of the legislature and they consequently are not independent." It is then a commission during good behaviour (issued according to the constitution) which renders the judges independent of the legislature, and consequently where an office is held by this firm tenure, the holder cannot be deprived of it by a legislative act.

It is also to be noticed that the possibility of being deprived of office at the will of the legislature, is, in the opinion of this able gentleman, totally incompatible with judicial independence.

Judge Tyler considers the independence of the judiciary as constitutionally secured by their commissions during good behaviour, and that valuable object he asserts that he "ought not to yield to any power on earth." This independence he deems essential to the rights of individuals and to an upright administration of justice.—With a commission during good behaviour the ground on which he stands is, he says, "his own integrity, and no opinions but such as are derived from base motives can be sufficient to remove him from office."

Judge Tucker states, that "*the independence of the judiciary results from the tenure of their office which the constitution declares shall be during good behavior*."—This tenure then places the judge beyond the reach of the legislature. The subsequent reasoning of the gentleman applies with great force. He marks the real distinction between courts, the judges of which are by the constitution to hold their offices during good behaviour, and such as are not noticed by the act of government itself. The former are completely independent... The latter are within the power of the legislature. In Virginia, the judges of the court of appeals, general court, and court of chancery, are alone protected by the constitution: In the government of the United States, the judges of all the inferior courts are recognized by the constitution, and declared to hold their office during good behaviour. Of consequence that reasoning which in Virginia applies to the judges of appeal, of chancery and of the general court, applies in the federal government to the judges of such inferior courts "as Congress may from time to time ordain and establish."

The opinions heretofore quoted are in terms declaratory of the principle that judges ought to be independent of the legislature, and that the constitution, by ordaining the tenure of their office to be during good behaviour, has made them really so. I will subjoin one other opinion, which, though not so positively expressed, is yet sufficiently explicit to be secured from being misunderstood. This opinion is the more valuable, as it is that of a gentleman, from whose judgment the enemies of the independence of the federal judiciary are not in the habit of appealing, and who is appointed to preside over the people of the United States, and to protect their constitution.

In his Notes on Virginia (page 195), after stating the actual despotism of the legislature, in consequence of its assumption of executive and judicial powers, Mr. Jefferson says, "For this reason, that convention which passed the ordinance of government laid its foundation on this basis, that the legislative, executive and judicial departments should be separate and distinct, so that no person should exercise the power of more than one of them at the same time. But no barrier was provided between these several powers. The judiciary and executive members are left dependent on the legislature for their subsistence in office, and some of them for their continuance in it."

From the expression here used it is clear that Mr. Jefferson did not consider all the executive and judicial members as dependent on the legislature for their continuance in office. For subsistence he states all to be dependent....for continuance only some of them. Then for continuance in office some are independent of the legislature. These are not the members of the executive, because the governor is elected annually by the legislature, and the members of the executive council depend for their continuance in office, on the will of the same body, expressed triennially. The judges then are the persons here alluded to, as being, for continu-

ance in office, independent of the legislature. They are only rendered so by the declaration of the constitution, that they shall hold their offices during good behaviour. It is then the avowed opinion of Mr. Jefferson that a judge, the tenure of whose office is by the constitution ordained to be *during good behaviour*, cannot be deprived of that office by the legislature.

Such is the course of thought which until the present awful crisis, has uniformly prevailed in Virginia. Her judges, her legislature, her writers on government, her practical men and her theorists, have concurred by their declarations and their actions, to maintain the same position.....What can have produced in them a revolution so sudden, it is not for me to conjecture. It is impossible that this revolution can be perceived without serious alarm by any person, who is a friend to the constitution.

NO. V.

THE constitution of our country has now been inspected, and its mandate on the subject of an independent judiciary has been found too clear to be misunderstood. "The judges both of the supreme and inferior courts," say the people of America "shall, hold their offices during good behaviour, and shall, at stated times, receive for their services, a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office."

To a man who reveres, as does the writer of these numbers, the sacred instrument which binds together the different members of our extensive and growing empire, no other motive than respect for that instrument would be necessary to secure an exact observance of its rules. He would perceive the impracticability of preserving a constitution, the essential principles of which had been openly and intentionally violated....of longer upholding a fabric, one main pillar of which had been prostrated and trampled under foot....and he would tremble at the consequences of such a procedure.

In thus violently tearing off the veil with which public opinion had covered our frame of government; in exposing to every eye its susceptibility of wounds, and demonstrating the impunity with which these wounds might be inflicted; he would perceive an act which must, at one rude blow infallibly demolish all those safe-guards of holy reverence and respect, with which this law, heretofore deemed fundamental, had been carefully surrounded, and which have hitherto protected it from the impious assaults of those who can never cease to wish its destruction.

In this act, which must at the same time divest the constitution of its sanctity, and deprive it of those qualities which endeared it to its friends, he would perceive the certain cause of its dissolution, and of those accumulated miseries which will follow that dreadful event.

To the friends of written constitutions, defining and limiting the powers of the different departments of government, it must be cause of deep and serious regret to discover that the most important principles, expressed with the utmost precision, are incapable of resisting the first shock of party, and must yield to the first popular current that sets against them.

If all were alike the sincere friends of our constitution, if all equally respected mere parchment divisions of power, the views of the writer would have been completely effected by calling the public attention to the sacred text, the authority of which would then have been itself sufficient to secure its own inviolability. But a party respectable for its numbers, and rendered formidable by its energy, the force of which cannot be supposed to have diminished, was from various causes, originally hostile to the adoption of the federal government, and no emollients have been capable of assuaging the irritation at first excited. With the demon-

stration threfore that the measure against which the reasoning of this paper has been directed, is in palpable opposition to the constitution, it may not be entirely unnecessary to mingle some miscellaneous reflections, which will close the observations, designed to be made on this subject.

To the judicial department in every society is committed the important power of deciding between the government and individuals, and between different individuals having claims on each other. The dearest interests of man...life, liberty, reputation and property often depend on the integrity and talents of the judge. All important as is this department to the happiness and safety of individuals, it is from its structure much exposed to invasion from the other departments, and but little capable of defending itself from the attacks which insatiate ambition, wearing the public good as a mask, will make upon it. It wields not the sword, nor does it hold the purse. It stands aloof from both. What is still more decisive, its purity, its decorum of station requires a total abstinence from the use of those means by which popular favour is to be obtained. In a government, constituted like that of the United States, popularity is real power, and those who hold it will always be found too mighty for such as they may choose to attack. It will be forever arranged on the side of those whom the people elect, and their very election evinces that they possess it. Whenever then the representatives of the people enter into a contest with the judges, power is all on one side, and the issue will seldom be favourable to the weaker party. The judiciary can only expect support from the considerate and patriotic, who see, while yet at a distance, the evils to result necessarily from measures to which numbers may be impelled by their present passions.

The judiciary then, not only possesses not that force which will enable it to encroach on others, to aggrandize itself, or to enlarge its own sphere, but is not even able to protect itself in the possession of those rights which are conferred upon it for the benefit of the people. Incapable of acting offensively its real and only character is that of a shield for the protection of innocence...a tribunal for the faithful execution and exposition of the law. This character it will retain unless it be made subservient to the views of one of the other departments of government. Thus debased, it becomes in the hands of the executive or legislature, one of the most terrible instruments of oppression with which man has been ever scourged. "Were the power of judging," says the justly celebrated Montesquieu, "joined with the legislative, the life and liberty of the subject would be exposed to arbitrary controul, for the judge would then be the legislator. Were it joined to the executive power, the judge might behave with all the violence of an oppressor."

Impressed with the force of these eternal truths, the wise and good of America, the enlightened friends of civil liberty and of human happiness, have sought to separate the judiciary from, and to render it independent of, the executive and legislative powers. They have used all the means they possessed to render this independence secure and permanent, for they have laid its foundation in the constitution of their country. Before we tear up this foundation, and trample into ruins the fair edifice erected on it, let us pause for a moment, and examine the motives which led to its formation.

In all governments created by consent; the essential objects to be obtained are, security from external force and protection from internal violence. In arming government with powers adequate to these objects, the possibility of their being turned upon individuals ought never to be forgotten. It is the province of wisdom so to modify them, as not to impair their energies, when directed to the purposes for which they were given, and yet to render them impotent, if employed in the hateful

task of individual oppression. The best security, yet discovered, is found in the principle that no man shall be condemned, no pains or penalties incurred, but in conformity with laws previously enacted and rendered public.

But the acknowledgment of this principle would be of no avail without its practical use. To obtain this, the laws must be applied with integrity and discernment to the cases which occur. If the same passions which direct the prosecution dictate its decision, innocence will cease to afford protection, and condemnation will certainly follow arraignment. It is therefore indispensable to individual safety, that the tribunal which decides should, as far as possible, be a stranger to the passions and feelings which accuse: that it should be actuated by neither hope nor fear: that it should feel no interest in the event: and should be under the influence of no motive which might seduce it from the correct line of duty and of law.

It is not in prosecutions instituted by the government only, that such a tribunal is necessary. In civil actions, between man and man, it is no less essential. Justice may sometimes be unpopular, and the powerful may sometimes be wrong. What shall then protect the weak? What shall shield persecuted virtue? What but purity in the judgment seat, and exemption from those prejudices and dispositions, which, for a time, obscure right and tempt to error?

The principle, which could alone preserve this purity, was believed to have been discovered. It was, to remove all those irresistible temptations to a deviation from rectitude, which interest will create, by rendering the judges truly independent...by making the tenure of their office *during good behaviour*. It was supposed that men, who possessed and valued character, who were selected for the performance of most important duties by persons in high and responsible situations...by persons, who were elected into those situations for their real or supposed merit, would at least endeavour to do right, when the causes were not powerful indeed, which should mislead them into wrong.

It was supposed that men thus independent would, in a sense of duty, find motives sufficiently strong to support them in an upright administration of justice, against the influence of those who govern, or the still more powerful influence of popular favour. If this expectation should sometimes be disappointed, it must yet be acknowledged that the principle affords the fairest prospect to be furnished by human means, of obtaining a good, so all important to the felicity of man.

It is believed that in no form of government is an independent judiciary more essential than in the republican. To enumerate all the advantages to be derived from it, and all the mischiefs which must grow out of a contrary system, would very much exceed the limits unavoidably prescribed for this paper. It will be sufficient to state some of them, which are most obvious.

In popular governments men probably feel more than in others, a high sense of their own rights. This proud sentiment, wounded by a conviction of injury from those, who ought, with pure hands, to administer only justice and law, must produce a detestation of the existing state of things, which, when extensive, leads to the most serious consequences.

In popular governments, I will not say there is more of party spirit than in others, but I will say, that in them parties are more completely arranged, and more decidedly marked. In them too, the ascendancy of a particular party is of shorter duration, than in those where power is more permanent. The effect of these causes on a judiciary subject to that spirit, cannot be concealed. It becomes a weapon, with which they alternately pursue each other; and instead of being the shield, is converted into the scourge of innocence.

Nor is a dependence of the judges on the legislature in republican governments, less fatal to the rights of individuals, than a dependence on the executive in those which are monarchical. Let the dependence exist, and its consequence will be an improper and injurious subserviency to the will of the superior. Legislative is as heavy as executive oppression, and is the more to be dreaded as it cannot be checked by public opinion, for public opinion is generally with it. When public opinion changes, the governing party changes also, and the persecuted become the persecutors. The instrument of persecution, an enslaved judiciary, is ready for any hand bold and strong enough to seize it. "It will be no alleviation that these powers," (says Mr. Jefferson, speaking of the legislature of Virginia in his Notes page 195) "will be exercised by a plurality of hands and not by a single one. One hundred and seventy-three despots would surely be as oppressive as one." "As little will it avail us that they are chosen by ourselves. An elective despotism was not the government we fought for."

The government of a party continuing for a great length of time the majority, and consequently in power, may gradually soften and assume the appearance of the nation. But where the division is nearly equal, the struggle incessant, and success alternate, all the angry passions of the human mind are in perpetual exercise. The new majority brings with it into power a keen recollection of injuries, supposed, if not real, and is entirely disposed to retort them. Vile calumny, exclusion from social rights, proscriptions and banishments have in democracies, where the ruling party acts without the check of an independent judiciary, been the bitter fruits of this temper. The best safeguard against evils so serious, and it is to be feared, so certain, is a tribunal beyond the reach of these passions, without the judgment of which punishment cannot be inflicted. How is this tribunal to be obtained, but by rendering independent those who compose it? Is it to be expected that if in this war of angry passions, an irritated majority in congress should pursue with unjust vengeance an obnoxious individual, judges dependent on that majority for their continuance in office, will constitute a barrier which shall check its resentments? If in any instance the virtue of the judge should induce him to prefer his duty to his interest, his exertions would be of no avail. He would immediately become the victim of his integrity: by repealing a law or by some other means he would be removed from office, and a successor appointed, inflamed with all the passions which burn in the bosoms of the majority.

In private actions too the same prejudices would prevail. An influential member of the majority in congress could not be in the wrong, should his cause be referred to a man whose political existence may depend on the breath of that member.

It might be some consolation if the mischief stopped here: but it could not. Those popular individuals whose interests decided elections, would participate in the influence of the member they had contributed to place in his seat. It would be necessary for the judge to bear in mind that they too could decide his fate, and that a determination against them might be cause of a removal.

In controversies between an individual of the majority and minority, the case of the impotent and unpopular suitor would be hopeless. His demonstration of his right would avail him nothing, before a judge whose continuance in office might depend on pronouncing a decision against him.

This is no imaginary statement of an impossible case. It is the regular and constant result

of a dependent judiciary. The power on which it depends, will controul and govern its decision, whether this controuling power be in the hands of one or one hundred, its pernicious effects will be the same; for those who feel the power will "forget right." The experience of all ages has established this great and important truth.

Will you then, my fellow-citizens, for the paltry gratification of wreaking vengeance on a party so grossly calumniated and which no longer governs, destroy the constitution of your country, and deprive yourselves of the security resulting from independent judges? Will you establish a principle which must place in the hands of the predominant party for the time being, the persons and the property of those who are divided from them by shades of opinion: which will subject the weak to the powerful, and convert the seat of justice into a tribunal where influence, not law, must rule? Will you render a judiciary, which being constitutionally independent is now a safe and steady check to the encroachments of power and the persecutions of party, a mere instrument of vengeance in the hands of the tyrants of the day?—Will you make the judges what a late ministerial writer, whose calumnies have attracted some attention, has very untruly stated them to be already, a body of men "under the dominance of political and personal prejudice, habitually employed in preparing or executing partial vengeance?"

Patriotism, public virtue, a regard for your own safety and happiness, a just national pride and respect for that constitution on which your national character depends, and which many of you have solemnly sworn to support—all forbid it.

EPITOME OF NEWS.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

—Debate in the imperial parliament, on the preliminaries of peace, has been fervid, eloquent, and argumentative. Lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Pitt have defended the measure, with great ability; and, from the resources of their mighty minds, and from the plausibility of specious rhetoric, have almost

"Made the worse appear the better reason."

In the upper house, lord Grenville numbers with the opposition; and, in the lower, the "*voice still for war*," is vehemently raised by the undaunted spirit of Mr. WINDHAM. His nervous speech we have published at large, in this day's paper. We wished to give, likewise, the speeches of lord Hawkesbury and Mr. Pitt entire, but our limits would not permit. We cannot resist, however, the temptation of quoting the following observations by Mr. Pitt. "It would be affectation and hypocrisy in him to say, he had or could change his opinion of the character of the person presiding in France, until he saw a train of conduct, which would justify that change. He would not now occupy the attention of the house, by entering into a discussion of the origin of the war; the unjust aggression which was made upon us, was established by recent evidence, but it was unnecessary to enter into it now, because, upon that subject, the opinion of the house and of the country was fixed. The great object of the war, on our part, was defence for ourselves, and for the rest of the world, in a war, waged against most of the nations of Europe, but against us with particular malignity. Security was our great object: there were different means of accomplishing it, with better or worse prospects of success, and, according to the different variations of policy, occasioned by a change of circumstances, we still pursued our great object, security. In order to obtain it, we certainly did look for the subversion of the government, which was founded upon revolutionary principles. We never, at one period, said, that, as a *sine qua non*, we insisted

upon the restoration of the old government of France we only said, there was no government with which we could treat; this was our language up to 1796; but, in no one instance, did we insist upon restoring the monarchy, though, he did not hesitate to acknowledge, that it would have been more consistent with the wishes of ministers, and with the interest and security of this country. He was equally ready to confess, that he had given up his hopes, with the greatest reluctance, and he should, to his dying day, lament that there were not, on the part of the other powers of Europe, efforts corresponding to our own, for the accomplishment of that great work. There were periods, during the continuance of the war, in which they had hopes of being able to put together the scattered fragments of that great and venerable edifice; to have restored the exiled nobility of France; to have restored a government, certainly not free from defects, but built upon sober and regular foundations, instead of that mad system of innovation, which threatened and nearly accomplished, the destruction of Europe."

MR. WINDHAM'S SPEECH.

Mr. WINDHAM, after some preliminary observations, said, that those who opposed the peace had been represented as frantic people who contended that the restoration of the French Monarchy should be the *sine qua non* of peace. This charge, however, could by no means apply to him; because he had never entertained such an idea. Gentlemen therefore, who advanced the charge, had gone farther than they were warranted to go. As to the right of interference in the affairs of France, we had surely a right to interfere for the purpose of preventing that enormous aggrandizement, which was big with danger to ourselves. This had ever been considered, by our wisest statesmen, as an object of the first importance to this country. Whenever a peace had been concluded between two contending parties, it followed, of course, that one party had the superiority over the other, which it was fair and proper to exert for the purpose of ensuring advantageous terms, such terms at least, as should place the country which accepted them in a state of security. And he hoped that the spirit of the English would ever lead them to resist with energy and decision, terms of a different nature, fraught with dishonour, and big with humiliation.... But while he disclaimed the wild notions which had been falsely imputed to him, he hoped he should never be found amongst those faithless watchmen of the state, who should seek to lull the people into a false security, and a treacherous repose; but ever act with such as should endeavour to rouse them to a just sense of existing danger, of a danger which threatened them with ruin, with annihilation. It had been the practice of some of the public papers to accuse those who condemned the peace, of being hostile to his Majesty and his Majesty's Government. He, however, had no hostility to his Majesty, nor yet to the ministers; but no dread of misrepresentation should ever deter him from giving his sentiments, freely and fully, respecting a measure which appeared to him calculated to increase our danger instead of diminishing it. He felt it his duty to oppose it; and he would contend, that both in the present Treaty, and in the Convention with the Northern powers, ministers had assumed an humble tone which would lead to consequences dangerous to the existence of the country. The gentlemen who had that night supported the peace, had purposely dissembled the real object of the war. He had ever considered it as a war for *indemnity and security*. The enemy had threatened the existence of our liberties and our constitution.... To preserve these then, to prevent the diffusion of principles subversive of all the bonds of civil society, to obtain indemnity for the expences which we had been compelled to in-

cur, and security for the future, was the real and avowed object of the war. Ministers had thrown our successes aside; they seemed to have forgotten our victories, and to have lost sight of our conquests. But the recollection of those victories and those conquests would remain to heighten and to aggravate the reflections which must arise from the contemplation of our sacrifices. To have been victorious, and yet to have treated as a vanquished nation, was a galling and mortifying reflection to a British mind. It implied indeed, a contradiction of terms, a confusion of ideas, which no acuteness could reconcile, no strength of understanding dispel. The noble Lord (Hawkesbury) had begun by stating, that the present period was very different from that at which the former negotiation took place; that we had originally opposed the principles of France, but latterly we had opposed her power. But in his opinion both led to the same end; and if the power of France threatened the existence of this country, it was as much our interest and our duty to oppose that power, as it was to oppose her principles, when exerted for the same purpose. Mr. Windham then entered into a comparison of the terms of the present Treaty with the terms which were offered to us at Lisle; and clearly shewed that the latter were far preferable to the former.... It had been said, that the general language of the country in respect to the peace was, that it was such a peace as every man was glad of, but as no man was proud of. But he hoped and suspected, that this was an epigrammatic expression, and not a true picture. For, if *Englishmen could rejoice at a bad peace, at a peace of which they could not be proud*, the national character was totally lost.

Though the supporters of the peace had prudently forborne to insist on its *glory* they still persevered in representing it as *honourable*. But in what light was it *honourable*? The noble lord had contended, and truly contended, that time and circumstances were necessary considerations, in the conclusion of a treaty; but he was at a loss to perceive the wisdom of that policy, which would reject better terms in a moment of dismay, and accede to worse, in the hour of victory and confidence; there might be a shew of magnanimity in such conduct, but was it wise, was it politic, was it compatible with the real interests of the country? Let us see in what respect it is honourable, as it relates to our allies? How far their interests have been consulted? Ministers have assumed great credit to themselves for their conduct towards our allies. What has been done for them? Turkey was the only power which could be truly said to be in alliance with us. It was said that the integrity of the Sublime Porte had been secured. But is that her opinion? Does she feel secure? A week after this stipulation for her security—a week after this extraordinary instance of our magnanimity had been displayed, Turkey preferred the guarantee of her enemy to that of her ally, and chose to negotiate for herself. As we had compelled the French to evacuate Egypt, both the security of Turkey and our own required that we should have retained in our possession some strong fortress, garrisoned by British troops. Without this precaution, what was there to prevent the French from returning to Egypt? At the very moment when we magnanimously stipulated for the evacuation of that country, there was not a French soldier remaining in it, (thanks to General Hutchinson, whose military skill, whose firm perseverance, and whose manly courage could only be exceeded by his modesty), who was not a prisoner to the English. As to the integrity of Naples, that was as insecure as Turkey; for though the French troops had evacuated a part of the Neapolitan territory, what was to prevent them from returning, especially, as they retained possession of the Cisalpine Republic? "I wish to know what is to pre-

vent the French, who evacuated Naples to-day, (Tuesday) from re-entering it on Thursday, the distance from the Cisalpine Republic not being more than sixty miles?" Such is the situation, such the security, such the integrity of Naples.

In casting our eyes over the map of Europe we look in vain for the kingdom of Sardinia....The territories of his Sardinian majesty live only in our memory. In the Mediterranean, he had only the little island of Sardinia left, for the security of which he was solely indebted to the protection of our fleet; a protection, which he would lose the moment the definitive treaty should be signed. The next of our allies, the integrity of whose dominions exhibits an illustrious proof of our magnanimity, is Portugal. On this subject, he had endeavoured to obtain information; but he had not been sufficiently successful to speak with decision on it. He adverted to the treaty of Badajos, and to the cession of a portion of the Portuguese territory in the Brazils; and he asked whether it was to be understood that our treaty with France sanctioned that cession? Portugal, like Naples, had been secured by us, in the integrity of her possessions; and our magnanimity on this occasion had been loudly vaunted by the noble lord, because those two powers had formed separate treaties with the enemy. But were not those treaties the effect of compulsion on the one hand, and the results of conquest on the other? Should we have been justified in declaring war against Portugal and Naples for yielding, against their will, to dire necessity? If no blame, then, attached to Portugal, if she ought really to be considered as our ally, as no human being could suspect her of possessing the ability to resist her enemy, there could not be the smallest reason for any diminution of our attachment to her. How have we provided for her security? The preliminary articles will tell us how. Mr. Windham then took a large bundle of papers out of his pocket, but begged the house not to be alarmed, as he only meant to read about half a dozen lines. He then read the following articles of the preliminary treaty.

V. Egypt shall be restored to the Sublime Porte, whose dominions and possessions shall be secured in their integrity; such as they were before the war.

VI. The territories and possessions of her most faithful majesty shall also be maintained in their integrity.

France, as far as any treaty can bind her, has concluded a peace with Portugal; but on what terms? She has taken from her Olivenza and the adjoining territory, which Spain had long coveted, and for which nothing more was required than to express a wish, in order to obtain it from France. France, at the same time, took for herself a portion of the Brazils, which gave her the command of the river Amazons, and the whole of the adjacent coast. Mr. Windham quoted Monsieur de la Condamine in order to shew the advantage which France would derive from the possession of this tract of country in addition to what she already enjoyed in the proximity of Dutch Guiana. Is this the mode of guaranteeing the possessions, of securing the integrity of a faithful ally? If *integrity* and *dismemberment* be synonymous terms, then, indeed, the assertion may be true. In allusion to the term *honourable* which the noble lord has absurdly applied to the peace, in the speech from the throne, every man must feel that no peace was safe that was not honourable, and that no peace was honourable, which was not safe; but, unfortunately, this peace was neither safe nor honourable; nor could any peace be honourable which gave us territories that did not belong to the power by whom they were given.

The conduct of our government in the negotiation at Lisle was very different: they did what was wise and proper to attain peace for the good of the country. They selected certain points of importance, which it was necessary for the preser-

vation of that honour, to insist upon. He was surprised to hear certain expressions, which had fallen from the noble lord, relative to the acquisitions we had made by the present peace, which he contrasted with Lord Malmesbury's *project*, the wisdom of which he extolled. We should have been fully justified in the retention of Ceylon, the Cape, and Cochin, for the more effectual defence of our Eastern empire. His mind was not at all satisfied with the situation in which the Cape was left by the Treaty. We had ceded a port which might become a great annoyance to our trade.

The Cape furnished, a military station of vast importance in the event of a sudden war, not preceded by a proclamation. The Marquis of Cornwallis, in his return from India, had strongly pressed the necessity of retaining Cochin, and the Cape; or if only one of them could be retained, the Cape in preference to Cochin.—Though Ceylon was an important settlement, Cochin, on the Western side of the Peninsula, was one of the strongest military frontiers in India. In the event of a war, a fleet might sail from the Cape and arrive at Cochin before any person in India could know of its arrival, and before any person in England could be apprized of its sailing.—He might possibly be told, that our merchantmen were advised to avoid the Cape: but the importance of that settlement was not so great as represented; and that our ships might touch at the Brazils.

The settlement which the French had acquired in the Brazils, would, in that case, give additional importance to France. The Cape and Cochin were insisted on by lord Malmesbury, at Lisle, as points from which we would not depart; and these were now given up, from that want of vigour, spirit, and prudence, which mark our negotiation.

He concluded by remarking, that such a peace as had been concluded, could not last long. If France should declare war in a twelve month, where would we be with our fleets dismantled, and our armies disbanded? Would not such a war shake our country to its centre? Feeling as he did, that the peace was neither honourable to our allies, nor safe to ourselves, he could not but oppose the motion.

DOMESTIC.

—The Public papers with great pomp announce the safe delivery of the great *Cheese* at Washington. The inhabitants of *Cheshire*, an obscure town in one of the western counties of the state of Massachusetts, actually accompanied their cheese-monger compliment with the following address.

The greatest Cheese in America, for the greatest Man in America.

SIR,

Notwithstanding we live remote from the seat of national government, and in an extreme part of our state; yet we humbly claim the right of judging for ourselves.

Our attachment to our national constitution is strong and indissoluble. We consider it a description of those powers, which the people have submitted to their magistrates, to be exercised for definite purposes, and not a charter of favors, granted by a sovereign to his subjects. Among its beautiful features, the right of free suffrage, to correct all abuses....the prohibition of religious tests, to prevent all hierarchy....the means of amendment, which it contains within itself, to remove defects as far as they are discovered, appear the most prominent. But for several years past our apprehension has been, that the genius of the government was not attended to in sundry cases; and that the administration bordered upon monarchy: Our joy, of course, must have been great, on your election to the first office in the nation: having had good evidence, from your announced sentiments and uniform conduct, that it would be your strife and glory to turn back the go-

vernment to its virgin purity. The trust is great! The task is arduous! But we console ourselves, that the Supreme Father of the Universe, who raises up men to achieve great events, has raised up a Jefferson for this critical day, to defend Republicanism, and baffle all the arts of Aristocracy.

Sir, we have attempted to prove our love to our President, not in words alone, but in deed and truth. With this address, we send you a *CHEESE*, by the hands of Messrs. John Leland, and Darius Brown, as a pepper-corn of the esteem which we bear to our chief magistrate, and as a sacrifice to Republicanism. It is not the last stone in the Bastille, nor is it of any consequence as an article of worth; but as a free will offering, we hope it will be received. The Cheese was not made by his lordship, for his sacred majesty; nor with a view to gain dignified titles or lucrative offices; but by the personal labour of free born farmers (WITHOUT A SINGLE SLAVE TO ASSIST) for an elective President of a free people; with the only view of casting a mite into the scale of democracy.

The late triumphant return of Republicanism has more animated the inhabitants of Cheshire, to bear the burden of government, and treat the characters and persons in authority with all due respect, than the long list of alien—sedition—naval and provisional army laws ever did.

Sir, we had some thoughts of impressing some significant inscription on the Cheese; but we have found such inconveniency in stamps on paper, that we chose to send it in a plain republican form.

May God long preserve your life and health for a blessing to the United States, and the world at large.

Signed by the Committee, in behalf of all Cheshire.

PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

I concur with you in the sentiments expressed in your kind address on behalf of the inhabitants of the town of Cheshire, that the Constitution of the United States is a charter of authorities and duties, not a charter of rights to its officers; and among its most precious provisions are the right of suffrage, the prohibition of religious tests, and its means of peaceable amendment. Nothing ensures the duration of this fair fabric of government so effectually as the due sense entertained by the body of our citizens, of the value of these principles and their care to preserve them.

I received with particular pleasure the testimony of good will with which your citizens have been pleased to charge you for me; it presents an extraordinary proof of the skill, with which those domestic arts, which contribute so much to our daily comfort, are practised by them, and particularly by that portion of them most interesting to the affections, the care, and the happiness of man.

To myself this mark of esteem from freeborn farmers, employed personally in the useful labours of life, is peculiarly grateful, having no wish but to preserve to them the fruits of their labour: their sense of this truth will be my highest reward.

I pray you, gentlemen, to make my thanks for their favour acceptable to them, and to be assured yourselves of my high respect and esteem.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

One Lewis Du Pre, a French philosopher, has, it seems, discovered the *perpetual motion*, and, with all the eagerness of an enthusiast, hastens to impart the blessing of the discovery to congress, who understand *perpetual motion*, much better than Mr. Du Pre. Mr. Du Pre cannot now be quiet, and be satisfied even with the old phrase, descriptive of this chimera, for he calls it the *perfect motion*, and insists upon it, that *perpetual* is "*vulgar*." He declares, that it has pleased God, for purposes most extensively benevolent, to impart to him this discovery. He addresses "the government of

"the United States, in congress assembled," in the soothing vocative of "dear friends," and calls upon their republican patriotism, to obtain from the *critical casket*, where it remains deposited, the precious bounty. All this, though very "bald, disjointed chat," might possibly pass for very good republican sense and reason, did not this insane projector unfortunately talk, in his "memorial," something about the *supereminently favoured land of Columbia*.

Throughout the United States, quiet men, and haters of democratic innovation are stunned by the frantic uproar of the republicans in congress, clamouring for an abrogation of the judiciary system. Mr. Brackenridge, a man so new, that few know his "local habitation, or his name," has made, in favour of a repeal of salutary law, a speech, conspicuous for its falsity of assumption, and for its inconclusiveness of logic. Gouverneur Morris, and Uriah Tracy, Esquires, have replied, with great eloquence to the flimsy arguments of the democratic senator, who, in his history of the king's courts in Westminster-Hall, and the course of legal polity in England, betrays a degree of ignorance, at which the meanest Tyro in BLACKSTONE would be ashamed. The speech of Mr. MORRIS, we have read with great delight; and we feel no hesitation in declaring, that it is in no wise inferior to the parliamentary eloquence of St. Stephen's chapel. The speech of Mr. Tracy, of Connecticut, has been pronounced, by a correct judge, "one of the most impressive, argumentative, and solemn speeches, that ever attracted the attention of the house."

An empirical advertisement of some vile medley of nauseous drugs, professing to cure a number of disorders, the most diverse in their nature and situation, begins thus: "The secret sought in all ages, for the good of mankind, is at last found out."

A tallow chandler, lately deceased, in London was said to have left a fortune of one hundred thousand pounds. Surely this man, remarks a wag, did not hide his light under a bushel.

When one reflects upon the mummery of the *Cheshire* simpletons, over their Mammoth cheese, and the extreme weakness of the whole transaction, it forces one to remember a descriptive line of POPE, and to be confident that this political, or rather *Indian* gift, is

"A mere white curd of *asses'* milk."

The vice president of the United States seems to prefer pleasure at New-York, to politics at Washington. Dear *liberty* is emphatically the motto of this gay officer, who, careless of his *little senate*, lingers, as long as he can, in the bower of delight,

"And makes *his* heaven in a lady's lap,
And witches women with his looks and words."

The Walpole editor never omits an opportunity to play upon words. From the following it appears, that he cannot refrain:

A southern paper records the recent marriage of a Mr. *Nott*. The lady, to whom he has given his hand, in an affair of so great moment as matrimony, probably gave the matter previous and due consideration; she might, with some propriety, ponder the opening of the celebrated soliloquy on the immortality of the soul,

"To be, or NOT to be, that is the question."

The Editor of "The Farmer's Museum," commenting upon the rude and vicious essays of Levi Lincoln, attorney general of the United States, has the following pleasant remark:

"A writer in the Massachusetts Spy, and more lately in the National Aegis, a violent, democratic paper, printed at Worcester, in Massachusetts, is writing a series of essays, over the signature of 'The Farmer,' the intent of which is, to degrade the acts of the former administration, and commend those of the new. The author of them, it is satisfactorily ascertained, is the attorney general of the United States. The clergy of New-England, in some parts of the writer's later lucubrations, appear to be the faultless victims of his resentment.... These writings are re-published in many papers, and, from the high official situation of their author, perhaps, more than from their intrinsic merit, give rise to much newspaper discussion. A writer in the Columbian Centinel, with the signature of 'Sulpicius,' has entered the lists with 'The Farmer,' and, though he does not assume the title of a husbandman, yet he appears to understand a branch of the business of one. From the 'energies' which he has already displayed in these essays, the attorney general will probably find, that he is fully equal to 'The Farmer,' in 'thrashing' and 'dressing'."

A member of congress, in a letter to the Editor, dated Washington, January 15, says:

"We have been constantly acting 'Much Ado about Nothing,' ever since congress convened; and happy would it be for our country, if we should confine ourselves to comedy. There is too much reason to fear, that the *present company of actors* will not be left to the choice of parts, which will afford but miserable profits to them, and sorry amusement to the spectators. But I will not anticipate evil; sufficient, certainly for this day, are the evils thereof."

Though languishing with a pulmonary complaint, Mr. TRACY, a senator from Connecticut, has displayed all the strength of a manly mind, on the debate, relative to the mad project of abolishing the present judiciary system. He concludes a wise and brilliant speech, in the following pathetic style:

"I am strongly impressed with the magnitude of this subject; perhaps the whims of a sick man's fancy have too much possessed me, to view it correctly; but, sir, I apprehend THE REPEAL OF THIS LAW WILL INVOLVE IN IT THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF OUR CONSTITUTION. It is supported by three independent pillars, the legislative, executive, and judiciary; and, if any rude hand should pluck either of them away, the beautiful fabric must tumble into ruins."

"The judiciary is the centre pillar, and a support to each, by checking both; on the one side is the sword, and, on the other, the wealth of the nation, and it has no inherent capacity to defend itself. These very circumstances united, may provoke an attack, and whichever power prevails so far, as to vest in itself, directly or indirectly, the power of the judiciary, by rendering it dependent, is the precise definition of tyranny, and must produce its effects. The Goths and Vandals destroyed not only the government of Rome, but the city itself; they were savages, and felt the loss of neither; but, if it be possible there can be an intention, like the son of Manoa, with his strength, without his godliness, to tumble the fabric into ruins, let it be remembered, it will crush, in one undistinguished ruin, its perpetrators, with those whom they may call their political enemies."

"I most earnestly entreat gentlemen to pause and consider; I apprehend the repeal of this act

will be the hand writing on the wall, stamping *Memento Tekel* upon all we hold dear and valuable in our constitution. Let not the imputation of instability, which is cast upon all popular bodies, be verified by us, in adopting laws to-day, and repealing them to-morrow, for no other reason, but that we have the power, and will exercise it."

A correspondent, who remembers the most popular maxims of Dr. Franklin, who has the *pence* table by heart, and knows all the squares of multiplication, is exceedingly alarmed, lest congress, in the debate on the *quantum* of reward due to the gallant STERRET, for his exploits in the Mediterranean, should lose sight of *economy*. Our saving correspondent, who, to be sure, only echoes the voice of most of our misers, is of opinion, that a small silver medal, of the value of nine pence, will be enough for our national gratitude to bestow on maritime merit, and that we should never think of measuring talents or virtue by any thing, except by a joiner's rule, or that liberal and classical maxim, "a pin a day is a groat a year."

The great Dr. JOHNSON sometimes did not think a pun unworthy of his colloquial powers. The following example of his success in this way, has never before been cited in this country:

The conversation turning one night, at the club in Essex-street, on the injury our language sustained, by the abbreviations made by the poets, Dr. Burney was observing, that he knew a literary lady, who was, in some instances, in the contrary extreme, and often added a letter too much, particularly in all words ending in *e*, as agreeablee, infalliblee, &c. Why did she take such unnecessary trouble? says one of the company. "Nay, sir," says Johnson, "it could be no trouble to her; on the contrary, she appears to be very much at her *e*'s."

The consequences of the new theory in politics begin to appear, with vengeance, in the vicinity of Petersburg, in Virginia. The negroes, have risen to the number of five hundred, with an intent to cut the throats of their republican masters. Happily for the latter, this African plot was discovered; but it behoves southern visionaries to look well to consistency, and take care, while they are prating about patriotism and liberty, to remember, that their sable vassals once had a country and equal rights.

That is unquestionably honest praise, which drops unwillingly from the tongue or pen of our foes. Of the late speech of GOVERNEUR MORRIS, even the biassed editor of the National Intelligencer remarks, that it was one of the most splendid specimens of eloquence, ever delivered in a deliberative assembly.

We rejoice to read the New-York proposals for re-publishing that scarce and profound work, THE FEDERALIST. It is the best comment on the constitution, which the world has yet witnessed.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 4.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

"The taper leg, slim waist, and lovely side,
Nor gowns, nor envious petticoats shall hide;
But full in sight the tempting bosom swell,
While bucks with wonder view the naked belle."
COLMAN.

No. III.

JUST as I had dipped my pen in the standish and was marshalling my ideas in battalia, against a host of female foibles, a servant brought me the following letter from a lady, who writes against fashionable levities with so much good sense, truth, and vivacity, that, to-day, my office of animadversion will be as much a sinecure, as the *clerkship of the pells* in Ireland, or the *unwarlike* place of the American secretary at war, under the present administration:

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

MR. SAUNTER,

I am the daughter of very respectable parents, and, without vanity, may observe, that my education has not been neglected, in any thing, which country schoolmasters teach, or judicious and virtuous preceptors instil, although I am entirely unacquainted with elegant accomplishments, and that courtly polish of manners, which it is impossible to acquire, unless by long conversation with the politer circles of life. Now, sir, if you will excuse this intrusion on your attention, I will soon explain my reasons for addressing you; and, as from your occupation of a lounge, you may have leisure to write something on the subject of which I complain, that may give me redress, I, with the more confidence, proceed to state my grievance.

My father is a plain, honest country gentleman, blest with a good natural understanding, and that degree of prudence and management, which has always kept his family in a state of independence. He married my mother, when she was very young, in an obscure country village; consequently she soon imbibed many of his good principles; and, as they have always lived together in the country, their lives have passed in that happy course of innocence and harmony, which is alike superior to the smiles of prosperity, and the frowns of adversity. It may naturally be presumed, that, in this state of obscurity, they derived all their notions of high life, from books and hearsay: and, alas! the picture which their imagination has formed, I fear, is infinitely beyond what the reality presents.

With most pleasing ideas of city men and manners, maternal fondness would have ushered me into life, as the dear woman terms it, when I had scarcely attained my sixteenth year, had not my father's good sense interfered, and kept me at home for another year; he was too considerate, however, to give his true reasons, and urged, that, as I was his only daughter among seven children, he wished to have one more year's gratification from my society, before the pleasures of a city life disgusted me with my rural enjoyments,

The anticipation of the new and delightful scene, I was this winter to engage in, gave fleet wings to time; and now, after two month's preparations, I have already been twelve hours in the noise and bustle of a city.

I am at the house of my friend Constantia, who was introduced into fashionable life, by her marriage with a worthy young gentleman, of large fortune, and genteel connections. After the first transports of our meeting were over, I was surprised at the peculiarities of my friend's appearance, and no less so, at her pleasant remarks about my dress; and shocked to hear herself and husband exclaim, "it was by far too modest for the mode." She, at once, declared, I must not think of mixing in genteel society, so "muffled up," as she was pleased to call it, when, I assure you, that my dress was only such as decency required. I, in my turn, expostulated with her, on the impossibility of changing my appearance in that respect; but she pursued all my arguments with much warmth, and finally avowed, that she would not patronise such a satire as I presented, on the present fashions. My unwillingness to offend a lady, from whom I was to receive so much kindness, determined me at once to conform to her wishes, in this disgusting particular: and, accordingly, I suffered her immediately, as we were to be this evening alone, to give me the first lesson in nakedness (for I cannot call it dress); upon which I found my wardrobe contained many superfluous articles, such as petticoats, pockets, tuckers, and gown sleeves.After she had undressed me in the fashion, I remained a long time, considering how I was to find resolution to brave the presence of her husband, who I knew was waiting tea with her in the parlour, until I should appear. I at last concluded, that, as he was so well accustomed to this style in his wife's dress, my appearance would not strike him as singular, and boldly ventured down stairs. But do not think, sir, that my natural modesty for a moment left me, for, believe me, its crimson blush was renewed at every step of my approach to the parlour, and scarcely had I reached the door, when, by an involuntary and irresistible impulse, I threw a clean white pocket-handkerchief about my neck, and apologised to my friend for so doing, by assuring her, that I was afraid of exposing my shoulders all at once to the cold, as she had so recently cut away the flannel, &c. which my mother had accustomed me to think necessary to my health, at this season of the year.

Her husband, soon after tea, left us, to inform her friends of my being in town. I could not conceal the displeasure I felt, at the alteration in my dress, and, as soon as he was gone, I made a second attempt to reason with her, as to the disgusting indelicacy of my appearance. But she told me, "nothing could be considered as indelicate, which custom reconciles, and which the most correct of both sexes approved." I did not yield my point, but insisted that her argument was not so much a justification of the delicacy and correctness of the fashion, as a proof of the increasing licentiousness of the times.

Our debate was, for some time, very warm, but was interrupted by the return of her husband, who,

after telling me that many friends would visit me, joined in his wife's opinion, and made some severe remarks upon my pretences, as a country lass, to oppose the fashions of a great city. I bade them good night....withdrew to my chamber in anger....packed up my clothes....wrote a letter to my father, begging him to send my brother Charles for me directly, and determined not to see a single visiter, but keep my chamber until he comes; when I accidentally discovered the "American Lounger" on the toilet, which made me at once think of asking Mr. Saunter's advice, before I finally concluded how to act. And I hope, sir, you will not hesitate to inform me what I ought to do.

I am, with respect,

Your humble servant,

MODESTIA.

As I am a bachelor, and, moreover, of a temperament, not unlike that of Henry IV of France, I confess I am at a loss what to reply to *Modestia*. But it is certain that, whether I reason like a moralist, or like a man of the world, I should be compelled, upon the principles of either, to determine against the modish style of female attire.... For an ingenious and just theory on this delicate subject, every fair trespasser is referred to the works of PRIOR, who was a courtier, a lover, and a minister of state, and who was equally familiar with toilets and treaties.

From Eve's first fig leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for FANCY'S AID,
When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire;
But from her hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has power to wound.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AMONG the many absurdities, prevalent, I know of none that more severely deserves the lash of criticism; than the present impropriety of dress among some of the female part of our city.

Where this evil is to end, what are to be its limits, may be a subject well worthy of speculation. There can be no doubt that there subsists a strong connection, between manners, and morals; and if this servile imitation of Parisian actresses, is to gain ground, it would not be hazardous too much to assert, that if the same temptation were applied, those who so willingly copy them in the one instance, would, without much difficulty, follow them in the other.

If any to whom these observations apply, should chance to peruse them, they will no doubt start with all the horror of injured innocence; but if their tender minds are thus easily wounded, by the bare insinuation of a deviation from virtue, let them first blush at the commission of those indecencies, the repetition of which will tend to lessen their abhorrence of vice, to strip it of its odium, and to render virtue and morality empty names.

As an American, I glory in the knowledge that there are still many whose sense of propriety and decorum, makes them view this violation of

modesty with becoming contempt. Long may this odious practice be confined to a distinguished few.

There is another custom which has a strong tendency to debase the mind, I allude to that of swearing; by those who thus take sailors and carters for their model, not a sentence can be expressed, but embellished with the dignifying epithets of "merciful heavens, and great God Almighty."

The ministers of religion must find other words to address their Creator in, if the sacred name of Omnipotence is to be thus prostituted in common conversation.

To weak minds, by whom principally this vice is committed, it has one advantage indeed, that of supplying the place of argument and good sense. Oh, if they only knew with what disgust this language is heard by gentlemen, both by the virtuous and depraved, they would soon relinquish it! Let them reflect, that there will always be in society some, who, from a want of merit in themselves, view with the watchful eye of malignant envy a superiority in any of their sex; and who will take advantage of every opportunity to exaggerate their weakness.

The writer of this will probably be charged by some with uncharitable aspersions on the female character, but he is conscious of having advanced nothing that daily experience does not prove the truth of; he still hopes that notwithstanding the irregularities of a few there will always be sufficient cause to be

AN ADMIRER OF THE SEX.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BRITISH CLASSICS.

MESSRS. Benjamin Davies and John Morgan, booksellers, of this city, have issued proposals for printing, by subscription, the first American edition of *The Select British Classics* to be copied page for page, from the last London edition, in 38 volumes; containing the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Connoisseur*, the *World*, *Rambler*, *Idler*, *Adventurer*, *Mirror*, *Shenstone's Sketches on Men and Manners*, *Citizen of the World*, and all the other essays of Dr. Goldsmith, together with brief *Memoirs of the Lives of the principal Authors*. This is a most laudable undertaking, and the booksellers concerned have chosen, with much judgment, a collection, at once elegant and popular, for the perusal of which "the busy may find time, and the idle patience." We extract the following detail of their design:

It would be superfluous to dilate in praise of that constellation of eminent authors, who have been distinguished in these volumes by the peculiar title of British classics. The names of *Addison*, *Steele*, *Pope*, *Johnson*, *Hawkesworth*, and *Goldsmith*, have been too long known, and too highly esteemed, to stand in need of an eulogium, at the present day. The excellent essays, written by them and others, their contemporaries, which are now proposed for publication, have been justly admired, as a faithful picture of the manners of the eighteenth century, and recommended as containing, not only a rich magazine of moral and critical knowledge, as well as chaste amusement, but as the fairest models of English composition....seldom equalled, and never surpassed by the writers of this or any other age. Before these luminous and instructive pages all the tomes of ancient philosophy, and all the gibberish of modern innovators, on the rights and duties of man sink into obscurity. *Quid utile, quid non melius Chrysippo, vel Crantore dicit.*

The intended publishers add, that they intend, if duly encouraged, to publish their edition of these "Classics" in a style, that will not dishonour the works themselves, or be deemed unworthy public patronage. The conditions of publication are, that the work will be put to press, when 300 subscribers shall have been obtained, a volume to be

delivered every fortnight; each volume on a woven paper, with a new type, and two engravings, the best that can be obtained in the United States. The price, to be paid on delivery, 87 cents for each volume, in boards. A list of subscribers will be printed in the last volume. Nothing is more pleasant, to the writer of this article, than literary projects of the above description. To reprint works of established merit, and of fluent style, is laudable, in every country, and at any season, but it is peculiarly praiseworthy in America, at the present period, to multiply the copies of classical books. Contrary to the usual course, we think this *American* edition of all the periodical essays of merit will have a decided superiority to the *English* edition by *Parsons*. This bookseller, although sufficiently curious in the choice of paper and type, has been scandalously negligent of the correctness of his pages, and few books of such extent, and of such elegance of decoration, abound more with gross and enormous errors of typography. But the elder editor of the republication here, will carefully avoid all these blunders of carelessness or misapprehension. Mr. DAVIES, who knows much more of books than their title page, and who has familiarized himself to all the varieties of English style, will, by inspecting the proof sheets himself, abundantly guard against all the errors of his predecessor. By one, desirous of possessing the classics of his mother tongue, more cannot be desired than an edition of all the periodical essays, printed not less beautifully, and much more correctly than that of *Parsons*.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In our last week's review, we attempted to pay some part of our arrears to the public; the remaining portion we shall now endeavour to discharge. The managers invited the attention of the town to three other dramas of the immortal Shakespeare, during the temporary recess of our labours. *Cymbeline*, *Macbeth*, and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* were performed, and performed to scanty audiences. Indeed their exertions have, since the commencement of the present season, been, in general, very inadequately compensated. We have witnessed, with pain, night after night, the cheerless appearance of a house scarcely half filled. This desertion of a scene of rational amusement, is, perhaps, in some degree, attributable to the number of festive parties, which too often, upon the nights of performance, attract the presence of the belles, and, of course, compel the attendance of the beaux. We could wish that the young and the gay would endeavour to arrange their parties, so as to interfere as little as possible with the interests of those, whose business it is to cater for the amusement of the public. A hint on this subject will not, we trust, be thrown away.

In our review of the dramas above-mentioned, we must necessarily be brief. Mr. Fullerton's *Macbeth* was by no means what could be wished; yet it was far from being contemptible. The candid hearer could not but find something to applaud; and it were unjust to mark, with extreme critical severity, the imperfections of a performance, which was most probably undertaken in the routine of his duty, and which presented almost the only means of giving us an opportunity of witnessing the excellence of Mrs. Whitlock in *Lady Macbeth*; on whose admirable delineation of that character, we cannot omit bestowing our warmest applause.

We need not speak of Warren's *Falstaff*, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The parts of the merry wives were well sustained by Mrs. Whitlock and miss Westray; and Wignell was highly respectable in the delineation of the character of the jealous Ford.

A new play, possessed of much excellence, was represented, for the first time, on Wednesday..... Founded upon that art, by which those, whom nature has deprived of the faculties of hearing and of speech, are enabled to communicate their ideas in writing, and to hold converse by signs. The author of *Deaf and Dumb* has constructed a drama, full of interesting incidents, which conducts a helpless orphan to the recovery of honours and estates, of which he had been criminally deprived, by the artifices of a near, but unnatural relation. This is effected by the active interference of the benevolent abbe L'Epee. It is said that the return of the abbe Sicard, the present instructor of the deaf and dumb was, in a great measure, owing to the interest excited at Paris, on the representation of this play. It was received, by a Philadelphia audience, with repeated and unusual shouts of well-merited applause. It was excellently performed. Mr. Cain supported the character of St. Alme, with unusual energy and effect, and his excellence increased with the increasing energy of the scene. Mr. Wignell was an expressive representative of the criminal but repentant Dupré. Warren and Wood were correct and animated in their respective characters of Darlemont and Franval, and Mr. Fullerton was respectable in the abbe L'Epee. The serious cast of characters, sustained by their efforts, was happily relieved by the interesting naivete of miss Westray, in Marianne, and the laughable absurdities of Bernard, in Dominique.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Four other numbers of Mr. Carr's *Musical Journal* have appeared since our last review. The vocal department is unusually rich. Two of the songs may be selected as master-pieces in their respective styles. The finished elegance of the "Silken Cord," and the charming simplicity of "I have a little Heart," can scarcely be exceeded. But we meet with other vocal compositions of real excellence. "Sweet Music, Tink a Tank," and "Oh red look'd the Sun," are truly characteristic melodies, and the latter is sweetly pathetic. "From these Roseate Bowers Aurora" is pleasing, although not a very novel modulation, and the taste of the composer of "A rose from her Bosom had strayed," is visible in the delicate accompaniment to "Oh had I the Wings of an Eagle I'd fly."

The instrumental section contains a beautiful Irish melody, with variations, and three specimens of East Indian airs, which, as the editor justly remarks, may be considered as musical curiosities.

Upon the whole, we are much gratified with the increasing excellence of the *Musical Miscellany*; and would only remind Mr. Carr, that the third volume of the *Musical Journal* contains, hitherto, only one composition of his own.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE subsequent ironical preference of *artificial* to genuine blushes, and of *white lead* to the "candid hue of innocence," is one of the most poignant satires ever uttered against a vain and ruinous system of deception, practised by cheating coquettes, and by which no one is deceived:

The superiority of *artificial* to natural beauty will appear in all its dignity, if we contrast the permanent bloom of the former, with the unfashionable blushings of the latter. A truly modest woman, whose delicate organization delineates every strong emotion in her expressive face, must appear a singular being in the eyes of those modish females, whose faces wear one unchangeable smile. The aspect of the modest woman is like the *Aurora Borealis*, while her blushes alternately flash and fade; but the countenance of the accomplished

lady, decorated with cosmetics, resembles the sun, and shines with *unfading* glory!

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the earliest English poet, who is entitled to the honour of a classic in the language, the great improver of its versification, and enricher of its diction, was born, probably at London, in 1328. Notwithstanding the researches of his numerous biographers, his parentage, and the circumstances of his education and early life, remain involved in obscurity.

It is generally agreed, that he studied in both universities, first in Cambridge, then in Oxford; yet his most learned commentator, Mr. Tyrwhit, seems to think these facts very uncertain. That he acquired a very enlarged acquaintance, with the scholastic learning of the age is, however, sufficiently proved by his writings; and he further improved himself, by travels through France and the Low-countries. On his return, he is supposed to have, for a time, pursued the study of law, at the Temple; but his final destination was the court, where he first obtained the post of *valetus*, or yeoman to the king, Edward III.

He had already distinguished himself as a poet, a quality that was likely to recommend him to that magnificent prince, who was a patron of letters. He seems, however, to have placed the chief hopes of his fortune, on the friendship of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, with whose family he formed an intimate connection, though not of the most creditable kind.

The duke entertained, as governess to his children, Catharine, a native of Hainault, who came over with his duchess, and afterwards was the widow of sir Hugh Swynford. This lady was the favourite mistress of John of Gaunt, by whom she had several children. She had a sister, Philippa, a favourite also, with both the duke and duchess, who recommended her to Chaucer for a wife. He married her in 1360, and, thenceforth, made a speedy progress at court. We find him, some years after, gratified with an annuity from the exchequer, of twenty marks, which sum was doubled, on his being appointed gentleman of the king's privy-chamber.

In 1372, he was sent, together with some other persons, as a commissioner to treat with the republic of Genoa, on a matter of public concern.... Soon after his return, he was rewarded with the lucrative post of comptroller of the customs, in the port of London, for wool and hides; and various other pecuniary favours were conferred upon him, which enabled him to live in a dignified style. These public employments, however, did not cause him to renounce his literary pursuits, for several of his poems were written during the period of his prosperity and court attendance. Still he seems to have considered the duke of Lancaster as his peculiar patron, in whose political schemes he thought himself bound to enter, as a faithful and zealous dependent. The duke having espoused the cause of the reformer, Wickliffe, Chaucer employed his pen in exposing the vices and ignorance of the clergy.

The last public employment he bore in Edward's reign, was that of a commissioner, to manage a treaty with the king of France. On the succession of young Richard to the crown, in 1377, the duke of Lancaster, for a time, obtained the chief share in the administration, and Chaucer might reasonably expect to reap the benefit of his patron's interest.

We find, at the beginning of this reign, a record of the renewal of some grants made to him in the former reign, yet it seems as if he lost his office of comptroller of the customs. And it is certain, that his affairs fell into disorder at this

time, since he was obliged to have recourse to the king's protection against his creditors. The duke of Lancaster himself, in a few years, lost much of his credit with the king and people, from his patronage of the Wickliffites, who were thought the authors of the popular commotions which disturbed the kingdom. The city of London was divided into two parties, one favouring reformation, the other adhering to the clergy. Chaucer, who acted with the former, made himself so obnoxious, that sir Robert Knolles, whom the king sent to suppress disturbances, resolved to apprehend him.

Obtaining timely notice of his danger, he fled to Hainault, and thence to Zealand, where he lived some time in concealment, and in great distress. Returning privately to England, to avoid starving, he was seized and sent to prison, where he was treated with great rigour. Offers of pardon, however, were made him, upon a full disclosure of all he knew, concerning the designs of his party, with which he thought proper to comply, and thus obtained his liberty, but accompanied with a heavy load of obloquy.

The duke of Lancaster withdrew his countenance from him; and so low was he reduced, that he sold his pensions, and retired to Woodstock, which had been a favourite residence with him, during the time of his prosperity. Here he calmly employed himself in revising and correcting his writings, applying to use those stores of philosophy, which study and reflection had enabled him to accumulate. In this retreat, he passed the remainder of his life, except the two last years of it, which he spent at Dunnington Castle.

The return of the duke of Lancaster to court, and his marriage with his old mistress, Catharine Swynford, after seeming to have deserted her, were favourable circumstances to the fortune of Chaucer, who obtained a renewal of his annuity and protection, and the grant of a pipe of wine annually, from the customs of the port of London. By these advantages, his declining years were cheered and comforted.

The succession of Henry IV, the son of his patron, to the crown, was attended with the renewal of his grants, and the addition of forty marks per annum, during life. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that he was poet-laureat to this king, or either of the two preceding, since that office was not then in being. A necessity of soliciting his causes in the metropolis, brought him from his retirement, soon after the commencement of the new reign, which he did not long survive. He died in 1400, at the age of seventy-two, and was interred in Westminster abbey.

From the preceding sketch of Chaucer's life, it appears that he was fully as much the man of the world, as the student; and to the variety of scenes in which he bore a part, is to be attributed the varied character of his writings. As a courtier, a traveller, and a man of pleasure, he acquired an air of gallantry, and a talent for rich and elegant description, which distinguished him from the dry and scholastic writers of this nascent period of English poetry; at the same time, a fund of serious reading, joined with the many occasions he had for the exercise of sober reflection, rendered him fit to sustain the part of the divine or philosopher.

Of his voluminous works, by much the greater number are translations or imitations from the French and Italian writers; and the accuracy of modern inquiry has detected him as a borrower, in several instances, where he had formerly been thought original. It is, therefore, as the enricher of his native tongue, by new forms of diction and versification, that his merit is to be estimated, rather than as a poetical inventor. With respect to his language, indeed, some critics have as much blamed him for corrupting it, with a large admixture of French, as others have praised him for improving its copiousness.

Mr. Tyrwhit, in an admirable essay on Chaucer's language and versification (prefixed to the fourth volume of his edition of the *Canterbury Tales*), has taken a middle opinion, and has endeavoured to show, that the mixture of French words in the English language, whether a corruption or an improvement, had gradually been taking place, long before the age of Chaucer, though he, as a great translator from the French, might more freely have borrowed words from that language, than his contemporary writers. In his versification, he appears, to the same critic, to have been more decidedly an innovator or improver; and, in particular, the introduction of heroic measure into English verse is ascribed to him. In the use of this, he has many lines, as correct and harmonious as could be written at the present day; the greater part, however, read according to the modern prosody and pronunciation, seem almost totally destitute of measure.

Mr. Tyrwhit has, very ingeniously, attempted to reconcile this apparent contradiction in the metrical system of Chaucer, by showing the great changes in our prosody, that have taken place since his time, especially in the disuse of adding a syllable for the plural number, and in the quiescence of the final *e*. Notwithstanding these allowances, however, it is impossible to give that regularity to Chaucer's measure, which we find in modern English verse, but which was not attained till some centuries after Chaucer wrote.

But there is nothing in which our author more excels his contemporaries, than in possessing that *true poetical character*, of which they are almost totally void. In many of his tales are to be found (mixed, doubtless, with much of meaner matter) strong and splendid imagery, displayed in glowing and elegant diction. He both conceives and expresses things like a poet; and, where a mere copyist in the subject, he often attains the force of an original, by his manner. He has also shown himself capable of that universality which denotes superior talents; and has accommodated his style to the pathetic and sublime, as happily as to the humorous and satirical. That he has the defects of his age, coarseness, tediousness, and want of taste, is not to be wondered at; to have escaped them, would have been almost a miracle.

His pieces are so numerous, that a catalogue of them would prove tiresome. The more juvenile ones are mostly upon topics of love and gallantry. He translated the famous "Romaunt of the Rose of John de Meun," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Palamon and Arcite," from Boccace. In maturer age, he gave a prose translation of Boethius "De Consolatione Philosophiæ;" and one of his latest works was a "Treatise on the Astrolabe," compiled for the instruction of his young son, Lewis, then a student at Oxford. But the most considerable and famous work of Chaucer, is his "Canterbury Tales," a set of stories connected by the fiction of their being told by a company, met at an inn in Southwark, for the purpose of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury.

These tales are very various in their subject; heroic and romantic, satirical, humorous, and moral. The merit of some of them has caused them to be modernised by our best versifiers; and the majestic Dryden has not disdained to transplant a few into the choicest of his poetical parterres. The prologue to these tales is one of the most curious and valuable memorials of the age. It contains a description of all the personages forming the pilgrim train, among whom are individuals of the most remarkable characters, of which society was then composed, both male and female. These are delineated with a strength and precision, that can scarcely be surpassed, and form a group highly interesting to the student of manners,

The works of Chaucer have often been edited, from the time of Caxton to the present age. The last complete edition is that of Mr. Urry; but the Canterbury Tales have been published separately by Mr. Tyrwhit, in five volumes, octavo, 1775, 1778, in a manner much superior to that of any preceding critic, who has employed himself on this ancient author.

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED,
NUMBER VII.

THE next exceptionable feature in the Message, is the proposal to abolish all restriction on naturalization, arising from a previous residence. In this the President is not more at variance with the concurrent maxims of all commentators on popular governments, than he is with himself. The Notes on Virginia are in direct contradiction to the Message, and furnish us with strong reasons against the policy now recommended. The passage alluded to is here presented: Speaking of the population of America, Mr. Jefferson there says, "Here I will beg leave to propose a doubt. The present desire of America, is to produce rapid population, by as great importations of foreigners as possible. But is this founded in good policy?" "Are there no inconveniences to be thrown into the scale, against the advantage expected from a multiplication of numbers, by the importation of foreigners? It is for the happiness of those united in society, to harmonize as much as possible, in matters which they must of necessity transact together. Civil government being the sole object of forming societies, its administration must be conducted by common consent. Every species of government has its specific principles: Ours, perhaps, are more peculiar than those of any other in the universe. It is a composition of the freest principles of the English Constitution, with others, derived from natural right and reason. To these, nothing can be more opposed than the maxims of absolute monarchies. Yet from such, we are to expect the greatest number of emigrants. They will bring with them the principles of the governments they leave, imbibed in their early youth; or if able to throw them off, it will be in exchange for an unbounded licentiousness, passing, as is usual, from one extreme to another. It would be a miracle were they to stop precisely at the point of temperate liberty. Their principles with their language, they will transmit to their children. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us in the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its direction, and render it a heterogeneous, incoherent, distracted mass. I may appeal to experience, during the present contest, for a verification of these conjectures: but if they be not certain in event, are they not possible, are they not probable? Is it not safer to wait with patience for the attainment of any degree of population desired or expected? May not our government be more homogeneous, more peaceable, more durable? Suppose 20 millions of republican Americans, thrown all of a sudden into France, what would be the condition of that kingdom? If it would be more turbulent, less happy, less strong, we may believe that the addition of half a million of foreigners, to our present numbers, would produce a similar effect here." Thus wrote Mr. Jefferson in 1781—Behold the reverse of the medal. The Message of the President contains the following sentiments, "A denial of citizenship under a residence of 14 years, is a denial to a great proportion of those who ask it, and controuls a policy pursued from their first settlement, by many of these states,

and still believed of consequence to their prosperity. And shall we refuse to the unhappy fugitives, from distress, that hospitality which the savages of the wilderness extended to our fathers arriving in this land? Shall oppressed humanity find no asylum on this globe? Might not the general character and capabilities of a citizen, be safely communicated to every one manifesting a bona fide purpose of embarking his life and fortune permanently with us?"

But if gratitude can be allowed to form an excuse for inconsistency in a public character, in *The Man of the People*; a strong plea of this sort may be urged in behalf of our President. It is certain that had the late election been decided entirely by native citizens, had foreign auxiliaries been rejected on both sides, the man who ostentatiously vaunts that the doors of public honor and confidence have been burst open to him, would not now have been at the head of the American nation. Such a proof then of virtuous discernment in the oppressed fugitives, had an imperious claim on him to a grateful return, and without supposing any very uncommon share of self-love, would naturally be a strong reason for a revolution in his opinions.

The pathetic and plaintive exclamations by which the sentiment is enforced, might be liable to much criticism, if we are to consider it in any other light, than as a flourish of rhetoric. It might be asked in return, does the right to asylum or hospitality carry with it the right to suffrage and sovereignty? And what indeed was the courteous reception which was given to our forefathers, by the savages of the wilderness? When did these humane and philanthropic savages exercise the policy of incorporating strangers among themselves, on their first arrival in the country? When did they admit them into their huts, to make part of their families, and when did they distinguish them by making them their sachems? Our histories and traditions have been more than apocryphal, if any thing like this kind and gentle treatment was really lavished by the much-believed savages upon our thankless forefathers. But the remark occurs, had it all been true, prudence inclines to trace the history farther, and ask what has become of the nations of savages who exercised this policy? And who now occupies the territory which they then inhabited? Perhaps a useful lesson might be drawn from this very reflection.

But we may venture to ask what does the President really mean, by insinuating that we treat aliens coming to this country, with inhospitality? Do we not permit them quietly to land on our shores? Do we not protect them equally with our own citizens, in their persons and reputation; in the acquisition and enjoyment of property? Are not our courts of justice open for them to seek redress of injuries? And are they not permitted peaceably to return to their own country whenever they please, and to carry with them all their effects? What then means this worse than idle declamation?

The impolicy of admitting foreigners to an immediate and unreserved participation in the right of suffrage, or in the sovereignty of a Republic, is as much a received axiom as any thing in the science of politics, and is verified by the experience of all ages. Among other instances, it is known, that hardly any thing contributed more to the downfall of Rome, than her precipitate communication of the privileges of citizenship to the inhabitants of Italy at large. And how terribly was Syracuse scourged by perpetual seditions, when, after the overthrow of the tyrants, a great number of foreigners were suddenly admitted to the rights of citizenship? Not only does ancient but modern, and even domestic history furnish evidence of what may be expected from the dis-

positions of foreigners, when they get too early footing in a country. Who wields the sceptre of France, and has erected a Despotism on the ruins of a Republic? A foreigner.—Who rules the councils of our own ill-fated, unhappy country? And who stimulates persecution on the heads of its citizens, for daring to maintain an opinion, and for exercising the rights of suffrage? A foreigner?—Where is the virtuous pride that once distinguished Americans?—Where the indignant spirit which in defence of principle, hazarded a revolution to attain that independence now insidiously attacked?

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Boston, on the second instant, the Honourable GEORGE RICHARDS MINOT, after a short and agoinizing illness. In announcing the death of this most amiable man and upright magistrate, we cannot omit to remark the deep regret and pointed interest, which universally prevail, in contemplating the loss of this invaluable character: a man, in whom wisdom and worth were so happily displayed, that all parties have strove which shall praise him most. This gentleman was born in Boston, in December, 1758, and, after profiting by all the advantages resulting from the best education our country can bestow, was admitted to the bar in 1781. As he possessed a delicacy and temperament ill suited to that tumultuous and jarring profession, he early left the wrangling of the forum, to exercise his talents and integrity as private counsel. In this situation he increased his legal knowledge, indulged his honourable preventive skill, and left others to profit by the soundness of his judgment; and often will his opinions be quoted, when the most eloquent harangues may be forgotten.

In May, 1782, he was appointed clerk to the house of representatives, which office he filled with great reputation for ten years, and then resigned it, and received the unanimous thanks of the house, which were voted to be specially presented to him by the speaker.

In this station he acquired that political knowledge, and temperate system of reasoning on the motives and actions of parties, which secured to him a complete independence of sentiment, during the tempestuous season, which has so long continued to divide and distract our country. He learnt, and deeply felt the importance of the conviction to his beloved fellow citizens, "that to obey the laws was to reign with them."

In 1782 he delivered and published an oration, at the request of the inhabitants of the town, on the subject which first sounded the tocsin, in the eventful night of the 5th of March, 1770, which was an epoch that led to the revolution afterwards so gloriously effected.

In 1788 he published the history of the insurrection in Massachusetts. Of this work, which has been compared with the Cataline conspiracy of Sallust, it may be said, that it was without a rival in any previous provincial publication.

In January, 1789, he was admitted a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and died an officer of that respectable association.

He was among the first twelve original members of the Massachusetts Historical Society....and it must be unnecessary to add, that a man of his indefatigable research, and patience of detail, was one of its most distinguished associates.

In 1792 he was appointed judge of probate, for the county of Suffolk, and sustained that arduous office until his death. For this station he was admirably qualified....Mildness, patience, knowledge, philanthropy, and feeling, endeared him to all the suitors of that court, as the inflexible guardian of the widow, and the orphan's friend. Exalted spi-

rit! thou hast borne the *mens conscia recti* to the chancery of the skies, and, followed by the prayers of the virtuous, art now meeting thy reward!

In May, 1795, he delivered a discourse to the members of the Charitable Fire Society. He was one of the principal founders of that institution, and died its president. This literary effort to aid its funds has been annually pursued since, and largely contributed to the humane views of its supporters.

In January, 1799, he was appointed chief justice of the court of common pleas, for the county of Suffolk, and the gentlemen of the bar knew best how to appreciate the learning and benignity, that could change the professional arena of a courthouse into a hall of cheerfulness and dispatch.

Concerning his eulogy on the FIRST MAN of his country, and his volume* of the Massachusetts history, it would be needless to offer a remark....because few, who revered a WASHINGTON, or are interested in the historic memoirs of the state, but are in possession of both.

In all capital seaports, larcenies and petty crimes are numerous. To relieve the heavy expense of the town of Boston, arising from this source, and, if possible, to check the evil, an application was made to the legislature to establish a peculiar municipal court, whose business should be exclusively criminal, and by its frequent meetings, supersede, in this respect, the jurisdiction of the quarter sessions. This plan was carried into effect. The court was erected, and in May, 1800, judge Minot was commissioned sole justice. The great number of cases that have come before that court, since his appointment, demonstrates the utility of the system. In no causes more than in criminal prosecutions, ought trials to be prompt, and without delay. The humanity that tempered the severity of offended justice, whilst it excited his reverence, satisfied the victim, that his judge considered that protection was the aim, and reform, not ruin, the sole end of the law.

Accept, dear, departed spirit, this short tribute of truth and love, from one, who early knew the purity of thy principles....who through life participated thy friendship....derived assistance from thy talents, and whose best ambition would be to benefit by thy example, and, dying, justly to anticipate a posthumous reputation, spotless as thy own.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[We publish the following Prospectus entire, not only as it is a well written article, but because we wish to give notoriety to a plan well digested for the public good.]

"PROSPECTUS of a newspaper to be published in Baltimore, under the title of THE REPUBLICAN; OR, ANTI-DEMOCRAT. By Prentiss and Cole.

"It is a truth which can never be too strongly inculcated, or too closely kept in view, that in popular governments, which depend on public opinion, the greatest exertions are perpetually necessary to maintain it in a correct state.

"These exertions, indeed, will not always be effectual. Public opinion will sometimes be misled: but this should not discourage the friends of liberty, much less induce them to abandon her cause; for truth, though slow, is permanent in its nature, and constant in its operation, while falsehood and prejudice act with violence, but soon pass away. The still small voice, which speaks to the understanding and the heart, though drowned for a time in the storm of the passions, will be heard again in the calm which succeeds.

"Hence the necessity, at all times, in governments like ours, of publications devoted to the purpose of diffusing correct information on poli-

tical subjects. By them alone can those errors which ambitious and profligate men perpetually disseminate, be successfully combated, and their misrepresentations and falsehoods detected and exposed. They alone can tear away that cloak of false patriotism, of affected adoration of the people, of pretended love of liberty, under which such men, like wolves in sheep's clothing endeavour to gain entrance into the fold, and to devour the flock.

"This necessity is doubly urgent at the present moment, when a party acting under the garb of republicanism, has succeeded in gaining possession of the government, and has given indications but too frequent and too strong, of a determination to exercise its powers without regard to constitutional restraint or private right.

"The instances wherein this determination has appeared, need not now be particularly enumerated. Unhappily they are too striking as well as too numerous. Some, however, of the most prominent and alarming, it seems indispensable to notice.

"A great number of persons have been deprived of offices which they had long held; not because they were chargeable, or in fact charged, with mal-practice, incapacity or neglect, but merely to make room for the partizans of those in power, and to supply the means of those rewards, which, according to every appearance, had been previously stipulated for party services; a system which strongly tends to destroy the best incentive to assiduity and good conduct in office, by rendering its tenure dependent, not upon them, but on adherence to party; and threatens corruption to the public morals, by holding out the expectation of bribes in our elections.

"The executive power of appointment to office, bestowed by the people for the better selection of able and faithful servants to the public, has been converted into an instrument of party jobs; and, too probably, into a fund for the wages of legislative as well as elective corruption.

"In the dismissal of a judge from office, by the mere authority of the president, and under the flimsy pretext of a verbal error in the commission, the constitution has been expressly violated, in that most important article, which provides for the independence of the judiciary, by declaring, that "the judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall both hold their places *during good behaviour*;" and the legislature has recently been invited to commit a similar though more glaring violation of the same article. Contrary to another express provision of the constitution, money belonging to the United States, actually received by their officers for their use, has in one instance been paid away, and in another has been attempted to be paid away, without any appropriation by law, but merely by the president's authority.

"A power has been assumed not merely to pardon offences, but to screen them, when committed by the partizans of the president, from investigation and inquiry, by arresting prosecutions against the offenders.

"And finally, the power has been claimed to dispense with the execution of laws, under the pretext of their being considered as unconstitutional by the executive; a power which if it extend to one law must extend to all; which completely subverts the government, by rendering the legislature subordinate to the executive authority; and for the exercise of which, our ancestors, in another country and an age when liberty was far less understood than at present, drove one king from the throne and brought another to the block.

"One case indeed has occurred of a nature still more alarming; the case of a law dispensed with or suspended in one of its provisions, merely because the executive considered it as inexpedient,

and intended, at the next meeting of the legislature, to propose its repeal.

"To this it must be added, that in some states where the same party has obtained possession of power, the rights of suffrage have been trampled under foot; the liberty of the press has been openly invaded; and public officers, of long tried fidelity and well approved services, have been driven from their places, to make room for the leaders of the party themselves, or to provide for their children, their relations or their dependants.

"These instances, on which the Editors will take occasion hereafter more fully to dilate, argue an ignorance of the constitution which it is difficult to suppose, or a contempt for its provisions and restraints, which nothing could inspire but a confidence of party support, and a thorough reliance on that popularity, which determination has been manifested to purchase, at the expence of every constitutional power of the government, as well as of its most essential establishments. They also furnish a new proof and illustration of a truth long since discovered, that no tyranny is so shameless and profligate, as that which demagogues exercise in the name of the people; because none is so completely seconded by the passions, so blindly obeyed, or so free from the restraints of personal responsibility.

"These instances are surely sufficient to excite a great and well founded alarm for our liberties and constitution; and to engage all those who hold them dear, and who do not stand within the pale of that sect in favour whereof the laws are violated and the constitution trampled under foot, to unite, accordingly to their respective means and opportunities, for the defence of those invaluable blessings. When a determination is manifested to overleap all the restraints of the constitution, as often as they stand in the way of executive favouritism, party resentment, or the lust of power; by flattering the passions and the vices of one half of the nation, to gain its assistance in tyrannizing over the other half; and to augment the personal power of the chief magistrate, by sacrificing the constitutional authority and dignity of his office, and prostrating the just powers of the government at the feet of state ambition; it is surely time for the friends of rational liberty, of authority supported and restrained by law, of real Republicanism, to rouse from their lethargy, and to exert, with energy and perseverance, the lawful means which are still left to them, for averting evils of such magnitude, from their country, their posterity and themselves.

"Among these means, the press is undoubtedly the most efficacious. That it has hitherto been too little employed, by those who have defended the cause of liberty and law, is a truth which has been long observed and lamented. They seem at length to be convinced of their error. We hope that it is not too late. But although several presses, especially in the northern, and eastern states, have been established for the defence of law, government and order, and are conducted with a spirit and ability worthy of the cause, yet much, even there, remains to be done; and in that important division of the nation which lies to the southward of Pennsylvania, little has been attempted. For that quarter, therefore, a press on the same principles is indispensably necessary; and if properly conducted, it might be of essential use in every quarter. Such a press might become a national establishment, and the organ and rallying point of the friends of regulated liberty, throughout the union.

"The advantages to be derived from such a point of union, from such an organ for the expression of their opinions, from such an instrument for the defence of their principles and rights, must be obvious to those whose situation and sep-

* He has prepared another volume, which was to have been published this winter.

timents, call them to united efforts. The Editors are not so presumptuous as to suppose themselves adequate to such a task; but strongly impressed with the truth and importance of the ideas contained in this address, and encouraged by the hope of extensive and able support, they have resolved to attempt the establishment of a paper, which, though it must fall far short of their wishes, may yet, they trust, be productive of some benefit to the cause which they hold most dear.

"Various considerations have concurred to induce them to fix on Baltimore as the seat of their establishment. The vicinity of that city to the seat of government, affords an opportunity of attending minutely to all the movements of our political machine, and of obtaining the earliest and most authentic information, respecting our domestic affairs; while its extensive commerce gives it greater advantages for foreign intelligence, than the city of Washington can, for a long time to come, be expected to obtain. Its position, near the centre of the continent, and on the great post road leading from north and south, renders its communication with every part of the United States, highly prompt and certain. Its wealth and population enable it to supply in abundance, all the materials necessary for the support of a newspaper. And it enjoys a ready and constant communication with every part of the state of Maryland, a state highly important in the union by its local position, as well as by its magnitude and its wealth; of which Baltimore is not only the universal market, but the most central point.

"These circumstances seem to point out Baltimore, as the most proper place for the publication of a national political newspaper.

"The main object of this paper will be to present democracy in its native deformity, by stripping off its assumed mask of republicanism: to rescue that respectable and venerated name, from the disgrace which it must otherwise suffer, by its forced and unnatural association with democracy: to shew that republicanism, the true definition of which is "representative government, restrained and regulated by constitutional limits, law and established rights," differs essentially from democracy, which in practice and theory is nothing more or less than a government nominally elective, and owning no restraint or rule of action, except the will of the majority: to defend the federal constitution against the violations and aggressions of a democratic party, acting substantially on those principles, but concealing its true character under the cloak of republicanism; and in fine to shew that federalism and republicanism, rightly understood, mean the same thing; and that democracy is essentially anti-federal, being wholly incompatible with the existence of the federal constitution, or of any system of government adequate to the affairs of a community, so great and extensive as the United States. Conforming the title of their paper to these its great objects, they have resolved to call it *THE REPUBLICAN, OR ANTI-DEMOCRAT*. In the selection of this name, they by no means intend to relinquish the ancient and honourable appellation of that party to which the federal constitution is indebted for its institution and establishment; for republicanism being a general principle, federalism is nothing more than its particular application to the situation and government of the United States.

"Of the manner in which their paper is proposed to be conducted, they deem it proper to say a few words.

"That it shall never be prostituted to the purposes of personal slander or private abuse, they confidently engage. That in discussing public questions and especially in examining the con-

duct of the government, its language shall always be decorous, and suitable to the respect due to those who are clothed with legal authority; and its statements regulated by the strictest regard to truth, they also promise. And as it is to them, and to those on whose support they chiefly rely, a matter of perfect indifference by whom the government is administered, provided it be administered according to the constitution, and on principles conducive to the public good, they shall most readily bestow praise on all those acts of the present administration, which shall be found to square with those standards. Every appearance of an adherence or a return to just principles, which shall be manifested by the friends and supporters of the administration, will also be noticed with due commendation; and it is with the most heartfelt pleasure that they congratulate their country on some manifestations of that kind which have already been made. On these they will ever delight to dwell, as proofs the most consoling, that to whatever excesses men may go, in the conflicts of party, or the pursuit of power, still if they possess understanding and virtue, or even understanding without virtue, they will at length return to correct principles, will wish to exercise in a rational and beneficial manner, the power thus attained; that although men of sense and character will sometimes, for the gratification of their ambition or their revenge, condescend to make use of the little noisy turbulent demagogues of democracy, they will never suffer beings of that description to direct the offices of their country.

"Of candor and impartiality, when rightly understood, they avow themselves the admirers. In their opinion those respectable qualities do not consist in a weak and wavering versatility, or in a state of neutrality between contending systems and parties. He who believes one system to be right, must believe its opposing system to be wrong; and if he possess sense and virtue, he must be as decided and constant in his opposition to one, as in his support to the other. But he may judge his opponents dispassionately; may distinguish between such actions as proceed from wickedness, and such as have their origin in honest error or mistake; and may bestow praise with frankness, when praise is their due: and above all, he may adhere rigidly to truth, whether his friends or his opponents are profited or hurt by it. This species of candour and impartiality the Editors profess, and will endeavour to practice.

"To the strictures and arguments of all parties, provided they be conveyed in correct, decorous and respectful language, their paper shall ever be open; but they reserve to themselves the right of subjoining to every publication, such remarks or reply as its contents may seem to demand.

"To the respectable Editors who are already engaged in the honourable task wherein they themselves are about to participate, they offer their best wishes, and such service and assistance as it may be in their power to render; soliciting in return similar aid where it can be conveniently afforded. It becomes those engaged in so noble a cause, to view each other as brothers, united by more than common ties, and to aid each other mutually, in advancing the great object of their common pursuit.

"For the prompt, regular and extensive supply of foreign intelligence, they have made such arrangements as they hope will be effectual; and although the main object of their paper will be political, yet as they wish to render it useful in a mercantile view, and to merit the patronage and support of that highly respectable class of society, they will spare no pains in the collection and arrangement of commercial and shipping intelligence.

"The debates and proceedings of congress being

among the most interesting of those subjects which come within the purview of their plan, will receive a very particular attention. One of the Editors, *C. Prentiss*, will attend at the seat of government during the session of congress, for the purpose of taking them, and of collecting such political information as can there alone be obtained. On ordinary occasions, he will confine himself to a sketch of the debates; in which, however, it will be his aim to give correctly the substance of every argument or statement advanced by each speaker. Debates of a more solemn and important nature, will be given as much at large as the limits of the paper will admit, or the necessary promptness of publication allow. Above all, the Editors pledge themselves to the strictest truth and impartiality, in performing this part of their duty.

"Subjects of religion, literature, criticism and science, especially the three former, being intimately connected with correctness of political opinion, will claim and receive a particular regard. They profess themselves to be admirers of the old school in these, as well as in politics, and in the execution of this part of their task, they earnestly solicit the aid of those able pens, which abound among the friends and supporters of that school. Their own endeavours shall not be wanting, but speculations on these subjects demand more leisure, and more opportunity for critical research, than their professional avocations can often allow.

"As a daily paper is more useful in a city, and especially to persons engaged in commerce, while one published once a week may be made to contain all that is generally interesting to persons at a distance, and is both cheaper and more convenient for them, the editors have resolved to publish one paper daily for the city of Baltimore and its vicinity, and one weekly, for distant subscribers, which will contain all the political, and a portion of the miscellaneous matter of the other: with such advertisements as are of a general nature."

EPITOME OF NEWS.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

—A London paper, violently hostile to the administration, has the candour to make the following frank acknowledgement of the despotism of Buonaparte :—It is curious to watch the rapid progress of the executive government of France, from the sternness and self-denial of the old republican manners, to the luxury and profusion of the Roman emperors. The consulship of Buonaparte has nothing of the ancient consulship about it, but the name; it surrounds itself with all the state and magnificence, that were affected by the proudest or the vainest of the men that either dignified or disgraced the imperial purple! The prefects of the palace have followed the establishment of prefects of the departments. The office of commandant of the consular guard has been suppressed, whether because it was found to concentrate too much power in the hands of one man, we know not; and the palace of the consuls is, in future, to be under the guardianship and government of four prefects and a governor. It would be in vain to attempt to find an establishment similar, either in its functions or its magnificence, in any of the courts of modern Europe. It cannot, indeed, have escaped the notice of our readers, that Buonaparte is deeply attached to the manners and examples of ancient times. His consuls and his tribunes, his prefects of the palace and the provinces, his pro-prefects and his lieutenants, his generals, and his consular commandants, are all borrowed from the constitution and government of Rome; of Rome, however, not perhaps in the proudest page of her history, though certainly in the wildest range of her power.—The London Gazette

states that Thomas Jackson, Esq. is appointed envoy extraordinary, and minister plenipotentiary to the court of Paris, and Francis Webbe, Esq. is to be the secretary of legation, and charge des affaires. They are immediately to repair to the congress at Aniens, to assist in negotiating the commercial treaty, at the same time that the definitive treaty shall be proceeded in. We need not say that Mr. Jackson, the son of the rev. Dr. Jackson, was minister at Turin. Mr. Webbe is not equally known to the public. He is a gentleman of high literary attainments, and was confidently consulted by the late duke of Leeds, while secretary of state.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

—At home, all men are in suspense, relative to the fate of the judiciary system. The dangerous concussion of one of the main pillars of the constitution, is viewed with dismay, even by the intrepid. One writer has declared, that to annul the present system, would be to murder the constitution, and that, on the novel text of the democrats, such comments will be read, as are written in blood. A profound remarker, in the *Anti-Democrat*, declares, that if, heedless of the general voice, the bill for repealing should pass, that moment the constitution receives a ghastly, incurable wound; and, though she may, with limping gait, drag along a short existence, yet the wound is mortal. Gouverneur Morris has again raised his "voice potential" in the senate; in a very extended speech, has scrutinized every topic of objection to the judiciary; by words of power, and "thoughts that burn," has exhorted the innovators to rein in their rashness; and has solemnly adjured a giddy majority to pause, before they topple headlong over the brink of ruin.—One of the northern politicians, who appears to be well acquainted with the instability of the populace, and the genius of capricious republicanism, has the following pointed paragraph, in a late essay. "But who can compare recent events, without sighing for the inconsistency of the people, and the uncertainty of public fame and honour!.....ALEXANDER HAMILTON, who systematized our debt, who foretold that the existing revenues would be adequate to this object, and who made various reports, founded on this presumption.....to which our readers are referred..... has been held up to the people, as their foe and oppressor, and as the advocate of extensive systems of taxation:.....while ALBERT GALLATIN, who opposed the establishment of the internal revenue; who predicted that our revenues, from existing sources, would fall short of our demands, and who first wrote a book to prove the necessity of direct taxes; vaults into the saddle, that was vacated by HAMILTON, and makes his triumphal entry, as the enemy of direct taxation, and inventor of the wonderful discovery, that our means, independent of that resource, in time of peace, are equal to our debts." —It is asserted in a respectable Northern print that perhaps it is not generally known that not one dollar of the Land Tax has been paid by or even assessed upon our southern brethren, while every industrious farmer, and citizen in New England has paid the uttermost farthing. It is remarked that when Lyon and others are petitioning to have their fines repaid them, and also damages for illegal confinement under the sedition act, would it not be well for the Yeomanry of New-England to petition to have their land tax repaid. The claim is infinitely just and vastly more honourable.—In the debate in the House of Representatives on the reduction of the military establishment, Mr. Bayard very poignantly remarked, that if gentlemen were for reducing the army in whatever degree, or for abandoning it altogether, he should go with them. He would, on such occasion, be governed by the same prin-

ciples which had hitherto guided him. He had heretofore been disposed to repose a liberal confidence in the executive of the United States; and when an increase of military force had been recommended by the President, he had invariably been for it; much more would he be disposed, when a reduction was recommended from the same quarter, to sanction it by his vote. With the Executive rested the responsibility of the exterior defence of the nation, and if the Executive was of opinion that the nation was secure with a force of 3,000, 2,000, 1,000, or without a single man, he would concur with him in giving effect to such conviction.

Extract of a letter from a member of congress, at Washington, to his friend in Philadelphia.

Your fears, respecting the minds of our opponents being obscured by the clouds and tempests of Party rage are, unfortunately, too well founded. The majority now regulate their proceedings at Caucuses; and, while they permit our side to talk, they remain silent and vote us down. Dana has tendered them the homage of his high respect; and congratulated them on the adoption of that part of the French constitution which excludes debate in the legislature, and that the majority are only here to register the edicts of their master. He has also requested, that if the business of legislation is to be done at nightly conclaves, the minority be permitted to attend, and there learn the principles on which business is to be done.

The bill, brought into the senate, in consequence of Mr. Breckenridge's motion, has this morning passed to a third reading, by the casting vote of the vice president. There can now remain no doubt that it must become a law. We shall, therefore, pass the rubicon, and our constitution is nothing but a name. The majority mean also to repeal the internal revenue.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

BLACKSTONE V. BRECKENRIDGE.

AS a specimen of the *juridical* lore of the mover of the frenzied proposition to abolish the judiciary system, we subjoin the following.

"They (the king's bench and common pleas in England), moreover, revise the proceedings of not only all the petty courts of record in the kingdom, even down to the courts of Piepoudre; but also of the court of king's bench in Ireland.

[Mr. Breckenridge's speech.

6. G. I. c. 5. declared that the peers of Ireland had no jurisdiction to affirm or reverse any judgments or decrees whatsoever. 'This statute was merely declaratory of the former law.

22. G. III. c. 53. repeals the stat. of G. I. and

23. G. III. c. 28. expressly declares, that "no appeal or writ of error from any court in Ireland, shall, for the future, be brought into any of the courts in England." [Blackstone's Commentaries.

We have been highly amused by reading, lately, a modern woman of fashion's instruction to her chambermaid.

Lay my head on the top of the drawers. Put my bottom on the chair, and the hips by it. Take care of my bosom, and do not ruffle it. Lay this eye in my dressing-box; and take my left shoulder, and put it under my head.

We have received the *baleful* news of the destruction, by a majority in the senate, of our present juridical system. One principal buttress of our constitution being thus wantonly removed, the downfall of the whole edifice may be clearly seen, without the second sight of a Scotchman.

Dr. Samuel Mitchell, the political *alchemist*, has, we understand, melted his professorship in the crucible of his politics. We understand that the particles of this great man's learning frequently fly off in *fumo*, and that his visionary schemes, for the welfare of his Utopia, will never amalgamate with common sense.

An acute writer, in the Boston Centinel, declares, that, in Gallatin's late report, we look in vain for the creative genius of HAMILTON, who originated and organized the beautiful system of our public credit, and for the classic purity of a WOLCOTT.

That was a spirited reply of one of our merchants, on being told that a vessel, in which was the principal part of his property, was cast away."My heart, thank God, is still afloat, my spirits shall not sink with my ship."

A baker in this city offers *Mammoth bread* for sale. We suppose that his gigantic loaves were baked at a *Salt Lick*, and perhaps may form a great rock bridge, or natural arch, between the mouth and maw of a voracious republican.

Whilst riding at anchor, the CONSTITUTION was lately struck with a flaw, from the southward and westward, which has completely set this valuable ship on her beam ends, and little hopes are entertained of preserving either the vessel or the inestimable cargo on board. [Anti-Democrat.

It is supposed that the ultimate question on the fate of the judiciary, will be decided by the casting vote of the vice president. A morning paper hopes that he will stick to the constitution, with the tenacity of a Burr.

A very delicate procuress, in one of the London prints, thus hints her wishes:

"Averse to quitting a residence to which she is attached, and sensible of the impropriety of continuing at it, with only a servant, a young lady would be happy to enlarge her family by accommodating one or two ladies with board," &c.

In midwinter, it imports us more to anticipate the vernal season, than to dwell gloomily on the deformities of the present. The plan of the poet should be adopted.

When ruffian winter holds his reign,
With many a tempest in his train,
Chasing our summer sports away;
When clouds abridge the scanty day,
And the North wind, plunderer keen,
Hath spoil'd the forests of its green;
Mine be the delightful art,
To make these gloomy scenes impart
Pensive pleasures to the mind,
Or dream of joys I cannot find;
And, flapped by Winter's chilling wing,
To REVEL IN IDEAL SPRING.

In a precious advertisement, recounting the virtues of Dr. Solomon's invigorating Balm of Gilead, we are told that at New-York it may be purchased for the moderate sum of three dollars a bottle; and, among its numerous venders, we find mess. Paff, in Broadway. We imagine that Paff is a misnomer, and that all who are diseased, and look to Dr. Solomon for a cure, should inquire for mess. Puff.

As the celebrated Paoli was one evening walking down the Haymarket, he was accosted by an itinerant daughter of pleasure, who happened to recognize his person. As she was a pretty girl, he suffered her to hold his arm, till he got to Spring Gardens, when he thought to disengage himself, but she still held him, and finding all her rhetoric lost, she at length observed, that, if he

would leave her, he ought at least to make her a present, as they were *very nearly connected*. The veteran started, and demanded how? Why, sir, replied the frail fair, you have been driven from home, and lost your inheritance, in defence of *liberty*. By being attached too much to the *same cause*, I am reduced to the like extremity. We are both *children of Liberty*, and therefore ought to have a fellow-feeling for each other. The wit of the courtesan so much pleased the *patriot*, that he gave her a guinea.

Letters from Washington, report, that some of the president's mice have nibbled his *cheese*; that the cheese itself grows stale and mouldy, and turns out little better than a *slipcoat*. The latter part, however, of this important intelligence seems to want confirmation.

By advices, received directly from Paris, we understand, that lord Cornwallis lodges at the sign of the *Two Palaverers*, in *Moonshine-street*, directly opposite to the noted *Labour in vain*.

A Mr. Hunter has lately wedded Miss Chace.... The happy husband may carol

We jovial sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.

This married *Nimrod*, this mighty *Hunter*, has a legal qualification to be as keen a sportsman as he chooses, and to participate freely in the joys of the *Chace*.

Of the various cross readings, which have appeared in America, the following are the most diverting:

The gigantic ox will leave town the 16th instant, ...charged with dispatches for the French republic. The learned pig would wish a situation in a counting-house, or public office.

Corn has risen this last week....about five feet, six or eight inches high.

If the thief is taken in this state....he will hear of something much to his advantage.

Two mad dogs, it is said....shook hands, and parted very good friends.

This is to give notice, that my wife Jane....will be exchanged for good arable land, in this or Delaware state.

A dreadful fire broke out....but was retaken and lodged in jail.

The Philadelphia and Mail stages....will run a foot race of one mile, for thirty dollars.

All Europe has at length....removed to No. 73, South-street.

Something has lately transpired....and expired in a few minutes after.

Honour and integrity....fancy goods.

A number of the ladies of this city....full length, bronze and gilt figures for parlours.

Came to the plantation of the subscriber, a dark bay gelding....he says his name is Christopher Mentz, and that he came passenger in the ship Neptune, from Germany.

On the 25th, the grand signior went in solemn procession to the mosque....and was caught by the blacks, and burnt alive.

A good thing for the ladies....several busts, finely executed in plaister of Paris.

In consequence of an application made by the chief consul to his majesty....both were consumed to ashes in a very short time.

Mr. J. Peck, to Miss Betsey Cross has been lately wedded, by some of the registers of Hymen's court, Of all the matches we ever read of, this

appears to us the most ill-omened. For, if any inference can be drawn, either from names or things, the parties must certainly be in a *peck of troubles*. Though, perhaps, the good natured bridegroom, when he anticipates being overwhelmed with the endless visits of his *wife's* relations, may gaily exclaim:

"Come then *crosses* and *cares*, come *cares* when they may,
Yet this maxim my song shall impart,
That the comfort of man's fleeting day
Is a smile from the girl of his heart."

It seems now to be pretty well understood, that Sir William Howe was an *opposition* general, and that, as early as 1777, he was far from wishing to reduce America. Many of his officers, even of his family, have been heard to say, that the battle of Germantown was *purposely* lost. It is averred, that the first time he went to court, after his return from this country, he had to his carriage a very handsome pair of bay horses. A person, who observed them, exclaimed, where could the general get his *bays*?...."Not in *America*," replied a by-stander.

What was *gaily* said, half a century ago, by a good-humoured satirist, may now be truly said by the most careless remarker:

"Most ladies have two faces; one face to sleep in, and another to shew in company; the first is generally reserved for the husband and family, at home; the other put on to please strangers, abroad; the family face is often indifferent enough, but the out door one looks something better."

De Ruyter, the celebrated Dutch admiral, was killed off *Aouste*, in Italy. The following epigram was written, shortly after his death:

TERREI in Oceano jam solo nomine classes
TER nunc in Siculo TERRITUS ipse RUI;
Si vera inversum quondam dedit omina nomen,
Nunc RUI-TER nomen verius omen habet.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

THERE is a brook of clearest wave that runs
By the wood side. It is not very deep,
And yet it glides so silent o'er its bed
Of sand, it seems to slumber on its way.
Just where it creeps beneath the hazel hedge,
That shades the old oak fence, I bend my feet,
The guiltless felons of the morning dews!
I love to lean upon that old oak fence
Upon my arms, and watch the little fish
That play upon the surface of the stream,
Or quavering, without swimming forward, seem
To see their shadows on the fine grey sand
Beneath. Here often, while around my brows
The soft south wind is breathing all its fragrance
That it has stolen on its silent way
Up yonder new mown meadow, I have mus'd
Away the morn. The farmers now are ploughing
The field beyond the meadow. They are silent,
Save when they reach the fence beneath the shade,
Dragging the plough right-angled to the horse,
And call, with long, shrill voice, toward the cot-
tage,
That the farm boy, too young for other work,
May carry down a pail of fresh spring water.
No other sound disturbs me in my dreams,
Those idle dreams of joy, that feed my mind
With unsubstantial food, save when, hard by,
Within the wood, the lusty woodman falls
His axe upon the trunk of some fall'n tree,

It hums a hollow sound upon my ear.
Upon the bank, that skirts the stream, an oak
Has lattic'd o'er the earth with twining roots;
Its deep green foliage spreads a circling shade
Around. Here, oft times, at the noon day hour,
When the hot sun rides high, and heats the air
With myriads of dancing, dazzling beams,
Upon some straggling root, I make my hand
My pillow, and recline my wearied limbs.
The robin and the thrush hop round, and oft
They leap upon my hat, that I have thrown
Upon the grass. They look at me, as though
They knew that one, who treads in sorrow's path,
Had learn'd humanity. I do not harm them.
Could I do so with *Cowper* in my hand?
Thy moral precepts, thy pure piety,
Cowper! have form'd my creed no narrow one.
From thee I learn that mercy's stream is then
Most pure, when flowing from a source that dreads
No terror from the object that it warms;
Then most disinterested, most like thee.
I love thee, *Cowper*! and when, often times,
Towards the brook's green side, I ramble down
The narrow lane, along the orchard fence,
Shaded by walnut trees on either side,
That love to kiss each other o'er my head,
And join to shelter, from the summer sun,
The crutch-borne beggar's grey unshelter'd head,
I love to look upon thy nervous page.
And thou must talk most pleasantly to me,
When I, who fondly gaze on Nature's face,
Prefer to fix my steady, tranquil eye
Upon thy "*Task*;" but yet no *task* to me.
And yet it is not strange, for I do love
To look on Nature;....and what part of her
More lovely than thyself? Yet, oftentimes,
I have regretted much, that thou wouldst breathe
Such music in my strains; for they have charm'd
Me so, that, heedless where I trod my foot,
I have disturb'd the sand-mouth'd ants, that toil'd
So patiently to clear their narrow cell;
And I have sorrow'd, with no feign'd distress,
When I reflected I could not repair
The mischief I had done.

There are some men
Who dress fair Virtue, to the mental eye,
In robes most beautiful;....who tell us too
That they do love her and her simple precepts;
And thus, when aided by the press, they gain
A reputation for morality,
While every action serves to tell the world
They do not own the virtues they profess.
Cowper! it was not so with thee:....thy page
Is but a faithful comment on thyself.
Ere thou couldst sing of Virtue, thou hadst known
her;

And not a maxim of morality
That thou didst preach, but thou hadst practis'd
first.

I could not love thee more, if I had known thee.
And, when thou singest, in such pensive mood,
That "*Kate is craz'd*," I yield my brimful eye
To my heart's guidance, and persuade myself
"*There is another and a better world*,"
For *Cowper* too was craz'd.

JAKURS.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 5.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. IV.

MY second speculation, in which I introduced the letter from "Omicron," deriding the cant of modern comedy, has drawn not the resentment, nor the sword, but the prompt pen of a good natured writer, whose letter, without farther preface, I now usher into public.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

"Venite, nuzg!"

MY OLD FRIEND,

"I owe you one." Ah! I think you might be a little more tender of an old acquaintance. As soon as I had done reading your note in reply to Omicron, in No. 3. of the Port Folio, I started up, and who could help swearing? He means me by, said I. Erskine was not more sure that the emperor of China meant him, when he talked of

"The bar pleader, whom mobs call divine,
Known by the symbols of I, me, and mine,"

than I was, that you meant to rank me among "several worthy young gentlemen," with whom you have the honour to be acquainted, who gather catch words at the theatre, in order that their conversation may have some rhetorical embellishments.

"Why!" cried I, in a rage, "where the devil else should I learn rhetorical embellishments?".... And, moreover, if I could get them from any other source, though they were ten times as embellishing, they would not be half so much attended to, or have half so much effect in enlivening conversation, especially with the ladies.

My friend, Jack Studios, who is one of the greatest bookworms that I know, but who, nevertheless, is as polite and graceful, as if he had been brought up in a ball-room, would sometimes undertake to lecture me on my using cant phrases or catch words, from Moreton or O'Keefe, in company. Sometimes he would make me feel a little ashamed of the habit.....but mark the sequel..... Jack and I visited in the same families. I would run on a whole evening, with "Whiz!....Dam'me! Turn the Corner!....That's your Sort!....Dam'me, Dad!....Dash on, Keep moving," and, within these few weeks past, with "Thank ye, sir, or ma'am, I owe you one....Very well for a Bumpkin....I owe you half a one," &c. &c. What was the consequence? My liveliness and wit were applauded, and kept the whole company in a roar; whilst poor Jack, who might have shone in a political conversation with Morris and Tracy, or in a learned one with Andrews or Magaw, sat, still as a stockfish, totally unheeded.

And then, the dear patrons of wit and pleasing talents, the ladies, to be in whose good favour,

has been the constant study of my life, they too would laugh so charmingly. Upon my soul, Sam, I did not think you would show the old bachelor so much, as to give your friends such dry rubs, for exerting their memories in retaining, and their talents in retailing scraps of plays, even allowing them to be nonsensical, when their only object is to please the ladies, and their only reward....the loud laugh of the fair, expressive of their most sincere gratification.

"Well, Jack," said I, one evening as we walked homeward together, "you surely will never again advise me to drop the silly practice, as you call it, of quoting, before the ladies, the most foolish and unmeaning phrases that can be gathered from modern comedies. Did you not observe how delighted all the dear creatures seemed at my wit? I heard Miss S. say in a loud whisper, what a lively young gentleman Mr. Harebrain is! He is very sensible!" whispered Miss I. A prodigious wit! said Miss P. And, my dear Jack, you were no more taken notice of, than if you had been helping the man in the moon to pick up his sticks, after an eclipse."

"'Tis woman that makes dunces of us all!" cried Jack. "I will reason no more with you upon the subject. To render one's presence in society agreeable, and particularly in female society, I find, requires neither wit nor learning.... Let a young fellow learn how to make a bow, with the mind and memory of a parrot, and the grimace and chatter of a monkey, my life on't he will succeed. I will no longer attempt to stem the torrent. I must be unnoticed or laughed at, on the one hand,....noticed and laughed with, on the other. The alternative is before me. Vive la bagatelle! I chuse the latter; and now, Dick, I enter the lists, as a candidate for the palm of folly and impertinence."

"Thank you, Jack," said I, "I owe you one."

Thus you see, Mr. Saunter, I have made a convert before you. When you shall prove that you have made one, I will cheerfully acknowledge it to be well done for a bumpkin, and that "I owe you half a one,"

Your's, till death,

DICK HAREBRAIN.

I have perused Mr. Harebrain's billet, with more than common complacency, because I think him a distant relation of the *Loungers*, and because, though wild, he is gentle. In his vagaries, there is nothing desperately mad; and he seems capable of going to the play, "soberly, as lady Grace says." Perhaps, such a gay, fantastic fellow would think it little better than downright impertinence, were I to conclude gravely, or obtrude advice. But, as I perceive that the desultory character of my correspondent has a broad foundation of good sense, and that his volatility, like the effervescence of champaign, argues nothing but the brisk and the generous, I will venture to tell him, that he may at once be a small talker and a scholar, and, if he will read with Jack Studios all the morning, he may, as cheerily as he pleases, cry *vive la bagatelle* at night.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

DRUMMOND*, a name dear to poetry, has published a very elegant translation of the Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus. In comparing it with the versions of the energetic Dryden, it must suffer, in a degree, the charge of inferiority. But, if it be less melodious here, or less nervous there, still it is more uniformly faithful and correct, than the translation by his mighty predecessor. The author modestly hopes, that

Enlighten'd WARTON may approve the style;
And classic GIFFORD nod the head and smile.

This neat and accurate copy of a great original, is the production of a member of the British parliament; and it is pleasing to find a senator and a poet in one. It exhibits, not only versatility of talent, but is a sufficient proof of mental power. It may be remembered, that Persius was of the school of Zeno, that his morality is austere, and his tones indignant. He is more solicitous to admonish, than to soothe his reader, and gives his admirable advice in the tone of a master, rather than of a companion. As a specimen of a most delightful version of the rugged latinity of this austere ancient, I have amused myself by transcribing, from the third satire, the animated expostulation from a philosophical preceptor, to his indolent pupil.

What, always thus? Now, in full blaze of day,
Sol mounts the skies, and shoots a downward ray;
Breaks on your darken'd chamber's lengthen'd night,
And pours through narrow chinks long streams of lights.
Yet still, subdued by slumber's oppressive power,
You slumber, heedless of the passing hour;
Of strong *Falerian* dissipate the fumes,
And snore, unconscious, while the day consumes.
See the hot sun through reddening Leo roll,
The raging Dog star fire the glowing pole;
The yellow harvest waving o'er the plain,
The reapers bending o'er the golden grain;
Beneath the spreading elm the cattle laid,
And panting flocks recumbent in the shade.
"Is it indeed so late?" the sluggard cries;
"Who waits? Here, slaves! be quick, I wish to rise."
At length to study see the youth proceed,
Charg'd with his book, his parchment, and his reed.
But now he finds the ink too black to write;
And now, diluted, it escapes the sight;
Now it is made too thick, and now too thin,
And now it sinks too deeply in the skin.
The pen writes double, and the point too wide
O'er the smooth vellum pours the sable tide.
O wretch! whose habits into vices grow,
Whose life accumulates the means of woe!
Dismiss the scholar, be again the boy,
Replace the rattle, re-assume the toy;
Repose in quiet on your nurse's lap,
Pleas'd by her lullaby, and feed on pap.
Who is deceiv'd; for whom are spread those lures?
Is the misfortune mine, or is it yours?

* The celebrated William Drummond, of Hawthornden, was the delight of contemporary wits. He was so beloved by BEN JONSON, that he made a pedestrian excursion to Scotland, to visit the darling bard.

That you refuse to listen to the truth,
And waste in idleness the hours of youth.
And you, what arts what pleasures can entice
To wander in the thorny paths of vice?
You, who so lately from the porch have brought
The godlike precepts, which great Zeno taught?
You, who in schools of rigid virtue bred,
On simple fare with frugal sages fed,
Where watchful youth their silent vigils keep,
And midnight studies still encroach on sleep?
You, who have listen'd to Instruction's voice,
And with the Samian sage have made your choice:
Are you content to lose life's early day,
Or pass existence in a dream away?
Ah! thoughtless youth, ere yet the fell disease
BLANCH YOUR PALE CHEEK, and on its victim seize,
Apply the remedy, nor idly wait
'Till hope be fled, and medicine come too late.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AS it is, unfortunately, the fashion to play at cards, every lady will drop her hand for a moment, or cease the inquiry of *what's trumps*, or who has *pam*, to read the following important intelligence:

Mr. Ludlow, of Walworthy, and Ann Wilcox, of London, have recently obtained the king's patent for improved playing cards.

In these cards, the pips are reversed, so as to appear the same both ways; round each pip of spades and hearts, is a line of the colour of the suit, then a white line; and the remainder of the card is black or red, according to the suit. The diamonds and clubs are white, on a black or red ground, respectively. The aces and court cards are also distinguished, by various appropriate ornaments, so as to obviate those mistakes, which sometimes happen in playing. The edges of the packs are gilt or coloured.

By the favour of a friend, we are enabled to narrate the *new* stile of dress, at the *mint* of the mode.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Silk stuffs are adopted for full dress for the winter, and muslins for undress. The *robes de bals à la clotilde*, *à la Hebe*, *à la Syrene*. The Swiss, Italian, and Spanish dresses, are all made of these materials. Among the most admired, for their novelty and beauty, are the

Belles Douillettes à la Russe.

These cloaks are of three cuts, and three different sorts of wadding, according as the wearer is more or less delicate, from rude health, to an invalid state. They are also adapted to the different shapes, some for slender persons, some for *en bon point*, and some for those, who are much encumbered with flesh. They are extremely convenient, and find a ready admittance into fashionable society.

Robe Ronde, à la Hersilie.

This dress has a long train, fastens on the tip of the shoulders, and forms a heart upon the back, ornamented *à l'Etrurie*, and about four inches and a half in the length of the waist, at the side. The front appears like a petticoat, which comes round the breast, and is fastened on the shoulder. The cut terminates at the knee with an acorn. It is of a superb style. The sleeves are short and ornamented.

Robe Ronde, à la Calypso.

This dress is in narrow plaits on the neck. It has two bars, one in the shape of a tongue, and the waist behind is of a new cut. It has a long train. The sleeves are short, and with three tufts.

Robe à la Hamadryade.

This dress is very handsome for riding, or a morning walk.

Chemise à la Vestale.

The collar is partly Spanish and partly French, and bound round the waist, with a cecus *à la Juno*.

Surtout à la Sultane.

This charming dress is open, and worn over white dresses, or some bright colour. It has a train, and is of a very striking appearance,

Surtout à la Hegemone.

This is peculiarly adapted for balls. It has but one sleeve, and reaches only to the calf of the leg, close at the side, and rounded.

All these latter dresses are of Florence satin, Pekin satin, muslin, plain and embroidered, painted linen, gauze, crape, &c. &c.

The corsets *à la Creole* are also much admired as a ball costume. They are trimmed with pearl, tinselled or embellished with silk. Spencers of double Florence, wadded, are also in repute.

POLITICS.

THE GENUINE SPEECH OF MR. MORRIS.

[To-day, we postpone many articles of gay miscellany, to give an honourable place to the reasoning and the eloquence of GOVERNOUR MORRIS, a senator from the state of New-York, who, in this perilous hour, has stood forth the CHAMPION OF THE CONSTITUTION, with a statesman's research, a soldier's courage, and an American's pride. This edition of his speech, we are entitled to affirm, is a correct one, in which the reporter has faithfully followed the orator. As a political argument, this perfect defence of an ancient system ought to convince the incredulous, to cure the prejudiced, and mitigate the factious. As a specimen of eloquence, it affords a new proof, that, however inferior the new may be to the elder world, in poetry, painting, or sculpture, yet, in the art of convincing and persuading men, we have many, whose "tongues drop manna."

MR. PRESIDENT....I had fostered the hope that some gentleman who thinks with me, would have taken upon himself the task of replying to the observations, made yesterday and this morning, in favour of the motion on your table. But, since no gentleman has gone so fully into the subject as it seems to require, I am compelled to request your attention.

We were told yesterday, by the honourable member from Virginia, that our objections were calculated for the by-standers, and made with a view to produce effect upon the people at large. I know not for whom the charge is intended. I certainly recollect no such observations. As I was personally charged with making a play upon words, it may have been intended for me. But surely, sir, it will be recollected, that I declined that paltry game, and declared, that I considered the verbal criticism which had been relied on, as irrelevant. If I can recollect what I said, from recollecting well what I thought, and meant to say, sure I am, that I uttered nothing in the style of an appeal to the people. I hope no member of this house has so poor a sense of its dignity, as to make such an appeal. As to myself, it is now near thirty years since I was called into public office. During that period, I have frequently been the servant of the people, always their friend; but at no one moment of my life their flatterer, and God forbid that I ever should be. When the honourable gentleman considers the course we have taken, he must see that the observation he has thus pointed, can light on no object. I trust that it did not flow from a consciousness of his own intentions. He, I hope, had no view of this sort. If he had, he was much, very much mistaken. Had he looked round upon those, who honour us with their attendance, he would have seen that the splendid flashes of his wit excited no approbatory smile. The countenances of those, by whom we were surrounded, presented a different spectacle. They were impressed with the dignity of this house; they perceived in it the dignity of the American people; and felt, with high and manly sentiment, their own participation.

We have been told, sir, by the honourable gentleman from Virginia, that there is no independent part of this government. That, in popular governments, the force of every department, as well as the government itself, must depend upon popular opinion. And the honourable member from North Carolina has informed us, that there is no check for the overbearing powers of the le-

gisature, but public opinion; and he has been pleased to notice a sentiment I had uttered;.....a sentiment which not only fell from my lips, but which flowed from my heart. It has, however, been misunderstood and misapplied. After reminding the house of the dangers to which popular governments are exposed, from the influence of designing demagogues upon popular passion, I took the liberty to say, that *we*, we, the senate of the United States, are assembled here to save the people from their most dangerous enemy, to save them from themselves; to guard them against the baneful effects of their own precipitation, their passion, their misguided zeal. 'Tis for these purposes that all our constitutional checks are devised. If this be not the language of the constitution, the constitution is all nonsense. For why are the senators chosen by communities, and the representatives directly by the people? Why are the one chosen for a longer term than the other? Why give one branch of the legislature a negative upon the acts of the other? Why give the president a right to arrest the proceedings of both, until two thirds of each should concur? Why all these multiplied precautions, unless to check and controul that impetuous spirit, that headlong torrent of opinion, which has swept away every popular government that ever existed?

With most respectful attention, I heard the declaration of the gentleman from Virginia, of his own sentiment. "Whatever," said he, "may be my opinion of the constitution, I hold myself bound to respect it." He disdained, sir, to profess an affection he did not feel, and I accept his candour, as a pledge for the performance of his duty. But he will admit this necessary inference from that frank confession, that, although he will struggle (against his inclination) to support the constitution, even to the last moment, yet when, in spite of all his efforts, it shall fall, he will rejoice in its destruction. Far different are my feelings. It is possible that we are both prejudiced; and that, in taking the ground on which we respectively stand, our judgments are influenced by the sentiments which glow in our hearts. I, sir, wish to support this constitution, because I love it. And I love it, because I consider it as the bond of our union; because, in my soul, I believe that on it depends our harmony and our peace; that, without it, we should soon be plunged in all the horrors of civil war; that this country would be deluged with the blood of its inhabitants; and a brother's hand be raised against the bosom of a brother.

After these preliminary remarks, I hope I shall be indulged, while I consider the subject, in reference to the two points which have been taken, the *expediency* and the *constitutionality* of the repeal.

In considering the *expediency*, I hope I shall be pardoned for asking your attention to some parts of the constitution, which have not yet been dwelt upon, and which tend to elucidate this part of our inquiry. I agree fully with the gentleman, that every section, every sentence, and every word of the constitution ought to be deliberately weighed and examined; nay, I am content to go along with him, and give its due value and importance to every stop and comma. In the beginning, we find a declaration of the motives which induced the American people to bind themselves by this compact. And, in the foreground of that declaration, we find these objects specified; *to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, and to insure domestic tranquillity*. But how are these objects effected? The people intended to *establish justice*. What provision have they made to fulfil that intention? After pointing out the courts which should be established, the 2d section of the 3d article informs us, "The judicial power shall extend to all cases, in law and equity, arising under this constitution, the laws of the United States, and treaties made, or which shall be made, under their authority; to all cases affecting

ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls; to all cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction; to controversies, to which the United States shall be a party; to controversies between two or more states, between a state and citizens of another state, between citizens of different states, between citizens of the same state, claiming lands under grants of different states, and between a state, or the citizens thereof, and foreign states, citizens, or subjects.

"In all cases affecting ambassadors, other public ministers, and consuls, and those in which a state shall be a party, the supreme court shall have original jurisdiction. In all the other cases before-mentioned, the supreme court shall have appellate jurisdiction, both as to law and fact, with such exceptions, and under such regulations as the congress shall make."

Thus then we find, that the judicial power shall extend to a great variety of cases, but that the supreme court shall have only *appellate* jurisdiction in all admiralty and maritime causes, in all controversies between the United States and private citizens, between citizens of different states, between citizens of the same state, claiming lands under different states, and between a citizen of the United States and foreign states, citizens or subjects. The honourable gentleman from Kentucky, who made the motion on your table, has told us, that the constitution, in its judiciary provisions, contemplated only those cases, which could not be tried in the state courts. But he will, I hope, pardon me, when I contend, that the constitution did not merely contemplate, but did, by express words, reserve to the national tribunals a right to decide, and did secure to the citizens of America a right to demand their decision in many cases, evidently cognizable in the state courts. And what are these cases? They are those, in respect to which it is by the constitution presumed, that the state courts would not always make a cool and calm investigation, a fair and just decision. To form, therefore, a more perfect union, and to insure domestic tranquillity, the constitution has said, there shall be courts of the union to try causes, by the wrongful decision of which, the union might be endangered, or domestic tranquillity be disturbed. And what courts? Look again at the cases designated. The supreme court has no original jurisdiction. The constitution has said, that the judicial powers shall be vested in the *supreme and inferior courts*. It has declared, that the judicial power, so vested, shall extend to the cases mentioned, and that the supreme court shall not have original jurisdiction in those cases. Evidently, therefore, it has declared, that they shall (in the first instance) be tried by *inferior* courts, with appeal to the *supreme* court. This, therefore, amounts to a declaration, that the *inferior* courts shall exist. Since, without them, the citizen is deprived of those rights for which he stipulated, or rather those rights verbally granted, would be actually withheld; and that great security of our union, that necessary guard of our tranquillity, be completely paralyzed, if not destroyed. In declaring then, that these tribunals shall exist, it equally declares, that the congress shall ordain and establish them. I say they shall; this is the evident intention, if not the express words of the constitution. The convention in framing, and the American people in adopting that compact, did not, could not presume, that the congress would omit to do, what they were thus bound to do. They could not presume, that the legislature would hesitate one moment, in establishing the organs necessary to carry into effect those wholesome, those important provisions.

The honourable member from Virginia has given us a history of the judicial system, and, in the course of it, has told us, that the judges of the supreme court knew, when they accepted their offices, the duties they were to perform, and the salaries they were to receive. He thence infers, that, if

again called on to do the same duties, they have no right to complain. Agreed. But that is not the question between us. Admitting that they have made a hard bargain, and that we may hold them to a strict performance, is it wise to exact their compliance, to the injury of our constituents? We are urged to go back to the old system; but let us first examine the effects of that system. The judges of the supreme court rode the circuits, and two of them, with the assistance of a district judge, held circuit courts, and tried causes. As a *supreme court*, they have, in most cases, only an appellate jurisdiction. In the first instance, therefore, they tried a cause, sitting as an *inferior court*, and then, on appeal, tried it over again, as a *supreme court*. Thus then, the appeal was from the sentence of the judges, to the judges themselves. But say, that, to avoid this incoherence, you will incapacitate the two judges who sat in the circuit, from sitting in the supreme court, to review their own decrees. Strike them off: and suppose, either the same or a contrary decision to have been made on another circuit, by two of their brethren in a similar case. For the same reason, you strike them off, and then you have no court left. Is this wise? Is it safe? You place yourselves in a situation, where your citizens must be deprived of the advantage given to them of a court of appeals, or else run the greatest risk, that the decision of the first court will carry with it that of the other.

The same honourable member has given us a history of the law passed the last session, which he wishes now to repeal. That history is accurate, at least in one important part of it. I believe that all amendments were rejected, *pertinaciously* rejected; and I acknowledge that I joined heartily in that rejection. It was for the clearest reason on earth. We all perfectly understood, that to amend the bill was to destroy it. That, if ever it got back to the other house, it would perish..... Those, therefore, who approved of the general provisions of that bill, were determined to adopt it. We sought the practicable good, and would not, in pursuit of unattainable perfection, sacrifice that good to the pride of opinion. We took the bill, therefore, with its imperfections, convinced that, when it was once passed into a law, it might be easily amended.

We are now told, that this procedure was improper; nay, that it was *indecent*. That *public opinion* had declared itself against us. That a majority (holding different opinions) was *already chosen* to the other House; and that a similar majority was *expected* for that in which we sit.—Mr. President, are we then to understand, that opposition to the majority in the two Houses of congress is *improper*, is *indecent*? If so—what are we to think of those gentlemen, who not only with proper and decent, but with laudable motives, (for such is their claim) so long, so perseveringly, so pertinaciously, opposed that voice of the people, which had so repeatedly, and for so many years, declared itself against them, through the organ of their representatives? Was this indecent in them? If not, how could it be improper for us to seize the only moment which was left for the then majority to do what they deemed a necessary act? Let me again refer to those imperious demands of the constitution, which called on us to establish inferior courts. Let me remind gentlemen of their assertion on this floor, that centuries might elapse before any judicial system could be established with general consent. And then let me ask, being thus impressed with a sense of the duty and the difficulty of performing that arduous task, was it not wise to seize the auspicious moment?

Among the many stigmas affixed to this law, we have been told that the President, in selecting men to fill the offices which it created, made vacancies and filled them from the floor of this

House. And that but for the influence of this circumstance, a majority in favour of it could not have been found. Let us examine this suggestion. It is grounded on the supposition of corrupt influence derived from a hope, founded on two remote and successive contingencies. First, the vacancy might or might not exist; for it depended as well on the acceptance of another as on the President's grant; and Secondly, the President might or might not fill it with a member of this House. Yet on this vague conjecture, on this unstable ground, it is inferred, that men in high confidence violated their duty. It is hard to determine the influence of self interest on the heart of man. I shall not, therefore make the attempt. In the present case it is possible, that the imputation may be just, but I hope not, I believe not. At any rate gentlemen will agree with me, that the calculation is uncertain and the conjecture vague.

But let it now, for argument sake, be admitted. Saving always the reputation of honourable men who are not here to defend themselves. Let it I say, for argument sake be admitted, that the gentlemen alluded to acted under the influence of improper motives. What then? Is a law, that has received the varied assent required by the constitution, and is clothed with all the needful formalities, thereby invalidated? Can you impair its force by impeaching the motives of any member who voted for it? Does it follow, that a law is bad because all those who concurred in it cannot give good reasons for their votes? Is it not before us? Must we not judge of it by its intrinsic merit. Is it a fair argument, addressed to our understanding, to say we must repeal a law, even a good one, if the enacting of it may have been effected in any degree by improper motives? Or is the judgment of this House so feeble, that it may not be trusted?

Gentlemen tell us, however, that the law is materially defective, nay that it is unconstitutional. What follows? Gentlemen bid us repeal it. But is this just reasoning? If the law be only defective, why not amend? And if unconstitutional, why repeal? In this case no repeal can be necessary; the law is in itself void; it is a mere dead letter.

To shew that it is unconstitutional a particular clause is pointed out, and an inference is made, as in the case of goods, where because there is one contraband article on board, the whole cargo is forfeited. Admit for a moment, that the part alluded to were unconstitutional, this would in no wise affect the remainder. That part would be void, or if you think proper, you can repeal that part.

Let us, however, examine the clause objected to on the ground of the constitution. It is said, that by this law the *district* judges in Tennessee and Kentucky, are removed from office by making them *circuit judges*. And again that you have by law appointed two new offices, those of *circuit judges*, and filled them by law, instead of pursuing the modes of appointment prescribed by the constitution. To prove all this, the gentleman from Virginia did us the favour to read those parts of the law which he condemns, and if I can trust to my memory, it is clear from what he read, that the law does not remove these *district judges*, neither does it appoint them to the office of *circuit judges*. It does indeed put down the *district court*; but is so far from destroying the offices of district judge, that it declares the persons filling those offices, shall perform the duty of holding the *circuit courts*. And so far is it from appointing *circuit judges*, that it declares the *circuit courts* shall be held by the *district judges*. But gentlemen contend, that to *discontinue* the district courts, was in effect to remove the district judges. This sir, is so far from being a just inference from the law, that the direct contrary follows as a necessary result; for it is on the principle that these judges continue in office after their courts

are discontinued, that the new duty of holding other courts is assigned to them. But gentlemen say, this doctrine militates with the principles we contend for. Surely not. It must be recollected, Sir, that we have repeatedly admitted the right of the legislature, to change, alter, modify and amend, the judiciary system, so as best to promote the interest of the people. We only contend, that you shall not exceed or contravene the authority by which you act. But, say gentlemen, you forced this new office on the district judges, and this is in effect a new appointment. I answer, that the question can only arise on the refusal of those judges to act. But is it constitutional to assign new duties to officers already existing? I fear that if this construction be adopted, our labours will speedily end; for we shall be so shackled, that we cannot move. What is the practice? Do we not every day call upon particular officers to perform duties not previously assigned to, or required of them? And must the executive in every such case make a new appointment?

But as a further reason to restore, by repealing this law, the old system, an honorable member from North-Carolina has told us, the judges of the supreme court should attend in the states to acquire a competent knowledge of local institutions, and for this purpose should continue to ride the circuits. I believe there is great use in sending young men to travel; it tends to enlarge their views, and give them more liberal ideas than they might otherwise possess. Nay, if they reside long enough in foreign countries they may become acquainted with the manners of the people, and acquire some knowledge of their civil institutions. But I am not quite convinced that riding rapidly from one end of this country to the other is the best way to study law. I am inclined to believe that knowledge may be more conveniently acquired in the closet than upon the high road. It is, moreover, to be presumed that the first magistrate would, in selecting persons to fill these offices, take the best characters from the different parts of the country, who already possess the needful acquirements. But admitting that the president should not duly exercise in this respect his discretionary powers, and admitting that the ideas of the gentlemen are correct, how wretched must be our condition! These, our judges, when called on to exercise their functions, would but begin to learn their trade, and that too at a period of life when the intellectual powers with no great facility can acquire new ideas. We must, therefore, have a double set of judges. One set of apprentice judges to ride circuits and learn, the other set of master judges to hold courts and decide controversies.

We are told, sir, that the repeal asked for is important, in that it may establish a precedent, for that it is not merely a question on the propriety of disbanding a corps of sixteen rank and file; but that provisions may hereafter be made not for sixteen, but for sixteen hundred or sixteen thousand judges, and that it may become necessary to turn them to the right about. Mr. President, I will not, I cannot presume, that any such provision will ever be made, and therefore I cannot conceive any such necessity; I will not suppose, for I cannot suppose, than any party or faction will ever do any thing so wild, so extravagant. But I will ask, how does this strange supposition consist with the doctrine of gentlemen, that public opinion is a sufficient check on the legislature, and a sufficient safe-guard to the people. Put the case to its consequences, and what becomes of the check? Will gentlemen say it is to be found in the force of this wise precedent? Is this to controul succeeding rulers in their wild, their mad career? But how? Is the creation of judicial officers the only thing committed to their discretion? Have they not, according to the doctrine contended for, our all at their disposition, with no other check than public

opinion, which according to the supposition will not prevent them from committing the greatest follies and absurdities? Take then all the gentleman's ideas, and compare them together, it will result that here is an inestimable treasure put into the hands of drunkards, madmen, and fools.

But away with all these derogatory suppositions. The legislature may be trusted. Our government is a system of salutary checks. One legislative branch is a check on the other. And should the violence of party spirit bear both of them away, the president, an officer high in honour, high in the public confidence, charged with weighty concerns, responsible to his own reputation, and to the world, stands ready to arrest their too impetuous course. This is our system. It makes no mad appeal to every mob in the country. It appeals to the sober sense of men selected from their fellow-citizens for their talents, for their virtue...of men in advanced life, and of maturer judgment. It appeals to their understanding, to their integrity, to their honour, to their love of fame, to their sense of shame. If all these checks should prove insufficient, and alas! such is the condition of human nature, that I fear they will not always be sufficient...the constitution has given us one more. It has given us an independent judiciary. We have been told, that the executive authority carries your laws into execution. But let us not be the dupes of sound. The executive magistrate commands indeed your fleets and armies; and duties, imposts, excises, and all other taxes, are collected, and all expenditures are made by officers whom he has appointed. So far indeed he executes your laws. But these his acts apply not often to individual concerns. In those cases so important to the peace and happiness of society, the execution of your laws is confided to your judges. And therefore are they rendered independent. Before then that you violate that independence—Pause—there are state sovereignties, as well as the sovereignty of the general government.—There are cases—too many cases—in which the interest of one is not considered as the interest of the other. Should these conflict—if the judiciary be gone, the question is no longer of law but of force. This is a state of things which no honest and wise man can view without horror.

Suppose, in the omnipotence of your legislative authority, you trench upon the rights of your fellow-citizens, by passing an unconstitutional law: If the Judiciary Department preserve its vigor it will stop you short. Instead of a resort to arms there will be a happier appeal to argument. Suppose a case still more impressive. The President is at the head of your armies. Let one of his generals, flushed with victory, and proud in command, presume to trample on the rights of your most insignificant citizen. Indignant of the wrong, he will demand the protection of your tribunals, and safe in the shadow of their wings will laugh his oppressor to scorn.

Having now, I believe, examined all the arguments adduced to shew the expediency of this motion, and which fairly sifted reduce themselves at last to these two things. Restore the ancient system, and save the additional expense: Before, I close, what I have to say on this ground, I hope I shall be pardoned for saying one or two words about the expense. I hope also that notwithstanding the epithets which may be applied to my arithmetic, I shall be pardoned for using that which I learnt at school. It may have deceived me when it taught that two and two make four. But though it should now be branded with opprobrious terms, I must still believe that two and two do still make four.—Gentlemen of newer theories, and of higher attainments, while they smile at my inferiority must bear with my infirmities, and take me as I am.

In all this great system of saving; in all this

ostentatious economy, this rage of reform, how happens it that the eagle eye has not yet been turned to the Mint? That no one piercing glance has been able to behold the expenditures of that department? I am far from wishing to overturn it. Though it be not of great necessity, nor even of substantial importance, though it be but a splendid trapping of your government; yet as it may by impressing on your current coin the emblems of your sovereignty, have some tendency to encourage a national spirit and to foster the national pride; I am willing to contribute my share to its support. Yes, Sir, I would foster the national pride. I cannot indeed approve of national vanity, nor feed it with vile adulation. But I would gladly cherish the lofty sentiment of national pride. I would wish my countrymen to feel like Romans, to be as proud as Englishmen, and going still farther, I would wish them to veil their pride in the well bred modesty of French politeness. But can this establishment, the mere decoration of your political edifice, can it be compared with the massy columns on which rest your peace and safety? Shall the striking of a few half-pence be put into a parallel with the distribution of justice? I find, sir, from the estimates on your table, that the salaries of the officers of your mint amount to 10,600 dollars, and that the expenses are estimated at 10,900; making 21,500 dollars.

I find that the actual expenditure of the last year, exclusive of salaries amounted to

	Dolls. 25,154 44
Add the salaries,	10,600
We have a total of,	35,754 44

A sum which exceeds the salary of these sixteen judges.

I find further, that during the last year they have coined cents and half cents to the amount of 10,473 dollars and 29 cents. Thus their copper coinage falls a little short of what it costs us for their salaries. We have however from this establishment about a million cents, one to each family in America. A little emblematic medal, to be hung over their chimney pieces; and this is all their compensation for all that expense. Yet not a word has been said about the mint, while the judges whose services are much greater, and of so much more importance to the community, are to be struck off at a blow, in order to save an expense which, compared with the object, is pitiful. What conclusion then are we to draw from this predilection?

I will not pretend to assign to gentlemen, the motives by which they may be influenced; but if I should permit myself to make the inquiry, the style of many observations, and more especially the manner, the warmth, the irritability, which have been exhibited on this occasion, would lead to a solution of the problem. I had the honour, sir, when I addressed you the other day to observe, that I believed the universe could not afford a spectacle more sublime than the view of a powerful state kneeling at the altar of justice, and sacrificing there her passion and her pride. That I once fostered the hope of beholding that spectacle of magnanimity in America. And now what a world of figures has the gentleman from Virginia formed on his misapprehension of that remark. I never expressed any thing like exultation at the idea of a State ignominiously dragged in triumph at the heels of your judges. But permit me to say, the gentleman's exquisite sensibility on that subject, his alarm and apprehension, all shew his strong attachment to state authority. Far be it from me, however, to charge the gentleman with improper motives. I know that his emotions arise from one of those imperfections in our nature, which we cannot remedy. They are excited

by causes which have naturally made him hostile to this constitution, though his duty compels him reluctantly to support it. I hope, however, that those gentlemen, who entertain different sentiments, and who are less irritable on the score of state dignity, will think it essential to preserve a constitution, without which the independent existence of the States themselves will be but of short duration.

This, sir, leads me to the second object I had proposed. I shall therefore pray your indulgence, while I consider how far this measure is constitutional. I have not been able to discover the expediency, but will now for argument sake admit it; and here, I cannot but express my deep regret for the situation of an honourable member from North-Carolina. Tied fast as he is, by his instructions, arguments, however forcible, can never be effectual. I ought therefore, to wish for his sake, that his mind may not be convinced by any thing I shall say; for hard indeed would be his condition, to be bound by the contrariant obligations of an order and an oath. I cannot, however, but express my profound respect for the talents of those who gave him his instructions, and who sitting at a distance, without hearing the arguments, could better understand the subject than the senator on this floor after full discussion.

The honourable member from Virginia has repeated the distinction, before taken, between the supreme and the inferior tribunals; he has insisted on the distinction between the words *shall* and *may*; has inferred from that distinction, that the judges of the inferior courts are subjects of legislative discretion, and has contended that the word *may* includes all power respecting the subject to which it is applied, consequently to raise up and to put down, to create and to destroy. I must entreat your patience, sir, while I go more into this subject than I ever supposed would be necessary. By the article, so often quoted, it is declared "that the judicial power of the United States, shall be vested in one supreme court and in such inferior courts, as the congress may from time to time establish." I beg leave to recal your attention to what I have already said of the inferior courts. That the original jurisdiction of various subjects being given exclusively to them, it became the bounden duty of congress, to establish such courts. I will not repeat the argument already used on that subject. But will ask those, who urge the distinction between the supreme court and the inferior tribunals, whether a law was not previously necessary before the supreme court could be organized. They reply that the constitution says, there shall be a supreme court, and therefore the congress are commanded to organize it, while the rest is left to their discretion. This, sir, is not the fact. The constitution says, the judicial power shall be vested in one supreme court, and in inferior courts. The legislature can therefore only organize one supreme court, but they may establish as many inferior courts as they shall think proper. The designation made of them by the constitution is, such inferior courts as the congress may from time to time ordain and establish. But why, say gentlemen, fix precisely one supreme court, and leave the rest to legislative discretion? The answer is simple. It results from the nature of things, from the existent and probable state of our country. There was no difficulty in deciding, that one and only one supreme court should be proper or necessary, to which should lie appeals from inferior tribunals. Not so as to these. The United States were advancing in rapid progression. Their population of three millions was soon to become five, then ten, afterwards twenty millions. This was well known as far as the future can become an object of human comprehension. In this increase of numbers, with a still greater increase of wealth,

with the extension of our commerce and the progress of the arts, it was evident that although a great many tribunals would become necessary, it was impossible to determine either on the precise number or the most convenient form. The convention did not pretend to this prescience; but, had they possessed it, would it have been proper to have established then all the tribunals necessary for all future times? Would it have been wise to have planted courts among the Chickasaws, the Choctaws, the Cherokees, the Tuscaroras, and God knows how many more, because at some future day the regions over which they roam might be cultivated by civilized men? Was it not proper, wise, necessary to leave in the discretion of congress, the number and the kind of courts which they might find it proper to establish for the purpose designated by the constitution. This simple statement of facts; facts of public notoriety, is alone a sufficient comment on an explication of the word on which gentlemen have so much relied. The convention in framing, the people in adopting this compact, say the judicial power shall extend to many cases, the original cognizance whereof shall be by the inferior courts; but it is neither necessary, nor even possible, now to determine their number or their form; that essential power therefore, shall vest in such inferior courts as the congress may from time to time, in the progression of time and according to the indication of circumstances, establish. Not provide, or determine, but establish. Not a mere temporary provision, but an establishment. If after this it had said in general terms, that judges should hold their offices during good behaviour, could a doubt have existed on the interpretation of this act, under all its attending circumstances, that the judges of the inferior courts were intended, as well as those of the supreme court? But did the framers of the constitution stop there? Is there then nothing more? Did they risque on these grammatical niceties the fate of America? Did they rest here the most important branch of our government? Little important, indeed, as to foreign danger; but infinitely valuable to our domestic peace and to personal protection against the oppression of our rulers. No. Lest a doubt should be raised, they have carefully connected the judges of both courts in the same sentence; they have said "the judges both of the supreme and inferior courts," thus coupling them inseparably together. You may cut the bands, but you can never unite them. With salutary caution they devised this clause, to arrest the overbearing temper which they knew belonged to legislative bodies. They do not say the judges simply, but the judges of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour. They say therefore to the legislature, you may judge of the propriety, the utility, the necessity of organizing these courts; but when established, you have done your duty. Anticipating the course of passion in future times, they say to the legislature, you shall not disgrace yourselves by exhibiting the indecent spectacle of judges established by one legislature removed by another. We will save you also from yourselves. We say these judges shall hold their offices: and surely, sir, to pretend that they can hold their office after the office is destroyed, is contemptible.

The framers of this constitution had seen much, read much, and deeply reflected. They knew by experience the violence of popular bodies, and let it be remembered that since that day many of the states, taught by experience, have found it necessary to change their forms of government to avoid the effects of that violence. The convention contemplated the very act you now attempt. They knew also the jealousy and the power of the states; and they established for your and for their protection, this most important department. I beg gentlemen to hear and to remember what I say. It

is this department alone, and it is the independence alone of this department, which can save you from civil war. Yes, sir, adopt the language of gentlemen, say with them, by the act to which you are urged, "if we cannot remove the judges we can destroy them." Establish thus the dependence of the judiciary department. Who will resort to them for protection against you? Who will confide in, who will be bound by their decrees? Are we then to resort to the ultimate reason of kings? Are our arguments to fly from the mouths of our cannon?

We are told that we may violate our constitution, because similar constitutions have been violated elsewhere. Two states have been cited to that effect, Maryland and Virginia. The honourable gentleman from Virginia tells us that when this happened in the state he belongs to, no complaint was made by the judges. I will not inquire into that fact, although I have the protest of the judges now lying before me. Judges eminent for their talents, renowned for their learning, respectable for their virtue. I will not inquire what constitutions have been violated. I will not ask either when or where this dangerous practice began, or has been followed. I will admit the fact. What does it prove? Does it prove that because they have violated, we also may violate? Does it not prove directly the contrary? Is it not the strongest reason on earth for preserving the independence of our tribunals? If it be true that they with strong hand seized their courts, and bent them to their will, ought we not to give suitors a fair chance for justice in our courts, or must the suffering citizen be deprived of all protection?

The gentleman from Virginia has called our attention to certain cases which he considers as forming necessary exceptions to the principles for which we contend. Permit me to say that necessity is a hard law; and frequently proves too much; and let the gentleman recollect that arguments which prove too much prove nothing.

He has instanced a case where it may be proper to appoint commissioners for a limited time to settle some particular description of controversies. Undoubtedly it is always in the power of Congress to form a board of commissioners for particular purposes. He asks, are these inferior courts, and must they also exist forever? I answer that the nature of their offices must depend on the law by which they are created; if called to exercise the judicial functions, designated by the constitution, they must have an existence conformable to its injunctions.

Again he has instanced the Mississippi Territory, claimed by, and which may be surrendered to the state of Georgia, and a part of the union which may be conquered by a foreign enemy. And he asks triumphantly are our inferior courts to remain after our jurisdiction is gone? This case rests upon a principle so simple that I am surprised the honourable member did not perceive the answer in the very moment when he made the objection. Is it by our act that a country is taken from us by a foreign enemy? Is it by our consent that our jurisdiction is lost? I had the honour, in speaking the other day, expressly and for the most obvious reasons, to except the case of conquest. As well might we contend for the government of a town swallowed up by an earthquake.

General Mason explained.—He had supposed the case of territory conquered and afterwards ceded to the conqueror, or some other territory ceded in lieu of it.

Mr. Morris.—The case is precisely the same. Until after the peace the conquest is not complete. Every body knows that until the cession by treaty, the original owner has the postliminary right to a territory taken from him.—Beyond all question where Congress are compelled to cede the territory, the judges can no longer exist unless the

new sovereign confer the office. Over such a territory the authority of the constitution ceases, and of course the rights which it confers.

It is said, the judicial institution is intended for the benefit of the people, and not of the judge; and it is complained of, that in speaking of the office, we say it is *his* office. Undoubtedly the institution is for the benefit of the people. But the question remains, how will it be rendered most beneficial? Is it by making the judge independent, by making it *his* office, or is it by placing him in a state of abject dependence, so that the office shall be his to-day and belong to another to-morrow? Let the gentleman hear the words of the constitution; it speaks of *their* offices, consequently as applied to a single judge of *his* office, to be exercised by him for the benefit of the people of America, to which exercise his *independence* is as necessary as his *office*.

The gentleman from Virginia has on this occasion likened the judge to a bridge, and to various other objects; but I hope for his pardon, if while I admire the lofty flights of his eloquence, I abstain from noticing observations which I conceive to be utterly irrelevant.

The same honourable member has not only given us his history of the supreme court, but has told us of the manner in which they do business, and expressed his fears that having little else to do, they will do mischief.—We are not competent, sir, to examine, nor ought we to prejudge, their conduct. I am persuaded that they will do their duty, and presume they will have the decency to believe that we do our duty. In so far as they may be busied with the great mischief of checking the legislative or executive departments in any wanton invasion of our rights, I shall rejoice in that mischief.—I hope indeed they will not be so busied, because I hope we shall give them no cause. But I also hope they will keep an eagle eye upon us lest we should. It was partly for this purpose they were established, and I trust, that when properly called on they will dare to act. I know this doctrine is unpleasant. I know it is more popular to appeal to public opinion, that equivocal, transient being, which exists no where and every where. But if ever the occasion calls for it, I trust that the supreme court will not neglect doing the great mischief of saving this constitution, which can be done much better by their deliberations, than by resorting to what are called revolutionary measures.

The honourable member from North-Carolina, sore prest by the delicate situation in which he is placed, thinks he has discovered a new argument in favour of the vote which he is instructed to give. As far as I can enter into his ideas, and trace their progress, he seems to have assumed the position which was to be proved, and then searched through the constitution, not to discover whether the legislature have the right contended for, but whether, admitting them to possess it, there may not be something which might comport with that idea. I shall state the honourable member's argument, as I understand it, and if mistaken pray to be corrected. He read to us that clause which relates to impeachment, and comparing it with that which fixes the tenure of judicial office, has observed that this clause must relate solely to a removal by the executive power, whose right to remove, though not indeed anywhere mentioned in the constitution, has been admitted in a practice founded on legislative construction.

That as the tenure of the office is during *good behaviour*, and as the clause respecting impeachment, does not specify *misbehaviour*, there is evidently a clause of removal, which cannot be reached by impeachment, and of course (the executive not being permitted to remove) the right must necessarily devolve on the legislature. Is this

the honourable member's argument? If it be, the reply is very simple. *Misbehaviour* is not a term known in our law.—The idea is expressed by the word *misdemeanor*; which word is in the clause quoted respecting impeachments. Taking therefore the two together, and speaking plain old English, the constitution says: "The judges shall hold their offices so long as they shall *demean* themselves *well*, but if they shall *misdemean*, if they shall on impeachment be convicted of *misdemeanor*, they shall be removed." Thus, sir, the honourable member will find that the one clause is just as broad as the other. He will see, therefore, that the legislature can assume no right from the deficiency of either, and will find that this clause, which he relied on, goes, if rightly understood, to the confirmation of our doctrine.

Is there a member of this house, who can lay his hand on his heart and say, that consistently with the plain words of our constitution, we have a right to repeal this law? I believe not. And if we undertake to construe this constitution to our purposes, and say that public opinion is to be our judge, there is an end to all constitutions. To what will not this dangerous doctrine lead? Should it to day be the popular wish to destroy the first magistrate, you can destroy him. And should he to-morrow be able to conciliate to him the popular will, and lead them to wish for your destruction, it is easily effected. Adopt this principle, and the whim of the moment will not only be the law, but the constitution of our country.

The gentleman from Virginia has mentioned a great nation brought to the feet of one of her servants. But why is she in that situation? Is it not because popular opinion was called on to decide every thing, until those, who wore bayonets, decided for all the rest. Our situation is peculiar. At present our national compact can prevent a state from acting hostilely towards the general interest. But let this compact be destroyed and each state becomes instantaneously vested with absolute sovereignty....Is there no instance of a similar situation to be found in history? Look at the states of Greece. They were once in a condition not unlike to that in which we should then stand. They treated the recommendations of their Amphictionic council (which was more a meeting of ambassadors than a legislative assembly) as we did the resolutions of the old Congress. Are we wise? So were they.—Are we valiant? They also were brave. Have we one common language, and are we united under one head? In this also there is a strong resemblance. But by their divisions, they became at first victims of the ambition of Philip, and were at length swallowed up in the Roman empire. Are we to form an exception to the general principles of human nature, and to all the examples of history? And are the maxims of experience to become false, when applied to our fate?

Some indeed flatter themselves, that our destiny will be like that of Rome. Such indeed it might be if we had the same wise, but vile, aristocracy, under whose guidance they became the masters of the world. But we have not that strong aristocratic arm, which can seize a wretched citizen, scourged almost to death by a remorseless creditor, turn him into the ranks, and bid him as a soldier bear our Eagle in triumph round the globe. I hope to God we shall never have such an abominable institution. But what, I ask, will be the situation of these states (organized as they now are) if by the dissolution of our national compact they be left to themselves? What is the probable result? We shall either be the victims of foreign intrigue, and split into factions, fall under the domination of a foreign power, or else after the misery and torment of civil war, become the subjects of an usurping military despot. What but this compact? What but this specific part of it, can save us from

ruin? The judicial power; that fortress of the constitution, is now to be overturned. Yes, with honest Ajax I would not only throw a shield before it, I would build around it a wall of brass. But I am too weak to defend the rampart against the host of assailants. I must call to my assistance their good sense, their patriotism, and their virtue. Do not, gentlemen, suffer the rage of passion to drive reason from her seat. If this law be indeed bad, let us join to remedy the defects. Has it been passed in a manner which wounded your pride, or roused your resentment? Have, I conjure you, the magnanimity to pardon that offence. I entreat, I implore you, to sacrifice those angry passions to the interests of our country. Pour out this pride of opinion on the altar of patriotism. Let it be an expiatory libation for the woe of America. Do not, for God's sake, do not suffer that pride to plunge us all into the abyss of ruin. Indeed, indeed, it will be but of little, very little avail, whether one opinion or the other be right or wrong—it will heal no wounds, it will pay no debts, it will rebuild no ravaged towns—Do not rely on that popular will, which has brought us frail beings into political existence? That opinion is but a changeable thing. It will soon change. This very measure will change it. You will be deceived. Do not I beseech you, in reliance on a foundation so frail, commit the dignity, the harmony, the existence of our nation to the wild winds. Trust not your treasure to the waves. Throw not your compass and your charts into the ocean. Do not believe that its billows will waft you into port. Indeed, indeed, you will be deceived. Oh, cast not away this only anchor of our safety. I have seen its progress. I know the difficulties through which it was obtained. I stand in the presence of Almighty God, and of the world. I declare to you, that if you lose this charter, never! no never! will you get another. We are now perhaps arrived at the parting point. Here, even here, we stand on the brink of fate. Pause—Pause—For heaven's sake pause!

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON the morning preceding the illuminations for the ratifications of the preliminaries, M. Otto received the following lines, in a female manuscript:

A thousand blessings wait on *peaceful* OTTO,
Whose talents so much powder sav'd and shot-o;
Who spar'd those tears, as *salt* as wife of LOT-O,
For carcases that otherwise would rot-o
In *Egypt*....or some other distant spot-o.

One of the emblems hung out on the event of the peace, was a *hieroglyphic* of the chief consul's name, which, in less happy times, has been used by a different class of men. This was a *scragg* of mutton, with the explanation under it, *The original Boney part*.

A French journalist, after relating that a young man, who had been deaf for many years, was cured by the explosion of a cannon fired near him, adds, "these same cannon sometimes do wonders in the cure of deafness!"

The long pending wager of 5000l. a-side, between R. Barclay, Esq. and Captain Fletcher, is expected to be decided in Scotland, in the beginning of next month. Mr. Barclay undertakes to go ninety miles, in twenty-one hours and a half. The last time he attempted to execute the same distance, in the same time, he was taken ill, after having gone over much of the ground, and the odds being in his favour. Mr. B. is in training by one Smith, of Black Hamilton, and is in good health and excellent wind. [London paper.]

Among the numerous sarcasms upon the ludicrous subject of the "*big bone*" cheese, boyishly made by the great children of Cheshire, and not less boyishly received by a childish philosopher, we think the following will produce the greatest merriment:

FROM THE REPUBLICAN, OR ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

The imagination of the inhabitants of Cheshire was so much expanded by the contemplation of their performance of so Herculean a task, as the manufacture of the Mammoth Cheese, that, in penning their address to the great object of their bounty, they were scarce able to make use of that sublimity of language, which the occasion demanded. The following is the substance of their address:—

A GREAT New-Year's Gift.

The greatest Cheese in America,

FOR

The greatest Man in America.

TO WIT,

The Author of the History of the greatest Beast in America.

GREAT SIR,

It is true we live at a *great* distance from the seat of the *great* national government, yet we claim the *great* right of judging for ourselves. We have a *great* attachment to the constitution, and we have, for several years past, had *great* apprehensions, that the *great* features of it were not properly attended to: Our joy, of course, must have been *great*, on your election to the first *great* office in the nation, having had *great* evidence, from your *great* sentiments, that it would be your *greatest* strife and glory to turn back the government to its virgin purity. The trust is *great*. The task is *great*. But we feel a *great* consolation, that the *great* ruler of the *great* universe, who raises up *great* men to achieve *great* events, has raised up a *great* Jefferson, to defend the *great* principles of republicanism.

Sir, we have attempted to prove our *great* love to our *great* president, not in *great* words, but in *mighty* deeds. With this address, we send you a *great* Cheese, by the hands of the *greatest* men amongst us, as a *huge* pepper-corn of the *great* esteem we bear our *chief* magistrate. It is not the last stone in the Bastile (*we presume they mean it is not so great as the greatest stone in the Bastile*), nor is it of any *great* consequence as an article of *worth*, but we hope it will be received as a *great* free-will offering. This *great* Cheese, *great* sir, was not made by a *great* lord, for his *great* majesty, nor with a view to gain *great* offices, or *great* titles, but by the *great* personal labour of the *greatest* farmers in our *great* state, without the assistance of a single slave, for an elective president of a *great* people, with the only view of casting a *huge* mite into the *great* scale of democracy. The late return of republicanism has *greatly* induced the inhabitants of Cheshire, to treat the *great* characters, who now fill the *great* offices, with *great* respect. We had, sir, formed the *vast* project of putting some *grand* inscription on this *great* cheese, but we were *greatly* dissuaded from this attempt, from the *great* inconvenience we find in paying the *great* expense on *stamped* paper. May the *Almighty* God *greatly* preserve your life for a *long* time, as a *great* blessing to the United States, and to the world at large.

DUANE V. DANA.

"The republicans heard him with regret, and while he *forbid* all consideration for himself, every one who felt for the *dignity* of legislative proceedings, lamented." This is not the first chapter of lamentations, that Mr. Dana has furnished for the democrats. We would only ask, where was all this delicacy of feeling, this exquisite sensibility, for the *dignity* of legislative proceedings, when Matthew Lyon was guilty of so vile an outrage against

it? Mr. Dana only scattered keen-edged words, to wound republican pride....but the Lyon did a dirty trick, for which he was justly chastized, by a gentleman, and had he met entire justice, would have been thrust out of congress.

It is a doubtful matter, whether our president Jefferson, can write one sentence of correct and classical English. Shall we attribute this egregious deficiency in scholarship to the same unworthy affectation, which is said to have possessed Frederic II of Prussia, who would seldom speak, and never wrote correctly his mother tongue? Or is it a portion of that deep-rooted malignity against every thing English, which Mr. Jefferson is known to entertain, that makes him disdain even to write their language with accuracy?

Take the following specimen:—"If revealed religion has not been able to guard itself against misrepresentations, *I could not expect it.*" Make what you can of it, reader!

We shall certainly run the risk of being charged with *quibbling*, by the Aurora, if we continue to expose all the murders committed by the writers in that paper, upon sense, grammar, and language. From the president of the United States down to Tench Coxe (a wide distance we own), there is scarcely one man of the party, that is not in the habit of employing the *true-American* words, *illy* and *lengthly*, whenever they can. In the paper of Thursday, we find the following. "Curious facts, relative to a country, *illy* understood." We beg leave to substitute the word *language* for *country*.

The Aurora-man calls upon his *Hog* correspondent to come and get his swill again. For himself, he don't like, and will none of it.

As many have expressed a curiosity to obtain some memoirs of the celebrated Mr. WINDHAM, the Editor has been at considerable pains to obtain from English journals a correct biography. Hitherto his search has been fruitless. Meanwhile, let our readers accept the following paragraph.

This gentleman is member of parliament for Norwich, and is noted for the decision, boldness, and correctness of his parliamentary conduct. He was a brilliant member of that *literary club*, in which Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, &c. so long mingled, and was most lavishly commended by the former in various instances. As a high proof of his political talents, the following *extorted* praise has been bestowed even by a reluctant jacobin.

The talents of Mr. Windham, as a politician, are highly respectable. With his education, his experience, his powers of reasoning, and his indefatigable efforts in favour of the cause, which he espouses, he is certainly a valuable acquisition to the ministry. In abstract questions, where the abstruse aid of logic may be serviceable, Mr. Windham will ever have the pre-eminence of any member at present in parliament. His arguments are scholastic, ingenious, and marked with a precision, characteristic of himself. In his language, he is chaste, copious and forcible. His mode of reasoning attracts the most severe attention, while it frequently conveys irresistible conviction to the most sceptical. He seldom enters into narrative or description. His mind is wholly employed in evincing the fallacy. His voice is articulate, and possesses an uniform tenour of power. He never attempts the false glare of rhetorical figure, or splendid diction. Anxious to pursue the more solid sources of his reasoning faculty, he trusts to the mere aid of his logical powers to display his arguments. Few possess more acuteness in discerning the weak parts of his adversary's sentiments, or have the power of confuting them with more effect. He is a character of respectable habits, high talents, and useful acquisitions; and impar-

tiality must acknowledge that his loss is as much felt by his former friends, as his support is cherished by those, with whom he now adheres.

Among the many pleasantries, the federal sneerers have invented to raise the laugh at the expence of our French treaty bearer, the following song, the production as we understand of a *lady*, in the Gazette of the U. S. is at once good humoured, easy, and poetical.

NANCY DAWSON'S RETURN.

Since Nancy Dawson's come to town,
No LONDON DOLL will now go down,
For every ribbon, hat and gown,
Consult with Nancy Dawson.

For she can tell you to a hair,
The size, and hue of wig to wear,
When to dress, and when go bare:—
Most knowing Nancy Dawson!

'Tis said, and I believe it true,
Such skill in lace did Nancy shew,
She gained a prize, obtain'd by few:—
Oh! lucky Nancy Dawson!

The prize, the Paris belles agreed,
For Nancy's taste, should be decreed—
A Dog of Madame Talien's breed:—
Sweet pet for Nancy Dawson!

This is not all that Nancy brings,
But many other pretty things,
For which, the Muse in rapture sings
The praise of Nancy Dawson.

The Parisian elegantes do not wear their ribbons in a bow or a knot on the head, but with the ends cut into *horns*, as more appropriate emblems.

"Your face belies you," said a gentleman to a *rubicund* beggar. "Ah! Master," replied the mendicant, "it is not my face, but my landlord's, he is not paid for it yet."

A new discovery has been lately made, which if it should prove useful, will not be entitled, at all events, to the praise of humanity. It is a receipt for the destruction of the field mice. By catching a dozen, and confining them in a cage without food, they will be reduced to the necessity of *eating one another*. The survivor being set at liberty, will fly to the holes of his former companions, and having been thus a cannibal, will fall upon and destroy the whole brood.

[Farmer's Museum.]

The Ladies have just now adopted a *repulsive* kind of hat, which may be called the *Poking Hat*; it has a long projection, like the beak of a snipe, and is a good guard against all familiar approach of those who have any regard for their eyes. It is an invention inspired by the Goddess of Ugliness, and is quite worthy of its origin.

Trotting match.—On the morning of the 7th inst. a black, poney 11 1-2 hands high, the property of Mr. Samuel Shephard, of Brotherton, was matched, for 20gs. to trot one mile upon the Doncaster road in 6 minutes, carrying its owner, who rode 14 1-2st. and performed it with great ease in 4 minutes and 45 seconds, to the astonishment of a number of spectators.

[York Courier.]

At the last *Multon Races*, a match was run betwixt two Hunters, which could arrive at a given point in the shortest time. They went the distance (four miles) in less than fifteen minutes, and took one hundred leaps in their way as they crossed the country. Mr. TEASDALE was the winner; Mr. DARLER the loser, on whom the odds were at starting.

[York Herald.]

NOTHING.

(FROM A PARIS PAPER.)

In spite of the wit with which the eyes of our fair readers generally inspire us, we cannot deny that we are on some occasions afflicted with such a degree of mental sterility as to be utterly incapable of producing any thing at all smart or entertaining.—What must we say under such circumstances? *Nothing*, reply our fair readers. That is precisely what we have now resolved to do. But you will say, that *Nothing* is a very insignificant subject. Is this really your opinion? For our part, on the contrary, we believe that *Nothing* is at present every thing. May not the greater number of the voluminous romances, which consume so much paper, and stuff the shelves of so many libraries, be very fairly reduced to *Nothing*? Are they not made of *Nothing*? Are they not sold, or at least are they not read for *Nothing*? What is obtained from reading them? Literally *Nothing*. How many people are there now a days, who, though originally *Nothing*, have, after being for a moment something, again relapsed into *Nothing*? What is there in most cases in those pretty heads which not unfrequently turn ours? *Nothing*. The young *Olympe* pleads for a divorce from the old *Geronte*, to whom she was married last year. What is it he has been doing during the year of their marriage? Why truly he has been doing *Nothing*. What does the prude *Orphise*, who exclaims so loudly against naked bosoms, conceal under the triple fur? Why she conceals *Nothing*. Can you conceive any thing more witty and spirited than Mr. Sheridan's Comedies, or more dull and insipid than the monstrous farces of Kotzebue? *Nothing*. Is there any thing more unhappy than the lot of an unfortunate stock-jobber, more unfeeling than the heart of a rich miser, more light than the vows of a lover, more dull than the verses of Small Pybus? Still the answer is *Nothing*. You see then that *Nothing* is every thing, and even above every thing, for what is wanting to what has every thing. But *Nothing* has no where so great influence as over the fair sex. They know how to please with *Nothing*. With *Nothing* they play off all their attractions. A *Nothing* vexes and consoles them; a *Nothing* puts them out of humour, and the same *Nothing* restores them to cheerfulness. A *Nothing* gives them the vapours, and in its turn affords them pleasure and amusement. But we will no longer trespass on your patience with *Nothing*; and therefore we shall here close our remarks on *Nothing*!

Two Suitors in Chancery, being reconciled to each other after a very tedious and expensive suit, lately applied to an artist to paint a device in commemoration of their returning amity and peace. The Artist accordingly painted one of them in his shirt and the other stark naked.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE ISAAC SPARKS.

Sparks was a well known *bon vivant*, and devoted his evenings to the purple deity. It was remarked, that, when he got his quantum of the juice of the grape, he entirely lost his power of speech, though he retained the use of his limbs. Mr. Foote was his constant companion in his nocturnal revels, who was as diminutive in stature, as the other was tall and robust. One night, from having been remarkable festive, our chief joker could not speak, and Foote was not able to stand. Sparks took him up, and placed him on a straddle on his neck and shoulders. In this manner they quitted the tavern. During their walk home, they were accosted by a watchman, who demanded who they were. Sparks pointed up to Foote, as much as to hint he would inform him; who, on being asked,

replied, "that he was only seeing the gentleman home."

"The New-England Palladium" contains the following testimony, in favour of the ex-secretary of state; and the Editor of the Port Folio is proud to repeat, in every mode, and from every vehicle, the praise of pure integrity, which nothing can tarnish, and valiant decisiveness, which never wavered or veered:

"The democratic party are very eager to call for accounts. The honesty of such a man as Col. Pickering, though unspotted through life, is not voucher enough for these dragons, who pretend to watch the treasury. They seem to hold it a merit to examine, when they confess it would be a folly to suspect."

"Now is this democratic jealousy a sort of stuff for shew, or is it for use? If it be their holiday suit, their inauguration dress, we, the people, may find out, in case they persist to make every day's wear of it, that it is as flimsy as it is tawdry. The democrats will be soon out at the elbows. If it be for use, pray is not Mr. Gallatin as much to be suspected as Colonel Pickering? The *American*, often tried, and in trying times, and never found wanting, is surely as well entitled to confidence, as the *foreigner*, who, on the only trial he has been put to, was found wanting. If they must be jealous, and they must, for fear is the instinct of weakness, there let them fix their eyes. The man, whose country lies on the other side of the Atlantic, and whose principles, if he has any, are to be found on the other side of the *Alleghany*, is a proper subject of their watchfulness. Yet their democratic eyes, like the owl's, are struck blind when there is light, and are opened to nothing but darkness. They see nothing that is obvious....they believe nothing that is proved....their faith is ever the most stubborn, where the grounds of suspicion are the lightest. From examining the secretaries Pickering and Wolcott's accounts, we are told nothing, not even suspicion will result, for they do not pretend to suspect them. Nevertheless, they will examine. The account of French piracies is thirty millions, that, they say, must not be examined. No questions asked, as advertisements for the return of stolen goods say; let us ratify a treaty that sponges out the claim. Neither French nor Swiss accounts, it seems, need vouching or examining. With respect to them, jacobin faith has its perfect work."

The vice president of the United States combines, in happy union, his duty and his delight. Now at New-York, frolic and free; and now at Washington, laborious and crafty. Wise as a serpent, though not quite as harmless as a dove, he can employ his versatile energies in the most diverse direction, and, like the younger LITTLETON, after convincing or alluring his hearers, by his morning eloquence, can, at eve, retire

"To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Naxos's hair."

The Aurora advertises for two smart devils, of good morals, as apprentices to the printing business.

In the "New-York Evening Post," we read, with full assent, the following compliment to the talents of Mr. G. MORRIS:

"The speech of Mr. Gouverneur Morris is a very elegant specimen of that gentleman's talents. It well deserves the high encomiums which have been bestowed upon it. Were we to study to characterise it in a sentence, we should say, it was argumentative, yet graceful; bold, yet respectful; witty, yet dignified; resembling, in happy quota-

tion, and illustrative metaphor, the manner of Burke, without his exuberance. The friends of Mr. Morris, who have the cause of federalism at heart, and whose alarms for our constitution have, of late, been too much excited, view, with sensations of extreme pleasure, this splendid exertion of that gentleman's abilities. High expectations have long been entertained, that he would produce something worthy of his luminous mind, and we rejoice that the hopes of the most sanguine are at length gratified. He has now given us a pledge, that he will not stand aloof in this period of common danger."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SMOKING A SEGAR,

IN THE MANNER OF MILTON.

PROP'D in an elbow chair, Fumoso sat,
With legs divaricating, and with heels
Recumbent on the stove's projecting plate.
Around his head, in sombrous volumes roll'd
The clouds of pungent smoke, from volute leaf
Of plant perfum'd, delicious with the scent
Of od'rous bean, dear bought, and brought from
far!

His head sublime, thrown back in lofty state,
The ceiling's height contemplates; nor disturb'd
Its musing trance, except betimes to squirt
The sputtering streams of bland saliva off.
Nor minds the plaints of Betty or of Jack,
For brass resplendent sullied; or the spots
That mar the nicely blacken'd, shining face
Of Franklin's economic fount of heat.
While on the mantle stands the cheering glass
Of Gallic cordial, temper'd with the stream
Of limpid Schuylkill, which erewhile he sips,
And feels his soul expand, and dreams of bliss
Supreme, in Fancy's airy visions lost.
In his mind's eye he sees the blooming fair
Simper, or smile upon him;....she, for whom
He almost would resign the fragrant fumes
Of lov'd segar, and purify his breath.
But now Ambition fires his swelling thoughts,
With schemes of public good. He dares to court
And win the people's voice. The senate hears
His voice, resounding in her spacious hall,
And patriots listen, while Fumoso rails.
His hand aloft extending, wav'd sublime
In circle bold.....alas! the blazing top
Of taper sunk it strikes.....the light's extinct!
His knuckles too are sing'd!....the charm dissolves!
His last segar begins to scorch his lip;
The drowsy watchman bellows "dwell a glock!"
Fumoso starts! relumes the extinguish'd wick,
*And sadly silent seeks the sweets of sleep.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

QUIZ.

* A remarkable instance of alliteration!! plaudite locos.
scrib.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 6.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. V.

AMONG those, who are advanced into the vale of years, there is no complaint more common, than the increasing degeneracy of the times.... They look round the world, and seeing nothing that awakens those feelings, which novelty excited in the bosom of youth, they exclaim, in bitterness, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

An old lady, who has the honour of calling me her grandson, and whose goodness of heart calls forth my love, as much as her grey hairs command my reverence, although she can participate in the pleasures of the young, and although her easy presence checks no decent joy, always insists upon this topic, with peculiar warmth and energy. I have controverted the point with her, for the last five years, but conviction has not, as yet, been produced on either side, for the old lady soon grows warm, and I am then silent. I wish to combat this mistaken idea, both for her sake, and for that of many of her contemporaries; and shall therefore enter into a cursory examination of its justice. My readers will not expect that I should enter into any philosophical disquisition upon the subject. I shall take such a desultory view of it, as suits the "laborious idleness" of a Lounger.

It has been remarked, that the extent of civilization attained by a country, may be calculated to a considerable degree of accuracy, from the nature of its amusements. If this principle be admitted, we must set down that nation as scarcely more than half civilized, where the tormenting a generous animal, and finally destroying him, constitutes the favourite amusement, not of the vulgar only, but of those also of more exalted rank. We should also scarcely allow, that another was advanced more than two thirds in the scale of refinement, where, in the boxes of a theatre, the steams of hot punch, the odour of half decayed apples, the crunching of ground nuts, and the smoke of segars should unite to impress a stranger with the belief that he was in a common ale-house, rather than in a scene of elegant amusement. But, not only may comparative degrees of civilization between one nation and another be estimated by this scale; it affords also a criterion of the comparative degree of civilization, in the same country, at different periods of its history. In Russia, for instance, the remarkable regulation, that no lady shall appear drunk in the court assemblies, before nine o'clock, was a proof of the rapid advances in refinement that had been made in that country; for, it is very doubtful, whether, in the preceding reign, the power of a despotic sovereign would have been competent to impose such a cruel restriction. Probably, the inhabitants of that vast empire are now so far improved, that a regulation that no lady should appear drunk, before the hour of eleven, might be enforced, without any great hazard of a political convulsion,

But to return from this digression. I leave to others the task of examining and appreciating the advances of the present age, in the several branches of philosophy. I shall only attempt to vindicate its superiority, by the superior taste and elegance of its amusements; and, by comparing them with those of preceding generations, endeavour to demonstrate on which side the advantage lies.

I have already incidentally mentioned the theatre: let us begin our estimate, by comparing the dramatic writings of the present day, with those of preceding times. The dramas, which were admired and applauded by those, who complain of our degeneracy, although the pruning knife may have been sedulously employed, are now barely tolerated. Even the sparkling wit of Congreve and Farquhar is no longer admitted, as atonement for their indelicacy. In this respect, the gradual improvement of successive generations is particularly observable. The Spectator (if I mistake not), records the licentiousness of the drama as having attained to such a pitch, that the female part of society often attended the theatre at the first representation of a new play, lest the licentiousness of the author might prevent their appearance there on the second. It is also, I believe, recorded in the same work, that a play was not unfrequently performed, in the reign of Charles the second, in which a young gallant deliberately undressed himself to his shirt and drawers; and, what is yet more remarkable, the play, in which this interesting incident was introduced, was written by a woman*. Let the dramas of Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Cowley, and Miss Lee be placed in honourable opposition to this degradation of the dignity and delicacy of the female character.

It will scarcely be questioned, that a taste for reading is now much more universally diffused, than formerly, particularly among the softer sex. I will venture to affirm, that the present age not only offers a greater variety of works for their perusal, but that they are also much better adapted for the recreation of a pure mind. Amidst the inundation of novels, annually poured forth from the circulating library, there are few, however trifling they may be in construction, or deficient in incident, that are immoral in their tendency; there are few that will corrupt the heart, although they may mislead it, by false views of human life. I well remember, that, a short time since, I was passing the day with the good old lady, whom I have commemorated in the former part of this paper. The weather was tempestuous. Two young ladies, who were paying a visit at her house, were obviating the gloom of the day, by amusing themselves with their needles; but she, whose age and infirmities deprive her, to a considerable extent, of that resource, appeared to sit uncomfortably in her arm-chair; and her feelings were farther irritated, by occasional twinges of rheumatism. Silence and stupor appeared to be gradually invading the company, when the old lady desired me to go to a small closet, which was the repository of her little library, and bring out something

to read, in order to dissipate the gloom which surrounded us.

The collection was small; and I could find nothing so likely to suit the purposes of amusement, as some very early volumes of a celebrated English miscellany, the Lady's Magazine. I took up one at random, and began to read aloud the first tale that I met with. I had not read above two pages, before I began to be a little alarmed for the progress of the story, as I have an unfortunate irritability of system, that is very apt to call up the blood in my face, upon any sudden surprise of this nature. Before I had finished the third, I was seized with a short cough; the ladies raised their eyes from their work at intervals, and cast a look of apprehension at each other; and my poor grandmother, before I had come to the bottom of the fourth, requested me to close the book.

I do not wish to specify the tale; it will be sufficient to observe, that nothing could easily be more impure, either in its construction, or its catastrophe. Yet this was one of the earliest volumes of a work, which still exists, and bore on its title-page the same assurance with the present volume....that it was a work compiled for the entertainment of the fair sex, and adapted solely to their use and amusement. If the present proprietor of this female miscellany were to season his work occasionally, with a tale of this nature, I apprehend, that he would soon find a lamentable deficiency in the list of his subscribers.

I am afraid of extending this essay to too great a length; and I feel symptoms of weariness, which admonish me to draw to a close. With two or three remarks upon dancing and dress, two important topics in a Lounger's estimation, I shall conclude the present paper.

I have lately re-perused a ludicrous letter upon ancient dancing, which appeared in the 40th number of the Port Folio, under the signature of Gregory Grisby. If this letter give a just account of the figures of the dances of former days, which there is no reason to doubt, I think that we may congratulate ourselves upon our superior elegance and refinement. Some of our beaux may, perhaps, occasionally break a lady's shins, by a too ostentatious display of their agility in a new step; but this is a rare occurrence. I own, that I am utterly at a loss to conceive, what would be the consequence, if we were to introduce into the assembly-room, some of the whimsical figures mentioned by Gregory Grisby; such as hitting each other's elbows, and trotting and galloping, not to mention the kisses, which seem to have been bestowed in those days, with such liberality. Now, although I am disposed to consider kissing as a most delightful invention, yet I cannot help thinking, that places may be found, more convenient for the performance of that animating ceremony, than a public assembly-room.

With respect to dress, I apprehend, that every person, who has a taste for simplicity, and who really admires the fairest workmanship of heaven, will unite in preferring the simple elegance of its present style, to the stiff stays which distorted, and the expanding hoop which disfigured the forms of beauty, in the days of our ancestors. The satirist

* The Rover, or Banished Cavaliers, by Mrs. Behn,

indeed, may be facetious upon the liberality with which, in some instances, the person is displayed: but this is neither a general, nor is it a necessary consequence of the present fashion. Whenever my grandmother adverts to this topic, I point, with an air of triumph, to a picture of my great aunt, which hangs in one of her apartments, and which affords, to the full, as generous a display of the upper part of her person, as we are blest with in the present day. I cannot help thinking, that much less danger is to be apprehended from the prevalence of this fashion, than has been supposed by some rigid moralists. The display has already lost the fascination of novelty, and further discoveries must take place, in order to excite the ardent gaze. I remember, that, upon the first introduction of the present style of dress, the crowding of the beaux afforded an infallible sign where any lady was seated, who was unusually bountiful in the display of her charms. But this is the case no longer; and, from the change that I have observed in this particular, I am in great hopes, that, by the close of this winter, those beauties which, by their concealment, fired the imagination, will be regarded with nearly the same indifference, as a naked nose, or a naked elbow.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

KOTZEBUE VINDICATED.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A WRITER in the theatrical department of your miscellany, has, in one or two recent instances, involved, in one general anathema, the writings of Kotzebue. This is so contrary to the usual urbanity of the criticisms, which appear in the Port Folio, and, in my apprehension, so hostile to the interests of literature and taste, that I have determined to request your insertion of a brief vindication of the dramatic writings of that much abused author.

In the censure that has been passed upon him by some of the foreign literary journals, I cannot help thinking that hostility to his supposed political opinions, has had no small share. The intolerance, which is shewn on both sides of the question, would be scarcely believed by any, who were not conversant with those miscellanies. Amidst the storm of conflicting passions, taste and genius prefer their claims in vain. They are too often sacrificed, without remorse, at the shrine of political bigotry. The writings of Kotzebue have been treated by critics of one class, with marked severity; and the derisions of prejudice on one side of the Atlantic, have, I think, been too hastily echoed and adopted on the other. I am particularly concerned at witnessing their appearance in the Port Folio; for the Editor is too well versed in that "lofty and columnar work," the Pursuits of Literature, not to remember that "Politics are transitory," but that "wit is eternal."

The objections to the writings of Kotzebue may, I believe, be referred to two heads. He has been accused, in the first place, of drawing his vicious characters from high life, and confining virtue to those in a more humble state; and in the second, of inculcating principles subversive of the foundations of morality. I shall consider these objections, in order.

I cannot think that the first is entitled to any great weight, even if it were founded in fact; but it has not even the merit of being true. Upon the same principles, upon which Kotzebue is condemned, it would be very easy to accuse every English dramatist, from Shakspeare downwards, of rank jacobinism, and the proof, I think, would be found equally easy. If Kotzebue means to draw the cha-

racter of an oppressor he must assign it to that class of men, to whom the institutions of society have given the power of oppressing; if he wish to sketch a seducer, he must seek for him among that class, which is most amply endowed with the means of gratifying the passions, and which would be disposed to regard as a degradation, a matrimonial alliance with an inferior. The poet and the dramatist have, almost universally, represented the humble, or at least the middling classes of life, as most favourable to the growth of virtue. Philosophy might, perhaps, teach us, that this opinion has been too hastily and too generally adopted; but, if it be erroneous, Kotzebue is not its founder.

But let us examine, how far this opinion, even if it were just in the abstract, is founded in fact. With the exception of "The Happy Family," and the "Force of Calumny," my acquaintance with the writings of Kotzebue is confined to those dramas, which have been exhibited on the Philadelphia stage. And where shall we find proofs of the justice of this accusation, in *The Corsicans*, the *Count of Burgundy*, *Lovers Vows*, *False Shame*, *The Stranger*, *The Virgin of the Sun*, and *Pizarro*? Some have indeed gone so far as to censure Kotzebue, for delineating Pizarro in such odious colours, and for representing the Peruvians in so amiable, and the Spaniards in so detestable a light. But the author has not, in this instance, assumed any poetical license. The pen of the eloquent Robertson, and of their own countryman, Las Casas, has consigned the atrocities of the invaders, to the execration of all posterity; and the brutal severity of their leader, justly entitles him to the application of the keen effusion of the Roman satirist, and designates him as a monster.

Nulla virtute redemptum
A vitiiis.....

I might fill up every column in the Port Folio, were I to enter into a minute examination of the story of these dramas, in order to prove my assertion. But the task would be a tedious one, and I would rather leave it to the investigation of your readers, and proceed, at once, to examine the justice of those censures, which have been cast upon our author's writings, as subversive of the principles of morality. I must confess, that this charge appears to me, equally unfounded with the other. I should be rather inclined to maintain, that the dramatic writings of Kotzebue are remarkable for their moral tendency. The greater part of them, either directly or indirectly, recommend or enforce some moral principle. But is this absolutely necessary in the construction of a drama? If no play were to be represented, of which the moral was not apparent, what would become of many of those writings, which are the delight and ornament of the English stage? Where shall we find the moral of many of the dramas of the great master of the passions? Where shall we find it in two-thirds of the brilliant and witty comedies of the eighteenth century? Many of them seem merely designed to exhibit a natural picture of human life and human character, and the moral appears to be entirely a secondary consideration.

The *Stranger* is, perhaps, more exceptionable than any other of Kotzebue's dramas; and the clamour against it has been particularly vehement and indignant. I am in doubt, however, whether the censure cast upon it be altogether just. Two female writers have attacked this play, with all the indignation which generally animates the bosom of the fair, against a fallen sister. Far be it from me to attempt to weaken, in the smallest degree, those obligations, which maintain female dignity, and enforce female virtue; yet I am strongly inclined to doubt the purity and justice of that morality, which would refuse our pity and forgiveness to one, whose fall was momentary, and who had

attempted to repair her error, by three years of solitary grief and repentance*.

With the exception of this one play, I think, that I may defy the enemies of Kotzebue to point out any incidents, which have an immoral tendency, in the dramas that I have enumerated. On the other hand, it will be easy to produce from them specimens of the purest morality. I know not that there exists, upon the English stage, a finer and more instructive scene, than that in *Lover's Vows*, in which the pastor awakens the conscience of the seducer, and stimulates him to repentance. False Shame abounds with the most excellent sentiments; and where shall we find more tender and soothing pictures of domestic life, that sacred scene which is so favourable to the growth of our purest and most virtuous feelings, than in the *Corsicans*, and the *Happy Family*?

Having attempted the defence of our author against these two accusations, I might proceed to vindicate his claim to the meed of genius. But this is a needless task. The multitudes, who have been agitated and interested by the productions of his muse, in Europe, and in this country, and the vehement hostility with which he has been attacked, afford the most unequivocal testimony of its justice. I can only pity his insensibility, who does not trace the pencil of a master, in the delineation of the romantic Rolla (perhaps the most interesting dramatic character that was ever conceived); of the elder Pompiliana and the countess Natalia, in the *Corsicans*; of the young Henry and Elizabeth, in the *Count of Burgundy*; of the Injured Husband, in the *Force of Calumny*; and the artless Cora, in the *Virgin of the Sun*. Where shall we find, except in our own Shakspeare, incidents and situations more strongly productive of dramatic effect, than the interview between the father and daughter, in the *Corsicans*, the father and son, in *Lover's Vows*, the husband and wife in the *Stranger*, the generous heroism of Rolla, in the *Virgin of the Sun*, and his rescue of the child, in *Pizarro*? I could multiply instances still further, but I would avoid the tediousness of a catalogue. Kotzebue is a voluminous writer; he has, perhaps, written too hastily; perhaps too much; but, when the number and variety of his dramatic efforts are recollected, it is, I think, no small praise to him, that he has written so well.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE play of Deaf and Dumb, was repeated on Friday, with increased excellence in the performance. We omitted, in our last review, to observe that the 28th number of the Port Folio, contains a minute analysis of this drama, taken from a respectable foreign print. The performances fixed for Monday evening, were postponed in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Mr. Fullerton; whose melancholy fate we sincerely deplore. This circumstance disappointed a number of persons, who were attracted to the Theatre, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, by the expectation of witnessing Mrs. Merry's first appearance, after her long and severe indisposition. We cordially congratulate her on her recovery; both for her own sake, and for that of the town. Her Cora in the *Virgin of the Sun*, on Wednesday, was performed in her usual style of finished excellence. We have spoken of this play

* The only questionable part of this drama, is obviated by an alteration in it, as performed at the New Theatre, in this city. Mrs. Haller is represented as having suddenly stopped, before she had completed the measure of her guilt, and the feelings of the spectators sympathise the more readily in her restoration.

In a former review and shall therefore, only stop to applaud Mr. Wood's excellence in Rolla. Notwithstanding the difficulty of the task imposed upon him, in following Cooper in one of his most interesting characters, his manner of performing it reflected the highest credit on himself, and fully merited those plaudits which were frequently and liberally bestowed by the audience. The little after piece of What would the Man be at, is a spirited and satirical sketch; and displayed to advantage the versatility of Bernard's talents in the personification of the three brothers. And the parts of the niece and uncle were sustained with much spirit by Mr. Warren and Miss Westray.

On Friday a new romantic drama was brought forward, called Joanna of Montfaucon. This is a translation, or rather, an adaptation of a drama of Kotzebue's by the celebrated Cumberland. It may naturally be supposed that his pen would never be prostituted in the cause of immorality. His undertaking this task therefore, is an evidence that this play is worthy the attention of a liberal audience. It may be necessary to inform some readers, that it was produced at Covent-Garden with a view to attract some portion of the crowds, which the splendid spectacle of Pizarro invited to Drury Lane. It abounds therefore in beautiful scenery, and stage effects. This drama was well acted; it was cast with the whole strength of the house; the talents of our two great actresses were suited in it, and their parts were sustained with their wonted perfection. The decorations bestowed upon it evinced the liberality of the Managers; and we therefore witnessed with unfeigned concern, the melancholy spectacle of a house nearly deserted, notwithstanding the multiplied sources of attraction. The frequent repetition of this circumstance, we fear, will paralyze their future efforts. If the practice of collecting numerous and splendid parties upon the nights appropriated to theatrical performances, should continue; it is impossible but that the managers must sustain a heavy loss at the close of the season, instead of that remuneration of their labours which they have a right to expect from the justice and liberality of the public.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

A FRENCH writer, declaiming against the late Catharine of Russia, has the following animated apostrophe:

O, Catharine! dazzled by thy greatness, of which I have had a near view; charmed with thy beneficence, which rendered so many individuals happy; seduced by the thousand amiable qualities that have been admired in thee, I would fain have erected a monument to thy glory: but torrents of blood flow in upon me, and inundate my design: the chains of thirty millions of slaves ring in my ears; and deafen me; the crimes which have reigned in thy name call forth my indignation; I throw away my pen, and exclaim, "Let there be henceforth no glory, without virtue! Let injustice and depravity be transmitted with no other laurel to posterity, than the snakes of Nemesis!"

While ROBERT BURNS, the Ayrshire ploughman, was young and obscure, among the peasants of his bleak mountains he instituted at Tarbolton a sort of literary symposium, or bachelor's club. The following was one of the rules, by which this band of brothers was bound.

"Every man, proper for a member of this club, must have a frank, honest, open heart; above any thing dirty or mean. And must be a professed

over of one or more of the female sex. No mean spirited, worldly mortal, whose only will is to heap up money shall upon any pretence whatever be admitted."

Dr. JOHNSON, in the following terms, once consoled BOSWELL, sorrowing for his indolence, and despairing of a cure.

Resolution will sometimes relax, and diligence will sometimes be interrupted; but let no accidental surprize or deviation, whether short or long, dispose you to despondency. Consider these failings as incident to all mankind. Begin again, where you left off, and endeavour to avoid the seducements, that prevailed over you before.

Among the wiser precepts of learning nothing can be more useful, than to recall vagrant genius to the course of industry, by examples of intense application, bestowed by the most accomplished scholars. Nothing can be more false or fatal to learning, than the common opinion, that whatever is easy or excellent in composition may be struck out at a heat. Some of the most vivacious passages in PRIOR and LA FONTAINE were slowly and painfully elaborated. JUNIUS applies the word labour to his letters. Dr. BLAIR gave a week to the composition of a short sermon, and when HUME was complimented by a noble Marquis, now living, on the correctness of his style, particularly in his History of England—he observed "If he had shewn any peculiar correctness; it was owing to the uncommon care he took in the execution of his work, as he wrote it over three times before he sent it to the press."

OWEN CAMBRIDGE a most brilliant literary character and as distinguished as Topham Beauclerc for a delicate taste and an ardent love of elegant letters, wrote many papers in *The World*, a well known periodical work. During the progress of the above publication, being one Sunday at church, he was remarkably grave and thoughtful. This was remarked by Mrs. Cambridge, who being apprehensive that he had heard bad news to make him so uncommonly gloomy, asked him what he was thinking of? "upon a very important subject indeed, my dear," said he, "I am thinking—of the next world."

Abbe Brotier, the Editor of the best Tacitus extant, was wont to declare that to study is Paradise, to compose is Purgatory, and to print is Hell.

In the European Magazine for Jan. 1800, a writer in the Critical Department, analyzing a new book, entitled Irish Pursuits of Literature, declares that the reputation of the original Pursuits of Literature has not been confined to this country. It has extended to our sister kingdom, and has received equal consideration there. The present author speaks of it with a degree of rapture, which it has hardly experienced in England, and declares the author to be nobleminded, profoundly learned, and whom posterity will hail as the Seventh Satirist; with all the playfulness of wit, the severity of virtue, and the honesty of religion, unsparingly applying the rod to infidelity, superstition, anarchy, vice and folly; and bestowing the wreath on piety, learning, knowledge and taste,

"In thoughts, that breathe and words that burn."

I am unalterably of opinion, that the ladies, after the perusal of the following article, will hardly choose, for their yoke mate in the "matrimonial waggon," such dull brutes as Budaeus and Turnebus:

It is related of those deep scholars, Budaeus and Turnebus, that they spent their wedding day in a severe prosecution of their usual studies in recondite literature. Their poor ladies, I am afraid, had but little reason to expect much happiness from lovers, who could prefer the dreary researches of grammatical and critical learning, to the high and innocent delights of nuptial festivity. The bosom, which, at such seasons, could have room for any other sentiment than love and joy, must have been too cold for the social duties, and fit only for the damp walls of a monastic cell.

PETER PINDAR, whose genius now resembles an "idle taper, flaring as it wastes," has just addressed an abusive epistle to the celebrated Count RUMFORD. In this unequal production there is much to excite the disgust and contempt of the reader; but there may be seen among thick darkness an occasional corruscation of wit. In his exordium, this worn out bard tells us that his muse "Now to a YANKEE tunes the willing lyre:

Spite of the ingratitude of Cooks and Kings,
Strikes to Count Rumford's tuneful name the strings;
Who from his favourite little Rumford came,
To build on Smoke his fortune and his fame.

In another passage our saucy bard thus exclaims:

"What gratitude, what thanks to thee are due,
Instructing a great empire—how to chew!
Great man, whose fertile genius should contrive
To soften rocks, and flay the flints alive;
And make, though envy unbelieving grins,
Pouches and handsome purses of their skins;
Nay more, but yet methinks a dangerous hint,
To perfect jelly turn the honest flint;
For hence an inconvenience may arise,
To this discovery rogues will turn their eyes....
The felons dread, for robbery, murder, rape,
Will eat their various dwellings and escape.

From these specimens it will appear that Peter's flame, once vivid enough, is now dying in the socket, and that either the caustic poetry, or the cudgel of Gifford has frightened the muse of Pindar away. This splenetic effusion against the American emigrant boasts but little inspiration, except that of want, and although a sparkle glittering or precious may be sometimes seen

"Yet, who for one poor pearl of cloudy ray,
Through Alpine dunghills delves his desperate way?"

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ONE might as well think to describe the various convolutions and grotesque developements of a cloud, driven by the wind, as to give an accurate description of the various forms, assumed by Fashion. Every gradation of hue has been successively exhibited to allure the beaux. When we behold the most beautiful female forms, gliding in our public streets, robed in white, and with their lovely necks decorated with chains of gold, we can scarcely forbear exclaiming, "Really, ladies, this is too much, to attack us, at once, with the united attractions of gold and beauty!"

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

THE more any country manufactures for itself, the more it becomes truly independent of all others, and of course, free from the influence of foreign events, either of war or peace. This is an axiom too self-evident to need a syllogism to prove it. But to accomplish this great national object, requires public patronage, as well as individual exertion and enterprise. A nation in which both

these qualities are united, will soon be able not only to supply its own wants, but will have a superfluity to spare for others.

Of all the articles of domestic manufacture, and general consumption, none perhaps offers more facility for its triumphant establishment than Book-Printing, and the other collateral arts, as the Engravers, Type-Founders, Paper-Makers and Book Binders, which all depend on it for their existence. These several trades, if completely established, would employ many thousand hands, and retain some millions of money in our country, which we have been accustomed to send abroad for annual supplies; and if the American presses were more occupied with works of acknowledged excellence and utility, instead of immoral and frivolous novels, which constitute too great a part of young ladies' libraries, they would contribute to polish, and moralize the rising generation, and to stem the torrent of idleness, dissipation, and extravagance, which have so dreadfully affected every class of society.

The experience of several years has evinced, that we can print books, as cheap as we can import them, of all the common editions. And, although some that have been published, have been deficient in correctness and elegance of execution, there is nothing wanting but adequate encouragement, to remove this complaint, and to enable American artists to rival foreigners, in both these respects. As soon as the public, banishing prejudice, is willing to pay as much for a Philadelphia, as for a London edition of the same book, the execution will be equal; those works only excepted, that are embellished with the most expensive engravings, and which are calculated only for curious men, of princely fortunes.

Pennsylvania has many advantages over all her sister states, for perfecting this establishment.... Her central situation, which enables her to supply the north and south with facility; her numerous paper mills, of which she contains more than all the other states taken together; her type foundry, an art which she possesses exclusively; her numerous printing-offices; her many ingenious artists, in all the branches concerned; and the character she has justly obtained, of executing some of the best printed work, which has been done in the United States:....all these circumstances taken together, form an important aggregate, and may enable her, before any other state, not only to establish the fame of Philadelphia editions of books, but to render them an object of national interest and benefit. And, when we advert to the great inconveniences the metropolis labours under, from the interruption of navigation during the winter months, and the growing competition of New-York and Baltimore, in her foreign and domestic commerce, it will be thought necessary to improve the advantages we possess to the utmost.

It is with real pleasure, therefore, that we embrace every opportunity of giving publicity to proposals for printing American editions of foreign literature; but more especially when the article proposed is of considerable magnitude, as well as genuine merit; and when we have reason to expect, from the character of the editor, considerable neatness and correctness in the execution. Such, among others which we have had occasion recently to announce in the columns of this paper, is the proposed *Edition of the Select British Classics*. The works of Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and other celebrated essayists, will last as long as the purity of the English language, and are far above our praise, both as to matter and style. The papers of the Rambler, Spectator, &c. are equally adapted to entertain by a display of genuine attic wit, as to instruct and reform, by their religious and moral doctrines, conveyed in the most agreeable and persuasive manner. Parts of these works are in most public and private libraries, but an uniform collec-

tion of the whole is but in few hands. The price of a complete set of the London edition, has been greater than many people could spare, and more than others have chosen to expend, at one time, on books. Such persons will now have an opportunity to supply themselves with the whole of those invaluable essays, at a reduced price, to be paid in small sums, which they hardly miss, and at the same time enjoy the gratification of reflecting, that they are promoting the manufactures and real independence of their country.

[*Rel's Philadelphia Gazette.*]

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA.

MIGUEL CERVANTES DE SAAVEDRA, the most celebrated literary character of modern Spain, was born about the year 1549. Neither he himself, nor any authentic biographer, has mentioned the place of his nativity; so that different parts of Spain have laid claim to that honour, with as much zeal of contention as the different places which of old were claimants for the cradle of Homer. The province of Andalusia seems on the whole to possess the best title. His descent is by himself said to have been honourable; and his writings prove that his education must have been liberal; but his own total silence as to the manner in which he passed his youth, and the circumstance of his serving as a common volunteer in the army of Mark Antony Colonna, seem to prove that he had no other patrimony than his sword and learning. When his military service commenced is doubtful; it is certain, however, that embarking with the troops under Colonna, on board the fleet commanded by Don John of Austria, he was present at the famous battle of Lepanto in 1571, where he had the misfortune to lose his left hand by a shot. Either in this expedition, or in his service as chamberlain to cardinal Aquaviva at Rome, he obtained a certain share of wealth; for in his captivity at Algiers during five years and a half, which commenced in 1574, when he was taken by a Barbary corsair, he appears to have been well furnished with money, which he liberally bestowed among his fellow-captives. Several romantic circumstances, but of dubious authority, are recorded of him whilst a slave at Algiers. A large price was paid for his ransom, which together with his subsequent expense of living, probably in the free style of a soldier, entirely exhausted his store. He had already established a reputation for poetical talents in his country, which was much augmented by the publication in 1584 of his *"Galatea,"* a poem in six books, dedicated to Ascanio Colonna. He likewise, either before or after his captivity, or in both periods, composed various pieces for the Spanish theatre, which was then nearly in a state of barbarism, and of which, in its more regular form, he is reckoned one of the fathers. A course of years little accounted for, now elapsed in the life of Cervantes, of the incidents of which scarcely any thing is known; but that he married, was reduced to great distress, and finally was lodged in a jail for debt. In this forlorn situation he composed the work which has conferred immortal honour on his name—his *"Don Quixote."* As to the serious purpose of it, various opinions have been given, probably with more fancy and subtlety than truth. Perhaps he had nothing further in view than to write a diverting and instructive satire of the extravagant tales, which, under the title of romances, over-ran the age, and prejudiced the taste, at least, if not the manners, of his country. That any thing like practical knight-errantry was the foible of his countrymen at that time, is a supposition not warranted by the state of society; and a soldier and patriot could not wish to quell the gallant spirit of martial enterprise. But

books of chivalry, with their monstrous fictions and affected sentiments, were fair game for a man of wit and sense; nor could they be more agreeably ridiculed, than by displaying their effects on the imagination of a madman, resolved to put their lessons into practice. The first part of this work was printed at Madrid in 1605, and its success was prodigious. It was read by all ages and ranks; its fame spread into foreign countries, and editions and translations of it were multiplied. It seems to have had its full effect in correcting the public taste, and putting a stop to the fabrication of romances. That it also lowered the adventurous spirit of the Spanish nation, and laid the foundation of the timid indolence under which it has since languished, is probably an overstrained conclusion. With respect to the author, it appears to have been the means of liberating him from prison, and obtaining him a degree of patronage from the great; but the court and kingdom of Spain have by no act of solid bounty freed themselves from the disgrace of suffering their greatest genius to sink under the depression of habitual indigence. In 1613 Cervantes published his *"Novels,"* which are agreeable specimens of that kind of writing, and became popular. They are of a similar character with some introduced into the adventures of Don Quixote, and display his inventive and descriptive talents in serious story, as the other had done in burlesque. Indeed, Cervantes, though he chose to make the fictions of chivalry the object of his ridicule, had much of the romantic in his own composition; and in the points of love and heroism was a true Spaniard, though he discarded the follies of enchantment and supernatural agency. While preparing for the press a second part of his Don Quixote, he underwent the mortification of being anticipated by an Arragonian writer of mean genius, under the name of Alonzo Fernandez de Avellaneda; who not only debased the original by a very insipid and absurd application of its plan and characters, but loaded the author with much personal abuse. Cervantes, however, reclaimed his right, by publishing, in 1615, a true second part, which sufficiently proved that the author of the first was alone capable of an adequate continuation, and which was received with avidity by all who had been interested in the genuine Don Quixote. About this time he also published a poem entitled *"A Voyage to Parnassus,"* which was an ironical satire upon the Spanish poetry of his time, and upon the bad taste of patrons. This was more likely to increase the number of his enemies, than to acquire him any substantial favours from the great. Accordingly, such was his poverty at this period, that he was obliged to sell eight plays and as many interludes to a bookseller, for want of means to print them on his own account. The indifferent terms he was upon with the actors prevented his bringing them on the stage; and indeed the rising reputation of Lope de la Vega had eclipsed that of Cervantes as a dramatic writer. His last work was a novel, entitled, *"The Troubles of Persiles and Sigismunda,"* which he did not live to print. In his preface, that humour, which had illuminated the pages of his Don Quixote, still flashes out, and dispels the gloom of poverty and sickness. He relates an adventure which befel him on a journey on horseback to Toledo, when a scholar, who had joined the company, being informed who he was, leaps from his ass in a rapture, pays him high compliments, and in the course of conversation recommends to him a regimen for the dropsy under which he laboured. Cervantes, however, excuses himself from complying with his advice. *"My life,"* says he, *"is drawing to a period, and by the daily journal of my pulse, which I find will have finished its course by next Sunday at farthest, I shall also have finished my career: so*

that you are come in the very nick of time to be acquainted with me." An affectionate dedication of this work to his best patron, the count de Lemos, is dated April 19, 1617; and as he mentions in it that he had already received extreme unction, it is probable that a day or two more finished the scene. A licence was granted in the September following to the widow of Cervantes to print this novel for her own benefit; and it was probably the only property this literary glory of his country had to leave.

To enter into a discussion of the character and merits of such an original and unrivalled performance as "Don Quixote," would carry us beyond the limits assigned to the present biographical sketch. Perhaps a critic of the present day would not discover in it all those marks of a transcendent genius which it has been supposed to possess; but a work which has not only become a classic throughout all Europe, but which has in a manner obliterated the name of all the other literature of its country, and which has enriched every modern language with words and phrases to express new ideas, cannot but rank with the capital productions of the human invention. It would be an endless task to enumerate all the editions of the original, or versions of it, in different countries. They still occasionally appear, decorated with all the art of the engraver and typographer. The other works of the author meet with few readers out of Spain. His "Novels" have indeed been considerable favourites, but are superseded by more modern productions. His poems and plays are exclusively accommodated to the taste of his country; nor do they seem there to have ranked among master-pieces.

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

NO. VIII.

RESUMING the subject of our last paper we proceed to trace still farther, the consequences that must result from a too unqualified admission of foreigners, to an equal participation in our civil and political rights.

The safety of a republic depends essentially on the energy of a common national sentiment; on a uniformity of principles and habits; on the exemption of the citizens from foreign bias, and prejudice; and on that love of country which will almost invariably be found to be closely connected with birth, education and family.

The opinion advanced in the Notes on Virginia is undoubtedly correct, that foreigners will generally be apt to bring with them attachments to the persons they have left behind; to the country of their nativity, and to its particular customs and manners. They will also entertain opinions on government congenial with those under which they have lived, or if they should be led hither from a preference to ours, how extremely unlikely is it that they will bring with them that *temperate love of liberty*, so essential to real republicanism? There may as to particular individuals, and at particular times, be occasional exceptions to these remarks, yet such is the general rule. The influx of foreigners must, therefore, tend to produce a heterogeneous compound; to change and corrupt the national spirit; to complicate and confound public opinion; to introduce foreign propensities. In the composition of society, the harmony of the ingredients is all-important, and whatever tends to a discordant intermixture must have an injurious tendency.

The United States have already felt the evils of incorporating a large number of foreigners, into

their national mass; it has served very much to divide the community and to distract our councils, by promoting in different classes, different predilections in favour of particular foreign nations, and antipathies against others. It has been often likely to compromise the interests of our own country in favour of another. In times of great public danger there is always a numerous body of men, of whom there may be just grounds of distrust; the suspicion alone weakens the strength of the nation, but their force may be actually employed in assisting an invader.

In the infancy of the country, with a boundless waste to people, it was politic to give a facility to naturalization; but our situation is now changed. It appears from the last census, that we have increased about one third in ten years; after allowing for what we have gained from abroad, it will be quite apparent that the natural progress of our own population is sufficiently rapid for strength, security and settlement. By what has been said, it is not meant to contend for a total prohibition of the right of citizenship to strangers, nor even for the very long residence which is now a prerequisite to naturalization, and which of itself, goes far towards a denial of that privilege. The present law was merely a temporary measure adopted under peculiar circumstances and perhaps demands revision. But there is a wide difference between closing the door altogether and throwing it entirely open; between a postponement of fourteen years, and an immediate admission to all the rights of citizenship. Some reasonable term ought to be allowed to enable aliens to get rid of foreign and acquire American attachments; to learn the principles and imbibe the spirit of our government; and to admit of at least a probability of their feeling a real interest in our affairs. A residence of at least five years ought to be required.

If the rights of Naturalization may be communicated by parts, and it is not perceived why they may not, those peculiar to the conducting of business and the acquisition of property, might with propriety be at once conferred, upon receiving proof, by certain prescribed solemnities, of their intention to become citizens; postponing all political privileges to the ultimate term. To admit foreigners indiscriminately to the rights of citizens, the moment they put foot in our country, as recommended in the Message, would be nothing less, than to admit the Grecian Horse into the Citadel of our Liberty and Sovereignty.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

[It has already been stated, in the Port Folio, that the majority in our national legislature are in the habit of sullen silence, whenever they are pressed by the arguments of their opponents. In a recent debate, a gentleman from Connecticut, noted for the brilliancy of his wit, the severity of his satire, and the force of his reason, ridiculed his *num cbance* adversaries, in the following happy manner.]

MR. DANA'S SPEECH.

I BEG liberty to tender the homage of my profound respects, for the dignified situation in which gentlemen have now placed themselves, and congratulate them on their silence. There is something peculiarly impressive in this mode of opposing every thing that is urged. It is seldom that gentlemen have exhibited such a remarkable appearance of a philosophical assembly.

That dumb legislature will immortalize your name, is said to have been the language of a certain distinguished general, to a certain nominal abbe, who has been represented as having pigeon-holes full of constitutions, of his own making.

During the memorable night, at St. Cloud, when the French council of ancients and council of five hundred were adjourned....to meet no more....it may be recollected, the powers of executive

government were provisionally committed to three persons, stiled consuls, and two of them were the general and the abbe. From each of the councils, twenty-five members were selected, to compose a commission, and assist the provisional consuls in preparing a constitution for France. Of the numerous *projets* of constitutions, which were presented by the abbe, it is said no part was finally adopted, except the plan of a dumb legislature.... This the general instantly seized, with apparent enthusiasm, exclaiming to the abbe, *that dumb legislature will immortalize your name*. And it was determined to have a *corps legislatif* that should vote, but not debate.

It was scarcely to be expected, that any thing like this would soon take place in our own country. But it is the prerogative of great geniuses, when in similar circumstances, to arrive at the same great results, although with some difference in the process. Nor can I forbear offering my tribute of admiration for the genius who has projected a mode of proceeding among us, that so nearly rivals the plan adopted in France. I know not to whom is due the honour of this luminous discovery. After ascribing to him, however, all merited glory, permit me to examine the force of the argument relied on by gentlemen, in opposition to the proposed resolution.

Their argument is silence. I hope to be excused, if I should not discuss the subject in the most satisfactory manner. As silence is a new species of logic, about which no directions have been found, in any treatise on logic, that I have ever seen, it will be my endeavour to reply to gentlemen, by examining some points, which may be considered as involved in their dumb argument.

One of these points is—that certain members of this House have pledged themselves, to their constituents, for repealing all the internal taxes. They may have declared their opinions to this effect, before their election; and, being chosen under such circumstances, may now deem themselves bound in honour not to vary. The terms assented to between their constituents and themselves may therefore be viewed, by them as the particular rule for their own conduct. But is this House to be regarded in the same light with the English House of Commons, during the early period of their history, when the knights of shires and the representatives from cities and boroughs were instructed on what terms they should bargain, with the crown, for special privileges, and were limited to the price agreed on by their constituents? The situation of gentlemen, who have thus pledged themselves to vote for repealing the internal taxes, must be irksome indeed, if on mature consideration they should believe it more proper and more beneficial for the country to have other taxes reduced. Those who have entered into a stipulation of this sort, so as to feel it as a point of honour, are so peculiarly circumstanced, that they might think it too assuming in me, were I so much as to express a desire that they would vote for reducing some of the duties on imposts, instead of repealing all the internal taxes. It is to be hoped, the number of members, who have pledged themselves in this manner, does not exceed twenty-five or thirty.

Another point involved in this argument of silence is—that other gentlemen may have pledged themselves to these and given them a promise of support on this subject. It must be acknowledged that this is more than was required on account of their seats in this house. If any gentlemen have absolutely so pledged themselves to others who had before pledged themselves to their constituents it must be indeed difficult to convince them. On this point, their minds must be constituted so differently from mine, that there does not seem to be any common principle between us, that can be assumed as the basis of argumentation.

Another point is—The executive has recommended a repeal of all the internal taxes, and not any reduction of the impost. And will gentlemen act upon this as a sufficient reason for their conduct? Is it now to become a principle that the executive is to deliberate, and the legislature to act, and that no measure be adopted, unless proposed by the executive? Would it not be better for the country, to abolish this house, and so avoid useless expense, if it is to be nothing more than one of the ancient parliaments of France, employed to register the edicts of a master?

The silence of gentlemen may also be considered as having relation to their great desire for the harmony of social intercourse. To prevent its being disturbed in the house by debating they may have come to a determination, that all the great questions shall be settled by gentlemen of a certain description, when met in nocturnal conclave, and be only voted upon in this place. If such be the fact, it seems but reasonable, that any of the members of this house should be admitted, in meetings of the conclave, as delegates from the territorial districts are admitted in Congress, with a right to debate, although not to vote. If, however, this is thought too much, gentlemen should at least have galleries provided, so that other members of the legislature might be admitted as spectators, and have some opportunity of knowing the reasons for public measures.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THERE seems to be no end to the dashing confusion of local politics. Almost every day brings forth some fresh instance of the necessity for checks and balances, in order to keep the several departments of government within constitutional limits. Since the meeting of our state legislature, we have seen our governor returning a bill to the house of representatives (against the principles of which he was avowedly hostile, and which it was therefore his duty to have negatived), accompanied by "the homage of his high respect," and the humble assurance, that, out of pure deference for the opinion of the legislature, he suffered the bill to become a law. This was a voluntary surrender, on the part of the executive, of a constitutional right, the exercise of which, in some instances, may be salutary, and, without which, the legislature would very soon become omnipotent. To whom, then, shall blame attach, if fresh encroachments, by the legislative branch, should grow out of this pusillanimous condescension, on the part of the executive?

We have seen transactions of a more recent date, which indicate distrust and jealousy, between more than two branches of our government. The judges of the supreme court, after solemn argument, upon the constitutionality of Mr. Dallas's appointment to the office of recorder, decided, upon due deliberation, that the holding of the office was not incompatible with the appointment he already held, under the national government; and that gentleman accordingly takes his seat on the bench at the mayor's court. Either this was an unconstitutional decision, or the bill just past in the legislature, "declaring the holding of offices or appointments under this state, incompatible with the holding or exercising offices or appointments under the United States," is unconstitutional. The governor is of the same opinion with "his former brethren of the supreme court," and, therefore, returns the bill to the legislature, with his *veto*, and his reasons for exercising this constitutional prerogative. It is worthy of remark, that the only support which the governor's opinion receives, on this occasion, is drawn from the same source, on which the federal party in congress have relied, to

save the judiciary system from destruction. "The legislature," says the governor, "cannot vacate or impair a contract, solemnly made, between the commonwealth and an individual. *Having even the power will not sanction it.*"

Upon the question, which was argued, at the instance of the city council, before the judges of the supreme court, viz. Whether the office of recorder was a *judicial office*, and therefore incompatible with any other office of trust or profit, under the national government; there were very few dissenting opinions among the gentlemen of the bar. By many other than professional men, this decision of our supreme court bench has been deemed an act of condescension, on the part of the governor's "former brethren," bordering on servility. If there be any spirit of independence left on the bench, the bill, which the governor has refused to sanction, would be pronounced unconstitutional, even should it receive the approbation of two thirds of the legislature, and pass into a law. This for consistency's sake, should be the course of things; but, in such an event, what have not the judges to apprehend, from the wrath of an infuriated legislature, should they dare to exercise their right?..... The ark of safety has been assailed by desperate hands, *for this very reason*, at the capitol, and, from the same "providential and most fortunate representation in the legislative" branches of our state government, we may anticipate the same happy consequences.

The governor is very much surprised, that there should be a want of confidence in him, or in the chief magistrate of the Union, forgetting that he, like other men, is liable to error. Indeed, it is sufficiently evident, that a favourite measure would have been thwarted by the law, which was sent to his excellency for signature; and though, in my opinion, the legislature had no right to pass a law, which, in its operation, must have been retrospective and *ex post facto*, yet, as to all future cases of double appointments, the law would have been highly proper and useful.

The governor of this commonwealth was bred to the bar; he is acknowledged to be a good lawyer; and, except those cases where his private feeling and passions may warp his judgment, he is entitled to consideration and respect. Perhaps, by ardent and intemperate minds, such an avowal may be looked on with disgust; but it is a singular phenomenon in politics, when a democratic governor of a powerful, populous and thriving state is seen, during the first period of his administration, arresting the headlong vandalism of a popular assembly, in their march towards arbitrary power.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following, from the New-York Evening Post, is one of the drollest descriptions of the absurdity of the *trial by wager of battle*, we have ever perused:

A TRIO OF DUELS.

Yesterday morning, an affair of honour was settled at Hoebuck, between Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Carlisle, of Albany. Three shots were exchanged, and the latter was wounded in the thigh.

A second was terminated at the same place, between two gentlemen. The particulars of this are variously related: we give the following as the most current, and we believe the most correct.... A challenge was given, about a fortnight since, and time and place appointed, but no weapons agreed. When the challenger came to the ground, he perceived his antagonist (who, it is said, was a Yankee) there before him, with two muskets..... This, the Yankee informed him, was his mode of

fighting, offering him his choice of the guns; the other declined the musket, as not a gentleman's weapon. The Yankee remonstrated, that it was placing him on disadvantageous terms to use pistols, as he had never fired one in his life; but, if the meeting could be postponed for a fortnight, so that he might practice in the mean time, he was content to use pistols; or his adversary might take the same time to practice with the gun, and he would then meet him with that weapon: the first offer was acceded to, and the parties met yesterday accordingly. Three shots on each side were exchanged; the Yankee's second fire carried away the other's pocket-flap, but his third shot him through the fleshy part of the *seat of honour* itself; and here the affair ended.

The third duel took place in *New-Jersey*, about ten days since. The only particulars which have come to hand worth mentioning are, that there were several spectators, who accompanied the parties to the field, and all of whom, together with the two seconds, climbed the trees, to be out of harm's way, while they saw fair play. But, as one of the gentlemen chose to terminate the affair, by firing his pistol in the air, a thing unforeseen, the ball passed through the upper limbs of the very tree, where the second of his antagonist had taken his post, and who was so much alarmed at the whistling of the bullet, that he fell, and broke his collar bone, which was the only accident attending the exhibition. *Happily no lives were lost.*

An editor, of sound judgment, good taste, and "long views," has pronounced the following well deserved compliment, on the *second* speech of Governor Morris:....

If any subject can be interesting to the real patriot, it is that which has given this second occasion to so splendid a display of this gentleman's talents. What American can read it, without a glow of proud sensibility, and without being impressed with a just conviction of its impregnable soundness?

A New-York merchant advertises the following heterogeneous articles: "Sugar, Whale Oil, and *Muslins!*"

Whether the writer of this article listens to the boasts of the jacobins, or the bodings of the federalists, he hears but one tone, respecting the designs of the present majority. It is determined, by the democrats, to annul every trace of former measures, and, in the true spirit of reformers and revolutionists, to make clear work, and institute a government *de novo*. Men, of late, have been so often exhorted, in vain, to rouse, that all political exhortation appears to be "utterly contemned." Yet, when we reflect on the strength, the unanimity, and the audacity of jacobinism, it will be of some service to meditate on the following sentiments of a great orator and statesman, who well understood the baleful character of democracy, and who never thought of opposing it with "a dagger of lath:—"

If we meet this portentous energy, that is always vigilant, always on the attack, that allows itself no repose, and suffers none to rest an hour, with impunity; if we meet this energy, with poor, common place proceeding, with trivial maxims, paltry old laws, with doubts, fears, and suspicions; with a languid, uncertain hesitation, with a formal, official spirit, which is turned aside by every obstacle from its purpose, and which never sees a difficulty, but to yield to it, or at best to evade it; down we go to the bottom of the abyss, and nothing short of Omnipotence can save us. We must meet a vicious and distempered energy, with a manly and rational vigour. *Adventure*, and not *caution* is our policy. Other times, perhaps, other measures; but, in *this hour*, our politics ought to be

made up of nothing, but courage, decision, manliness, and rectitude.

A correspondent, who adverts to the *dumb* Policy, lately adopted by the democrats in Congress, thinks that this silent game ought to be denominated political *whist*.

When Hopkins, the Drury-lane Prompter, once recommended a man to be engaged as a mechanist in preparing the scenery of a new pantomime, Garrick made the following objections to employing him; "This man will never answer the purposes of the theatre. In the first place, he cannot make a *moon*. I would not give him three pence a dozen for all the *moons* he shewed me to day. His *suns* are, if possible, worse; besides I gave him directions about the *clouds*, and such *heavy clouds* were never seen since the *flood*. Desire the carpenter to knock the *rainbow* to pieces, and roll up the *blue sky* for we cannot hang it up in our *firmament*."

A Spanish Poet, celebrating the *black eyes* of his mistress, declares in the quaint style of his age, that they were "in mourning, for the murders they had committed."

Caleb Whitford of punning notoriety once observing a young lady earnestly at work, knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing? "Knotting fringe, sir," replied she, "pray Mr. Whitford can you knot?" "I *can-not*, Madam," answered he.

When lady Wallace was once in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon law of Paphos forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to a country gentleman, who had sat, without speaking for some time, with a "pray, Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is *my age*, what answer shall I give?" "Say, Madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that *you are not yet come to the years of discretion*."

A great concourse of gentlemen and some ladies assembled lately at the Riding School in Calcutta, to enjoy the baiting a Leopard—wild bears, horses, a buffalo, &c. having been provided for the purpose. The spectators were separated from the performers on this occasion by a bamboo railing of considerable height; and the gallery and every place from which the proposed exhibition could be seen was crowded. The first thing to which the Leopard was introduced was an artificial human figure, which the animal attacked and tore with great ferocity, thereby giving his spectators a very tolerable idea of what they were to expect, were but the barriers that protected them either removed or overcome. A wild hog was next ushered in; but the Leopard rather avoided this animal, which also, upon its part, shewed no disposition to hostilities. Every possible expedient was then used by the gentlemen in the exterior of the gallery to provoke the Leopard to battle. He was teased with squibs and crackers, and fretted with every kind of annoyance; until at length irritated to the highest pitch of exasperation against his tormentors, he made a spring, by which to the terror and astonishment of all present, he reached the top of the lofty railing, which divided the house, and would in another second have been down among the thickest of the crowd, had not Mr. De Letang (the master of the Riding School) fortunately had a loaded gun by him, and at the critical instant fired at the animal, who received the ball between the breast and shoulder, and immediately fell over into his inclosure. The consternation which prevailed among the ladies and

gentlemen present on this alarming occasion, cannot be described: etiquette respecting the exact order in which the company were to retire, was wholly disregarded, and the whole withdrew in the utmost terror and confusion.

The some time Editor of the Aurora, writes from Washington under date of January 25—"The debate *about nothing*, which occupied the "time of the house, the whole of Friday last, was *renewed this day*." This may be very correct Irish, and so far as we have any knowledge of that dialect, we believe it is; but it is difficult for an *American*, who does not speak the *Irish tongue*, to comprehend the force of the phrase.

A correspondent of Mr. Colman, the respectable Editor of the New-York Evening Post, one of the ablest supports of the Federal system; thus characterizes those invaluable essays, which of late have had so just a claim to a liberal place in the Port Folio—"A writer in the *New-York Evening Post*, under the signature of LUCIUS CRASSUS, has written a number of essays, entitled, *THE EXAMINATION*. These essays, are evidently the production of a master in the science of politics; for strength of reasoning, for extensive information and profound research, they are equal to any thing which the interesting state of our public affairs has called forth; they are written in a spirit of candour, and with a felicity of language that must render them peculiarly valuable to your respectable subscribers, who duly estimate every attempt to engage their understandings in the support of sound and just principles. The views of the administration are stripped of their disguise and portrayed in their native features of deformity. Under the mask of uncommon ardour for the rights of the people, the present system is proved to cover the most dangerous attempt to interest their passions, to prostrate the dignity and independence of the General Government, and to fritter away all those salutary provisions contained in the Constitution of the United States, against the ambition, increasing strength and influence of Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New-York."

It is usual for the venders of portable articles, to praise their goods, by giving them the appellation of *fine*—as *fine oysters*—*fine clams*, &c. We were diverted the other day, by hearing a man in the street, cry out, *fine*, coarse salt.

The civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Great-Britain, so long the envy and admiration of the world, is about to be published by authority, with all its variations, as settled at the union with Ireland.

The ground work of the little poem, entitled the Hermit, by Dr. Parnell, like the subject of many others, did not originate in the fancy of that poet. If the reader will take the trouble to consult the letters of James Howell, Esq. an Englishman, who wrote nearly two centuries since, he will find the story which this moral poem illustrates, together with the addition of some less interesting scenes attributed to Sir P. Hubert, in his "Conceptions to his son."

[Farmer's Museum.]

A marriage of a singular nature happened at North-chapel Church in Sussex, on Sunday se'n-night. The young man who was to be married to the happy young woman, was placed by the direction of the parish clerk, in a pew at the left hand of the woman, who, as the Minister thought, was to be the person to present her to the bridegroom; the other man who stood at her right hand, answering the questions regularly, even to, *I will*, and the damsel also repeated *I will*.—The cere-

mony went on so far as producing the ring, when, time enough to discover the mistake, a by-stander said to the Minister, who was a stranger to the parties, "Sir, you are wrong; the other man who is the *giver away*, is the very person whom you published in the church the three last Sundays, and he is the person that is to be married to this woman;" upon which the Clergyman put the question to the new placed parties, and the Lady as willingly answering as she before had done, she was united to her intended—*Quere*—if the marriage had been consummated with the *Father* (an unmarried man) before the mistake was discovered, would it have stood good in the eye of the law? [London Paper.]

The following remarks are made by the Editor of the New-York Evening Post.

The Editors of the *New-York Gazette*, in offering their Compliments this morning to their Patrons and Friends, exhibit truly "*Thoughts that breathe and words that burn*." As an example of the fervid style in which their Address is couched, and for the encouragement of those Federal Editors who are embarked in the same cause, we select the following specimens.

"They have, through another year, amidst the rage of opponents, conducted the labours of their press. In the same principles which they formerly avowed and maintained, they are determined still to persevere, *unawed by the frown, unseduced by the allurements of Jacobinical success*.—They shall shrink from *no storm* which it is their duty to brave—they shall court *no sunshine* in which it is criminal to bask. *They who have thought with Washington*, will not now disgrace themselves and country, by acting with a *dwarfish and calumniating administration*, who are like an insect crawling in the shadow of a giant, and pointing against him its envenomed but impotent sting."

As a proof that the *sun of Federalism* is not so completely set as to leave us without hope of its emerging from the sombre cloud which has so long overshadowed it, they add, "We rejoice, that correctness in opinions is still held by a large portion of our fellow-citizens, and, that the time cannot be far distant, when artifice, falsehood, and disguise shall be detected by the light of Truth; when *Cataline* shall be dragged from his midnight haunt, and all his machinations exposed; when *Ciceronian* eloquence shall triumph over sophistical babblings; and when *Camillus* shall be called from his exile, to guide the Councils of his country. We may give to imagination that period when the *great body of the people* shall lend their ears to knowledge, and not to the insinuations of subtle demagogues—When they shall arouse themselves as a strong Lion, and put to flight those giddy Huntsmen, who have been playing with the tangles of his mane."

At length we witness the following philanthropic burst: "Inhabitants of Europe—Mussulmen of Egypt—Children of Mahomet—We congratulate you on the *return of peace* :—And while, on *this day*, devoted to the Salutations of Friendship and Civility, we offer to our patrons the gratitude which we feel, we, at the same time, extend to you our warmest wishes for your happiness."

In ruminating on what may be the consequence of the death of Buonaparte, the following animated description presents itself:—"France has long been the scaffold of the world, and the birth-place of conspiracy—she has nursed on her lap daring spirits, who delight in blood—ambitious soldiers, whose only aim is power.—Should, therefore, some new Conspiracy be formed, and the *Man of the Age*, the adventurous Corsican, fall, the hell-hounds of faction, which were bound to his Consular Chair, would be again let loose to howl, to destroy, and to lap the blood of their victims."

A parcel of mechanicks ; together with a plentiful crop of *publicans*, have had a meeting at the house of James Kerr in Dock-street, for the purpose of taking into consideration, *the judiciary system of the United States*. If this meeting had taken it into their heads to suggest the propriety of memorializing Congress, on the subject of repealing the law, laying duties on *stills and distilled spirits*, we should have thought them occupied with something within the reach of their capacities, and certainly more adapted to their *taste* ; one good effect has nevertheless resulted from this assemblage ; it has discovered to the *gentlemen* of the bar ; who and which of their fraternity, may be trusted, and *who may not*. Fortunately, and it ought to be honourably mentioned, there were but *two* practicing attorneys, found to associate themselves with the *vulgar herd* ; the worthier of the profession, amounting to between 70 and 80 persons, adhered to their brethren and generally signed the memorial of the Bar of Philadelphia on the subject of the projected repeal of the judiciary system.

The Editor of the Gazette of the United States gives us, in the following article, a humorous specimen of his skill in democratic heraldry.

The Aurora publishes the apportionment law by authority. It is headed with the new arms of the United States, viz. two tobacco plants, with their roots crosswise, form a semi-circle : in the centre of them is placed a *heart*, hung round with *onions* ; in the heart is the representation of an eagle soaring, grasping in the dexter claw a bundle of Irish *shillelaghs*, and in her sinister, a *potatoe blossom*, emblematical, it is presumed, of the mouth of labour ; and in her beak, a label, whereon is written, *e pluribus unum, i. e. — we'll eat up the Union !*

The following is a fact. In the lower part of this city, an Irishman rented a house, that had immediately before been occupied by a company of the *frail sisterhood* ; and wisely thinking that his house would lose its reputation, by being mistaken for a *brothel*, he placed up at his door, the following curious sign.—

" New rules, and new regulations,
" The case is now altered.
" Beef stake and oyster house."

ORIGINAL POETRY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A BALLAD.

1

ASSIST me to sing, lovely muse,
Let the fountains of Helicon flow ;
Bright Phœbus ! thy spirit infuse,
And Venus ! thy favour bestow.
And thou, to whose beauties I bend
Thy influence deign to impart,
Nor blame, if you cannot commend
A carol, that flows from the heart.

2

I sing not the juice of the vine,
Its charms are all transient and vain ;
By the pitiless frenzy of wine
Eurydice's lover was slain.
I sing not the pleasures of wealth,
The mines of Peru I despise,
Of the Gods I ask nothing but health,
And a smile from my Phyllida's eyes.

3

Much less can the terrors of war,
A tribute from poetry claim ;

The tropics of Mars I abhor,
And regard not the bubble of fame.
What pleasures the grape can afford,
Let the children of Bacchus enjoy ;
Let the miser brood over his hoard,
And the warrior delight to destroy.

4

But love, gentle love is my theme,
As pure as the heart of my fair ;
Mid the darkness of life, 'tis a gleam,
To illumine the bosom of care.
—Yet, even the pleasures of love,
Untemper'd are never possess'd,—
And who, but the angels above,
With perfect enjoyments are bless'd ?

5

Else, why at my Phyllida's sight,
Does my heart with solicitude beat ?
Can the voice of extatic delight
The accents of terror repeat ?
And why, when she smiles on my friend
Does my bosom unwillingly heave ?
Can gentleness ever offend ?
Or my Phyllida learn to deceive ?

6

Yet, even sensations like these,
The breast of a lover can charm,
Though painful, they cannot but please ;
They wound, but they furnish the balm.
And if love can allay our distress,
And sweeten the cup of our woes ;
Oh ! why should we strive to suppress,
The sigh from which happiness flows.

7

When my Phyllida joins in the dance,
Her beauty, her grace they commend ;
With delight I behold her advance,
Yet to beauty I little attend.
Should the goddess of Paphos appear,
She might spread her attractions in vain,
And the graces themselves, were they here,
I could view, without pleasure or pain.

8

When she touches the strings of the lyre,
Another may call it divine ;
But the heart that can only admire,
Knows nought of the feelings of mine.
Her voice is as sweet to my ear
As the accents of merited praise—
I have heard other voices as clear,
But she adds a new charm to the lays.

9

How lately the rose was display'd !
How lately the lily was fair !
In verdure the groves were array'd,
And the zephyrs embalsam'd the air.
The voice of the songsters of spring,
Has tun'd to the accents of love,
And the muse, who inspir'd me to sing,
But echoed the notes of the grove.

10

From the rose all her colours are fled,
In crimson the forests are dress'd,
And the lily, how drooping her head,
By the zephyrs no longer caress'd.
The vallies no longer resound
With the notes of the warblers of May ;
Yet no change in my breast can be found,
And still gentle love is my lay.

ODE TO WINTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ. AUTHOR OF THE
PLEASURES OF HOPE.

WHEN first the fiery mantled SUN
His heav'nly race began to run,

Round the Earth and Ocean blue
His Children four (the Seasons) flew :
First, in green apparel dancing,
Smil'd the SPRING with angel face ;
Rosy SUMMER next advancing
Rush'd into her Sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd Sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles—
On CALPE's olive-shaded steep,
Or India's citron-cover'd Isles,
More remote and buxom brown
The QUEEN of VINTAGE bow'd before his
throne :
A rich Pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe Sheaf bound her zone.

But howling WINTER fled afar
To hills that prop the Polar Star,
And loves on Deer-born Car to ride
With barren DARKNESS by his side,
Round the shore where loud Losoden
Whirls to death the roaring Whale,
Round the hall where Runic Oden
Howls his war song to the Gale ;
Save when down the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native Storm,
Deflow'ring Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form ;
'Till Light's returning Lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his Northern field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And chrystal-cover'd shield !

O Sire of Storms, whose savage ear
The Lapland Drum delights to hear,
When FÆRNY with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful Deity—
Archangel Power of Dessolation,
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath Mortal Invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart ?
Then, sullen WINTER, hear my pray'r,
And gently rule the ruin'd Year ;
Nor chill the Wand'rers' bosom bare,
Nor freeze the Wretch's falling tear ;
To shivering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And mildly on the Orphan head
Of INNOCENCE descend !

But chiefly spare, O KING of CLOUDS,
The Sailor on his airy shrouds—
When Wrecks and Beacons strew the Steep,
And Spectres walk along the Deep ;
Milder yet the snowy breezes
Breathe on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's bright billow freezes,
Where the dark-brown Danube roars !
Oh, Winds of Winter, list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan ?
Or start ye, Demons of the Midnight Air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own ?
Alas, e'en your unhallow'd breath
May spare the Victim fallen low :
But Man will ask no truce to Death—
No honour to Human Woe !

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 7.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. VI.

THE attention of my brother Loungers is particularly requested to the following letter. I am inclined to think that my correspondent means to quiz us all in a grand style. Allowance must be made for the severity, with which the aged are frequently disposed to contemplate "things as they are;" and this paper will then be acknowledged to contain some truths conveyed in a manner, which, whatever may be thought of its politeness, will at least be confest to be plain and direct.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I am a constant reader of the Port-Folio, and there is no part of it that I peruse with more pleasure, or more attention, than the essays of the American Lounger. After this assurance will you be pleased to admit a few remarks, which are opposed to the general deduction in your last number? Will you excuse one, who acknowledges himself advanced into the vale of years, for questioning the justice of the conclusion that the present generation is universally improved?

In your paper, sir, you omit noticing the more solid improvement of the present age in Literature and Philosophy; and confine your attention to our progress in the decencies of life; in the elegance and refinement of our amusements. Though an old man, I am as little disposed as yourself to question the real advances that have been made in the departments first mentioned. I can admit also, that we are improved in some of the minor morals: but, in others, I must contend that we have undergone a great and striking degeneracy.

The subject, sir, to which I particularly allude, is that sordid and stoical apathy, which seems to me the characteristic of too many of the present generation of young men. Insensibility is, apparently, the fashion of the day; and, unless I am greatly mistaken, the general prevalence of such a spirit, far over balances any little advances that may have been made in some other particulars of grace and decorum.

Whence this spirit has originated, it is difficult to say. I well remember, that many years ago, when I was at a public seminary in Europe, whether I had been sent for education, a tolerably numerous class of us, who were engaged in reading Horace, had given to us as a thesis that frequently quoted precept of the festive bard, "Nil admirari." I will neither terrify the young ladies, nor, I might perhaps add, the young gentlemen who peruse your lucubrations, by the unseemly appearance of two lines in a barbarous and unknown language. I shall content myself with

presenting them with the translation of Mr. Creech, which exhibits, about as faithful a picture of the spirit and elegance of the Satires of Horace, as the version of Messrs. Sternhold and Hopkins does, of the grandeur and sublimity of the psalms of David. He has thus, to adopt the phrase upon his own title-page, *done* these lines into English,

"Not to admire is all the art I know,
"To make men happy and to keep them so."

In treating this subject, the greater part of us contented ourselves, with a grave paraphrase upon the precept of the bard, and descanted largely upon the evil of excessive admiration. Some few assumed a greater latitude, and made false and malicious applications of the doctrine contained in it; while others openly attacked the position as unfounded. Did the young gentlemen of our days read Horace, I would be apprehensive that the absurdity of which I complain, was caused by too literal an adherence to the maxim that I have quoted. But as few, I may almost say none, of them, have ever troubled their heads about the writings of an old fellow who lived, Heaven knows how many centuries ago, their conduct must be referred to other causes. It is, perhaps with more probability, attributed to an absurd imitation of the leading characters in some modern novels. The supposition derives strength when it is recollected that these are the only volumes with which they are much conversant. One, in particular has been pointed out, (which, as it was written by the authoress of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, I have myself perused,) as containing the archetype of these frigid characters. I mean Sir Sedley Clarendel, in *Camilla*. But I would implore his copyists to recollect, that Sir Sedley Clarendel is a man of real sense, spirit and information, although obscured by his insufferable affectation; and that the latter qualification without the former, will only entitle them to contempt. Were the assumption of the character confined to those who are equal to Sir Sedley Clarendel in mental endowments, our public places would not much be annoyed by his imitators.

But to whatever cause, this fashionable apathy be referable, its effects are equally to be deprecated. They are not visionary, they meet us in the intercourses of society at every turn. By your own account, Mr. Lounger, you are yourself, a little tainted with this foppery. Pardon the word, for I can scarcely imagine that the indifference so generally assumed by your brethren and contemporaries is really felt. I have frequently observed both at public and private parties, groupes of beauties so exquisite that even age could not behold them without emotion, either sitting down unengaged, or dancing with each other; while the young men, who, I should have thought, would have crowded assiduously round, to obtain a transient glance or an occasional smile, were engaged in another apartment, in the mysteries of Loo, or *Vingt-un*; or, if the evening were farther advanced, were muddling the small share of brain allotted to them by the vapours of wine, and the smoke of segars. If they have occasionally entered the

dancing-room, to participate in two or three dances appears to overcome them entirely, and they sit down, as if fairly exhausted by the exertion. But Mr. Lounger can this be a real excuse? Are the young men of the present day so degenerate a race? In my time it was otherwise. Often have the smiles of an agreeable partner kept me upon my feet for many successive hours, and rendered me alike insensible to fatigue or to want of rest. Even now, although five weeks ago, I celebrated my fifty-ninth birth-day, I think that I could undertake to tire down some of these enervated old gentlemen of twenty.

But the display of this fashionable insensibility is not confined to the ball-room. It appears in the groups of saunterers at the Theatre, who disturb the attention of the audience by walking the lobby in creaking boots, and by talking aloud, during the performance of the finest productions of Genius. It appears in that languid eye, which looks at the stage with the same indifference as if bent on vacancy, which is never animated with pleasure, or moistened with sympathy. It appears in those hands which, unless occupied by a tooth-pick, are crossed on the bosom, or hang lifelessly by the side; and are never raised to encourage or to distinguish by applause, talents, however, brilliant. It appears in that proud contempt of those emotions which dignify our nature, evinced by a laugh, or a sudden whirl out of the box, in scenes where the attention of the feeling spectator is irresistibly arrested, and his judgment suspended between admiration of the poet and the performer.

Connected with this frigid insensibility, is the contempt which is, of late, so generally expressed for every thing, that appears united with *sentiment* and a consequent neglect of, or inattention to the lovely female. There may have existed, it is true, a *cant* of sentiment which was disgusting by its excess, but, in avoiding this, we have fallen into an opposite extreme. Our young men bid fair to become a cold hearted race, prematurely wise. We no longer behold the hectic flush of timid and apprehensive love; we no longer witness that tender respect for the fair, which was the "nurse of manly sentiment." The influence of the female character in softening and refining our manners is now but feebly felt. We seek, in vain for that courtesy which, without being effeminate or obtrusive, dictated those attentions to the fair which gave a charm to the intercourse of social life. Well might the feeling eloquent Burke exclaim that "the age of chivalry, was gone."

This apathy is repugnant to the constitution of nature. It is her ordinance that youth should be ardent, easily impress and enthusiastic. In them, enthusiasm, even though wrongly dictated, is pardonable, I had almost said, respectable. Advancing years temper its vehemence and give it its right direction; and it then imparts energy to the character. But what energy can be hoped for from the present generation of stoics? And how will that feeble flame, which scarcely warms their bosoms in the spring of youth, resist the frosty winter of age?

Let me then implore the race of young men who are now rising around me, to renounce their absurd and contemptible plans of conduct. Let it not be deemed disgraceful or unmanly to prefer the dance to cards or to the bottle; to seek in female society the most agreeable relaxation from severer pursuits, and to evince a "generous loyalty to the sex." There may be some individuals, to whom the parsimony of nature has denied any other means of rendering themselves conspicuous. I would allow such persons to counteract, as far as possible, by a perseverance in this mode of behaviour, the deficiency of natural or acquired talents. But I would earnestly admonish those, whose endowments are of a superior kind, to renounce a system, in which, every blockhead may be their successful competitor, and to propose to themselves such models only, as unite the charm of real politeness and real feeling with true dignity of character.

I am sir, your humble servant,
SENEC.

THEOLOGY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

MY opponent has attacked me in your forty-sixth number, relative to an interpolation into the scripture, with the same asperity which he exhibited in his first letter. With the same asperity he has again shewn the same uncandid method of reasoning. Because I spoke of *one* interpolation, he intimates that I am going to argue for *others*. I confined myself to *one*, and shall go no further. He seems to think that my letter in your fortieth number, insinuated there was but one manuscript of the epistles of St. John. I wrote, that bishop Burnet, "examined the valuable manuscripts of the New Testament, in Switzerland, and the old and precious manuscript in the Vatican of Rome." By an omission of the press, the letter S was not printed in the word manuscripts, in the former part of the paragraph. I will now fairly transcribe what bishop Burnet has written upon the subject, for the candid judgment of your readers.

He says, "I have taken some pains in my travels to examine all the ancient manuscripts of the New Testament concerning that doubted passage of St. John's epistles, '*There are three that bear witness in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Spirit; and these three are one.*'" Bullinger doubted much of it, because he found it not in a Latin manuscript at Zurich, which seems to be about eight hundred years old; for it is written in that hand that began to be used in Charles the Great's time. I turned to the manuscript, and found the passage was not there; but this was certainly the error or omission of the copier: for before the general epistles in that manuscript, the preface of St. Jerome is to be found, in which he says he was the more exact in that translation that so he might discover the fraud of the Arians, who had struck out that passage concerning the trinity. This preface is printed in Lira's bible, but how it came to be left out by Erasmus, in his edition of that Father's Works, is that of which I can give no account. For as, on the one hand, Erasmus's sincerity ought not to be too rashly censured; so, on the other hand, that preface, being in all the manuscripts ancient or modern, of those bibles that have the other prefaces in them, that I ever yet saw, it is not easy to imagine what made Erasmus not publish it: and it is in the manuscript bibles at Basil, where he printed his edition of Jerome's Works. In the old manuscript bible of Geneva, that seems to be above seven hundred years old, both the preface and the passage are extant, but with this difference from the common editions, which set the verse concerning the Father, the Word, and the Spirit, before that of the Water, the Blood, and the Spirit; which

comes after it in this copy. And that I may in this place end all the readings I found of this passage in my travels, there is a manuscript in St. Mark's library in Venice, in three languages, Greek, Latin, and Arabic, that seems not above four hundred years old, in which this passage is not in the Greek, but it is in the Latin set after the other three, with a Sicut to join it to what goes before. And in a manuscript Latin bible in the library of St. Laurence, at Florence, both St. Jerome's preface and this passage are extant: but this passage comes after the other, and is pinned to it with a Sicut, as is that of Venice; yet Sicut is not in the Geneva manuscript. There are two Greek manuscripts of the epistles at Basil that seem to be about five hundred years old, in which though St. Jerome's prologue is inserted, yet this passage is wanting. At Strasburg I saw four very ancient manuscripts of the New Testament in Latin. Three of these seemed to be about the time of Charles the Great, but the fourth seemed to be much ancients, and may belong to the seventh century: in it neither the prologue nor the place is extant, but it is added at the foot of the page with another hand. In two of the others the prologue is extant, but the place is not; only in one of them it is added on the margin. In the fourth, as the prologue is extant, so is the place likewise; but it comes after the verse of the other three, and is joined to it thus, sicut tres sunt in celo.

"It seemed strange to me, and it is almost incredible, that in the Vatican library there are no ancient Latin bibles, where, above all other places, they ought to be looked for; but I saw none above four hundred years old. There is, indeed, the famous Greek manuscript of great value, which the Chanoine Shelstrat, who was library keeper, asserted to be one thousand four hundred years old, and proved it by the great similitude of the characters with those that are upon St. Hippolyte's statue; which is so evident, that if his statue was made about this time, the antiquity of this manuscript is not to be disputed. If the characters are not so fair, and have not all the marks of antiquity that appear in the king's manuscript at St. James's, yet this has been much better preserved and is more entire. *The passage that has led me into this digression, is not to be found in the Vatican manuscript, no more than it is in the king's manuscript.*"

The following three verses are written in this manner in common bibles, in the fifth chapter of the first epistle of St. John. "6. This is he that came by Water and Blood, even Jesus Christ, not by Water only, but by Water and Blood. And it is the Spirit that beareth Witness, because the Spirit is Truth. 7. For there are three that bear Record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one. 8. And there are three that bear Witness in Earth, the Spirit, and the Water, and the Blood: and these three agree in one.".....Erasmus in his folio edition of the New Testament in Greek omits the seventh verse, and prints the beginning of the eighth in this manner. "For there are three that Witness in Earth." In this method he connects the sixth and the eighth verses together. The folio edition of the Greek Testament by Erasmus is of high authority among the learned, who, in all probability, printed the passage in the way it should be printed according to the evidence of the best manuscripts. It is puerile to suppose that, if the seventh verse is omitted in the Vatican manuscript and the king of Great Britain's manuscript, the sixth and eighth verses are not properly connected. I made a mistake about the eighth verse, which, however, is not very material to the point in dispute about the trinity.

My opponent says, "This critic seems to be grieved that so many bibles are printed in America." I will quote my own words in the beginning of my letter in your fortieth number, to mani-

fest his misrepresentation, and to demand from him an acknowledgment of his error, if he is not totally destitute of candor, in the face of the public.....My words are "As the Americans are printing bibles continually with laudable industry, it would be worth while to consider, whether they should persevere to insert a real interpolation into the bible."

It would be candid at any rate in the printer of an American bible, if he does print the seventh verse, to observe in a note that it is not found in many manuscripts of the New Testament.

My opponent speaks with a very unbecoming regard of the religious writings of the great sir Isaac Newton. He says of me, "It is somewhat comic that he introduces sir Isaac Newton as an authority in biblical criticism." I strongly suspect that he never read ten lines of Newton's Works in his life, and that he even did not know, before I mentioned it, that sir Isaac had written some letters upon the subject of the trinity. I am so ignorant a man as to have attended two courses of lectures on divinity (while those who were designed for the church, only attended one course) which were given by one of the most learned men in the age. This gentleman published an edition of sir Isaac Newton's Mathematical Works which was universally admired, and which at present is *actually used* in the British University of Cambridge. This gentleman, with whom I had a long friendship, often said to me, that sir Isaac Newton was a prodigy of learning and understanding, was equally superior to the common race of mankind in religious as in mathematical and philosophical knowledge. This opinion I know to be generally maintained by learned men, and if the reader will look into a little Work on the prophecies (which has lately come to the library of Philadelphia) by Mr. Zouch, who is acknowledged in Europe to be a very profound scholar, he will find that Mr. Zouch holds the religious writings of sir Isaac Newton in as much estimation as myself, if not in greater. He calls Newton "the most sublime mind that ever was....as great when he laid open the mysteries of the religious system, as when he unveiled those of the natural."

The word trinity is not used in the scriptures, but was afterwards coined by presumptuous and intolerant dogmatists. The doctrine of the trinity especially as maintained in the Athanasian creed, is contradictory to the principles of common sense, and impedes, according to the observation of sir Isaac Newton, and conformably to our *continual experience*, the propagation of the gospel, which is the true law of God, and the greatest blessing ever conferred upon mankind. There is a masterly book about the trinity written by Dr. Samuel Clarke (a genius almost as great as Newton) which I would very particularly recommend to the reader.

My opponent has improperly reflected upon the Philadelphia Library Company for collecting infidel and anti-christian publications. The Philadelphia Library, from former and late importations, may justly be praised for many valuable works in favour of christianity, and I believe it is with reluctance that any infidel publications are admitted into it.

My opponent has abused me in the language of the streets, and has falsely accused me of infidelity, when I only wished to contend for the truth of the scriptures. I hope that time and inquiry will shew him all his errors. I will hope that he will alter his opinion about the trinity and will at last acknowledge that "the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

It is said in the seventh chapter of Daniel that the pope shall "change Times and Laws: and they shall be given into his Hand for a Time, and Times, and the dividing of Time." The pope made havoc of the ten commandments. He altogether omitted the second, and made ten commandments of the

whole, without the second. As universal bishop he made over the whole christian world, what the emperor Constantine had partially done, he made the first day of the week the sabbath instead of the seventh. But I firmly believe the time will come when the Jew and the Gentile will acknowledge one sabbath, one God, and one Saviour, "whom he hath appointed Heir of all Things, by whom also he made the Worlds; who being the Brightness of his Glory, and express Image of his Person, and upholding all Things by the Word of his Power, when he had by himself purged our Sins, sat down on the right Hand of the Majesty on High." A SEARCHER OF THE SCRIPTURES.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE Ladies of Philadelphia, who have adopted the projecting hat, lately alluded to, resemble a hooded friar, and carry us back to the ages of monkery, when many a hypocritical head was concealed by a cowl.

A London paper assures us, that *mob caps* are much the fashion at Paris; a mode of dressing, which Buonaparte surely disapproves.

Black for spencers, robes, and hats is all the rage in Paris: a colour not very seasonable for the hot piping times of peace.

The Belles of Bath dress generally in light cotton gowns, with black stockings, or boots. The majority of the younger ladies are booted, and look like so many of Diana's nymphs, who had been engaged in the chace.

In London, if the question be asked, "Is Miss such a one a woman of fashion?" The ready reply of every Bond-street loungee is, "Oh! she is a *mode* of the finest transparency."

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOUR correspondent, who undertook, in the last number of the Port Folio, to pass some strictures on the proceedings of the legislature of this state, relative to the then projected law, declaring the holding of offices under the general and state governments, at the same time, incompatible, has committed an error in asserting, that the legislature had no right to pass such a law, so far as it was retrospective in its operation. Of this he may be convinced, by a reference to the 8th section of the 2d article of the constitution, the words of which are as follow:

Art. 2, sect. 8. "No member of congress from this state, nor any person holding or exercising any office of trust or profit under the United States, shall, at the same time, hold or exercise the office of judge, secretary, treasurer, prothonotary, register of wills, recorder of deeds, sheriff, or any office in this state, to which a salary is by law annexed, or any other office, which future legislatures shall declare incompatible with offices or appointments under the United States."

By the concluding clause of this section, it is conceived, that the legislature were fully authorised to pass the law above referred to; and their having done so, in opposition to the governor's veto, is a proof of their confidence that the constitution sanctioned the proceeding.

Your correspondent is pleased to compliment the governor on his professional talents and judgment; but surely he cannot think those appointments, which have proved so obnoxious to the people and their representatives, any marks of sound judgment or good discretion in the governor. The public have generally pronounced them, from the beginning, flagrant tokens of partiality, which nothing could justify. In the name of wonder, have we such a lack of professional merit, either

among the lawyers or the doctors, that we must lavish all employments, in their particular branches of science, upon two or three men? Sir, it is the spirit of party which claims all the honour of this ungenerous preference. But, although it has been humorously said, that the governor made Mr. Leib a doctor, by appointing him physician at the lazaretto, and the law requires that he should be *resident* there, it seems that the power of the governor, in this instance, is superior to that of the law, for all this while the doctor is wintering at Washington, and the physician of the port of Philadelphia is performing the duty, for which Dr. Leib receives double the recompense that falls to the other.

I have no objections against Mr. Dallas, as recorder of the city, on the score of talents; but the circumstances under which he was appointed to that office, were highly exceptionable. Whether he will renounce the office he holds under the general government, for the sake of retaining the recordership, I cannot pretend to say; but it is no longer a question, that he must relinquish the one or the other.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S

MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

NO. IX.

THE leading points of the Message have been sufficiently canvassed, and it is believed to have been fully demonstrated, that this communication is chargeable with all the faults which were imputed to it, on the outset of the examination. We have shewn, that it has made, or attempted to make, prodigal sacrifices of constitutional energy, of sound principle, and of public interest. In the doctrine respecting war, there is a senseless abandonment of the just and necessary authority of the executive department, in a point, material to our national safety. In the proposals to relinquish the internal revenue, there is an attempt to establish a precedent, ruinous to our public credit: calculated to prolong the burden of the debt, and, generally, to enfeeble and sink the government, by depriving it of resources of great importance to its respectability, to the accomplishment of its most salutary plans, to its power of being useful. In the attack upon the judiciary establishment, there is a plain effort to impair that organ of the government, one on which its efficiency and success absolutely depend. In the recommendation to admit indiscriminately foreign emigrants, of every description, to the privileges of American citizens, on their first entrance into our country, there is an attempt to break down every pale which has been erected, for the preservation of a national spirit and a national character, and to let in the most powerful means of perverting and corrupting both the one and the other.

This is more than the moderate opponents of Mr. Jefferson's elevation ever feared from his administration: much more than the most wrong-headed of his own sect dared to hope; it is infinitely more than any one who had read the fair professions in his inaugural speech could have suspected. Reflecting men must be dismayed at the prospect before us. If such rapid strides have been hazarded in the very gristle of his administration, what may be expected when it shall arrive to manhood? In vain was the collected wisdom of America convened at Philadelphia....In vain were the anxious labours of a Washington bestowed. Their works are regarded as nothing better than empty bubbles, destined to be blown away by the mere breath of a disciple of Turgot, a pupil of Condorcet.

Though the most prominent features of the message have been portrayed, and their deformity

exhibited in true colours, there remain many less important traits not yet touched, which, however, will materially assist us in determining its true character. To particularise them with minuteness would employ more time and labour than the object deserves; yet to pass them by wholly, without remark, would be to forego valuable materials for illustrating the true nature of the performance under examination.

There remains to be cursorily noticed, a disposition in our chief magistrate, far more partial to the state governments, than to our national government; to pull down rather than to build up our federal edifice....to vilify the past administration of the latter....to court for himself popular favour, by artifices not to be approved of, either for their dignity, their candour, or their patriotism.

Why are we emphatically and fastidiously told, that "the states, individually, have the *principal* care of our persons, our property, and our reputation, constituting the great field of human concerns." Was it to render the state governments more dear to us, more the objects of affectionate solicitude?.... Nothing surely was necessary on this head; they are already the favourites of the people, and if they do not forfeit the advantage by a most gross abuse of trust, must, by the very nature of the objects confided to them, continue always to be so. Was it then to prevent too large a portion of affection from being bestowed on the general government? No pains on this head were requisite, not only for the reason just assigned, but for the further reason that the more peculiar objects of this government, though no less essential to our prosperity than those of the state governments, oblige it often to act upon the community in a manner more likely to produce aversion than fondness. Accordingly every day furnishes proof, that it is not the spoiled child of the many. On this point the high example of the president himself is pregnant with instruction. Was it to indicate the supreme importance of the state governments over that of the United States? This was as little useful, as it was correct. Considering the vast variety of humours, prepossessions, and localities, which, in the much diversified composition of these states, militate against the weight and authority of the general government, if union under that government is necessary, it can answer no valuable purpose to depreciate its importance in the eyes of the people. It is not correct; because to the care of the federal government are confided, directly, those great general interests, on which all particular interests materially depend: our safety in respect to foreign nations; our tranquillity in respect to each other; the foreign and mutual commerce of the states; the establishment and regulation of the money of the country; the management of our national finances; indirectly, the security of liberty, by the guarantee of a republican form of government to each state; the security of property, by the interdiction of laws violating the obligation of contracts, and issuing the emissions of paper money, under state authority (from both of which causes the right of property had experienced serious injury); the prosperity of agriculture and manufactures, as intimately connected with that of commerce, and as depending, in a variety of ways, upon the agency of the general government: In a word, it is the province of the general government to manage the greatest number of those concerns, in which its provident activity and exertion are of most importance to the people; and we have only to compare the state of our country antecedent to its establishment, with what it has been since, to be convinced that the most operative causes of public prosperity depend upon that general government. It is not meant, by what has been said, to insinuate that the state governments are not extremely useful in their proper spheres; but the object is to guard against the mischiefs of exaggerating their im-

portance, in derogation from that of the general government. Every attempt to do this is, remotely, a stab at the union of these states; a blow to our collective existence as one people....and to all the blessings, which are interwoven with that sacred fraternity.

If it be true, as insinuated, that "our organization is too complicated....too expensive"....let it be simplified; let this, however, be done in such a manner as not to mutilate, weaken, or eventually destroy our present system, but in a manner to increase the energy, and insure the duration of our national government, *the rock of our political salvation*.

In this insinuation, and in the suggestion that "offices and officers have been unnecessarily multiplied:" in the intimation that appropriations have not been sufficiently specific, and that the system of accountability to a single department has been disturbed; in this and in other things, too minute to be particularized, we discover new proofs of the disposition of the present executive, unjustly and indecorously to arraign his predecessors.

As far as the message undertakes to specify any instance of the improper complexity of our organization, namely, in the instance of the judiciary establishment, the late administration has been already vindicated.

As to the "*undue* multiplication of offices and officers," it is substantially a misrepresentation. It would be nothing less than a miracle, if, in a small number of instances, it had not happened that particular offices and officers might have been dispensed with. For in the early essays of a new government, in making the various establishments relative to the affairs of a nation, some mistakes in this respect will arise, notwithstanding the greatest caution. It must happen to every government, that in the hurry of a new plan, some agents will occasionally be employed, who may not be absolutely necessary; and this, where there is every inclination to economy. Similar things may have happened under our past administration. But any competent judge, who will take the trouble to examine into it, will be convinced, that there is no just cause for blame in this particular.

The president has not pointed out the cases, to which he applies the charge; but he has communicated information of some retrenchments, which he has made, and probably intends that the truth shall be inferred from this.

Three instances are particularly presented; these shall be briefly examined; it will be seen that they do not justify the imputation. They respect certain ministers at foreign courts; some navy agents at particular ports; and some inspectors of the revenue in particular states.

As to the first, it is believed to be a pretty just idea, that we ought not greatly to multiply diplomatic agencies. Three permanent ones may, perhaps, be found sufficient in the future progress of our affairs; for France, Spain, and England.... The expediency of having these, is recognized by the conduct of our present chief magistrate. But others must be employed, and, during particular seasons, it may be wise to do it for a considerable length of time. Indeed there is strong ground for an opinion entertained by very sensible men, that there ought to be a permanent minister at every court, with which we have extensive commercial relations.

Two other ministers were employed by both the former administrations, one with Portugal, the other with Holland; and it is asserted, without fear of denial, that this was done by the first president with the approbation of Mr. Jefferson. One other minister was employed by the late president at the court of Berlin.

A commercial treaty with Portugal is admitted, on all hands, and for obvious reasons, to be parti-

cularly desirable; as very interesting branches of our commerce are carried on in the Portuguese dominions. We are still without any such treaty. To send to that court a diplomatic agent to endeavour to effect one, was a measure of evident propriety; to recal them before a treaty has been effected, must be of questionable expediency. The views and circumstances of nations change; and an opportunity may occur, at some particular conjuncture, for effecting what was not before possible, which may be lost by the want of a fit agent on the spot to embrace it. But admitting that the experiment has now been sufficiently tried to justify its abandonment, still it does not follow that it was unwise to have continued it as long as it was: and as this must at least rest in opinion, the continuance, if upon an erroneous calculation in this particular, is no proof of a "disposition to multiply offices" or officers. And those, who consider the nature and extent of our commercial relations with Portugal, will not cease to think it problematical, whether the expense of a diplomatic agent, especially in a situation, in which nothing has been defined by treaty, ought to stand in competition with the benefits, which may result from the presence of a minister at the court of that kingdom. This consideration alone is sufficient to repel the charge.

NUMBER X.

AS to Holland being the second power which acknowledged our Independence, and made a treaty with us, a step which involved her in war with Great Britain, it was deemed proper to treat her with a marked respect. Besides this, from the time of our revolution to the present, we have had large money concerns with her people. A trusty and skillful public agent was for a long time necessary to superintend those concerns. If in a different capacity, it could not have cost much less, and by the annexation of a diplomatic character, a double purpose was answered. The honourable nature of the station enabled the Government to find an agent at a less expense than would have been requisite to procure one merely for the money object. It is not meant to deny, that the great change which has lately happened in the affairs of that country, making it in effect a dependency on France, rendered a removal of the minister proper; but it does not follow that it ought to have been done sooner. It is also known, that Mr. Murray, the late envoy, has been for a considerable time past, employed in our negotiations with France; which probably was a collateral reason for not recalling him sooner. In respect to one, if not to both these ministers, it may be observed, that a time of war was not the most eligible moment for their removal of a minister.

As to Berlin, the inducements for keeping a minister there, have never been fully explained. It is only known, that our commercial treaty with Prussia had expired, and that a renewal has been effected by the envoy sent thither; but influential as was the court of Prussia in the affairs of Europe during the late dreadful storm, it may have been conceived, that a cultivation of the good will of the Prussian monarch was not a matter of indifference to the peace and security of this country. If this was the object of the mission, though there may have been too far-fetched a policy in the case, it offers a defence of the measure, which exculpates the executive at least from the charge of a desire to multiply officers improvidently.

On the most unfavourable supposition then, here was one diplomatic agent too many, and two others were continued longer than was absolutely necessary. This surely is not of magnitude sufficient to constitute a serious charge, where malevolence did not inspire a spirit of accusation. In considering this question, it ought to be remembered, that it

is the prevailing policy of governments to keep diplomatic agents at all courts where they have important relations.

As to the navy agents, it is sufficient to say, that they were temporary persons, who grew up out of our rupture with France; who, when they were appointed, were useful to accelerate naval preparations at as many points as could be advantageously occupied, and that it was only proper to discontinue them when an accommodation had been effected, and after they had had time enough to wind up the affairs of their agency. This was not the case previous to Mr. Jefferson's administration. In other instances of removal he only did it to make way for members of his own sect, and it will not be pretended that here there was any foundation for the charge under examination.

As to the inspectors of the revenue, the case in brief stands thus....When the excise on distilled spirits was established, three different descriptions of officers were instituted to carry it into effect. Supervisors, inspectors, and collectors were distributed to districts, surveys, and divisions, one to each. A district comprehends an entire state; a survey some large portion of it, or a number of counties; a division, for the most part, a single county. In some of the small states, there were no district officers for the surveys....the duties of inspector being annexed to those of supervisor; in larger ones, there were inspectors more or less numerous according to their extent. As other internal revenues were established, they were put under the management of the same officers. The bare statement of the fact shews the necessity of these officers. The revenues of no government were perhaps ever collected under a more simple organization, or through a smaller number of channels. It is not alleged that the first and last classes of officers were unnecessary. It is only to the middle class that any specious objection can be made. Let us conjecture the reasons for employing them.

In some of the states great opposition was expected, and was actually experienced. In such states especially, it was evidently useful to have the exertions of some men of weight and character in their sphere of moderate extent, to reconcile the discontented;....to arrange the details of business, and to give energy to the measures for collection. In others, similar officers were probably useful in the early stages, for the purpose of establishing the details simply. The subdivision was in all cases favourable to an active and vigilant superintendence. Nor does it require extraordinary penetration to discern that the policy was wise, at the time when the measures were adopted. It is possible that upon the complete establishment of the plan, when all opposition had been vanquished, and when the collection has become an affair of mere routine, that this intermediate class may have ceased to be essential. But till this had become perfectly evident, it would have been premature to alter the original plan. Though it be true, that some years have elapsed since the excise law was passed, it is not very long since it has been in full and uninterrupted operation. Other laws, introducing other branches of internal revenue, have been subsequently passed, from time to time, and the agency of the same officers have probably been found useful on their first introduction and execution. Hence it is easily accounted for that they were not before discontinued, if indeed experience has shewn that they are not still necessary, which is itself problematical. Nothing is more easy than to reduce the number of agents employed in any business, and yet for the business to go on with the reduced number. But before the reduction is applauded, it ought to be ascertained that the business is as well done as it was before. There is a wide difference between merely getting along with business and doing it well and effectually.

These observations sufficiently shew that in the instances which have been cited, there is no evidence of a disposition in the preceding administrations, improperly to multiply offices and officers. Acting under different circumstances, they conducted as those circumstances dictated, and in all probability, in a manner the best adapted to the advancement of the public service. A change of circumstances, may in some instances have rendered a continuance of some of the agents thus employed unnecessary; and the present Chief Magistrate may even be right in discontinuing them; but it is not therefore right to attempt to derive from this any plea of peculiar merit with the people; and it is very far from right to make it a topic of slander on predecessors. Perhaps however this is too rigorous a construction, and that nothing more was intended than to set off to the best advantage, the petty services of petty talents.

If this was the true aim, it is to be regretted that it was not so managed as to avoid the appearance of a design to depreciate in the public estimation, the men who went before.—Had this delicacy or caution been observed, the attempt would have attracted neither notice nor comment.

"Commas and points he sets exactly right,
"And 'twere a sin to rob him of his mire."

NUMBER XI.

THE Message observes that "in our care of the public contributions entrusted to our direction, it would be prudent to multiply barriers against the dissipation of public money, appropriating specific sums to every specific purpose, *susceptible of definition*; by disallowing all applications of money varying from the appropriation in object, or transcending it in amount, by reducing the undefined field of contingencies, and thereby circumscribing discretionary powers over money, and by bringing back to a single department all accountabilities for money where the examination may be prompt, efficacious and uniform." In this recommendation we can be at no loss to discover additional proof of a deliberate design in the present Chief Magistrate to arraign the former administrations. All these suggestions imply in them a former either negligent or defective attention to the objects recommended; some of them go further, and insinuate that there had been at least a departure from correct plans, which had before been instituted. The censure intended to be conveyed is as unjust as the conceptions which have dictated it, are crude and chimerical. In all matters of this nature, the question turns upon the proper boundaries of the precautions to be observed; how far they ought to go; where they should stop; how much is necessary for security, and order; what qualifications of general rules are to be admitted to adapt them to practice, and to attain the ends of the public service. It is certainly possible to do too much as well as too little; to embarrass, if not defeat the good which may be done, by attempting more than is practicable; or to overbalance that good by evils accruing from an excess of regulation. Men of business know this to be the case in the ordinary affairs of life: how much more must it be so, in the extensive and complicated concerns of an empire? To reach and not to pass the salutary medium is the province of sound judgment. To miss the point will ever be the lot of those who, enveloped all their lives in the mists of theory, are constantly seeking for an ideal perfection, which never was and never will be attainable in reality. It is about this medium, not about general principles, that those in power in our government have differed; and to experience, not to the malevolent insinua-

tions of rivals, must be the appeal, whether the one or the other description of persons have judged most accurately. Yet discerning men may form no imperfect opinion of the merits of the controversy between them, by even a cursory view of the distinctions on which it has turned.

Nothing, for instance, is more just or proper than the position, that the legislature ought to appropriate specific sums, for specific purposes; but nothing is more wild or of more inconvenient tendency than to attempt to appropriate "a specific sum for each specific purpose, *susceptible of definition*;" as the Message preposterously recommends. Thus (to take a familiar example) in providing for the transportation of an army; *oats and hay* for the subsistence of horses, are each susceptible of a definition, and an estimate, and a precise sum may be appropriated for each separately; yet in the operations of an army, it will often happen that more than a sufficient quantity of the one article may be obtained, and not a sufficient quantity of the other. If the appropriations be distinct, and the officer who is to make the provision be not at liberty to divert the fund from one of these objects to the other (as the doctrine of the Message implies), the horses of the army may in such a case starve; and its movements be arrested—in some situations even the army itself may likewise be starved, by a failure of the means of transportation.

If it be said, that the inconvenience here suggested, may be avoided, by making the appropriations for *forage*, generally, and not for the items which compose it separately: The answer is, first, that this, by uniting and blending different things, susceptible each of a precise definition, is an abandonment of the principle of the Message; secondly, That it would be only a partial cure for the mischiefs incident to that rigorous principle. It might happen that the badness of roads would injure the waggons of the army more than was anticipated, and so much more as to exhaust the specific fund appropriated for their repairs; it might also have happened from various causes that at an earlier period of the campaign, the consumption of forage had been less than was calculated, so that there was a surplus of the fund destined for this object: If in such a case the public agent could not transfer that surplus to the repairs of the waggons; here in like manner, the motions of the army might be suspended, and in the event famine and ruin produced.

This analysis might be pursued, so as to prove that similar evils are inseparable, from a much more qualified application of the principle in the message, and so to demonstrate that nothing more can safely or reasonably be attempted, than to distribute the public expenses, into a certain number of convenient subdivisions or departments; to require from the proper officers, estimates of the items, which are to compose each head of expense, and after examining these with due care, to adapt the appropriations to the respective aggregates; applying a specific sum to the amount of each great subdivision:—the pay of the army; military stores; quarter-masters' stores, &c. &c. This, with even more detail than could well be executed, has been uniformly done, under the past administrations of the present government, from the very beginning of its proceedings. More will in the experiment be found impracticable and injurious; especially in seasons and in situations, when the public service demands activity and exertion. In like manner, the former practice of the government, has corresponded with the rule, taken in its true and just sense, of "disallowing all applications of money, varying from the appropriation in object, or transcending it in amount." It is confidently believed, that whoever shall allege or insinuate the contrary, may be challenged to point out the instance in which money has been

issued from the treasury for any purpose, which was not sanctioned by regular appropriation, or which exceeded the appropriated amount; or where there was an expenditure of money allowed, that was not strictly within the limits of such an appropriation; except indeed, upon the impracticable idea of minutely separating, and distinguishing the items which form the aggregate of some general head of expenditure.

It is likewise material, to have it well understood, that generally speaking, the distinction between the appropriations for different objects, can only be strictly observed at the treasury itself; which can easily take care that more money shall not go out for any purpose, than is authorized by law; and can see that this money is fairly expended by the proper officer, in conformity with the general spirit of the appropriation prescribed by the law. But it is in most cases impossible for the officer, charged with a particular branch of the public service, to separate nicely, in the details of expenditure, the different funds which may have been placed in his hands. Thus, still drawing our examples from the military department, where the danger of misapplication is always the greatest) if several sums be placed in the hands of the quarter-master general, for different objects, he must of necessity, distribute a large proportion of them among his principal deputies, and these again among subordinate agents. Unless this distribution be pursued through the remotest ramifications, down to the moment of final expenditure, it is evident that it must fail throughout; and it is no less evident that it cannot be so far pursued. The mere accountantship would be an insuperable obstacle; it would require in every the most inferior agent, a profound knowledge of accounts, and would impose both on principals and subordinates the duty of keeping such a multiplicity of accounts, as, if even practicable, would exhaust the funds issued for the public service, in mere clerkship. Another most mischievous consequence would ensue. The exigencies of the public service are often so variable, that a public agent would frequently find himself full-handed for one purpose; empty-handed for another, and if forbidden to make a transfer, not only the service would suffer, but an opportunity, with very strong temptation, would be given to traffic with the public money for private gain: while the business of the government would be stagnated by the injudicious and absurd impediments of an over-driven strictness. Happily it is not very material that the principle of distinct appropriations for separate objects should be carried through all the details. The essential ends of it are answered, if it be strictly pursued, in the issuing of money from the treasury; and if this department be careful that the principle lines of discrimination are not transgressed.

The theory of the Message plainly contemplates, that in no case shall the *actual money* appertaining to one fund, be expended for the purpose of another; though each fund may be sufficient for its object, and though there may be an appropriature for each object. This is another excess of theory; which with a *full treasury* would often disable the government, from fulfilling its engagements, and from carrying on the public business. To execute this plan consistently with exigencies of national expenditure, would probably require, in ordinary, a triplication of the revenue, or a capital necessary for the whole amount of that expenditure, and would very often lock up from circulation, large sums, which might be of great importance to the activity of trade and industry. Such are the endless blessings to be expected from the notable schemes of a philosophic projector! strict to a fault, where relaxation is necessary; lax to a vice, where strictness is essential!

As to "reducing the undefined field of contingencies, and circumscribing discretionary powers over money," observations similar to those which have been already made, occur. The term *reducing*, implies that the thing must have already existed in a degree; and indeed it is manifest, that all the minute casualties of expenditure, especially in the naval and military departments, cannot be foreseen and defined. The question then must be, has not the limit been sufficiently narrow for the situation of the Government, in the scenes through which it has passed; comprehending for a great part of the time Indian wars and foreign hostilities? Certainly, if viewed on a proportionable scale, the extent appears to have been as moderate as could have been desired; and no blame can justly attach to the administration on this account.

As to "bringing back to a single department all accountabilities for money," there never has been a deviation from that system. The department of the treasury has uniformly preserved a vigilant superintendence over all accountabilities for public money. A particular accountant indeed has been appointed in the war and navy departments, but he has been subordinate to the treasury department, which has prescribed regulations for his conduct, and has constantly revised his proceedings. It is true, that by his connection with the particular department for which he is accountant, there are cases in which he is to be guided by the directions of the head of that department; but though these directions, if not plainly contrary to the rules prescribed by the treasury, would exempt him from responsibility, the directions themselves pass under the review of the treasury, as a check upon the head of the department to which he is attached; and in cases of abuse, they would serve to establish a responsibility of the principal. To say, that this interferes with a prompt examination of accounts, is to affirm, that a division of labour is injurious to dispatch; a position contrary to all experience. The fact, without doubt, is, that it contributes essentially to dispatch: and that whatever new modification may be adopted, either the accounts of the other departments will never keep pace with the current of business in times of activity, or that modification must adhere to the principle of employing distinct organs.

If it be the design to exclude, in every case, the intervention of the head of the particular department, some or all of these evils will follow: The service of that department will suffer, by unduly restricting its head, in cases in which he must be the most competent judge, and by obliging him, in order to avoid eventual difficulties, to resort, in the first instance, to another department, less alive than himself to the exigencies of his own, for a cautious and slow, perhaps a reluctant acquiescence in arrangements which require promptness; if, in the spirit of confidence and accommodation, the officers of the treasury yield a ready compliance with the wishes of the head of such department, they may inadvertently co-operate in measures which they would have disapproved and corrected on a deliberate and impartial revision. If this spirit be not shewn, not only the immediate service of the department may be improperly impeded, but sensations, unfriendly to the due harmony of the different members of the administration, may be engendered. Collusion stands on one, discord on the other side of the dilemma.

The existing plan steers a middle and a prudent course; neither fettering too much the heads of the other departments, nor relinquishing too far the requisite controul of the treasury. Its opposite supposes all trust may be placed in one department—none in the others. The extravagant jealousy of the overbearing influence of the trea-

sury department, which was so conspicuous in the times of the two former secretaries, has of a sudden given way to unlimited confidence! The intention seems to be to surround the brow of their immaculate successor, with the collected rays of legislative and executive favour. But vain will be the attempt to add lustre to the dim luminary of a benighted administration!

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

[The following elegant description of a musical banquet, will delight the amateur.]

FEAST OF ANACREON.

THE Columbian Anacreontic Society last evening gave their annual Ladies' Concert, in a style of superior elegance. The whole suite of apartments occupied by the city assemblies, was thrown open on this occasion. No pains or expense had been spared to provide suitable entertainment, and Mrs. Oldmixon, whose musical powers have long since acquired her great celebrity, was procured from Philadelphia.

The company assembled at an early hour, and were numerous, beyond any former occasion..... The ladies had generally taken ornaments of *coquelico*, in compliment to the society; and it was only requisite that the seats should have been constructed amphitheatrically, to have exhibited a *spectacle*, the most striking, brilliant, and fascinating.

The following extract from the bill contains the music which was given:—

ACT I.

	COMPOSERS' NAMES.
Grand Overture to Mahmoud - - - - -	Storace.
Song, Mr. Fox, "My journey is Love," - - -	Hook.
Song, Miss Brett, "To Arms both the Helens and Hector," - - - - -	Dibdin.
Song, Mr. Hodgkinson, "Fancy's Bower, or the Ladies' Annual Concert," - - - -	Haigh.
Song, Mrs. Hodgkinson, "The Spirits of the Bless'd," - - - - -	Carr.
Song, by a Member of the Society (unaccompanied), "Alone by the light of the Moon," - - - - -	Hook.
Duet, Mr. Hodgkinson and Miss Brett, "Of Freedom the Blessing," - - - - -	Storace.
Song, Mrs. Oldmixon, "Each Coming Day," - - - - -	Atwood.
Concerto Grand Piano Forte, Mr. Gilfort, junr. lately arrived in this country, - -	Foder.

ACT II.

1. Adagio and Minuetto - - - - -	Pleyel.
2. A New Scotch Song, Miss Brett, - -	Hook.
3. Concerto Clarinet, composed and performed by - - - - -	Gautier.
4. Trumpet Song, Mr. Hodgkinson, - -	Pellisier.
5. Song, "Sweet passion of Love" (by particular desire), Mrs. Hodgkinson, - -	Arne.
6. Ballad, Mr. Fox, "Come buy my Wooden Ware," - - - - -	Hook.
7. Song, Mr. Wilson, "Steal Love's fetters o'er the Mind," - - - - -	Shield.
8. Bravura, Mrs. Oldmixon, "Pity my tortur'd Heart," - - - - -	Giordani.
9. Scotch Medley Overture, - - - - -	Arnold.

Music selected and arranged by Mr. Hodgkinson, president of the society.

Leader of the orchestra, Mr. Hewitt.

Propriety will not, perhaps, permit on such an occasion the indulgence of critical remarks on the performance, were we otherwise inclined to make such, and did we feel ourselves competent; we shall only, therefore, observe, that of the songs, those most distinguished were the two by Mrs. Oldmixon; the second of Mrs. Hodgkinson's, and the second of Miss Brett's. Mrs. O. in her first,

pleased by sweetness and simplicity; in her *bravura*, she astonished by the prodigious compass of her voice; her flute notes in *alt* in a particular manner excited the admiration of the audience; which was expressed in loud and universal applauses; courtesy to the stranger, as much perhaps as approbation of her performance, caused these plaudits to be again and again repeated. The song, however, most calculated to *charm the listening ear*, was Mrs. Hodgkinson's second.... Her "Sweet Passion of Love," was given with a delicacy of tone, a distinctness of articulation, a force of emphasis, and a degree of impassioned tenderness, which reached every heart.

Mr. Gilfort met with much deserved applause, for his truly surprising execution. Mr. Gautier exhibited, as he always does, powers over his instrument, which we have never witnessed in any other. His *rondo* was captivating.

The sense of *tasting* was not forgotten by the managers any more than that of hearing; between the acts the gentlemen retired to the tea-room, where they found a plenty of substantial refreshments; while a profusion of fruits and delicacies was served round to the ladies, by the gentlemen of the society; this part of the evening's amusement was received by the company with marks of approbation, not easily to be understood.

On the whole, we believe it may with truth be said, that the satisfaction generally received, was fully equal to the expectations, which had been raised. We beg permission to express our hope, that an institution so honourable to the taste and manners of our city, may continue to receive the electric applause of *Beauty and Fashion*.

[New-York Evening Post.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN the year 1777, the importation of tea from China to England, was about sixteen millions of pounds. From that time to the present, it has increased to no less than THIRTY MILLIONS.

Coffee was first used in Persia, as a beverage among the religious of that country; thence it was transported into Turkey, and found its way into Europe through France. It was first known in Great-Britain, in 1652. The first coffee-house in London was instituted by a Greek.

The Walpole paper is always decorated with the flowers of fancy; and, in the Farmer's Museum, we find many a curious article, worthy the attention of the connoisseur. The following is a gem:

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

AN EPIGRAM,

The Hint from a Fact

Three bellies in a garden were viewing the plants,
Conducted respectively by their gallants.
"Here Nancy," said William, "is one will reveal
A secret which many fam'd beauties conceal;
For where modest virtue has flown from her stand,
It wilts at the touch, and recedes from the hand."
The young ladies gaz'd as if rather dismay'd,
But Nancy at length said, "Poh! I'm not afraid."
Her fair hand advanc'd—the experiment tried,
When lo! in an instant the plant droop'd and died!
The poor girl first redd'n'd, then whiter than snow
Said faintly—"Lord help me! How does the plant know!"
MOMUS.

The following is a "good enough barometer" of the "popular gale," and well exposes the knavery

* As the sensitive plant does in fact droop and fold up its leaves at the touch of any person, this trick was a very mischievous one on the part of William. Happily for the peace of society, nature, in reality, affords no such criterion.

of the demagogue, and the simplicity of those silly sheep, the people :

Nothing shews folly in a more contemptible light, than its being repeatedly duped by the same deceit. Of all the pretences, which have imposed upon the credulity of mankind, that of *patriotism* is oftenest used. The reason is evident. Observation of political errors, without attention to their nature or source, gives weight to the clamours of the *patriot*, and makes the giddy multitude listen to his specious promises of redress, as a drowning person catches at a straw; constant disappointments not in the least abating their credulity.

A poetaster says, in a late volume of advice to the ladies, concerning their behaviour,

"In public places let no nymph appear,
Till she has learnt a fit behaviour there."

This is almost as good counsel as the Irishman gave to his friend, when he advised him never to go into the water, until he had learned to swim.

In a late number of the Philadelphia Gazette, we have perused, with a very continued approbation, the following ingenious satire :

At a numerous and respectable meeting of the young men of this city, held for the purpose of adopting measures to co-operate with the other sex in the glorious improvements in dress, the following resolutions were proposed, and unanimously agreed to:....

Resolved, That the ardent thanks of this meeting be presented to those enlightened few, who have nobly combated the errors and the prejudices of the times, by exhibiting to our enraptured view a great portion of their persons, which, hitherto, an absurd regard for modesty has concealed in obscurity; and that, in future, they be distinguished by the appellation of the Spartan band.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed, to report what alteration will be necessary in our dress, to assimilate it, if possible, to that of the other sex; if the pantaloons ought to undergo a revision, or whether they had not better be laid aside, as superfluous and unnecessary.

Resolved, That a committee be appointed to wait on the Spartan band, to express to them our sanguine hopes, that they will not pause in the glorious career they have entered on, but that every year will disclose more and more of their beauteous forms, till at last they arrive at the summit of perfectibility, by appearing "in puris naturalibus."

Resolved, That the pictures of the Spartan band be taken by Mr. Stuart; that he be directed to array them, in their new costume, in his most glowing colours; and that they be placed in the most conspicuous part of the theatre, for the benefit of those, who may not have been gratified with a sight of the originals.

In the enthusiasm of the moment, it was proposed to proceed directly through the streets to the houses of the band, with their pantaloons in their hands, as an evidence of the rapid progress of reformation; but this was negatived, upon the suggestion that, although, in a short time, this would, no doubt, be done by all, yet, at present, the novelty of the scene might attract such a concourse of admirers, as to render their return home somewhat inconvenient. Whereupon the meeting adjourned.

Published by order of the meeting,
ADAM SANSULOTTE, *Chairman*.

The American Ladies' and Gentlemen's Pocket Almanack, for 1802, has just been published, by Mr. Longworth. It must be gratifying to every person of taste, to observe this successful attempt to vie with European artists; and it is to be hoped public patronage will duly appreciate the exertion. It is not too highly commending this little volume, to

pronounce it to be honourable to the state of American arts. The quantity of its contents makes it a cheap collection of elegant poetry, selected with much judgment, mostly from living authors. In a word, we may say, without hesitation, it is superior, in point of execution, to any European publication of the sort.

[*New-York Evening Post*.

LAW CASE.

The following case is related by Sadi, in his *Gulistan*, or *Rose Garden*, and is cited by Puffendorf* with approbation :

A man, who had a disorder in his eyes, called on a farrier for a remedy, and he applied to them a medicine, commonly used for his patients. The man lost his sight, and brought an action for damages; but the judge said, "No action lies, for, if the complainant had not himself been an ass, he would never have employed a farrier!"

[*Jones on Bailments*, 77.

The Bond-street heroes, since the late pedestrian feats, are no longer to be called *loungeurs*, but *walkers*. They adopt the velocity of *running footmen*, and thrusting people into the kennel is all the rage.

We read, with great interest, the following advertisement, in a London paper of recent date :

"Speedily will be published, in one volume, quarto, illustrated with maps (dedicated, by permission, to his majesty), *Voyages from Montreal, on the River St. Laurence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, in the years 1789 and 1793*. With a preliminary account of the rise, progress, and present state of the Fur Trade in that country. By Alexander Mackenzie, Esq."

This book will prove a most valuable accession to the stock of travels in this country. Mr. Mackenzie has been frequently described as one of the most intelligent of tourists.

A lady, of great literary acquirements, lately gave her husband a very severe shock, by assuring him that not a day passed over her head at *Mar-gate*, without seeing her in *old Neptune's bosom*!

The archbishop of York was very fond of a pun. His clergy dining with him, for the first time after he had lost his lady, he told them he feared they did not find things in so good order as they used to be, in the time of poor Mary: and, looking extremely sorrowful, added with a deep sigh, "She was indeed *Mare pacificum*." A curate, who well knew what she had been, called out "Aye, my lord, but she was *Mare mortuum* first."

We have often heard of a "*dingy Desdemona*," but the following is new. When Foote once wished to draw a full house at the Haymarket theatre, he inserted in the play-bills, that by particular desire, for that night only, the part of Calista, the fair Penitent, would be performed by a *blackamoor* lady of great accomplishments.

Barrymore, happening to come late to the theatre, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," says he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," replied Bannister, coolly, "If you have swallowed the key....it will serve to open your chest."

Mr. Whitely, manager of a country theatre, having constantly an eye to his interest, one even-

ing, during the performance of Richard III, gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle. Representing the crook-back'd tyrant, he exclaimed, "Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain; Conscience avault."....."That man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying."....."Richard's himself again."

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell asleep; but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir, to excuse me, I can sleep very well where I am."

When general Burgoyne was once at a play, which was most miserably acted, at a barn, in Lancashire, he called one of the performers, and asked him what was the name of the piece, "The *Stage-Coach*, sir," replied Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "Why then," answered the general, returning the bow, with the utmost gravity, "you will greatly oblige me, by giving me early notice the next time it is performed, that I may be an *outside passenger*."

Two clergymen, descanting of the mischiefs that had crept into the church, one of them said that a large portion of his flock were tinctured with *deism*; the other complained that many of his congregation were still worse, being infected with *atheism*. "And I am sure," added a bystander, "that nearly half of our parish is, at this minute, sadly afflicted with *rheumatism*."

An English gentleman, travelling through the county of Kilkenny, came to a ford, and hired a boat to take him across. The water being rather more agitated than was agreeable to him, he asked the boatman, if any person was ever lost in the passage. Never, replied the boatman, my brother was drowned here last week, but we found him next day.

A conceited Colonel in the Cavalry lately complained that from the ignorance of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment—I am said he, my own captain, my own lieutenant, my own cornet—and your own *trumpeter*, added a witty lady.

A fellow once calling a barber a *paper skull* booby, so irritated the friseur, that he swore, if ever he dared to repeat the phrase, he'd give him such a dressing, as he never had in his life, and added—*paper skull* indeed! I'd have you to know that my skull is as thick as yours, and be d—d to you.

You and your perpetually introduced in familiar conversation have a bad effect. They remind one of Mrs. Hannah Glasse of *culinary* memory—"when you have made your water boil, then put your pudding into your pot."

In running over the pages of an old literary journal, there is found a novel, translated from the French, entitled: "*The Virtuous Criminal*," &c. The philosophers of the new school are very adroit in combining vice and virtue, in their hodge podge of moral relations. Thus we hear of "*Artless Deception*," "*Good natured Parricide*," "*Honest Thieves*," and "*Innocent Adultery*."

Walking Match.—On Wednesday morning, at half past seven, Thomas Dennison, of Thirsk, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, set out to walk to York, thence back to Carlton, about two miles and a half north of Thirsk, and thence to the house he

* De Jur. Nat. & Gent. lib. 5, cap. 5, § 2,

started from, against Thomas Bradley, of the same place, for thirty guineas a side. Dennison performed the journey, being about fifty-one miles, with considerable ease, in nine hours and a quarter, leaving Bradley from nine to ten miles behind.
[*Morning Post.*]

A London paper narrates, that Mr. Barclay, while in training for his walking match in Yorkshire, lived principally on *beef stakes* and *vinegar*! He was regularly exercised every day, and the utmost pains were taken to keep *women* out of his sight!

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WALTER AND MARY.

A LONG time ago, as old legends recite,
In the depth of yon forest's deep gloom,
Stood the cottage of Mary, where oft on a night,
While the moon faintly beam'd thro' the foliage her light,
She lov'd with her Walter to roam.

Yet Walter was needy, the child of distress,
Chilling penury call'd him her own;
Tho' fortune had scorn'd with her riches to bless
Poor Walter, yet Mary ne'er lov'd him the less;
Yet in silence he mourn'd, and alone.

Cold and cruel, and miserly, stricken in years,
Was the parent of Mary the maid,
Nought he heeded the sigh that would break on
his ears,
Nor the smile of affection that beam'd thro' her
tears,
As compassion for Walter she pray'd.

Yet pure as the dew-drop that sits on the flow'r,
The affection that warm'd Walter's breast,
More pure than the Spring breeze, when kiss'd by
the show'r,
As pure as the waters of *Jordan*, what hour
Its stream by the Saviour was press'd.

Old Reuben, the herdsman, was wealthy, and
sigh'd
To rival the youth with the maid;
Long to gain her affections, but vainly, had tried;
Oft had offer'd to make poor Mary his bride,
And his wealth, his possessions display'd.

Her parent had pleaded for Reuben, and long
Had Mary rejected his pleas;
In the woods she would sorrow, and list to the song
Of the nightingale warbling the branches among,
And mournfully sigh to the breeze.

In the bosom of Reuben had jealousy reign'd,
The offspring of love unreturn'd;
Her smiles on her Walter his bleeding heart
pain'd,
And madd'ning with fury and rage unrestrain'd,
For vengeance on Mary had burn'd.

One even with Walter, beneath the grove's shade,
When the pale moon-beam stole thro' the
boughs,
She reclin'd;...all was still, save the sigh of the
maid,
Or the south breeze that rustled....she felt not
afraid,
For she listen'd to hear Walter's vows.

With his vassals, the slaves of his ill-gotten ore,
In the grove Reuben sought out the pair,
Seiz'd on Walter, and merciless, pitiless bore
From the bosom of Mary the youth to the shore,
To a vessel that waited him there.

The wild waves and the winds wafted Walter
away,
From the scenes of pure, tranquil delight;
While Mary would wander the forest by day,
And pensively love by the sea shore to stray,
While stormy and cold was the night.

Oft as heedlessly wand'ring, poor Mary had stray'd,
O'er the mountain, the heath, or the lawn,
Would Reuben deceitfully tell to the maid,
That her Walter was faithless....her Walter was
dead,
Nor thought on the days that were gone:

Yet Mary was listless, as Reuben would tell
That his passion was pure as the dew;
Ah! in vain would he strive each fond thought to
dispel
From her bosom, of Walter....for Walter too well
Her heart sweetly whisper'd was true.

Yet in sorrow, and oft, would her parent complain
She would bring his grey hairs to the grave,
For the herdsman would sue....oft would keen sor-
row feign,
That Mary rejected the hand of the swain,
Oft implore her a parent to save.

Subdued by affection, she griev'd at the sight
Of her sire, feeble, tott'ring, distress'd:
"Thy bosom," she sobb'd, "shall feel cheerful and
light;"
And she fix'd, broken hearted, the sorrowful night,
That the herdsman by her should be bless'd.

Five years had roll'd on, since her Walter had fled,
And the night of the wedding was come,
Cheerless, silent and pensive, to church she was
led,
O'er the path that with Walter so oft she would
tread,
At the altar to seal her sad doom.

As she pass'd up the aisle, "Oh, my Walter!" she
sigh'd,
"Could you feel as poor Mary feels now;
"Could you know with what joy she would now be
thy bride;
"What a burden of sorrow her poor heart does
hide,
You would pardon to Reuben her vow."

Prophetic and sad was the organ's deep strain
To the maid as it rose on her ear;
Fancy told of the time, as at eve o'er the plain
With her first love she rov'd; when no sorrow, no
pain
Had embitter'd life's smiling career.

Busy Mem'ry, kind friend in prosperity's hour,
In adversity ever a foe,
Sketch'd to Mary the rude oaken bench in the
bow'r,
Where her heart had acknowledg'd love's soft
silken pow'r,...
First was taught all its bliss....all its woe.

Not so fleeting the shadow of April's thin cloud,
As the forms by her mem'ry pourtray'd:
Now the organ was hush'd, at the altar she bow'd,
And the pastor, in accents impressive and loud,
Address'd his discourse to the maid.

Scarce the servant of God had yet utter'd a word,
When the wind howl'd around the old pile,
On the church roof scream'd shrilly the lonely
night bird,
And a heart breaking groan, deep and hollow was
heard
From the furthestmost part of the aisle.

The church it was dark, save the altar around,
No tapers illumin'd the pile;
Again all was silent, and still, and profound,
When Mary faint utter'd, "What groaning, what
sound
"That but now floated up the church aisle?"

"'Twas the scream of the screech-owl," the pas-
tor rejoind,
"And the night it is stormy and dark,
"Young maiden, dispel every dread from thy
mind,
"Twas the church bell that sounded, as struck
by the wind,
"Or the village dog hoarsely did bark."

Hark! another deep groan thro' the church aisle
resound!
"Oh, God! save poor Mary," she cried;
When tremblingly shudd'ring, she heard a quick
sound
In the aisle, of a hollow step tread on the ground,
And her Walter stood close by her side.

His hair loosely flowing...his eye-balls roll'd round,
And his bar'd bosom heav'd a deep sigh;
"Thou woman," he rav'd, as she sunk on the
ground,
"Whom once I thought faithful, now false I have
found,
"Pray, pray to thy God, thou shalt die!"

He plung'd to her heart the cold knife....not a
sound
From poor Mary escap'd....she scarce sigh'd:
He pierc'd his own bosom, and dropp'd to the
ground;
He drank with his cold lips the blood from her
wound;
He clasp'd her, he kiss'd her, and died.

Yet as pure as the dew-drop that sits on the flow'r,
The affection that warm'd Mary's breast,
More pure than the Spring breeze, when kiss'd by
the show'r,
As pure as the waters of *Jordan*, what hour
Its stream by the Saviour was press'd.

To the brink of yon stream, where the willow trees
lean
And rustle, as sweeping the grave tops so green,
Not long since, the shepherds would wander at
e'en,
To dress with wild roses the spot
Where the graves of poor Mary and Walter
were seen:
In the Summer, the long grass was fresh and was
green;
The shepherds in winter would sweep the snow
clean;
And to shelter their graves from the rains of the
Spring,
Would build o'er the spot a rude cot.

ORLANDO.

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HUGH MAXWELL, COLUMBIA-HOUSE.

THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 8.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. VII.

Si les femmes veulent seulement être belles à leur propres yeux, et se plaire à elles-mêmes, elles peuvent, sans doute, dans la manière de s'embeller, dans le choix des ajustemens et de la parure, suivre leur goût et leur caprice, mais si c'est aux hommes qu'elles desiront de plaire, si c'est pour ceux qu'elles se fardent ou qu'elles s'enluminent, j'ai recueilli les voix, et je leur prononce de la part de tous les hommes, que le blanc et le rouge, les rendent affreuses et dégoûtantes.

LA BRUYÈRE.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

SIR,

I am a young gentleman of considerable property, and having arrived at the age, which I have long contemplated as the period of settling myself by a matrimonial connection, I came some months ago to this city, in hopes of meeting with one, among your Philadelphia belles, who should sufficiently interest my feelings, to be selected as my companion through life. I have been unfortunate in not having a very general acquaintance here: and although I am very willing to allow the ladies, to whom I have been introduced, a great superiority over others in many respects, yet "I, who fondly gaze on nature's face," turn from them with sorrow: and as I mourn over their infirmities, I determine to bid adieu to scenes, where female beauty and artlessness can no longer be found, and in which I can no longer be interested.

The disappointment of my expectations has led me to some observations on the subject of face painting, which I must beg leave to offer to my picturesque friends, through the medium of your excellent paper. By way of preliminary remark, permit me to assure you, I have never known a woman of good sense or true delicacy adopt the practice, which may deservedly be called barbarous, and which, in civilized society, is entirely confined to those weaker daughters of men, who believe the only way of making themselves agreeable in our eyes, is by strutting like the fabled jack-daw, in borrowed plumage. But in this attempt to deceive others, they only deceive themselves; there are few persons, who can mistake the daubed visage of a play-house belle, for the ruddiness of nature. Did it pass without detection, we might be inclined to forgive the deception; but our American ladies have not practised it long enough to excel, and as it is too easily discovered to be relished, I advise them to paint the faces of their dolls, instead of their own. It will amuse their time quite as well, and as in Dolly we do not seek the artless blush of virgin modesty, nor the graceful tear of sensibility, the one will not be concealed, nor the other restrained, lest in its course it should rob the cheek of its borrowed brilliancy.

For my part, and I believe it is the case with all my sex, although I am an enthusiastic admirer of

beauty, yet I prefer the ugliest face I ever beheld, to the finest set of features, if they are deformed by artificial colouring.

Now, sir, after having obtruded my humble opinion on this subject, I must beg you will add some of your own arguments in support of mine. For coming from such respectable authority as their friend Mr. Saunter, reproof will have double effect on the fair. It is your duty, sir, conscious as you must be of the deference they pay to your advice, to admonish them to throw aside their white lead, their brushes, their rouge, and all the variety of lotions, which they apply to this most disgraceful purpose. It is your province to acquaint them with ornaments for their minds, and teach them, that a cultivated understanding will give a lustre to their countenances, infinitely superior to any that paint affords. Your proofs must convince them that rouge, far from improving, even a bad face, deforms ugliness itself, and renders it more disgusting. It is you alone, sir, who can persuade them to the belief of this truth, that if the varied emotions of woman's soft and gentle soul beam in her countenance, it matters not whether her complexion is very fair very brown.

Yours,

FAIRLOVE.

In common with many of my correspondents, my friend Mr. Fairlove exalts my power, and exaggerates my influence. Though I have for a long time "capered nimbly in a lady's chamber," although I have overturned several toilets, and broken several bottles of Circassian bloom, yet I fear I have not been successful enough to banish many artificial blushes, or even to induce one, which is natural. Such is my chagrin at the failure of all my projects for reforming the painted sinner, that I have serious thoughts of endeavouring to profit by the sale of rouge. I find that in despite of all my lessons, the ladies will sometimes resort to "Vanity Fair," and

..... "walk the place

Through tape, toys, tinsel, paint, perfume, and lace."

They may read STERNE, and prattle about the "milk of human kindness," but their earnest inquiry is for the milk of roses, and an ounce of white lead, in their false scales of estimation, too often outweighs the solidity of sense and the worth of virtue.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE late closing of the play-house doors, which, of course, barred out our review from the Port Folio, however grateful to our indolence, propitious to our love of reading, and our coyness to write, is a circumstance that excites our genuine regret for the loss of those who may be justly stiled the faithful servants of the public. Indeed, it may be made a very interesting question, whether the lovers of rational amusement have not lost as well as the managers.

Prior to the temporary suspension of our theatrical amusement, The Wedding in Wales was

played, and in a manner, we have no hesitation in declaring incomparably superior to the first performance. The house, though thin from the usual causes, was attentive to the story; charmed with the song, and liberal of their praise. Mr. Bernard in the epilogue appeared to be inspired by all the powers of Quaintness and Humour; and, on no occasion has Miss Westray displayed more vivacity and archness than was witnessed and applauded in her character of the lively Welsh spinster.

The deficiency of public encouragement compelled the Managers to close the theatre for two successive nights, but it was opened with renovated attraction on Monday. We rejoiced at seeing the boxes respectably filled, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The Point of Honour, of which, we have made frequent mention in our theatrical review for last season, was revived on that evening. The name of Cooper was no longer affixed to a character which he conceived, and expressed with unusual energy; but the attraction of that of Mrs. Merry, in Bertha, held the balance even. Her wonderful powers imparted to this character an interest, of which we had scarcely thought it posset. Mr. Warren was the substitute for Cooper in Major St. Franc. Although this part be out of his general line of acting, and although he had to contend against the vivid recollection which all play-going Christians retain of the excellence of his predecessor, he was, as he always is, respectable.

The play was succeeded by a grand heroic pantomime called Hercules and Omphale. In this piece, some of the decorations so liberally bestowed upon the tragedy of Alexander the Great are interwoven with much new scenery and magnificent spectacle. Founded upon the fictions of classical antiquity, the story possesses an interest which is rarely excited by pantomime. Considering the extent and variety of its decorations, it went off with great correctness. Some novelties had a peculiarly happy effect; among these the shower of fire deserves to be particularly mentioned. Upon the whole, we think that we may venture to affirm, that for elegant scenery and splendid pageantry, this pantomime has been, hitherto, unrivalled on the American stage.

MISCELLANY.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS,
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

THE London monthly Magazine, conducted by Dr. Aikin, &c. and contributed to by Drs. Priestley, Beddoes, &c. contains much ingenious literary matter, whenever the writers choose to let church and state alone. The following is a most exquisite piece of poetry, which the good taste of the above writers has snatched from oblivion... The delightful images in every couplet will be eagerly gazed at by every lover.

"If I swear by that eye, you'll allow
Its look is so shifting and new,
That the oath I might take on it now,
The very next glance would undo."

Those babies that nestle so sly,
Such different arrows have got,
That an oath on the glance of an eye
Such as yours may be off in a shot!
Should I swear by the dew on your lip,
Though each moment the treasure renews,
If my constancy wishes to trip,
I may kiss off the oath, when I choose.
Or a sigh may disperse from that flower
The dew, and the oath that are there,
And I'd make a new vow ev'ry hour,
To loose them so sweetly in air!
But clear up the heaven of your brow,
Nor fancy my faith is a feather;
On my heart I will pledge you my vow,
And they must be both broken together!"

In the course of my reading I am never more pleased than when I meet some memorial of the versatile talents of Sir WILLIAM JONES, who had the rare good fortune to flourish among a liberal people; to be instructed by PARR, and SUMNER; to possess all the gifts of mind; to challenge the boon of riches, and the shouts of praise, and to resist the sleep of sloth and withstand the blandishments of pleasure.

The British critics analyzing one of his last literary labours, have thus justly praised this accomplished orientalist.

"But there is another circumstance, which recommends this work to our peculiar regard. It is among the last labours of a very eminent and industrious scholar, whose exertions in the cause of literature and of mankind, death has prematurely interrupted. That he has not left his equal behind him for genius and for diligence it may be thought extravagant to maintain. But where shall we look for his persevering courage and ardour of curiosity? The thirst for wealth has always excited, and will still continue to excite, thousands to brave the perils of the ocean, and the utmost severities of climate. It was reserved for sir WILLIAM JONES, and perhaps for him alone, to pursue knowledge with unabated ardour, and unexampled success, in defiance of the scorching suns of India, and the still more dangerous allurements of its pleasures."

I frequently turn over the charming odes of the Anacreon of Persia, and suffer delighted Fancy to cross "the stream of *Rocknabad*," or loiter in the gay "bower of *Mosellay*." The following is copied with a hope that the ingenious "*P. D.*" will give it a poetical dress. Not to mention a word of his tardiness of invention or the mediocrity of his rhymes, the "author" is too laboriously engaged in reading poetry to have any leisure to combine a couplet.

Ode from the Persian of Hafiz, translated by Sir W. Ouseley.

I cannot relinquish the delights of love and a flowing cup; I have vowed an hundred times to forsake them; I vow, but I can do no more.

The garden of Paradise, the celestial shades, and the bowers of the lovely Houris are not equal in my opinion, to the mansion of her, whom I adore.

If, as 'tis said, angels are not affected with the power of love; I, a mere mortal, cannot conceive that which constitutes their felicity.

In the time of prayer, the graceful form of my beloved obtrudes itself on my imagination; and induces a Mussulman to become the worshipper of an idol.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

Walking Dress.—Round dress of thick white muslin. The Hungarian cloak made of nacarat, or scarlet silk; trimmed all round with broad black lace or fur. A bonnet of the same colour as the cloak; trimmed with black lace or fur, and ornamented with a flower or feather of the same colour.

Dancing, or full Dress.—A short robe of fine muslin with a train or petticoat of the same: the robe made plain over the bosom, with additional fronts, to fly open from the shoulders.—The whole bound with scarlet ribbon: the sleeves and the robe, from the shoulders to the bottom, are ornamented with scarlet ribbon. The bosom trimmed round with deep white lace. A hat of white silk, turned up in front, and lined with scarlet; a feather of the same colour fixed in front, to fall over the crown.

Head Dresses.—A bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with blue ribbon; a deep black lace round the front.—A close bonnet of purple, or other coloured silk, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour and ornamented with a flower in front.—A bonnet of black velvet, turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with scarlet; a scarlet feather in front.—A cap of coloured velvet, with a flower of the same colour in front.—A domestic or undress cap of fine muslin.—A bonnet of pink silk, trimmed with black ribbon, and a black feather; black lace round the front.—A dress hat of white satin, turned up in front, and trimmed with purple velvet; purple and white feathers in front.—A black velvet hat, turned up in front, and lined and trimmed with purple.—A hat of brown velvet, turned up in front, and trimmed with pink; bows before and behind.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.—The prevailing colours are scarlet, pink, and purple. Black bear muffs and tippets, long before, and in the form of handkerchiefs, are general for morning, and walking-dress; and white muffs and tippets for full dress. Feathers and flowers of all descriptions are universal: long scarlet ribbons are worn round the bosom, from which miniatures are or lockets suspended. Caps in full dress, are more prevalent than last winter.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The Ladies of Fashion have taken again the oblong Caps, but the silver bands with which they were ornamented are entirely exploded and replaced by Pearls. Hats of the newest fashion are made with black and rose-colour satin. Instead of the stiff plumes called *Esprits*, sometimes a long and waving feather is substituted in their place. Flat feathers are generally worn. Shawls are as ridiculous as they are troublesome, by their extreme fullness, but notwithstanding they are considered as very elegant.

The following account of an interesting little volume lately republished, will we, hope attract attention. The writer of it informs us that, it was intended as a preface to the American edition, but was received too late by the publisher. The work is entitled "*The Progress of the Pilgrim, Good Intent*," in Jacobinical Times."

FROM the earliest times Christianity has had to contend with many enemies. During the four first centuries, the sword of persecution was unsheathed against the followers of a meek and lowly Saviour. By the unrelenting rage of Julian, the very foundations of our religion were threatened to be rooted from the earth. Antichrist afterwards arose, unfurled his bloody banners, and moved with impetuosity in his conquests. The voice of Infidelity, has, through every age, been heard opposing the word of truth, and blaspheming the Son of God. The arm of power, the tongue of sophistry have repeatedly been exerted against Divine Revelation and its peaceable Disciples.

The eighteenth Century has, however, witnessed machinations against the Christian Religion, beyond all others the most artful, the most wick-

ed, and the most formidable. There was a time when the bold arrogance of Human Reason was silent, and when Infidelity dared only in the cloak of Philosophy to look upon the day: but lately we have seen it leagued with political frenzy in the attempt to overthrow and to destroy: lately we have heard it proclaiming its tenets in the plainest and most undisguised terms, without the gaiety of Shaftesbury, the originality of Bolingbroke, or the subtlety of Hume. The dark counsels of the Illuminati, have been directed against the fountain of truth, the stability of government, and the peace of the world. Voltaire, without solidity of talents or profundity of erudition, but with a mind wonderfully versatile, may be considered as the leader of that daring sect. He called to his aid the weightier sagacity of D'Alembert and Diderot, and even seduced the King of Prussia to enlist under his command. France and Germany were designated as the first subjects for the operation of their principles; and the convulsions of France, the unparalleled outrages which she has witnessed, the Jacobinical banditti which she has nourished, the blood of the innocent which has streamed from her scaffolds, the groans which were heard from the prisons of despair, have declared how deadly was the poison. To doubt the existence of a Society which has been termed Illuminati, would be to disbelieve all truth which depends upon the testimony of men. To the world they have been detected and exposed by the writings of Robison and Barreul. The works of the Illuminées themselves are open to the inspection of all who would rather examine and be convinced, than obstinately persist in ignorance. The late Lord Orford, during his residence in France, in a letter to his friend General Conway, mentions, the formation of a Society, for the purpose of overthrowing the Christian Religion.*

The people of Great-Britain, and those of the United States, have felt the infection of principles which partake of the nature of those which have been mentioned. It is not to be denied, that we have heard the sound of a spirit which rages to destroy the authority not only of man, but of God. To this perturbed spirit, will every soul of virtue say, *hence from this land, which has hitherto owned the empire of virtue—back to thy abodes of terror and of woe.* England has lately produced a writer, who has become the favourite Apostle of Infidelity in the present day. With a command of language which but few have equalled and with originality, at least in effrontery, Godwin has proclaimed his ideas of Political Justice, and admiring numbers have acknowledged his sway.—Voltaire has taught him some of his sneers at religion; Condorcet has given him some of his stupid opinions on the mind, and Rousseau has told him that Eloisa and my Lord B. were people of the strictest virtue. Had the Illuminati systematised their theories, they would most probably have exactly corresponded with those of William Godwin. The herd of females which they intended to form, for the purposes of licentious indulgence, this philosopher's opinions would admit as a school of rational pleasure—their theoretical government, his doctrines would inculcate as the best to promote the general happiness, and to cherish the generous spirit in man.

While the enemy is rushing in like a flood, it is the duty of all who love their God and their fellow creatures, to lift up the standard against them. In discharge of this duty, many works have been written which must carry conviction to the hearts of all who are willing to believe. Among these works, "*The Progress of the Pilgrim Good In-*

* See 5th vol. of Orford's Works, 4to—Letters to Gen. Conway.

tent in Jacobinical Times," holds a station of merit and of influence. Public estimation in England has already called for three editions of this performance. It is now published for a second time, from an American press, in hope that it may promote the cause of religion and virtue. Its design is to expose the reigning infidelity of the present day, to show the inconsistencies, the dangers, and the inextricable calamities into which they lead. It follows the footsteps of the Pilgrim Good Intent, through the mazes of deluding Philosophy, through all the trials, the perils, and distresses which as a sinner he had to encounter, and finally conducts him in the company of Resignation, Faith and Certainty, to the Celestial City, where his enemies could not pursue him, but where glowing and everlasting transport received him. In imitation of the manner of the Pilgrim's Progress, the style of this performance is allegorical. Allegory has always been a popular method of conveying instruction, and is adapted to the capacities of all men. Instead of winding through the intricacies of reasoning, it follows a chain of facts—While it enlightens the understanding, it captivates the attention, interests the affections, and leaves a deep impression upon the memory. If systems cannot be built or overthrown by allegory, it can pourtray some of their greatest excellencies, it can expose some of their most formidable evils. It would, however, have been sufficient to say, that our Saviour spoke by parable, and he has thereby approved and sanctioned allegorical representations.

These remarks are offered merely as a desultory Preface to an anonymous work, which is considered as calculated to be useful among inquiring men; and as far as these opinions may have influence, it is recommended as a work happy in the manner which has been adopted, and successful in the execution.

From the Newburyport Herald we extract the following note of the same work.

NEW PILGRIM'S PROGRESS;

Or, *The Progress of the Pilgrim Good Intent in Jacobinical Times.*

This work is written in a handsome stile; shows an intimate knowledge of the things concerning which it treats with a strong conviction of the worth of government and religion.—Good-Intent sets out from the town of *Sincerity* to travel to the *Celestial City*. Among other adventures, he, and his companions, Mr. Curiosity, Mr. Credulity, Mr. Hothead, Mr. Party-spirit, and others, are allured to the palace of Mr. Philosophy into which they enter over the serpentine stream of *False Research*.

The scenes here are well imagined to discover the dishonest arts of infidels by which men are led from christianity, and respect for social order, to be the promoters of anarchy and atheism. Infidels are in the habit of deceiving all, who listen to them, by calling religion superstition, government despotism, and church order persecution.

In the apartment of Mr. *Rational Christian*, as he called himself, Good-Intent saw the means by which Priestly and others, built their system of natural or rational religion on the ruins of Christianity. They form a scheme in their own minds; they reject all scriptures which contradict them. This, Good-Intent discovered to be real DEISM.

At the dwelling of *Sentiment* the Porter, whose house was kept by *Philanthropy*, *Moral Energy*, *Sensibility* and *Refinement*, he saw the follies of a numerous class of people. The admirers of Novels and Romances, the pretenders to the moral virtues without the christian graces, who think it religion to weep over a wounded butterfly, while they drive a hungry beggar from their door, who think themselves good, if they converse sentimentally, and shed tears of sensibility, though they neglect the

duties, and reject the doctrines of the gospel; these persons will see themselves in the house of Mr. *Sentiment*. The house was full of books to show, that *moral virtues*, without christian *piety*, exists only in *books*, not in real life. Those ardent readers, who affect to have them are mere pretenders.

Like all works of genius the uniformity of its excellence renders it difficult to determine what parts to select as specimen of the performance.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF COLLEY CIBBER.

COLLEY CIBBER, a person eminent in the history of the English stage as an actor, manager, and dramatic writer, was born in London, in 1671. His father, a native of Holstein, was a statuary, who came over to England some time before the restoration. Though not among the more eminent names of his profession, he was an artist of considerable merit; and has left several specimens of his talents in London, of which the most noted are the figures of raving and melancholy madness, placed at the entrance of Bethlem hospital. Colley bore the name of his mother, the descendant of a good family in Rutlandshire. His first education was at the free-school of Grantham, whence his father hoped to get him elected into Winchester college, where he had a claim on account of his maternal descent from William of Wykeham; but he was disappointed. It was then intended to send him to the university; but some circumstances prevented altogether the design of bringing him up for the church, and at length he pursued the inclination he had long felt for the stage, and at the age of eighteen entered as a performer at Drury-lane theatre. His encouragement was at first very small; yet his hopes of success induced him to venture on a matrimonial engagement.... The first part in which he attracted much notice, was that of Fondlewife, in Congreve's *Old Batchelor*. He imitated in it the manner of the popular comedian, Dogget, with great success; and the cast of ridiculous old characters was ever after one in which he was most admired. In 1696, he first appeared as a dramatic author; and his comedy of "Love's Last Shift, or the Fool in Fashion," was pronounced by lord Dorset the best first play he had known. He himself acted the principal character, that of a fashionable fop or coxcomb; and this cast also proved happily suited to his talents. A distinguished subject of that species, the lord Foppington of Vanbrugh's *Relapse*, was committed to Cibber's representation, and acquired him great applause. Another comedy, in 1697, entitled "Woman's Wit," was but indifferently received; and his tragedy of "Xerxes," in 1699, only proved how inadequate his talents were to sublime and dignified composition. This piece stood the stage only one night, a circumstance to which the Tattler alludes in an humorous inventory of a theatrical sale, under the title of "The Imperial robes of Xerxes never worn but once." The comedy of "Love makes a Man, or the Fop's Fortune," formed by Cibber out of two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher (for he had no scruple of profiting by the invention of others), proved very successful, and still occasionally appears in our theatres. Another pleasant bustling piece, also with a borrowed plot, "She would and She would not, or the Kind Impostor," was among his successful attempts. It was followed, in 1706, by "The Careless Husband," a comedy on which his principal reputation is founded, and which obtained the praise even of Pope, a man never his friend, and at last his bitterest satirist. It is, however, by no means a perfect play, being almost entirely without plot, and depending chiefly upon smart conversation-scenes, and the display of some lively rattling characters, with which the stage at that

time abounded. Though its professed purpose is the reclaiming of a faithless husband, yet the virtuous wife is but barely endured, and all the superiority is given to the easy agreeable rake. But Cibber was not a man from whom much moral accuracy could be expected. It is needless to enumerate all his other dramatic pieces, of which some were successful, some otherwise. His importance as an actor and a writer continued upon the whole to increase; and in 1711 he subjoined the character of manager, by becoming a joint patentee of Drury-lane theatre. His knowledge of the world and of the public taste, rendered him a very useful associate to his brother-managers, Wilks and Dogget. At the accession of George I. a new patent was made out to Wilks, Cibber, Booth, and Steele. This association for some time went on amicably; but sir Richard's necessities obliging him to make continual calls upon the common stock, the rest at length refused further advances. This resolution so offended Steele, that he withdrew from the business of the theatre; on which account, the acting managers made a deduction from his receipts. A chancery suit was the consequence, and Cibber pleaded the common cause before sir Joseph Jekyll, master of the rolls, with so much clearness and judgment, that a decision was given in their favour. To conclude the topic of his managerial conduct, it appears that his opinion respecting dramatic pieces was not always to be depended upon, and that his behaviour to authors, especially young ones, was often highly insolent and overbearing, which exposed him to some severe retaliation.

In 1717, Cibber brought out his comedy of "The Nonjuror," a free imitation of Moliere's *Tartuffe*, pointed against the Jacobite party which at that time was a considerable object of apprehension, as well as of aversion to the friends of the Hanoverian succession. It had a great run at the theatre, and procured for the author a liberal donation from the king; but it increased the number of his enemies, and exposed him to much hostility in his dramatic career. The ridicule employed against him, had a wider scope from his appointment in 1730 to the post of poet-laureat. This appendage of a court, which, even the decent abilities of several later incumbents, has hardly been able to preserve from becoming ridiculous, was rendered completely so by the hapless lyrics of Cibber. The laugh was raised against him from all quarters; and had the court had any reputation to lose as a judge and patron of literature, this unfortunate appointment could not have failed to injure it. Cibber, however, who was not easily disconcerted, had the sense to join the laugh over his butt of sack, rather than attempt to vindicate his poetical character. About this time, he parted with his share in the patent, and withdrew from the business of the stage. He acted, indeed, occasionally, to an advanced age, nor was his vigour apparently abated, when, in his seventy-fourth year, he performed the part of Pandolph in his own play of "Papal Tyranny." To close the account of his dramatic works, it may be mentioned that he completed Vanbrugh's unfinished and excellent play of the "Provoked Husband, or Journey to London." Cibber's additions consist in the scenes of altercation between lord Townley and his lady.

In 1740, Cibber greatly amused the public by a work of biography and anecdote, entitled, "An Apology for the Life of Mr. Colley Cibber, Comedian, and late Patentee of the Theatre-royal. With an historical View of the Stage during his own time." The sprightliness and good-humoured frankness with which this is written, together with the abundance of anecdote, and the real judgment with which several distinguished performers are characterized, rendered it a very popular work, and have supported its reputation to the present

day. It has been a misfortune to his memory, that, from some cause, or probably an accumulation of causes, of which one was, doubtless, party-difference, he so grievously offended Pope, that this powerful and irritable bard has taken peculiar pains to transmit him in unfavourable colours to posterity. Not contented with several satirical strokes interspersed in his works, Pope has, in the later editions of his "Dunciad," dispossessed Theobald of his painful pre-eminence as its hero, and installed Cibber in his stead, though to the injury of his first conception of that character.

Cibber did not suffer these attacks in silence.... He expostulated with Pope in two letters, in which he sometimes appears to have the advantage both in serious remonstrance and jocular railery: and from the tempers of the two, it cannot be doubted that at the time, the contest was more painful to Pope than to Cibber. But Pope's satire is immortal, whereas Cibber's sarcasms are no longer read. Cibber may, therefore, be represented to future times with less credit for abilities, than he really deserves; for he was certainly no dunce, though not, in the higher sense of the word, a man of genius. His effrontery and vanity could not be easily overcharged, even by a foe. Indeed, they are striking features in the portrait drawn by himself.

A work of his old age, of a very different cast from those already mentioned, was "The Character and Conduct of Cicero considered, from the History of his Life, by the Reverend Dr. Middleton, &c. &c." quarto, 1747. Here he had certainly got out of his depth. The work was never valued, and is now forgotten. Cibber finished his long and busy course, at the close of 1757, when he entered upon his eighty-seventh year. He had several children. One of them, Theophilus Cibber, adopted both his father's professions, of actor and dramatic writer, but with inferior success. He was a character of thorough meanness and depravity, and finished a life of distress and infamy by shipwreck, in his passage to Ireland. Cibber's youngest child, Charlotte, who married Mr. Charke, a performer on the violin, was also brought on the stage; but that was one only out of a multiplicity of parts she acted in life; and perhaps no woman ever passed through a greater variety of adventures and occupations. They all terminated, however, in profligacy and wretchedness.

POLITICS.

The subsequent Sketch is "crayon'd out," in bold colours. It is spirited and faithful. The Editor chooses to preserve it, as characteristic of the political visage of America.

[From a correspondent at Washington, to the Editor of the Gazette of the United States.]

"COL. BURR's vote to refer the bill, for destroying the judiciary, to a select committee has greatly puzzled the Virginia party:—indeed his whole conduct is incomprehensible to them. Instead of lodging and boarding (as Mr. Jefferson did when Vice-President) at an Inn, he has taken a handsome suite of rooms and lives in the style of a perfect gentleman. All invitations to drink Toddy, and play cards, at Tunnickliff's Hotel, with the Virginians, have been declined, and he is not upon terms of familiarity with any one of them. It is said he has no great personal respect for the Virginia members, and indeed from what I've seen of them they are not calculated to excite the veneration of such a gentleman as Mr. Burr. I attended in the Senate when the resolution for destroying the judiciary was debated; it is impossible for me to convey by any description I can give, a correct idea of the splendour and profoundness of the argument. Mr. Morris's speech was a mighty effort of his mighty mind. 'Twas eloquent and augmentative, far beyond any thing my imagination had conceived possible. A crowded gallery and lobby

seemed electrified, and his manner was quite as imposing, dignified and graceful as his speech was full of learning, argument, and brilliancy....Mr. Tracy's was also highly Ciceronian, and the speeches of Mr. Hillhouse and Mr. White were greatly impressive. The most able from the ministerial side of the house were those of Mr. Baldwin and General Mason; who are unquestionably far, very far, superior to any of their party. Mr. Brackenridge has been much puffed by little Smith, the printer here, but without having in the least merited it, as you must know by having seen his speech; 'tis a feeble thing, and all the argumentative part is taken from a piece written on this subject by Mr. Taylor of Virginia, and published in the Examiner at Richmond under the signature of Fabricius. It is said, the puffs direct, and indirect, which have been given to this speech by the friends of Mr. B. and by himself, have made him as vain as a turkey, and that he really believes himself to be a second Daniel. In the house of representatives Mr. Giles leads the ministerial phalanx, and is the only member of it whose capacity is adequate to the conducting the measures of the party. Mr. Randolph attempted to lead, but failed; he has good talents for declamation, but his best friends do not give him credit for any thing more. Mr. Giles went home some time ago, and in his absence many of his subalterns claimed the command; the consequence was, they split and divided among themselves daily. On the return of Mr. Giles a grand caucus was held in the assembly room here; he amalgamated the party; they agreed there should, for some days, be a dumb legislation; that they would act, but not debate. This strong proof of subordination was not refused to Mr. Giles, and nothing was said for two days by the ministerial party. There are many who suppose all this was designed as contempt and disrespect towards the friends of the constitution, but I know (without being at liberty to acquaint you from what source) their real object was to muzzle some of their own party who had become troublesome. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, by the name of Bacon, had fretted his party sadly, and this arrangement served to drill and keep him quiet. He is a garrulous old gentleman, talking every day, on every subject, and to the annoyance of every body. He is in one sense a moving speaker, for when he rises the whole house is in motion and on the wing, although the speaker, wishing to divide with his friends the painful task of hearing, is constantly roaring "to order"....There are two of the Jersey gentlemen who are mighty hum drum orators; prior to the grand caucus they were vastly troublesome and spoke daily. Dr. Eustis and Dr. Mitchell are said to be gentlemen of talents; they have the manners and air of polished gentlemen; they however are not fitted for buffeting in the tempestuous sea on which the Virginians have launched them, and seem to take but little share in the business of the house. Although the ministerial party constitute a monstrous majority in Congress, they are not satisfied, because some gentlemen, on whom they had counted are not with them. Mr. Tillinghast of Rhode-Island votes uniformly with the constitutionalists: this is not relished, and Mr. Ellery a fat well tempered senator from Rhode-Island, assures his messmates at Tunnickliff's tavern, that I shall not be elected again; apropos of Rhode-Island; a ridiculous thing occurred yesterday in the Senate; Mr. Theodore Foster rose, and after addressing the President for two minutes, stopped short; after a considerable pause he continued, "Really sir, I must sit down, for I have forgot."....The passage of the bill to destroy our judiciary may be much obstructed, but it will pass. Mr. Jefferson has set his heart upon this measure; 'tis his favourite measure, and his party will (whatever scruples some of them may feel about the unconstitutionality of it) make this

desired offering to his revengeful spirit. I have been told, by members of Congress of both parties, that Louisiana has certainly been ceded by Spain to Buonaparte, and that the fleets we have heard were about to sail from Erest, were destined for St. Domingo and the Mississippi. Since being here, I have attended very constantly the debates in both houses. Although the constitutionalists are not strong in numbers they are prodigiously so in talents; in the house they have many able men; the Connecticut delegation are a host in themselves; the most active and pre-eminent of the constitutionalists are Messrs. Griswold, Bayard, Rutledge and Dana; the last of these gentlemen is highly distinguished by his wit and ingenuity. Mr. Giles has put his paw upon the mint establishment and it will go; indeed I fear all our national establishments will be crushed one after another."

[The following, copied from Mr. Colman's paper, though it relates to a local misrepresentation in a Jacobin paper at New-York, deserves particular attention. Because, while it does justice to the political opinions of Gen. HAMILTON, Mr. ADAMS, and Mr. JAY, it completely refutes a popular misrepresentation respecting the real character and views of the federal party.]

COMMUNICATION.

To detect and expose the daily misrepresentations and falsehoods of the American Citizen, is little short of the toil of Sisyphus; and as far as respects the editor of that paper, the labour is equally fruitless. It is also hoped, that but a small part of the community are so far under the influence of party spirit, as to give credit to his slander; but least some should be led to believe what they see often repeated without contradiction, it becomes a duty to guard against such imposition.

In the Citizen of Tuesday, the editor asserts, that the federal party "was originally composed of Tories who fought against the revolution; Tories who retired within the British lines during the conflict, and some revolutionary officers who embarked in the contest to gratify personal ambition, and to farther private views, but who never felt the glow of republicanism at heart. Amongst a host of those characters, we may rank General Hamilton, John Adams, and John Jay, with a numerous band of minor federalists."

Has the rage of party so far swallowed up every feeling of genuine patriotism, so effectually extinguished in the bosom of true Americans the love of country, as to permit a fugitive foreigner thus to asperse the characters of men, who boldly risked their lives in support of our independence, and whose purity of motives has never before been doubted? No difference in political sentiment, merely, can justify so impudent a calumny. The integrity of these gentlemen has been witnessed and acknowledged by their countrymen; whatever difference may obtain on the subject of present public measures, it is confidently hoped that every real American will indignantly frown upon such base attempts to rob them of what is eminently their right. It is difficult indeed to perceive how any conscientious man can reconcile it to himself, to countenance one, whose habitual conduct is a reproach to the party whose interests he advocates.

This editor spares no opportunity of blackening the character of General Hamilton; he distorts every circumstance in his life, and propagates every falsehood that malice can invent, to destroy his fame. A name at once so formidable and so hostile to the schemes of such people as Cheetham, cannot but excite the most lively fear and deadly hatred; whatever therefore can lessen its influence or ruin the confidence reposed in it, must be seized on without scruple; if it will but answer these purposes no matter how gross the calumny.—Pursuing

this plan the editor of the *Citizen* declares, that General Hamilton "introduced into the Convention, as is well known, a monarchical system of government, and endeavoured, by intrigue and by eloquence, to impose it upon them. Hence, after it was found impracticable to institute a monarchical government, General Hamilton, determined to do all he could, if not all he wished, became a zealous and conspicuous advocate of those branches of the constitution which savour most of royal power."

How far this is consistent with the complaint of the editor just before, that *the proceedings of the Convention are at this moment wrapped in mystery*, is left for him to shew; for certainly if the account he gives be correct, it must be pretty evident that whatever mystery there may have been it has been effectually unfolded. This remark is meant to have no other importance, than to shew that even from his own mouth, this editor stands convicted of inaccuracy if not of untruth....But the charge itself as it is explicitly made deserves an explicit reply, and it is therefore asserted in the most unequivocal manner, that it is *FALSE*; and the editor of the *Citizen* is challenged to produce the shadow of a proof in support of what he asserts to be a *fact well known*. Besides this assertion another shall now be made of hardly less consequence; the correctness of which, however it may be doubted by others, we confidently assert will not be denied by Mr. Maddison himself, or any one speaking for him....Mr. Maddison was the man in the Convention who favoured the highest-toned form of government.

General Hamilton was among those who proposed and advocated in the Convention our present Constitution; he afterwards exerted all his masterly talents, both as a writer and a speaker, to procure its adoption, and he has never ceased to lend it all his support. In the organization of our government under it, he has given so many and such irrefragable proofs of his all-comprehensive mind, as justly to entitle him to the gratitude of his country....Posterity at least will appreciate his distinguished worth, and notwithstanding the pigmy efforts of his sworn foes, "*A grateful fame shall wait upon his memory....Unfading honours shall gather round his monument and thicken over it.*"

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

DAVID LONGWORTH of New-York, noted for being the proprietor of a Shakspeare Gallery, and for taste in beautiful editions, plates, &c. proposes publishing a number of volumes, which shall include the productions of the most celebrated modern poets. The editor of these projected volumes is of opinion that the increased taste of the public for works of merit, executed in an elegant style, is an incitement to this undertaking. He contemplates using a licence, which he thinks will meet approbation. Among the writings of poets, even of considerable celebrity, there is much inequality; and some things, occasionally, escape their pens, scarcely worthy of perusal. It is presumable that the purchasers of elegant copies of poetry would wish the contents to be in the same style of superiority with the execution, and as free as possible from alloy. He, therefore, though he does not contemplate a mutilation of works of merit, proposes omitting such productions as shall appear inferior and uninteresting. The first volume will contain "*The Pleasures of Memory*," by Mr. Rogers, and "*The Pains of Memory*," by Mr. Merry, with other Poems, by Rogers, some of which have but just appeared.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN the ironical "*Advice to the Officers of the British Navy*," a pamphlet modelled after Swift's

"Directions to Servants," is the following curious lesson to the lieutenant.

After being relieved in any of the night watches, when you pass the beds of the other officers in the way to your own, shake them one by one, till you are sure the drowsy fellows are perfectly awake, and then tell them that it is a fine night, that the wind has shifted a quarter of a point, or any thing else *remarkable*, and they will certainly be much obliged by your attention and kindness.

A country gentleman was once allured to town by the promises of the duke of Newcastle, who for many months kept him in constant attendance, until the poor man's patience being quite exhausted, he one morning called upon his patron, and told him that he had at length *got a place*. And pray, sir, said the duke, where is your place. In the *Gloucester couch*, replied the disappointed expectant.

The *Aurora* says, "No man is more persuaded of his own consequence than Mr. Dana, of Connecticut." With due deference to the sage of Clonmell, we humbly conceive that there is one man in the world, who appears to be more persuaded of his own consequence than Mr. Dana; and that is the man, who, some time since, called upon the democrats throughout the United States, if they had any petition to make to congress, to apply to HIM, and assured them that HE would attend to their requests; who, in telling the story of Dr. Logan's fainting-fit, related to the public, as a principal circumstance, that the accident happened near HIS house, and to render the account more exquisitely affecting, informed us, that several members of congress had just left HIM; and who, still more recently, undertook to render the constitutionality of a repeal of the judiciary act "*more clearly understood*," after Mason, and Baldwin, and Breckenridge, and Jackson, and even Wright, and Cocke had in vain exhausted their talents in the endeavour. "This is the trout that must be caught with tickling," and we are told that several members of congress actually amuse themselves, in their hours of relaxation, by bestowing attentions upon him, for no other purpose than to see to what a ridiculous height his vanity and fancied consequence may be carried.

[*Gazette of the United States.*]

In criticising the dress or the manners of our fair country-women, it is not quite fair to measure them entirely by a foreign standard. We should remember PRIOR's pleasant account of the diversities of custom.

We simple toasters take delight
To see our women's teeth look white,
And every saucy ill-bred fellow
Sneers at a mouth profoundly yellow.
In China none hold women sweet,
Except each tooth is black as jet.
King Chihu put nine queens to death,
Convict on statute....Ivory teeth,
An equal instance in this matter,
Is in the manners of a daughter.
In Europe if a harmless maid,
By nature and by love betray'd,
Should, ere a wife, become a nurse,
Her friends would look on her the worse.
In China, Dampier's Travels tell ye,
Look in his index for Pagelli,
Soon as the British ships unmoor,
And jolly long-boat rows to shore,
Down come the nobles of the land,
Each brings his daughter in his hand,
Beseeching the imperious tar
To make her but one hour his care.
The tender mother stands affrighted,
Lest her dear daughter should be slighted,
And poor miss Yaya dreads the shame,
Of going back the maid she came.

The French poets and philosophers have been much inclined to infidelity. Who is ignorant of

the hatred, cherished by Voltaire and Rousseau against the christian religion, and, according to Herault de Sechelle's account of Buffon, he appears to have been an atheist.

In the printing house of that great scholar, Henry Stevens, every person spoke Latin from the garret to the kitchen, from the master to the old-maid, who served in the shop. The brothers were so very anxious to have all books accurately printed at their press, that, after diligently examining every sheet twice before they printed it off, they put out a third proof at their door, and promised a louis d'or to any person that should find a fault in it.

We are told by a connoisseur, that whoever would wish to see the pictures of TITIAN, in their utmost possible perfection, should visit Spain, the warm and dry air of that country having still preserved the brilliancy of his colours. The colour is entirely gone in that sublime piece of the Cornaro family, belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

Mr. Seward says of MONTAIGNE, that he has an energy of thought, and a raciness and force of expression, that we but rarely meet with in any of our essay writers, except Jeremy Collier. His essays would well bear another translation than that which Cotton has made of them, in whose flimsy language, the spirit and nerve of the honest and spirited Gascon lose all their strength and effect.

Philip II was a man of such phlegm, that having sat up a whole night with his secretary to write a dispatch, the secretary, overpowered with fatigue, and not knowing what he did, instead of strewing it with sand, when it was finished, by mistake took up the inkstand, and covered it with ink. Philip, nothing moved, took up the inkstand in one hand, and the sand box in the other, and presenting them to the secretary, said, Friend, remember another time that *this is the ink, and that the sand*.

In our house of representatives, there appears to be, on the majority side, a feeble band of chirping impertinents, who serve as a sort of *avant couriers*, to the leading *Ciceros* of the party.

Like footmen running before coaches,
To tell the inn....my lord approaches!!

On the occasion of the ill-treatment, experienced by MILTON, GRAY, GIBBON, &c. at the respective *alma mater* of each, it would be candid to attribute something to the petulance of the pupil, and something to the despotism of the institution.

The question might be asked and answered, in the words of VIRGIL,

*Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.*

When a husbandman claimed kinship with Robert Grosthead, bishop of Lincoln, and then requested from him an office. *Cousin*, said the bishop, if your *cart* be broken, I will mend it; if your plow be old, I'll give you a new one, and even seed to sow your land, but a husbandman I found you, and a husbandman I'll leave you. The prelate, who made this reply, knew nothing of the rights of man, of the dignity of republicans, nor was he versed in that blessed doctrine, which, confounding the order of nature, and distinctions of society, lifts up mean and unqualified persons to the heights of power, and depresses the noble, the learned and the virtuous. No, this old-fashioned bishop lived in *benighted times*, long before *Common Sense* was published, or the French revolution began.

An ingenious young physician, whose studies are usefully directed, and whose speculations are philanthropic and liberal, has favoured the Editor with

A BILL OF MORTALITY,

FOR PORTSMOUTH, NEW-HAMPSHIRE, FOR A. D. 1801. BY LYMAN SPALDING, M. D.

COMPLAINT.	AGE.	Jan.	Feb.	Mh.	Ap.	My.	Jun.	Jul.	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Total.
Aptha,	3 weeks,							1						1
Apoplexy,	39 years,											1		1
Atrophy,	3 weeks, 50 3 years.									1				5
	4 months, 53 years.	1					2						1	
Cancer,	65 76 years,							1			1			2
Cholera Infantum,	6 to 18 months,							1	1	2	2			7
Consumption,	54. 50. 56. 75. 44. 35. 27.													
	83. 65. 69. 56. 50. 60. 44.	4	1			1	3		1	2	1	2	2	20
	32. 55. 26. 40. 48. 32.													
Debauchery,	25, 29 years,					1				1				2
Dropsy,	28, 41 years,							1	1					2
Dropsy in the brain,	12 months,				1									1
Epilepsy,	4 w. 10 y. 8 w.	1			1					1				3
Fever, billious,	26. 30. 45. 18. 28. 18.													
	14. 64. 8. 33.					2	1	2			2	1		10
Fever, pulmonic,	12 d. 15. 21. 84 y.		1		1						1		1	4
Hooping cough,	3 m. to 4 years,										4	7		11
Illiic passion,	95 years,											1		1
Mortification,	60 years,													1
Nephritis,	74. 66 years,							1			1			2
Old age,	82. 99. 75. 76. 80 y.	2						1			1			5
Palsy,	54. 42. 68. 64. 77. 46.													
	64. 64. 43. 60. 19. 80.					2	2	3			2		3	12
Phrenitis,	31 years,		1											1
Scrophula,	8 years,					1								1
Still born,			1											1
CASUALTIES.	Burnt,												1	1
	Drowned,	71 years,												1
	Fall,	60. 18. 45 years,						1				1	1	3
	Frozen,	17 years,									1			1
Paregoric,	38 years,													1
	6 months,										1			1
TOTAL		11	3	6	6	4	10	4	8	9	15	12	12	100

Portsmouth, situated 43d. 5m. north. 70d. 41m. west from London, contains 5511 inhabitants. The town has been very healthful, not one in fifty-five having died. A billious remitting fever prevailed the whole year, which in several instances, in September and October, manifested the malignant type.... From June to October, the cholera infantum was prevalent. From September to the end of the year, the hooping cough was endemic, very few children escaped it. A fifth part have died of phthisis pulmonalis!!! "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

The editor of the Aurora in one of his profound political letters from Washington, elegantly declares, that "the speech of Mr. Randolph was as severe as any thing I have heard! but couched in that mellow style of language, which, while it corrects, does not torture!" This, we suppose, is a specimen of the new phrase of our new times, this is a sort of reformed and Gregorian style of fashionable expression in our Washington court calendar. Here we have severity, equal to any thing the sage of Clonmell ever heard of, couched like a drowsy lion. Aye, and that same severity has found a soft couch! For he is couched in mellowness; and being thus in clover, or rather mellow himself, he does not even dream of torturing any one, but, like that harmless and fictitious lion in Shakspeare, roars as gently as any sucking dove, yea roars like any nightingale.

Duane assures us that "vast assemblages of ladies attend every day in the house of representatives, and that he foresees that, at no very distant period, the city of Washington is destined to be the centre of polished society." It is supposed that when this same city becomes another Paris, Mr. Duane will settle there, and that vast assemblages of Frenchmen, renegadoes, and other gentle beings will constitute the great school of urbanity.

One Cato, a black man, and writer in the Aurora, asserts, "that it would be very easy to settle all the disputes about the judiciary bill, if we only attend to the meaning of words, for in all the debates of our wise men, the word office has never been satis-

factorily defined." On reading this extraordinary paragraph, we were fully persuaded that Messrs. Morris, Calhoun, Tracy, Bayard, &c. should be dispatched as a committee to Philadelphia to confer with this Aurora Lycurgus, and learn the exact definition of words.

Letters from the banks of the Delaware, corroborated by official dispatches from the coral caves of many a river God, announce that the shad, warmed by the genial heat of our winter, has forsaken his winter-quarters, and chooses to come on shore, and bask in Market-street. Shad, as all the morning papers affirm, are now "as plenty as blackberries" in autumn; and, for ourselves we are positive that in these fortunate revolutionary times, we shall gather *fivepenny-bits* from every parsley bed, and to meet herds of mammoths will be as common as to meet droves of sheep.

There is a Mr. Smilie in the house of representatives, a most unfortunate legislator, who labour-eth under a two-fold inconvenience, that of being perfectly unintelligible to others, and also of groping with so blunt a discernment, that he cannot find his own meaning. Mr. BAYARD, on a late occasion, was glad that this gentleman knew what he said, which was a very unusual thing.

We are glad to see in the shop of Mr. Humphreys, one of our active booksellers, a very copious list of subscribers to Parkinson's Chymical Pocket-book. This little volume presents, in a nut-shell, much useful science.

The popularity of Wordsworth's Ballads increases every hour. We are confident, that Messrs. Humphreys and Groff, the praise-worthy publishers of poetry, not unworthy of the muse of CHAT-TERTON, will be amply remunerated for their care and expense in publishing a complete and neat edition of verses, which will outlive their century.

One of the late eccentric song-writers in opera, has, in the manner of the facetious O'Keefe, declared, that his love is general, and affects

"The pretty maid,
The witty maid,
The napping maid,
The strapping maid,
The thinking maid,
The drinking maid,
The bold maid,
And the old maid,
The so so maid,
And the no maid."

Nay, what is still more strange, that he is a victim of

"The sleeping eye,
The weeping eye,
The strolling eye,
The rolling eye,
The hinting eye,
The squinting eye,
The dun eye,
And the one eye,
The so so eye,
And the no eye."

The *file-leaders* of democracy are obliged to keep watch and word over some of the *slumberers* among the herd. Many of those, who are only told by the head, are weary of long arguments against lucid truths, and with craving appetites and closing eyes, seem to wish that some one of their keepers would exclaim with Virgil's neat-herd,

"*Ite domum, pasti, si quis pudor, ite juvenci.*"

A certain preacher having changed his religion, was much blamed by his friends for having deserted them. To excuse himself, he said he had seven reasons, and being asked what they were, replied, a wife and six children.

A fellow found guilty of burglary before justice Day, in Ireland, shrewdly observed, that his fate had been singular, he had lost by Day, what he had got by Night.

The following matrimonial dialogue with a climax, will be allowed, by many a *Benedick*, to be characteristic.

Mrs. Souchong. I wish you would take me to Margate, my dear.

Mr. Souchong. I would much rather not, my duck.

But why not, my love?

Because I don't choose it, my sweet.

Not choose it, my darling?

I can't afford it, my precious.

Why not afford it, Mr. Souchong?

Because it is d—d expensive, Mrs. Souchong.

Expensive! why, neighbour Jenkins and his whole family are there, man.

Neighbour Jenkins is a fool, and his wife is no better than she should be, woman.

I think, however, you need not abuse my friends, sir.

I shall not imitate the example of your friends, madam.

Then if you won't go, I will; that's *pox*, husband.

And if you go, you don't have a penny from me, that's *pox*, wife.

An INSTRUCTED SENATOR, Mr. Stone, a senator, from North Carolina, repairs to Washington, to join a deliberative assembly, with a mind, manacled by the instructions of his constituents. To

what an abject state of humiliation must the mind of a man of abilities be reduced, which could submit to be dictated to by the *people*, and instructed by *ignorance*. On this occasion, Mr. Morris observed, "I cannot but express my deep regret for his situation. Tied fast as he is by his instructions, arguments, however forcible, can never be effectual. I ought, therefore, to wish for his sake, that *his mind may not be convinced* by any thing I shall say; for hard indeed would be his condition, to be bound by the contrariant obligations of an order and an oath. I cannot, however, but express my profound respect for the talents of those, who gave him his instructions, and who, sitting at a distance, without hearing the arguments, could better understand the subject, than their senator on this floor, after full discussion."

The proud and accomplished EDMUND BURKE, once resisted, with manly vigour, an attempt to controul his mind, by the crude politics of his Bristol constituents. It is pleasant to the writer to copy and to *implicitly* believe the maxims of this brilliant scholar, this sagacious statesman, this *genuine* patriot.

"My colleague expresses himself in favour of the coercive authority of instructions.

"Certainly, gentlemen, it ought to be the happiness and glory of a representative to live in the strictest union, the closest correspondence, and the most unreserved communication with his constituents. Their wishes ought to have great weight with him: their opinion high respect; their business unremitted attention. It is his duty to sacrifice his repose, his pleasures, his satisfactions, to their's; and, above all, ever, and in all cases, to prefer their interest to his own. But his unbiased opinion, his mature judgment, his enlightened conscience, he ought not to sacrifice to you, to any man, or any set of men living. These he does not derive from your pleasure; no, nor from the law and the constitution. They are a trust from Providence, for the abuse of which he is deeply answerable. Your representative owes you, not his industry only, but his judgment, and he betrays, instead of serving you, if he sacrifice it to your opinion.

"My worthy colleague says, his will ought to be subservient to yours. If that be all, the thing is innocent. If government were a matter of *will* upon any side, yours, without question, ought to be superior. But government and legislation are matters of *reason* and judgment, and not of inclination; and what sort of reason is that in which the determination precedes the discussion; in which one set of men deliberate, and another decide; and where those, who form the conclusion, are, perhaps, three hundred miles distant from those, who hear the arguments."

To deliver an opinion is the right of all men; that of constituents is a weighty and respectable opinion, which a representative ought always to rejoice to hear; and which he ought always most seriously to consider. But *authoritative* instructions; *mandates* issued, which the member is bound blindly and implicitly to obey, to vote and to argue for, though contrary to the clearest conviction of his judgment and conscience; these are things utterly unknown to the laws of this land, and which arise from a fundamental mistake of the whole order and tenor of our constitution.

The debate in the House of Representatives, of the 15th instant, was considerably acrimonious, and we remark, that it turned chiefly upon the motion of Mr. Bayard, which was for a postponement of the bill, repealing the judiciary establishment, until the third Monday in March.

The honourable mover advocated his motion on the ground of expediency; alleging that no possible inconvenience or mischief could arise from the postponement, since the law if passed, on the

instant, was not to take effect, until the first of July; that the interval would afford time to discern the operation of the proposed measure on the public mind, &c.

By the friends of the bill very strenuous, and, in some degree, intolerant opposition, was made to the postponement; *this is the day*, was the cry of some; this is *our* day, was the exclamation of others; while the emphatic language of those, who sorrowfully acknowledged, that they approached with dismay the constitutional question, was, this is *not* our day.

In the course of the preceding debate, we notice, with some small pleasure, one courteous exception, from the general complexion of *majority* remarks. The observations we refer to, fell from a gentleman, whose attainments as a polite scholar, we are not now to recognize, for the first time. As his words, breathe conciliation, rather than comfort, we have nothing to thank him for, save the urbanity of his diction. Take a specimen.

Mr. Randolph—I should not have arisen now, but from seeing the day nearly gone, and from being prepared for a re-iteration of motions that will consume the whole of it.

Other reasons are urged. We are told, the great constitutional question may be evaded; when I say so, I do not mean to impute to gentlemen any disposition to embarrass the discussion, but a disposition to shrink from a question, which they say, will give a stab to the constitution. Believing as they do, I think the fear an honourable fear; but thinking differently myself, it becomes me to speak differently. It becomes me to declare that this is a great constitutional question, that ought to be decided and decided soon. It ought not to be left till the public mind shall be acted upon incorrectly; till some twenty or thirty years hence, it shall be operated upon by war, by intrigue or by improper excitement. When I see all the dangerous motives, such as war without, and treason within, which too frequently operate, and compare the state of the country, under their influence, with its present situation, entirely free from them; I say this is the period for decision; for decided it must be. I feel for gentlemen, whose correct disposition it is, to shrink from a question, whose result must be adverse to them. I have been in the same situation. I, like them, have shrunk from some questions, but did they wait for me till their power was taken from them? According to this course, no decision can take place, but that which conforms to the fears of a minority, &c.

Here we cannot refrain from indulging an exclamation, which proceeds from the most solemn conviction of mind, in its contemplations, on this momentous subject. Happy, thrice happy would it be for the interests of this great and growing nation, if, in the language of this shining son of the *ancient dominion*, no decision should take place, on this occasion, "but that which conforms to the fears of a minority!"

The Legislature of the United States, is not "the only tribunal, before which, the great constitutional question, involved in the principle of this repealing bill, can be decided." The constitution of your country has said, that your "judges both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour." This is a part of the charter of our land, settled, confirmed and adopted by *conventions* in all the states, and the national legislature have no right to expunge it from that instrument, by a law. "The constitution," (as was elegantly expressed, by Judge Patterson, in his celebrated charge* on a very important controversy) "encircles and renders it an

* See Vanhorne's Lesse w. Dorrauce, 2 Dallas Rep. 304—320.

"holy thing. The constitution is certain and fixed; it contains the permanent will of the people, and is the supreme law of the land; it is *paramount to the power of the Legislature*, and can be revoked or altered only by the authority that made it. The life giving principle and the death-doing-stroke must proceed from the same hand. What are legislatures? Creatures of the constitution; they owe their existence to the constitution; they derive their powers from the constitution; it is *their commission*; and therefore, all their acts must be conformable to it, or else they will be void."

When two acquaintances meet in the rain, it is very natural for one of them to tell the other that it is a wet day; a simple assent to so evident a position is given, without stopping to controvert it, and so the matter ends. But it is far otherwise, when a man has to pay for a book and read many pages to be informed of matters that he knew before.

A clergyman in England in a sermon preached for the benefit of the Humane Society, instituted for the recovery of persons apparently dead by drowning, chose with exquisite felicity the following text from Acts 20, 12.... "They brought the young man alive, and were not a little comforted."

Circulating Libraries, now so general and useful, says an English writer, are of no greater standing than fifty or sixty years. The first in London was commenced in the Strand, by a bookseller of the name of Wright, about the year 1740; he was succeeded by Batho, who was succeeded by Mr. John Bell: his library has lately been sold at auction. The number of circulating libraries in Great Britain in 1800 was one thousand. In the Capital of the United States there are two, and Boston in New England boasts of one.

PROBLEMS

Proposed for the solution of Mr. Breckenridge.

A man is standing before a genial fire, when, by the intenseness of the weather, the thermometer is at the freezing point. If you remove him from the fire, he will assuredly freeze. Qu. if the fire be extinguished, whether he will still be warm?

Again, "There are two reapers in a field, one of which shall be taken away, and the other left." Qu. which of them would you take away, to have them both left?

[Farmer's Museum.

A paper entitled the Watchtower, published at New-York by one Cheatham, tells his readers that the elegant speech of Mr. Morris, of the Senate, on the repeal of the judiciary, is a *weak* performance. The man who thus wishes to deceive the ignorant and perhaps honest part of his customers, exhibits either *weakness* of intellect, or wickedness of heart, or both. [ibid.]

It is rumoured that the printing the United States laws in Massachusetts is given to the Editor of the National *Ægis* at Worcester. The same gentleman is also appointed postmaster. The original intention of publishing the laws was for their diffusion among the people; but how is the attainment of this object to be effected, by publishing them in a paper, just established, and which, we presume, has the smallest circulation of any one in Massachusetts? The attorney-general of the United States can probably solve this enigma. In Boston, they are now published in the Chronicle, but formerly in the Centinel, the latter of which has the greatest circulation of any paper in the state.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I am a strenuous advocate for the system of reformation, which is the order of the day; and by which I hope, eventually, to see that tottering old building, THE CONSTITUTION, destroyed.

Our first step for this purpose, has been to direct the attention of the citizens to that part where they are most vulnerable...their purses. We have, in consequence, endeavoured to convince them, that a great many props of the fabric are very expensive, and of no use, and, therefore, ought to be pulled down; by which means (if we are successful), it will be left in such a situation, that, from the laws of gravitation, it must fall.

Pleasing myself with a belief that it might be of some service to my party, and thinking it proper (as long as they do not interfere with my interest) to give due praise to whatever has or may advance its schemes, I penned the following

ODE TO PARSIMONY.

....."Luxury's all turn'd out of doors,
Frugality took in."

1.

O, GODDESS of the sallow cheek,
The hollow eye, the shrivell'd neck,
And brow with wrinkles clouded,
On broken crutch, with erring aim.
Supporting ill thy palsied frame,
In tatter'd blanket shrouded!

2.

Already we thy presence own,
Already is thine influence shewn,
Throughout this favour'd free land;
And soon shalt thou in warm debate
Display thyself in every state,
And reformation be plann'd.

3.

Although uncouth I own thy form,
Yet still thou hast such pow'r to charm
Our servants in high station,
That all shall chaunt thy praise with glee;
E'en Gallatin shall yield to thee
The purse strings of the nation.

4.

O'er all our councils urge thy sway,
Their speech direct....their projects lay;
O give them thy protection!
Let each possess a miser's heart,
That we at waste no more may start,
Secure in thy direction.

5.

Then shalt thou, on our welfare bent,
Attentive thrice count o'er each cent,
And, spite of silly scoffers,
Against the fed'ral false pretence
Of necessary self defence,
Shut fast the public coffers.

6.

Why keep, to stun our peaceful ears,
Artillerists and engineers,
Who waste our ammunition?
Disband them every one....good Lord!
Une école militaire! (a) absurd!
'Tis quite an imposition!

7.

Stop not, but while with action warm,
Fill'd with the spirit of reform,
Cleanse the Augean stable:
Sell off at once the public stores,
The cannon, powder, ships, boats, oars;
Leave not a spar or cable.

(a) There are some federalists, who think an institution of this kind necessary, and affirm, that, without it, in case of war with any foreign power, we should be obliged, as formerly, to import engineers from Europe, as if native energy required the assistance of art! But grant their position, cannot engineers be hired as cheap as patriots? It is surely never worth our while to raise them. This argument holds good also against the naval school.

8.

Thou knowest how inutile are
Those ships prepar'd for barb'rous war,
That proudly brave the ocean;
And how much better 'tis to grant
Some millions an ally may want,
Than tempt that dread commotion, (b)

9.

What tho' by fell piratic pow'r,
Our merchants in unlucky hour
Were of their treasure plunder'd?
It makes no difference; to them
The loss had been the very same,
If Jove had storm'd or thunder'd.

10.

If Europe wishes us to pour
The gifts of Ceres from our store,
To keep her sons from starving;
Why, let her take them (d)....'tis confest,
That dinner is not worth the guest,
That is not worth the carving.

11.

Then see the forts unfinish'd lie,
Sans stores, sans troops, and loudly cry
"Were surely thus of no use!"
Oh! sell them, sell them....that's your plan,
Their seat, their stones and mortar can,
No doubt, some eagles produce.

12.

The judges....what a numerous band!
What service are they in a land,
Where vice so very scarce is?
Thy patience let them not abuse;
Nor longer listen to their use....
Their use!....a very farce is. (c)

13.

What halcyon times we soon shall have! (f)
What happiness, when thou shalt save
US from excise and duty!
The golden age again appears!

(b) I have heard, with much astonishment, that many of our merchants are dissatisfied with parts of our treaty with France. I wonder what they would have! A'nt it the best we could get? Havn't we had a great deal of trouble about it, and even sent the fashionable Mr. Dawson all the way to France for it? They want to persuade us, that, as the government was formed to take care of the liberty and property of all the citizens, it ought to pay them for their property, which it thought proper to make France a present of! But this sophism won't do. They'll find, that a "great, free, powerful, and independent nation," who chose to make that treaty, will also know how to reject all such claims on the treasury.

(d) See this profound argument urged with his usual eloquence, in (if they are yet in existence) Dr. Priestley's "Letters to the Inhabitants of Northumberland."

(e) The disbandment of the judicial army will destroy the greatest barrier to that *acme* of happiness, which, under our present administration, we are so rapidly progressing to. What but the enlarged ideas of public benefit, which our servants in power possess, could urge them to such exertions as they are making? They even labour (if I may be indulged in a favourite expression of a very pretty author of the present day, who delights to see his trifles, as he modestly terms them, printed with a neat type, on fine paper) *con amore!* They

"Give the guardian laws their majesty to know!"

I hope soon to see our fetters thrown aside, and, in place of all the parade of trial we have hitherto had, an imitation of the Athenian ostracism introduced, which is certainly more consonant to the individual dignity of mankind....Then shall no impudent Aristides dare to show his head amongst us.

(f) It will be perceived, that I had an eye on Virgil's

.....redeunt Saturnia Regna.

Whether Virgil or I have the best right to the expression, I leave to future commentators on us to determine; though I confess these are a kind of gentry I don't like. They pay no respect to persons. Indeed I should not be surprised, if some of them were stupid enough to compare the incomparable Jefferson to Augustus: or (*parva componere magnis*), me to Virgil.

The world regains its acorn years, (g)
In all their pristine beauty!

14.

And yet, sage Goddess, I confess
Tho' great thy merit and address,
There's one thing unattended,
The pay our servants still receive
Is more, I think, than we should give;
Pray, could not that be mended? (h)

15.

But pardon....sure the civic zeal
That those in pow'r (our servants) feel,
Unlike "politic sinners,"
Can ne'er permit them to debase
The dignity of human race,
By serving for their dinners!

16.

Oh, no!....e'en now I think I see
Each with his "hog and hominy,"
At luxury and state scowl;
And swear, full hearty, that a slice,
When sauc'd by thee, is far more nice
Than venison or wild fowl.

17.

Then from their meal, before they rise,
To drink perdition to excise,
Each takes his sup of whisky;
Delightful bev'rage! at whose shrine
(Debar'd by poverty from wine)
Thy poet oft gets frisky.

18.

Each senator, by thee inspir'd,
Then ("fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,"
Or, like Sir Hugh, "in cholers,")
Shall loudly cry...."economize!"
The president himself, despise
His THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!!!
ASMODEO.

(g) "Acorn years."...Some great philosophers have asserted, that mankind, at this happy time, fed upon acorns. Their opinion, however, has been contested by others, equally great, who affirm, that it was not the fruit of the *quercus*, because the *glans* is bitter, and therefore not palatable, but of the *castanea*, vulgarly called chestnut. But this controversy is too important for me to decide. It is very certain that, in process of time, mankind, disdaining the plain food of their ancestors, in consequence of an aristocratic party springing up amongst them, introduced the luxury of wheat, which, in a short time, destroyed all that natural simplicity, for which they were formerly distinguished. They even became so shameless, as to boast of their depravity by the establishment of the *cereal*.

(b) I was much pleased with an idea that dropped from one of the opposition, Mr. Bayard, which, however he meant it, is a very just one: i. e. he said, we might think the legislature, which costs the nation four or five hundred thousand dollars, useless; break it down, and import laws ready made from Westminster-hall, for ten or fifteen thousand dollars.

Eas est etiam ab hoste doceri. I think this hint ought not to be thrown away; though I would not approve of bringing our laws from Westminster-hall. We might hire people enough of our own to make them, at the price he mentions. Suppose the office set up at auction, and struck off to him, who would serve for the lowest wages?

A.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6th, 1802.

[No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. VIII.

"In vain, poor nymph, to please my youthful sight,
You sleep in cream and frontlets all the night;
Your face with patches foil, with paints repair,
Dress with gay gowns, and shade with foreign hair."

FARNELL.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

SIR,

I AM from the country, and having heard much of you, and of your good advice to the fair sex, I take the liberty of laying my case before you, in hopes that your good sense will direct me in my future conduct, and that your goodness of heart will sympathise with, and console me, under the weight of my present sufferings.

You must know then, sir, that I have been but one week married, to a most worthy young gentleman, whose natural honesty of disposition, and haughtiness of spirit cannot, even in a wife, brook or forgive deception. But I will relate all the facts which have led to my husband's neglect of me, and then, perhaps, you may tell me how it may be overcome.

We were both of us born and educated in the country; and our parents living near to each other, we have been, from our infancy, companions, and, consequently, at a very early age, contracted a warm friendship. No wonder then, that this attachment should ripen to a more exalted kind: and, when I was only sixteen, he asked my hand. I could not, for a moment, think of any other man as a husband, and would immediately have been married, but the wisdom of our parents interposed, and it was agreed that Mr. Z. must first get into a way of maintaining me.

Our engagement was considered as sacred, and four years were allotted as the time to elapse, before the completion of our wishes. Fate ordained a temporary separation. My lover went to distant lands; and, in order to dissipate the gloom occasioned by his absence, my parents permitted me to come to this city. My manners or appearance not being at all outré, I was very soon brought into notice, contracted a love for the dissipation of a city life, and for three years rioted in its pleasures. When I found my health and bloom begin to decay, I resorted to the common practice of giving false colours to my face, which I found, when applied with judgment, always succeeded as I wished.

About six months ago, Mr. Z. returned. He was delighted to find me here; and, altogether, our meeting was, as you may imagine, rapturous beyond description. Our marriage was immediately spoken of; and, among other remarks, he said, "I am glad to find you have not been rake enough to destroy the radiant bloom of nature and health.

Thy cheeks, love, amid all thy dissipation, still retain their roses. This (patting my face with his hand) is the honest blush of innocence and nature. How much superior, in my eyes, to all the daubings of foreign artifice!" This was truly a hair breadth escape from a discovery, which, during the remainder of our courtship, I always made out to avoid.

Now we have been married but one little week, and my husband appears to have resigned himself to such a state of sullen sadness, as no efforts of mine, I fear, will ever overcome. Unluckily, he came suddenly into my chamber the other morning, and caught me (oh mournful to relate!) in the very act of rouging. Struck with surprise, he stood aghast. My embarrassment was so great, that the brush fell from my hand, and I was motionless, with one side of my face red, the other pale as a corpse; one lip rose-coloured, the other blue, and quivering with fright; and my nose only once dipped in Gowland's lotion. You may judge of my distress, and his vexation. I at last broke silence, with "my dear, it is very unkind to open my door, without knocking."..... "Unkind, madam? Then I will ever remain so, to such a haggard image of falsehood and hypocrisy as you present."

In his paroxysm of rage, my toilet was instantly cleared of all its boxes and phials. He desired me immediately to wash my face, and take a final leave of all my charms. I thought compliance my duty, and I am now a living instance of the pernicious effects of paint on my skin, and of the absurdity of using such artifice, to allure the affections of men. I am deservedly the victim of my own folly; and, if sincere repentance be any atonement for my crime, it is fully expiated; and my tears, which have flowed incessantly for four days, must have washed it from every other tablet, but that of my husband's memory. He treats me with coldness when we meet, and tries every possible means of shunning my presence. If I attempt to apologize for the offence I have given him, he bids me cease, nor pile up falsehood upon falsehood, until I have reared a monument of my disgrace.

But this, all this might have been borne, had not his injustice, when we were together in a large company the other evening, almost determined me to quit him forever, and seek a safe retreat from his scorn, in the bosom of parental affection. He called out to me across a room, "My love, you have forgotten to put on your checks to-night. Are you sure all your teeth are in your mouth?.... Is that your glass eye or not?" And then whispered to, and laughed with, some gentleman, who sat next to him.

Consider, Mr. Saunter, how vexatious such treatment must be, to a mind of any sensibility.... I am willing, however, if Mr. Z. will receive me again into favour, to forget the past, and make every amendment in my life, which his good sense can require; although I do not think I have deserved so severe a punishment. I hope, sir, your compassion will appeal for me, and your

wisdom reason my husband into forgiveness, or teach me fortitude to support his contempt.

Yours,

FIDELIA.

THEOLOGY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. EDITOR,

I send you an extract, from Brown's system of divinity, on the controverted passage, in the epistle of John; which I hope you will allow to occupy a place in your Port Folio. Speaking on the passage, he says, "Indeed, the Socinians, modern Arians, and some others, pretend the last mentioned text, 1 John 5, 7, to be spurious; because 'Many Greek manuscripts want it.' But of these, many want also other texts; and the similarity of the 7th and 8th verses made a careless transcriber apt to overleap one of them. 'Many of the ancient translations want it.' But none of these translations are of great weight in this matter, as they want much more of the New Testament. Nor are any of them, except the Syriac version and Jerome's Latin one, much worth. 'The ancient fathers do not quote it, when it would have been much to their purpose, in their disputes with heretics.' But that might be, because they had deficient copies, or cared not to adduce a text, which their opponents might have rejected. Let it be observed further, The orthodox had no temptation to forge it, having plenty of proof for their faith concerning the trinity beside. But the anti-trinitarians had strong temptations to drop it out of their copies, which is also more easily done. And yet, perhaps, it originated from no design but the hurry of a transcriber, amidst the rage of persecution. About 1400 years ago, we find complaints of some anti-trinitarians attempting to corrupt the scripture; but never till late, that the orthodox had done so. This text is referred to by Tertullian, about A. D. 200; quoted by Cyprian about 250, and by Athanasius, or one in his name, about 350. Jerome hath it in his translation, about 400, and, admitting it to be in all the best Greek copies, he severely blames the want of it in the old Latin version. Soon after it is quoted by Eucherius and Virgilius. In 484 the African bishops quote it in the confession of their faith, which they presented to Hunneric, that Arian king; and about thirty years after, Fulgentius, when required by an Arian king to produce his objections against the Arians, quoted it three times. When the Vulgate Latin translation was solemnly, and with great care, corrected from Greek and Latin manuscripts, by order of Charles the Great, about 800, and again by the famed university of Sorbonne, about two hundred years after, this text was retained. Erasmus, who inclined to arianism, first suspected it, and dropt it out of his first edition of the New Testament: but restored it in his subsequent editions, upon the credit of an old British copy. It is said, that nine of Stephen's sixteen manuscripts, from which he printed his excellent edition of the Greek New

Testament, had this text. No doubt many of the manuscripts, from which other principal editions were formed, are now lost. A printed copy is even more authentic, than almost any manuscript extant, the oldest of which were written some hundred years after all these of the apostles were worn out or lost; for more learning and care have been exercised to render some printed editions correct, than perhaps was taken on all the manuscripts written for a thousand years before the reformation. The passages appear deficient and unconnected, if a verse be dropped. Mill and Bengelius have, therefore, honestly retained it in their excellent editions, notwithstanding they have fairly, and with much more candour than Michaelis, represented the objections against it."

From this it appears, that all the stress, which a writer in your paper lays on the authority of Erasmus is unfounded. For Erasmus, though he omitted the text in his first editions, yet, after more research and mature deliberation, inserted it in his following editions, which have unquestionably the most authority. It appears likewise, that sir Isaac Newton was not the first, who suspected this passage. Erasmus first conceived suspicions. But he found that his suspicions were groundless. As this text is a good weapon in the hands of trinitarians, they would be foolish, were they to throw it away. It is a weapon, which God hath put into their hands, and therefore they are bound to use it. But were they to lay it aside, they would be armed sufficiently to contend with success against all their adversaries. For the doctrine of the trinity is founded not on this single passage, but on a multitude of texts, so plain, that a denial of the doctrine by those, who admit the authority of the scriptures as decisive on all such points, is indeed matter of surprise to

A PUPIL IN THE SCHOOL OF CHRIST.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN a journal, literary, moral, and political, called the Spectator of the North, published at Hamburg, for the month of May, 1797, is contained a Review of a series of letters, relative to the United States, which, together with the work reviewed, seems strangely to have escaped the notice of our countrymen. Possibly, the severity of remark in which this traveller has indulged, on the several topics, which arrested his attention, may have restrained such as were apprized of the existence of this work, from laying open its contents, to the American public. The letters are not within our reach, but we present an imperfect sketch, such as a translation can afford, not doubting, that some of the readers of your Miscellany, will feel an interest in the perusal.

LETTERS CONCERNING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Letters concerning the United States of America, of which we are going to give some account, are the productions of a German gentleman, by the name of Bülow, formerly an officer in the Prussian service, who in the month of July, 1795, embarked at this place (Hamburg) for the United States, where he had conceived the project of making a permanent settlement, and who, if we are rightly informed, is either already returned, or is expected every moment to arrive, being determined to live in his own country; convinced by his own experience, that Germany is quite as good as Pennsylvania.

Mr. Bülow had been seduced, like a croud of other Europeans by that prospect of fortune and happiness, which during a space of fifteen years back, so many travellers have laboured to shew us, in the deserts of North America. Undeceived,

like other enlightened travellers, who have lately returned from America, Mr. Bülow furnishes us, in his letters, with materials, for the history of a country, about which, it should seem, we have hitherto had nothing but Romances.

Running over the Letters of Mr. Bülow, and calling to mind, all that the Brissot's, the Crèvecoeur's, &c. have written, on the same subject, one is tempted to believe, that it falls to the lot of certain countries, to be judged of, as famous personages have often been; by turns too much applauded and too much decried; successively the sport of false commendation from enthusiasts, and the calumny of slanderers. Far be it from our intention to place Mr. Bülow in this latter class; and if in the course of his details or the inferences he makes from them, some shades of ill humour should occasionally be seen, we are ready to pardon the mixture, on the score of disappointment, in one, more especially, who after having passed the seas, to settle in a country, where so many writers had promised him the golden age, has the misfortune to discover, that there, as well as here, mankind are still in the midst of the iron age.

The Letters of Mr. Bülow have hitherto appeared only scattered through several numbers of a German Journal*. But we are assured, that a complete collection is about to be published, and it is probable that they will soon be translated into French. Our readers will thank us for not waiting, till then, to make them known.

In the fifteen letters, which are before us, Mr. Bülow particularly regards the United States in a moral and political light; he begins however by observing them in some other points of view.

"The banks of the Delaware present to the stranger, on his first arrival a good idea of North America; they are well cultivated. Thick woods, smiling meadows, handsome country seats, charm the eye of the traveller, more especially when, like us, he has seen, for ten weeks together, nought but sea and sky. The town of Wilmington presents itself very agreeably in the form of an amphitheatre, on the declivity of a small hill. The eastern bank of the river is less interesting.".....

....."Many buildings are erecting at Philadelphia; but we see very few edifices built upon the true principles of architecture. Materials of all kinds, even marble, is abundant.....Several merchants of that city, have undertaken buildings on a scale far beyond their means; and to defray the expense, they borrow money at three per cent per month.".....

"The natural history of America, is not yet sufficiently known, notwithstanding all the labours of Buffon, who moreover was not free from prejudices.....Some of our literati have religiously adopted them. They pretend, for instance, that every thing degenerates, in this quarter of the globe; and they will not fail to anathematise me, when judging of things from the testimony of my own senses, I maintain, that the horse, the ox, nor the sheep, have in no way degenerated here, neither in shape, in strength, nor in symmetry of figure.

"At a race-ground, near Germantown, I saw the finest and the swiftest horses run a four mile heat, in eight minutes. I know not whether this was a mark of inferiority. It is true, that an Englishman present affirmed, that the race horses in his country, ran the same distance in seven minutes; but this was, perhaps, an Anglicism.....What I am very sure of, is, that the horses of Germany cannot perform as much."

"It is also pretended, that the provisions of America are not so good as those of Europe, because hunger returns sooner after eating; but is this good reasoning? Wholesome food digests more easily and more rapidly than bad. More-

over, the remark is false, or, at least, is only applicable to some individuals, and some particular spots in America. For myself, I am not oftener hungry here than in Europe, and I know other Europeans, who say the same. Their meat is as fine to look at, and quite as good tasted, as it is at Hambury, and their veal is even much better."

"We made a visit to Mr. Legaux, at Springmill, the same of whom Brissot speaks in his travels. He has a vineyard, the plants of which came from Bourdeaux, from Champagne, Burgundy, and the Cape of Good Hope. The last are those, which, as he informed us, succeed best.....The vintage of this year (1795) has completely failed; but the seasons immediately preceding, the proprietor made wines, both red and white, equal in quality to the best Medoc. The wine produced by the Cape plants is excellent. Mr. Legaux was formerly a lawyer of Normandy. The situation of his house is delightful. The Schuylkill forms several cascades in the vicinity, which are precipitated, with a rumbling velocity, from some eminences, then peacefully gliding, till they inundate the meadows below. All the environs of this river are fine and beautiful."

Mr. Bülow, in speaking of the climate of North America, and of the sudden changes of heat and cold, of which the majority of travellers are wont to complain, observes, that these complaints are extravagant; and that, in fact, this climate is less changeable and less capricious than that of the north of Germany. In support of all that has been heretofore said, to prove that, in proportion as the forests are cleared, and the ground tilled, Mr. Bülow cites Tit. Livy, who relates, that the Tiber was once frozen to the very bottom; and he further recounts, that Julian was once stopped by the snow, in marching from Paris to Strasburg, and that in the month of September. The temperature of Italy, and that of France, have, in fact, softened a little since that period.

[To be continued.]

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN the following extract from the speech of Mr. Hemphill, on the bill for a repeal of the Judiciary law, we find sound and correct principle, seasoned with a spice of delicate irony. The stigma of adopting a foreign scale of interpretation, to test the weight of the judicial branch in our constitution, is retorted with no common ingenuity upon the authors of the reproach.

"It is said they (the judges) are not independent of parliament: Why, sir, nothing is independent of parliament, and there is not the same necessity there. There being no written constitution in England, the judiciary forms no check upon parliament—and besides, our government is not a copy of the British government; and this is not the only instance, where we have outstripped, as it is called, our too favourite prototype. There is not a leading feature in the constitution, that bears testimony of any servile imitation; it is our opponents, who wish to test our constitution, by the principles of the British government; it is they who wish a construction to be put upon the constitution by Congress, which shall be considered as the constitution itself; and are unwilling that there should be any check to oppose it, and of course every construction put upon it by the different legislatures, will exhibit the appearance of a new constitution to be tossed and blown about by every political breeze. The powers of Congress will be equal to the powers of the English parliament—transcendant, splendid, and without controul. I little expected, that such lordly power would be grasped at by our plain Republicans, who have no ambitious desires, and who wish rulers to be contented with humble prerogatives."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED.
No. XII.

FROM the manner in which the subject was treated in the fifth and sixth numbers of *The Examination*, it has been doubted, whether the writer did or did not entertain a decided opinion as to the power of Congress to abolish the offices and compensations of judges, once instituted and appointed pursuant to a law of the United States.... In a matter of such high constitutional moment, it is a sacred duty to be explicit. The progress of a bill lately brought into the Senate for repealing the law of the last session, entitled, "An act to provide for the more convenient organization of the courts of the United States," with the avowed design of superseding the judges, who were appointed under it, has rendered the question far more serious than it was while it rested merely on the obscure suggestion of the Presidential Message. 'Till the experiment had proved the fact, it was hardly to have been imagined, that a majority of either house of Congress, whether from design or error, would have lent its sanction to a glaring violation of our national compact, in that article, which of all others is the most essential to the efficiency and stability of the government; to the security of property; to the safety and liberty of person. This portentous and frightful phenomenon has, nevertheless, appeared. It frowns with malignant and deadly aspect upon our constitution. Probably before these remarks shall be read, that constitution will be no more! It will be numbered among the numerous victims of democratic phrenzy; and will have given another and an awful lesson to mankind....the prelude perhaps of calamities to this country, at the contemplation of which imagination shudders.

With such a prospect before us, nothing ought to be left un essayed, to open the eyes of thinking men to the destructive projects of those mountebank politicians, who have been too successful in perverting public opinion, and in cheating the people out of their confidence; who are advancing with rapid strides in the work of disorganization....the sure forerunner of tyranny; and who, if they are not arrested in their mad career, will, ere long, precipitate our nation into all the horrors of anarchy.

It would be vanity to expect to throw much additional light upon a subject which has already exhausted the logic and eloquence of some of the ablest men of our country; yet it often happens, that the same arguments placed in a new attitude, and accompanied with illustrations which may have escaped the ardour of a first research, serve both to fortify, and to extend conviction. In the hope that this may be the case, the discussion shall be pursued with as much perspicuity and brevity, as can be attained.

The words of the constitution are, "The Judges both of the Supreme and Inferior Courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour, and shall at stated times receive for their services a compensation which shall not be diminished during their continuance in office."

Taking the literal import of the terms as the criterion of their true meaning, it is clear, that the tenure or duration of the office is limited by no other condition than the good behaviour of the incumbent. The words are imperative, simple, and unqualified: "The judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour." Independent therefore of any artificial reasoning to vary the nature and obvious sense of the words, the provision must be understood to vest in the judge a right to the office, indefeasible but by his own misconduct.

It is consequently the duty of those who deny this right, to shew either that there are certain presumptions of intention deducible from other

parts of the constitutional instrument, or certain general principles of constitutional law or policy, which ought to control the literal and substitute a different meaning.

As to presumptions of intention different from the import of the terms, there is not a syllable in the instrument from which they can be inferred; on the contrary, the latter member of the clause cited, affords very strong presumption the other way.

From the injunction, that the compensation of the judges shall not be diminished, it is manifest, that the constitution intends to guard the independence of those officers, against the legislative department; because, to this department alone would have belonged the power of diminishing their compensations.

When the constitution is thus careful to tie up the legislature, from taking away part of the compensation, is it possible to suppose that it can mean to leave that body at full liberty to take away the whole? The affirmative imputes to the constitution the manifest absurdity of holding to the legislature this language: "You shall not *weaken* the independence of the judicial character, by exercising the power of *lessening* his emolument, but you may *destroy* it altogether, by exercising the greater power of *annihilating* the recompense with the office." No mortal can be so blind as not to see, that, by such a construction, the restraint intended to be laid upon the legislature, by the injunction not to lessen the compensations, becomes absolutely nugatory.

In vain is a justification of it sought in that part of the same article, which provides that "The judicial power of the United States shall be vested in one supreme court, and in such inferior courts as the congress may from time to time ordain and establish." The position that a discretionary power to institute inferior courts includes virtually a power to abolish them, if true, is nothing to the purpose. The abolition of a court does not necessarily imply that of its judges. In contemplation of law, the court and the judge are distinct things. The court may have a legal existence, though there may be no judge to exercise its powers. This may be the case, either at the original creation of a court, previous to the appointment of a judge, or subsequently by his death, resignation, or removal. In the last case, it could not be pretended that the court had become extinct by the event. In like manner, the office of the judge may subsist, though the court in which he is to officiate may be suspended or destroyed. The duties of a judge, as the office is defined in our jurisprudence, are twofold....judicial and ministerial. The latter may be performed out of court, and often without reference to it. As conservator of the peace, which every judge is *ex officio*, many things are done, not connected with a judicial controversy, or, to speak technically, with a *lis pendens*.

This serves to illustrate the idea, that the office is something different from the court; which is the place or situation for its principal action, yet not altogether essential to its activity. Besides, a judge is not the less a judge when out of court, than when in court. The law does not suppose him to be always in court, yet it does suppose him to be always in office; in vacation as well as in term. He has also a property or interest in his office, which entitles him to civil actions, and to recompense in damages for injuries that affect him in relation to his office; but he cannot be said to have a property or interest in the court, of which he is a member. All these considerations confirm the hypothesis, that the court and the judge are distinct legal entities, and therefore may exist the one independently of the other.

If it be replied, that the office is an incident to the court, and that the abolition of the principal includes that of the incident....The answer to

this is, that the argument may be well-founded as to all subsequent appointments, but not as to those previously made. Though there be no office to be filled in future, it will not follow that one already vested in an individual by a regular appointment and commission, is thereby vacated and divested. Whether this shall or shall not happen must depend on what the constitution or the law has declared with regard to the tenure of the office. Having pronounced that this shall be during good behaviour, it will preserve the office, to give effect to that tenure for the benefit of the possessor. To be consistent with itself, it will require and prescribe such a modification and construction of its own acts, as will reconcile its power over the future, with the rights which have been conferred as to the past.

Let it not be said that an office is a mere trust for public benefit, and excludes the idea of a property or a vested interest in the individual. The first part of the proposition is true—the last false. Every office combines the two ingredients of an interest in the possessor, and a trust for the public.

Hence it is, that the law allows the officer redress by a civil action, for an injury in relation to his office, which presupposes property or interest. This interest may be defeasible at the pleasure of the government, or it may have a fixed duration, according to the constitution of the office. The idea of a vested interest holden even by a permanent tenure, so far from being incompatible with the principle that the primary and essential end of every office is the public good, may be conducive to that very end by promoting a diligent faithful, energetic, and independent execution of the office.

But admitting, as seems to have been admitted, by the speakers on both sides the question, that the judge must fall with the court, then the only consequence will be, that congress cannot abolish a court once established. There is no rule of interpretation better settled, than that different provisions in the same instrument on the same subject, ought to be so construed, as, if possible, to comport with each other, and give a reasonable effect to all.

The provision that "The judiciary power shall be vested in one superior court, and in such inferior courts as the congress may, from time to time ordain and establish," is immediately followed by this other provision, "The judges both of the supreme and inferior courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour."

The proposition, that a power to do, includes virtually, a power to undo, as applied to a legislative body, is generally, but not universally true. All vested rights form an exception to the rule. In strict theory, there is no lawful or moral power to divest by a subsequent statute, a right vested in an individual by a prior; and accordingly it is familiar to persons conversant with legal studies, that the repeal of a law does not always work the revocation or divestiture of such rights.

If it be replied, that though a legislature might act immorally and wickedly in abrogating a vested right, yet the legal validity of its act for such a purpose could not be disputed; it may be answered that this odious position, in any application of it, is liable to question in every limited constitution (that is, in every constitution, which, in its theory, does not suppose the whole power of the nation to be lodged in the legislative body); and that it is certainly false in its application to a legislature, the authorities of which are defined by a positive written constitution, as to every thing which is contrary to the actual provisions of that constitution. To deny this, is to affirm that the delegated is paramount to the constituent power. It is, in fact, to

* As in the parliament of Great-Britain.

affirm, there are no constitutional limits to the legislative authority.

The enquiry then must be, whether the power to abolish inferior courts, if implied in that of creating them, is not abridged by the clause which regulates the tenor of judicial office.

The first thing which occurs in this investigation, is, that the power to abolish is at most, an implied or incidental power, and as such will the more readily yield to any express provision with which it may be inconsistent.—

The circumstance of giving to Congress a discretionary power to establish Inferior Courts instead of establishing them specifically in the constitution, has, with great reason, been ascribed to the impracticability of ascertaining beforehand the number and variety of courts, which the development of our national affairs might indicate to be proper; especially in relation to the progress of new settlements, and the creation of new states. This rendered a discretionary power to institute courts indispensable; but it did not alike render indispensable a power to abolish those which were once instituted. It was conceived, that with intelligence, caution, and care, a plan might be pursued in the institution of courts, which would render abolitions unnecessary. Indeed it is not presumable with regard to establishments of such solemnity and importance, making part of the organization of a principal department of the government, that a fluctuation of plans was anticipated. It is, therefore, not essential to suppose, that the power to destroy was intended to be included in the power to create: Thus the words "to ordain and establish," may be satisfied by attributing to them only the latter effect.

Consequently, when the grant of the power to institute courts, is immediately succeeded by the declaration that the judges of those courts shall hold their offices during good behaviour; if the exercise of the power to establish the courts cannot be reconciled with the actual holding or enjoyment of the office, according to the prescribed tenure, it will follow, that the power to abolish is interdicted. The implied, or hypothetical power to destroy the office must give way to the express and positive right of holding it during good behaviour. This is agreeable to the soundest rules of construction; the contrary is in subversion of them.

Equally in vain is a justification of the construction adopted by the advocates of the repeal, attempted to be derived from a distinction between the supreme and inferior courts. The argument, that as the former is established by the constitution, it cannot be annulled by a legislative act, though the latter which must owe their existence to such an act, may, by the same authority, be extinguished, can afford no greater stability to the office of a judge of the supreme court than to that of a judge of an inferior court. The constitution does indeed establish the supreme court; but it is altogether silent as to the number of the judges. This is as fully left to legislative discretion as the institution of inferior courts; and the rule that a power to undo is implied in the power to do, is therefore no less applicable to the reduction of the number of the judges of the supreme court than to the abolition of the inferior courts. If the former are not protected by the clause, which fixes the tenure of office, they are no less at the mercy of the legislature than the latter: And if that clause does protect them, its protection must be equally effectual for the judges of the inferior courts. Its efficacy in either case must be founded on the principle that it operates as a restraint upon the legislative discretion; and if so, there is the like restraint in both cases, because the very same words, in the very same sentence, define conjunctly the tenure of the offices of the two classes of judges. His sophistry can elude the conclusion.

It is therefore plain to a demonstration, that the doctrine which affirms the right of congress to abolish the judges of the inferior courts is absolutely fatal to the independence of the judiciary department. The observation, that so gross an abuse of power as would be implied in the abolition of the judges of the supreme court, ought not to be supposed, can afford no consolation against the extreme danger of the doctrine. The terrible examples before us, forbid our placing the least confidence in that delusive observation. Experience, sad experience warns us to dread every extremity—to be prepared for the worst catastrophe that can happen.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

As it is the earnest wish of the Editor to preserve in this miscellany whatever will reflect light upon the political occurrences of the time, he publishes the following article, which exhibits the *stress* of the late argument in our national senate, on the judiciary bill. The correctness of the report of this argument has been tested, and is vouched for. He, who studies it will have a distinct "view of the whole ground."

MR. BRECKENRIDGE,

WHILE my honourable friend recollects himself, I beg leave to say a few words in answer to an argument, which has been much pressed to-day. I did not intend to rise again on this subject, especially at so late an hour (about 5 o'clock), and I promise to detain the house but a few minutes.

I did not expect, sir, to find the doctrine of the power of the courts to annul the laws of congress, as unconstitutional, so seriously insisted on. I presume I shall not be out of order in replying to it. It is said that the different departments of government are to be checks on each other, and that the courts are to check the legislature. If this be true, I would ask where they got that power, and who checks the courts when they violate the constitution? Would they not, by this doctrine, have the absolute direction of the government? To whom are they responsible? But I deny the power, which is so pretended. If it is derived from the constitution, I ask gentlemen to point out the clause, which grants it. I can find no such grant. Is it not extraordinary that, if this high power was intended, it should nowhere appear? Is it not truly astonishing that the constitution, in its abundant care to define the powers of each department, should have omitted so important a power as that of the courts to nullify all the acts of congress, which, in their opinion, were contrary to the constitution.

Never were such high and transcendent powers in any government, much less in one like ours, composed of powers specially given and defined, claimed or exercised by construction only. The doctrine of constructions, not warranted by the letter of an instrument is dangerous in the extreme. Let men once loose upon constructions, and where will you stop them. Is the *astutia* of English judges, in discovering the latent meanings of law-makers' meanings, not expressed in the letter of the laws, to be adopted here in the construction of the constitution? Once admit the doctrine, that judges are to be indulged in these astute and wire-drawn constructions, to enlarge their own power, and controul that of others, and I will join gentlemen of the opposition, in declaring that the constitution is in danger.

To make the constitution a practical system, this pretended power of the courts to annul the laws of congress cannot possibly exist. My idea of the subject, in a few words, is, that the constitution intended a separation of the powers vested in the three great departments, giving to each exclusive authority on the subjects committed to it. That these departments are co-ordinate, to revolve each within the sphere of their own orbits, without be-

ing responsible for their own motion, and are not to direct or controul the course of others. That those, who make the laws, are presumed to have an equal attachment to, and interest in the constitution; are equally bound by oath to support it, and have an equal right to give a construction to it. That the construction of one department of the powers vested in it, is of higher authority than the construction of any other department. And that, in fact, it is competent to that department, to which powers are confided exclusively, to decide upon the proper exercise of those powers. That, therefore, the legislature have the exclusive right to interpret the constitution, in what regards the law-making power, and the judges are bound to execute the laws they make: For the legislature would have at least an equal right to annul the decisions of the courts, founded on their construction of the constitution, as the courts would have to annul the acts of the legislature, founded on their construction.

Although, therefore, the courts may take upon them to give decisions, which impeach the constitutionality of a law, and thereby, for a time, obstruct its operations, yet I contend that such a law is not the less obligatory, because the organ through which it is to be executed has refused its aid. A pertinacious adherence of both departments to their opinions, would soon bring the question to issue, in whom the sovereign power of legislation resided, and whose construction of the law-making power should prevail.

If the courts have a right to examine into, and decide upon the constitutionality of laws, their decision ought to be final and effectual. I ask then, if gentlemen are prepared to admit, that in case the courts were to declare your revenue, impost, and appropriation laws unconstitutional, that they would thereby be blotted out of your statute book, and the operations of your government be arrested? It is making, in my opinion, a mockery of the high powers of legislation. I feel humbled by the doctrine, and enter my protest against it. Let gentlemen consider well before they insist on a power in the judiciary, which places the legislature at their feet. Let not so humiliating a condition be admitted, under an authority resting merely on implication and construction. It will invite a state of things, which we are not justified by the constitution in presuming will happen, and which, should it happen, all men of all parties must deplore.

Mr. Morris. I rise to congratulate this house and all America, that we have at length got our adversaries upon the ground where we can fairly meet. They have now, though late, reached the point, to which their arguments tended from the beginning. Here I knew they must arrive, and now I ask, if gentlemen are prepared to establish one consolidated government over this country. Sir, if the doctrine they advance prevail; if it be the true doctrine, there is no longer any legislature in America but that of the union.

All the argument they have used in this debate went, of necessity, to that conclusion, which is now happily avowed. The honourable member tells us, the legislature have the supreme and exclusive right to interpret the constitution, so far as regards the making of laws, which, being made, the judges are bound to execute. And he asks where the judges got their pretended power of deciding on the constitutionality of laws. If it be in the constitution, says he, let it be pointed out. I answer, they derive that power from authority higher than this constitution. They derive it from the constitution of man, from the nature of things, from the necessary progress of human affairs. When you have enacted a law, when process thereon has been issued, and suit brought, it becomes eventually necessary that the judges decide on the case before them, and declare what the

law is. They must, of course, determine whether that which is produced and relied on, has indeed the binding force of law. The decision of the supreme court is, and, of necessity, must be final.—This, sir, is the principle, and the source of the right for which we contend.

But it is denied, and the supremacy of the legislature insisted on. Mark then, I pray, the result. The constitution says, no bill of attainder or *ex post facto* law shall be passed, no capitation or other direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration to be taken, no tax or duty shall be laid on articles exported from any state, no preference shall be given, by any regulation of commerce or revenue, to the ports of one state over those of another. Suppose that, notwithstanding these prohibitions, a majority of the two houses should (with the president) pass such laws. Suppose, for instance, that a capitation tax (not warranted by the constitution) or a duty on exports were imposed.... The citizen refuses to pay. But courts, dependent on the will and pleasure of the legislature, are compelled to enforce the collection. Shall it be said that there is an appeal to the supreme court? Sir, that appeal is subject to such exceptions and regulations as congress shall make. Congress can therefore defeat the appeal, and render final the judgment of inferior tribunals subjected to their absolute controul. Nay, sir, to avoid all possible doubt or question, the honourable member last up has told us, in so many words, that the legislature may decide exclusively on the constitution, and that the judges are bound to execute the laws which the legislature enact. Examine then the state to which we are brought. If this doctrine be sustained (and it is the fair logical deduction from the premises laid down) what possible mode is there to avoid the conclusion, that the moment the legislature of the union declare themselves supreme, they become so. The analogies so often assumed to the British parliament will then be complete. The sovereignty of America will no longer reside in the people, but in the congress, and the constitution is whatever they choose to make it.

I saw the end to which those arguments went, but I would not throw it out to the people. Gentlemen will, however, recollect, that, early in this debate, I prayed them to pause and consider. I mentioned to them without this bar the result of their doctrine, and yesterday I warned them to beware of deciding upon abstract propositions. But they insisted on the decision, and they still persist; let me then ask what safety is left for the states?

Experience under the old confederation had shewn, that applications made by congress to large communities were nugatory, and that to carry on the business of the national government, it should be invested with a right of applying directly to individuals. But then the danger that it might swallow up the sovereignty of the states became evident. To provide against that danger, the constitutional doctrine was established, that no power should be exercised by congress, but such as was expressly given, or necessarily incident, and, as a farther security, provision was made, prohibiting certain definite acts. But of what avail are such securities, when your legislative authority is to be bounded only by your own discretion?

While I was far distant from my country, I felt pain at some things, which looked like a wish to wind up the general government beyond its natural tone; for I knew that if America should be brought under one consolidated government, it could not continue to be a republic. I am attached to republican government, because it appears to me most favourable to dignity of sentiment and character. I have had opportunities to make the comparison. But if a consolidated government be established, it cannot long be republican. We have not the materials to construct even a mild mo-

narchy, if, therefore, the states be destroyed, we must become the subjects of despotism.

It may perhaps be said, that all judges are bound by oath to support the constitution. But I ask how is that to be done? Their power over your laws is denied, and when once it is established that *you and you alone* are the legitimate interpreters of the constitution, they must be bound by your construction.

Gentlemen may flatter themselves that the danger from this quarter is remote or ideal. I know that so long as peace shall last, the states will be the general favourites, because they offer numerous objects to gratify little ambition, but no sooner shall this country be involved in war, than all men will look up to the national government for patronage and protection. Having then the command of large military force, it must, under the construction now set up, become supreme. Remember that the old congress conferred, without authority, dictatorial power over a large extent of country, and that it was exercised and submitted to without opposition. Gentlemen in this house represent the sovereignty of the states. I now call upon them. Are they ready to prostrate that sovereignty at the feet of the general government? I, sir, on the part of the state of New-York, beg leave to enter my solemn protest.

MISCELLANY.

[At a time, when the most licentious customs are followed even by those, who are saluted by the soothing name of the correct and the fashionable, the subsequent reproof from an elegant writer may, possibly, effect a partial reformation. "LYTTLETON" writes with much earnestness and indignation; and as these qualities are in aid of truth and virtue, we sincerely hope that he will not raise the "satiric thong" in vain.]

From the Gazette of the United States.

MR. BRONSON,

EVERY man, however insulated his situation, must feel an interest in the preservation of that pure decorum, which is the very life of a polished community. The continuance and exact observance of common and public decency is an object of universal concern. No one, uncorrupted by vicious principle, can regard with apathy, the least innovation, whose tendency is clear and direct to the corruption of the public manners. It may, at the same time, be remarked, that pernicious and fatal invasion of established decorum so frequently assumes a fascinating and deceptive garb, that it is incumbent to be both watchful for its detection and bold in its exposure. Your correspondent feels no peculiar interest in the subject of his present address. He is neither the father of girls, for whose moral safety he is anxious, nor is he the brother of sisters, whose notions and deportment, in the kind character of a friend and guardian, he is accustomed to watch with incessant vigilance. But, in the field of general and common interest, he deems himself susceptible of feelings, strong, lively, and approximating to those, excited in the anxious bosom of a parent or a brother. He will, therefore, without assuming the authority or displaying the severity of a censor, point to an object of public regard, which appears to call for open reprehension, and to require immediate and effectual correction.

It is the privilege and the practice of your correspondent, sir, to be familiar with scenes of fashion, gaiety, and delight. It has been his pride to believe, that there exists not on earth, a society suffering less from the corruptions ordinarily attendant upon polished association, than that, in whose enjoyments, he is wont to participate. In its scenes, it is novel to mark deviation from decorum, and extraordinary to witness the slightest invasion of the chastest rule. An appreciation of this state of society, above all comparison with any substitute, which could be produced by the fickle slaves

of fashion, induces me to appeal to the correct, and honourable feelings of my fair countrywomen, upon a recent innovation, which savours strongly of licentiousness. I refer to the introduction of the *Waltz Dance* into the polished circles of our city, whose prevalence, it is hoped, will be short, when fairly marked by public discountenance as an *indecency*.

But few of your readers can be presumed to be acquainted with the Waltz. It may, therefore, be pertinent to mention, that this Dance, is marked by a familiarity of person, a voluptuousness of movement, a lasciviousness of look and a destitution of reserve, which must be obnoxious to that correct taste, which essentially differs both from mad licentiousness and from prudish austerity.... It should be further noted, that the revolutions are constant and giddy, that the feet of the dancers are in close and intimate union, that the male supports the female by gentle pressure of the waist, that the female, with skill, occasionally acquiesces in the softness of the scene, and then again repels her partner, and that the eye intent upon the eye speaks love and pleasure. Let me add to the description, that the measures of the music are soft and Syrenian, and what sense so blunt as not to perceive the tendency?

The lovers of the invaluable *SPECTATOR* will here call to mind the "*Moll Pateley*," which was so obnoxious to his correspondent, the "Substantial tradesman, who appears not to have been polished out of paternal feeling, or honest decorum. They will recognize the identity of "*Hunt the Squirrel*" and "*The Chase*," and will readily perceive the affinity between "*Moll Pateley*" and "*The Waltz*." The pen of Addison and his fellows was employed to correct this error of his day and to banish "*Moll Pateley*" from the town. It is fervently to be wished, that Monitorial exertion might be able to drive back the Waltz from our uninvited circles to the domes of luxury in the East, or produce its exile to a more appropriate abode among the natives of our American wilderness.

In a state of rigid and austere opinion, dancing in any form or fashion is proscribed as savouring of indecorum. But in the plain unadulterated dances, commonly known and practised in our country, I have been accustomed to see nothing but a healthful exercise and an innocent amusement. The dance, however, may well be deemed an unseemly entertainment, when society is found in that state of fanciful and fictitious polish, in which the gay are led to indulge in scenes, suited only to the recesses of a seraglio, and adapted only to the practice of Circassians, whose servile employment it is, with the vigilance of vestals, to preserve alive, by frolic, attitude and gesture, the glimmering flame in the bosom of a pampered Achmet. Who then will hesitate to declare, that the Waltz dance has claims to patronage and practice rather from voluptuaries under an Asiatic sun, than from such as seek for innocence in their gaiety, and reason in their delight. Surely, its restriction may be expected to the abodes of those pitiable beings, who sacrifice innocence and happiness at the shrine of sensual pleasure, when its tendency is, manifestly, to familiarize the sexes to scenes, which are inimical to virtue, and to break down those barriers of reserve, which are wont to guard from corruption.

What then must be the feelings of an American, a plain man, who loves his country and its plain, unvitiated manners, at witnessing the introduction of a *dance*, which, when it has obtained the sanction of fashionable currency, must impair the character of his fair country-women, for pure, correct and decorous deportment?—Can he see with the same unconcern his own daughters or his sister practising the lascivious step to melting music, as he regards the theatrical hireling, who professionally mingles in the mad and mazy round, to

gratify the vitiated taste of admiring sensualists? No! with all the proneness of dissipation and extravagance, which increasing wealth and progressive luxury can give, we have yet measures of corruption to fill, ere we attain that plenitude of polished depravity which will compel us to regard, with indifference or approbation, so gross an invasion of the ancient, decorous and unpolluted manners of the country.

We are now free to express the hope, that modest and high-minded American females, whose pride is in purity of manners, and whose glory is in chastity of deportment, will regard with favour and feeling our serious appeal, and doom this alien to a speedy exile. We have spoken with plainness, for the subject demanded it; we have aimed at an honest and faithful, tho' not severe, exposure of a hateful practice. Our conclusion is made with confidence, that there is no true man's eye, to which the Waltz is not disgusting; that its encouragement must be conceived to result from pitiable vanity, which seeks an unaccustomed display of personal charms, or from something worse than vanity: That no fancied gracefulness will garnish unbecoming familiarity, or supply the absence of genuine delicacy: And, in short that the Waltz dance, by the discreet and correct part of our community, is decisively conceived to be incompatible with the dignity and delicacy of the American fair; and to be only adapted to the character of an hireling or a slave in the halls of an Eastern despot, where the effeminate lord and the abject ministers of his pleasure are upon the same level of baseness and degradation.

LYTTLETON.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following affectionate sonnet, the writer of this article applies to the cherished scenes of his rural life, and to a favourite friend, once his constant companion in the "wildly devious walks" of literature:

To climb at early dawn the mountain's side,
Ere devious herds have brush'd the dews away,
He mias: at noon amid yon elms to stray,
Whose artless tufts the cooling current hide.

Mine from the purple heath's horizon wide,
To trace the splendours of reclining day:
Until the moon my homeward path to guide,
Dustain the forest edge with silver grey.

And if such scenes the rising soul expand,
The flutter'd heart if simple bliss be calm,
Where nature closelier knits the social tie,
No light addition should my TYLER's hand,
With equal friendship's animating balm,
To letter'd ease the place of fame supply.

As many of our High-street loungers occasionally lounge on horseback, devote a part of their learned leisure to the management of the generous steed, and sometimes stride

"The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-Row."

I will extract, for their edification, a passage from an old writer, one Camerarius, who thus learnedly details the properties of a perfect horse:

He must have three parts, like those of a woman; broad breast, round hips, and flowing mane. In three things, he must be like a lion; his countenance fierce, his courage great, and his power invincible. In a threefold capacity, must he partake of the nature of the sheep; he must have its nose, its patience, and its docility. He must have three parts of a deer; the head, the leg, and the skin: three of a wolf; throat, neck, and hearing: three of a fox; ear, tail, and trot: three of a serpent; memory, sight, and flexibility: and three of a hare; running, walking, and perseverance,

Among the addresses, presented upon the accession of James I, was one from the town of Shrewsbury, wishing his majesty might reign, as long as the sun, moon, and stars endured. Faith, man said the king to the person who presented it, if I do, my son must reign by candle light.

An acute critic, commenting upon a celebrated modern tragedy, declares, that the principal character has very little reason to discover himself at the close of the play, except to relieve the poet, who has, at last, arrived at his fifth act. The truth is, action, in the modern drama, does not, like a good watch, proceed in a regular time, but is put backwards or forwards, according to the caprice or the convenience of the owner.

In a review of a volume of travels through America, the following observation occurs, respecting the *real* value of that hospitality, displayed by recent men, in a *new* country:

Hospitality is a virtue; but in a country like that which our traveller visited, it might truly be said to be a virtue, which amply repays itself. All countries, emerging from a state of nature, are, in general, distinguished for hospitality. A man, secluded from the frequent intercourse of human life, amid the deep and dreary forests of America, will think himself abundantly recompensed for his civilities to a stranger, who, for a moment, lets him feel that there are other human beings, beside himself.

In the chancel of a village church in England, on a grave stone, is the following epitaph, in monkish verse:

Vos qui transitis, Thomam deflere velitis;
Per me nunc scitis, quid prodest gloria ditis.

Which may be thus translated, without much disgrace to the elegance of the original:

All you that come near, upon Tom drop a tear,
From whom 'twill appear, that the rich are poor here.

A new weekly paper, under the denomination of the "Democratic Republican, or Anti-Aristocrat," has just made its appearance in Baltimore. It is edited by a person, who styles himself Cornelius Firebrand, junr. and its contents comport admirably with the incendiary title of its editor.

[Philadelphia Gazette.]

Rosa, an Italian professor at Paris, has invented a process for making excellent bread, from two-thirds of flour, and one third of acorns. The acorns are freed from their natural bitterness, by boiling them in water. The bread, made of equal parts of flour and acorns, is wholesome and pleasing to the taste, but harder and less white than the first.

Sheridan, in his life of dean SWIFT, is singularly happy, both in the thought and expression of the following paragraph, descriptive of the pleasure experienced by the dean, from an act of signal charity:

"This was the first opportunity he had, of letting loose that spirit of generosity and benevolence, whose greatness and vigour, when pent up in his own breast, by poverty and dependence, served only as an evil spirit to torment him."

In the legislature of New-York, the Hon. Thomas Storm has been unanimously elected *Speaker*. This, the Yorkers doubtless think, as consul Obrien would say, "looks *squally*," it bodes, we fear, a *boisterous* session.

Buonaparte has been invited, by the *Cisalpine* provisional government, to appoint the first magistrates of that republic, which he has *consented to*!

A quack in the city of New-York, who assumes the name of Dr. Roberts, advertises his skill in the cure of a variety of disorders to which the human frame is liable; particularly the Venereal, without the use of Mercury. He undertakes generally, to cure all disorders, *not incurable*; more especially the king's evil, cancers and *sore legs*. Invalids, we think, are under infinite obligations to Dr. R. as, contrary to the commonly received axiom, *there is now help for sickness and sore shins*.

The meditated 'lopping of the excrescent parts' from the constitution by the present democratic majority, is likened by a facetious writer in 'The Balance,' to the spoiling of a wig which was worn by one of the primitive parsons of New-England. His parishioners were incensed and grieved that he should wear a wig in the Boston fashionable cut, and which they thought unscriptural, and dashed with that part of the decalogue, which denounces the worship 'of any graven image, or any likeness 'of any thing that is in heaven above, or earth 'beneath.' The parson paid attention to their remonstrances, and, assembling them together, delivered over to them the frizzled cause of their complaints, to be mutilated and fashioned by them to their liking. After clipping and hacking it till they thought there was no sin in worshipping it, it being the likeness of nothing in heaven or on earth, they consented that their pastor might wear it. So will it fare with the Constitution. After the first false amendment, every bungler will be applying his shears to its curls, and clipping it to his liking, till, in a moment of public lethargy, this Sampson of our trust, will be made to bow to the art of some usurping and darling Dalilah.

The political imbecility of one of our members of Congress is quite a topic of condolence in the Coffee-house circles. If Mr. Bayard saucily exults that Mr. Smilie sometimes *knows his own sentiments*, it should be remembered that *not to know one's own mind* is a common failing; that Mr. S. on classical authority has an established right to be simple, for one of the seven sages of Greece has declared that "The majority are *foolish*," and moreover the "honourable gentleman" has the honour to remember *Sir Hudibras* both in his *republicanism* and in his indistinctness of conceptions;

"His notions fitted things so well
That which was which he could not tell:
But, oftentimes, mistook the one
For the other, as great clerks have done."

At a college commencement, one of the new created masters undertook to preach before his brethren. Wit, at that time, being allowed by peculiar dispensation, he selected for his text,

"We are of yesterday, and know nothing

Beloved, says he, this text fitly divides itself into two parts:

1. The first, respecting our *standing*, "We are but of yesterday,"
2. The second, respecting our *understanding*,—"And know nothing."

When I know more, I will tell you more.

Meanwhile, let what you have heard suffice, with an....Amen.

A French Gentleman once travelling in his cabriolet from Paris to Calais was accosted by a man, who was walking along the road, and who begged the favour of him to put his Great-coat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage.... With all my heart, said the gentleman, but if we should not be travelling to the same place, how will you get your coat? Monsieur, answered the man, with great naiveté, "*Je serai de dans*." I shall be in it.

During the punning reign of king James I, a man being reprimanded for swearing, replied, he did not know there was any harm in it. No harm in it! said a person present, why, don't you know the commandment, *swear not at all*. Why, I don't swear at all, I only swear at those who offend me.

Quin, the comedian, and another gentleman, riding one summer's day upon Lansdown, observed, at some distance, a person on horseback, whose silver laced coat and waistcoat shone prodigiously in the sun. Several conjectures were formed, respecting the quality of the approaching meteor; till at length he came near enough to discover that he was a Bath apothecary, famous for finery and dress. Oh, said the gentleman, 'tis only the quick silver doctor at last. Aye, said Quin, in his dry manner, all is not gold that glisters, you see.

Count T. complained to Foote, that a slanderer had ruined his character. So much the better, replied the wit, for it was a damned bad one, and the sooner destroyed the better.

An apothecary, a quaker, meeting Dr. Fothergill, in the street, thus accosted him:.....Friend Fothergill, I intend dining with thee to-day. I shall be glad to see thee, replied the doctor. I intend bringing my family with me, says the apothecary. So much the better, quoth the doctor; but pray, friend, hast thou not some joke? No joke indeed, replies the apothecary, but a very serious matter. Thou hast attended friend Ephraim these three days, and ordered him no medicine. I cannot live at this rate, in my own house, and must therefore live in thine. The doctor took the hint, and prescribed handsomely for the benefit of his friend Ephraim, and his friend Leech, the apothecary.

Although we have for a long time refused giving any further place to *cheese-communications* being of opinion the cheese has been toasted and re-toasted till it has become quite unpalatable, we hope the following bagatelle, from a valuable correspondent, will be received with a relish.

Extract of a letter from Washington.

"The celebrated mammoth cheese, which has long been the fruitful topic of public discussion, will not totally cease to exist after the fourth of March, when it is to be immolated on the altar of liberty.

The president having discovered, by dint of that sagacity, for which he is so distinguished, that the rind is not calculated for consumption, called a council of the wise men of the west, 'in order to take into joint-cogitation the applicability of this circumambient part of this magnitudinary whole.' After mature deliberation, and much sapient discussion, it was resolved, in conformity to that system of economy, which has uniformly guided the counsels of the present executive, to collect the parings, embalm and deposit them in a golden urn, to be prepared for that purpose, and to be lodged in the *Knick-nackatory* at Monticello, there to remain in *secula seculorum*, as a trophy of private patriotism, and a monument of public gratitude and taste.

"That nothing might be wanting to add dignity to the precious deposit, the president, in the true spirit of gallantry, addressed the fair framers of the stupendous offering, requesting 'a reiterated developement of those intellectual powers, which their co-exertions had so felicitously effectuated, in the conformation of this gigantic production of the dairy, by supplying an appropriate inscription for the comprehensive vase.' The request of the august applicant was readily complied with; and I am happy that it is in my power to furnish you with a copy of this concentration of female genius.

THIS URN

Contains the superficial *stratum* of a circular mass of vaccine juice,

Consolidated by

The female patriots of Massachusetts, and in concert with

Their acquiescent husbands

presented to

Th: Jefferson, the political Colossus of Columbia; In testimony

Of their grateful admiration of those talents,

So strenuously exerted

In accelerating the approach of that

Blessed Era

Which in the language of derision is termed

The Gallic Millennium:

When those exclusive barriers that now surround

The *mono-matrimonial* state

Shall be broken down;

And the human mind

Shall bound at will over the sunny regions of

Unrestrained enjoyment—

In brief

When Nature's reign shall be restored,

This Urn was fabricated, replenished and inscribed

at that memorable Epoch in American History,

when Philosophy was President—

Stability Secretary of State,

And

Loyalty was Secretary of the Treasury,

Under the government

Then stiled *Federal*.

"The above delicate *morceau* of monumental literature is not unworthy of those female talents which gave consistency and shape to the milky flood of *votive* patriotism. It is by no means what in the cant of criticism is called a *whetish* composition. On the contrary, it is highly enriched with the courtly *curd* of compliment, and seasoned with the Attic *salt* of sentiment."

[N. Y. Even. Post.]

A *Tobacconist* having made a fortune by his business resolving to set up his carriage, consulted a classical friend respecting a proper motto, adding that he was afraid he should be accused of ostentation and laughed at by his less fortunate neighbours. Never mind that, replied the friend, I can give you a motto that will silence them. The carriage was started, and the words "*Quid rides*," appeared in conspicuous characters on the pannel. Those, who understood Latin, and were disposed to laugh at the new made gentleman, felt the reprimand. But the croud, taking it for English, shouted as he passed, *Quid rides....Quid rides*.

An elegant writer, describing the perfections of a lovely woman, declares, in glowing phrase, that "the fire, which flashed from her eyes, shewed, that she felt all the passions, which she inspired."

Among the many works from the American press, which evince the industry and literary enterprise of our printers, no one is more extensively useful than "*Parkinson's Chymical Pocket-book*," lately published by Mr. James Humphries, of this city. The pupil and the master of chymistry, from this book, will equally obtain information; the lover of science will peruse it with pleasure and profit; and the curious will be by it indulged. Its facts are correct; they are taken from the works of masters of the science; its theories are ingenious; they are those of the most wise of modern chymists. "An Account of the principal Objections to the Antiphlogistic System of Chymistry," is added to this work, by Dr. James Woodhouse. The acknowledged talents and known correctness of this gentleman, are sufficient pledges of the value of this addition.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The subsequent satire will be more fully understood, by recurring to an admirable prose description, which the historian of the Aurora has given to a wondering world in the far famed Museum of Mr. Peale.

Behemoth, biggest born of earth
Upheaves his vastness,
And thirteen democratic Virtuosi have decided that even
the dry bones of the Mammoth afford very pretty picking.

AMERICAN MIRACLE.

The SKELETON, with which it is Mr. Rembrandt Peale's intention shortly to visit Europe, was yesterday so far put together, that previous to taking it to pieces for the purpose of packing up, WE, AND TWELVE other gentlemen partook of a collation WITHIN the breast of the animal, all comfortably seated round a small table, and one of Mr. Hawkins's Patent Portable Piano's;—after which the following toasts were drank, accompanied with music.

1. The *Biped* animal MAN—may peace, virtue and happiness be his distinguishing character.

2. The American People—May they be as pre-eminent among the nations of the earth, as the canopy we sit beneath surpasses the fabric of the Mouse. *Tankee Dooodle*.

3. Agriculture—In constituting the pride and riches of our country, may its rewards be as abundant as THIS FRUIT* was unexpected.

4. The Constitution of the United States—May "its ribs be as ribs of brass, and its back-bone as molten iron."† *Hail Columbia*.

5. The arts and sciences—nursed in a genial soil, and fostered with tender care, may their honour prove as durable as the boxer which surrounds us.

6. The brains of freemen—May they never be so barracaded by the jack-ass bones of opposition as to crush their native energy.

7. The Friends of Peace—To all else, such bones to gnaw, as dried by ten thousand moons, may starve their hungry maws.—*Jefferson's March*.

8. All Honest Men—If they cannot feast in the Breast of a Mammoth, may their own breast be large enough.

9. The Ladies of Philadelphia—Ere their naked beauties prove as horrible as bare bones, may virtue behold them clothed in the garment of modesty.

10. The present company—May their second birth, though from the womb of the breast, be followed with every blessing of life.

Volunteer.—Success to these Bonny parts in Europe.

ORPHEUS! thou flinty-rock-enliv'ning God!
Thou dancing-master to the tree clad mountains!

Be kind for once, and tell me by a nod,

A nod familiar, gentle, kind,

That up Parnassus I may wind

And tippie inspiration at the muses' fountain

Where thou, its keeper, fiddlest all the day

While pebbles, sands and stones, like hail-storms
round thee play....

Orpheus! I venerate thy fiddling talent

And wish to make of it a little trial,

I know thee musical and very gallant

Too much so to return a flat denial....

I pray thee, fiddler! to accept from me,

The homage of my high consideration,

Arcadian swains did not more joy to see

Thy wife and thee among them shew your
faces,

Teaching the aukward oaks the airs and
graces,

Than I should, would'st thou kindly take thy
station

At Peale's Museum, pride of this great nation!

Thou know'st, sweet Orpheus! that this Mr.
Peale

Has sent his Raphael and his Rembrandt
round,

Wherever toe-nails of a flea are found

To serve, without reward, the common weal!

These apes of Italy have had good luck

Wherever bee-like, they have stopp'd to suck;

Yet when they only skeletons could find

They brought the bones, but left the life behind...

Now, Orpheus! could'st thou visit the Museum?

* These bones were discovered by farmer's digging for Manure.

† Job, chap. 40.

Striding the back-bone of a crocodile
Which Mr. Peale transported from the
Nile,

And hum a single couplet of *Te Deum*;

In cap'ring fit
The wren and tit,
The lion, bear,
The monkey, hare,
The crouching cat,
The half-blind bat
And cunning rat,
The Turkish dog,
The mud-clad hog,
And hopping frog,
The long-tailed mouse,
The dappled louse,
And Jersey growse,
The soaring eagle,
Sharp-eyed beagle,
The chatt'ring daw,
And Indian squaw,
Rocks, sands and stones,
And Mammoth's bones,
The spider too,
And all the crew,
Of insects vile,
Brought many a mile,
The sable bug,
(So fond of rug)
The gabbling goose,
And aukward moose
Would all get loose

Would bound, turn round, and reel and squeal
While Raphael, Rembrandt, ev'ry Peale
From street to street, from door to door,
In extacy would run and roar,
"The wondrous work explore"....

Orpheus! I wish to sound a strain
That e'en thyself would'st not disdain,
Of dinner-parties in a Mammoth's belly,
Of puddings, custards, pies and jelly,
What toasts roar'd loudly thro' the Mammoth's
ear, or,

Were sweetly sounded thro' his wide posterior....
This is my theme, sweet Orpheus! let me cheer
In strains most musical, *Mazzei's* ear
While lolling idly in his rocking-chair....
Rembrandt and other gentlemen were seen
Within a Mammoth's belly, round and clean,
(Bones of a Mammoth found by some rude boor,
While, heedless of his luck, he dug manure)
Within its maw a walnut table plac'd,
Profusely deck'd to please the varied taste,
A frog's hind leg here met the roving eye,
And there the muscles of a spider's thigh,
A bat's small pinion in a muscle-shell
In snail's blood fried, sent forth a sav'ry smell,
High season'd, in an eagle's upper bill
Were pour'd the juices of a fat skunk's tail,
Within the thigh-bone of a Spanish mule
A Salamander's blood was plac'd to cool!
Upon a block of petrified cork-wood,
Right on the centre of the table stood
A precious prize....a huge green-turtle's shell
Found in the belly of an *Erie* whale,
Who swimming over Niagara's fall
Was bruised so much, it died at Montreal!....
Within this shell, a motley soup was made
Which more than all had Rembrandt's art dis-
play'd,

Thousands of strange ingredients in it thrown,
Were stirred together with an ass's bone....
To pay his homage to each curious guest
Who revelled at this philosophic feast,
Mazzei toning for his people's ease
Had thither sent a slave with Mammoth cheese....
A mity cheese in Cheshire lately made
Without the hands of slaves or foreign aid,
And sent to him who guides the helm of state
Who, moon-like rose, just when our sun had set....

By free-born yankees made within a state
Which (ne'er till now had meanly prais'd the
great,

Which ne'er till now, had stoop'd to flatter one
Who had belied his friend, our Washington.)
This cheese they nibbled like so many mice,
While mites skipped nimbly and as thick as lice
On head of *Callender* before 'twas shorn
By barber's shears which cruelly had torn
Husbands from wives, unmov'd by their petition
That they might still retain a *thirty years possession*,
Now seated round the walnut table snug
Sipping Siberian whisky from a mug,
Found undigested, by an Indian squaw
Within a Cassowari's monstrous maw....
Rembrandt arose, the master of the feast
And thus address'd each virtuoso guest,
"Philosophers! the table-cloth remov'd,
"List to my toast, and be it well approv'd....
"Hawkins! strike up the tune, which *David*
play'd

"When at his feet the queen of Sheba laid
"To bathe his legs....a condescending maid"....
Hawkins obey'd the order and began,
While Rembrandt gave "The Biped creature man,
"May virtue, peace and happiness appear,
"His character, distinguishing him here."
The soft, and love-sick strains crept gently round,
And thro' the Mammoth's tail and ears they
found

Wide open'd doors and breath'd a pleasant sound,
A pipe of flint-stone Rembrandt now display'd
(By *Little Turtle's* mother's grandsire made)
And fill'd it with tobacco made long since
By *Walter Raleigh*. When he last went hence,
He left it with the tribe from which descends
Cornplanter, noblest of our Indian friends!....
The chesnut tree which grows on *Aetna's* side,
(Whose trunk can more than fifty Mammoth's
hide)

A coal to light this curious pipe supplied....
The pipe went round, and as the smoke curled up,
Each virtuoso forward stretched his head,
(Much like tame geese when under gates they
tread)

And through his nostrils tried to get a sup....
Rembrandt again rose up with pompous phiz,
And look'd as if he meant his guests to quiz
With a strange toast, of which not one who heard
Could, for his soul, well understand one word....
"The brains of freemen! may they never be
"So barricaded by the jack-ass bones
"Of opposition, that their native energy
"Be crushed, like adder's heads, between two stones."
Hawkins, with jaws, extended wide, look'd round,
His patent portable breath'd not a sound,
In admiration and in wonder lost
Ign'rant what tune to play to such a toast,
Then idly dropt his fingers on the keys,
And struck (apparently with greatest ease)
Such sounds of harmony as hungry cats,
Would make when running o'er the keys in chace
of rats....

The tune concluded, Rembrandt rose again
And gave a gentle toast in mildest strain,
"The friends of peace! may all else have such bones
"To gnaw, as dried by twenty thousand moons
"May starve their hungry maws,
"And break their jaws."

A toast so mild, deserved soft melting airs,
And Hawkins, ever ready, struck their ears
With that sweet march, which when our freedom
died,

A Frenchman made to soothe *Mazzei's* pride....
Rembrandt again rose up and roared aloud,
A toast among the philosophic crowd,
"The Philadelphia Ladies! as we love
"Them all, we'll say, before their naked beauties
prove

"As horrible as bare bones, may we see
"Their limbs beneath the garb of modesty"....

Could a philosopher this toast express?
Who loves sweet nature in a naked dress?
Who loves to see her naked, unadorned?
Who, as superfluous has ever scorned
The artificial trappings of the world,
And swears that nature from her throne is hurl-
ed?....

If future females should conceal each limb
With robes, philosophy would be a whim....
Uncertain theory, mere speculation;
An idle business of calculation....
What philosophic brain pretends to know
The changes female forms may undergo....
And if a change in female forms should be,
How should we know it, when we cannot see
Their limbs, beneath the garb of modesty?...
But, Orpheus! cease, for God's sake cease that
strain

I'm tired of singing, by my soul, I am,
My throat is parched....give me a cooling dram....
When next I want thee, I shall call again....
Yet one breath to tell each curious ear,
That after ten toasts and a volunteer,
Rembrandt first crept from out the Mammoth's
maw,
And hung suspended by the lower jaw,
Then eighteen feet dropt down upon the earth,
Where Raphael stood to greet him at his "second
birth"....

Some crept between the ribs....some thro' the ears,
Gutted of all its guests, the beast appears,
Save Hawkins, who within his belly latent
Took up his portable piano patent,
Together much too large t'escape before,
They found a passage thro' the wide back-door.

SELECTED.

The following pretty parody will please all who remem-
ber "The Mountaineers."

SONG.

Tune—"Mollow Drum."

WHEN the busy toil of day is done,
And beneath the mountain sinks the sun,
Soft and fair,
The vernal air,
And echo answers merrily;
When I move
To meet my love,
My bounding heart beats cheerily.

When the yellow moon-beams light the vale,
And the bird of sorrow sings her tale,
Sad and low
The warbled woe,
Sounds thro' the wild-wood drearily;
Then breathe I
The tender sigh,
While beats my heart less cheerily.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 10.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 13th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. IX.

..... A lazy lolling sort,
Unseen at church, at senate, and at court,
Of ever listless loiterers, who attend
No call, no trust, no duty and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel, I saw thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

POPE.

MR. SAMUEL SAUNTER,

Although you have adopted the humble appellation of a "Lounger," and have not been ashamed to acknowledge yourself as such, yet we have not had such an exact description of you, as would make the world consider you in that light. Lounger, although simply defined by Dr. Johnson to be an *idler*, I take it, has a far more extensive signification than that word. It indicates not only a person, who spends a lazy life, but also one, who seems tired of that life; who is continually roving from one thing to another in search of amusement; which, if by chance he should find, is of so short duration, that he is obliged to keep himself in a perpetual agitation, to prevent life from becoming insupportable.

This cannot be denied to be the definition of a loungeur; for, I am sorry to say, that I come exactly under that description, and every body that knows me says that I am a loungeur, if ever there was one. Some, indeed, have even gone so far as to ask me, whether I was not Samuel Saunter?

In your introductory speculation, you observe, that the very idleness of an idler is instructive; admitting this, you must also allow, that the description of the habits of a loungeur, will edify, as well as amuse a portion of the readers of your paper. The following journal, without disguising myself in the least, is an exact copy of my daily occupation, and to my certain knowledge, it nearly answers that of several young gentlemen of my acquaintance.

Nine o'clock A. M. Time to rise. The academy bell ringing. remember when I was obliged to run with a school-boy's haste at the sound. Came down stairs. The family up. Father says "I suppose you've had pleasant dreams this morning." Look at Poulson's paper. no fresh duels. the people are all growing cowards. New York's the place for *rencontres*.

N. B. Remarkably fond of any thing like shooting.

Ten o'clock. Breakfast over. said nothing the whole time, except that the fellow, who killed the country-man in Market-street the other night, was a devilish great shot!

N. B. Observe well the first *nota bene*. Put on my hat to go out. not upon business. but to

keep out of the way till the breakfast table is cleared.

Eleven o'clock. Return home. take up my flute, and blow into it. The old man says, "it is shame for a young person to spend his time in tooting." Mother says. "that she is quite tired of such a continual *ding-dong*." Tell her she has no ear for music. Open the harpsichord. play a tune. something like the president's March. N. B. The only tune I can play. Mother both sharp and flat against music. quite a tramontane, and never took a lesson from CARR.

Twelve o'clock. Walk into the office. Take up a pen to write a "Loungeur." N. B. very desirous of appearing in that paper. Begin. "Mr. Saunter" too lazy to go any farther. Feel hungry. too soon for dinner. N. B. Lounge about till it is ready. Eat a jelly at Richardet's and languidly smile.

Three o'clock. Dinner over. Walk to the library. Saunter about from one room to the other. no fun going on, no talking, no laughing. See Oliver Oldschool half stupified over a book. some d—d philosophy, I suppose. close reader this. better be writing something for the Port Folio, to amuse us next Saturday. N. B. Nobody here but bookworms. not fond of such reptiles. had rather be at home.

Four o'clock. Walk home. find the old lady reading the history of England. she remarks "what a hypocrite is this Oliver Cromwell!" "and who the devil's Oliver Cromwell?" replied I. N. B. read the history of England once. thinking of something else all the time. went into one ear and out of the other. Wish tea was ready. Hate twilight, makes one grave and thoughtful.

Seven o'clock. Tea finished. start off to a billiard-table. can't help reflecting as I go along. bad business this. but where the devil else can I go? impossible to stay at home. always get hipp'd. Enter the billiard-room. find the whole posse of my acquaintance. said they all came there because they did not know what else to do. rarely resort to the theatre. nothing of a lady's man.

Ten o'clock. Return home. obliged to keep reasonable hours. Twenty dollars less in pocket. horrid luck. can't help swearing. never go to a billiard-table again. Old gentleman wonders where I spend my evenings. say nothing. let him find it out himself. warrant he can guess pretty well. was a young man himself once.

I am, sir, &c.

Your humble servant,

CYMON TORPID.

N. B. You will be pleased to recollect, that I would rather list for a soldier, than stay at home at night, and be obliged to read.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN a late democratic caucus, it was proposed to change the arms of the United States; and agreed, *nem. con.* that it would be highly improper to

suffer the old ones to remain, under the new order of things. Much dissention happened on the choice of subjects.

As some of the members found it rather difficult to convey their ideas in appropriate phrases, and the imaginations of others were not very fertile, it was thought proper to postpone the consideration of the subject until the next meeting (which had not taken place at the time the post left Washington), when it was expected they would all be in readiness with their exempla.

I send you the following sketches, which were the only ones presented; and which, although a federalist, I think you will acknowledge to be "crayoned out" by their respective authors, with a peculiar felicity of invention.

ASMODEO.

BY MR. JEFFERSON.

Sable; the skeleton of a mammoth passant, argent. Crest; on a fascis or, a sinister hand plumed, argent. Supporters; two great claws, per pale crenellé, manned and armed, sable. Motto, *Res Mira*.

BY MR. BRECKENRIDGE.

Vert; Justice bleeding couchant, her scales broken, or, surmounted by a back-woodsman habillé, with scalping knife, tomahawk, &c. &c. Crest; on a wreath, a rattlesnake rowed sibilant, or. Supporters; two savages proper. Motto, *Ruat Justitia*.

BY MR. CALLATIN.

The genius of Columbia, dormant. By her, an ill-looking fellow, stealing to some money bags; a tattered Genevese habit lying near him, which he appears just to have thrown off: a crowd of hungry foreigners behind him, semé. Crest; on a chapeau gules, a whip-poor-will. Supporters; two Lazzaroni en guenilles. Motto, *Aliorum sumptibus pascor*.

BY THE POLITICAL DAVID.

Gules, a boy, dressed in the ancient toga, frightened at the appearance of a marine, with a switch in his hand, surrounded by sixteen stars adumbrated, argent. Crest; on a wreath, a ferula, gules. Supporters; two slaves manacled, sable. Motto, *Mendaciis non ratione*.

BY DR. LAZARETTO.

Sable, Commerce pleurant, on a pile of broken anchors, cannon with their trunnions knocked off, &c. &c. A view of a barren country; people in rags. In the back ground, the wreck of the frigate Constitution. Crest; on a bull's hide, sable, a pestle and mortar, or. Supporters; two human skeletons proper. Motto; *Morbis floreo*.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS CONCERNING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(CONTINUED.)

AT the time that Mr. Bülow wrote his first letter, the treaty, recently concluded between England and the United States, engaged all the attention of the Americans, and was the cause of a schism among them. Mr. Bülow seems to have

been struck with the language of the opponents to this governmental act; he, notwithstanding, takes no side in this question; but, from what he says, it is easy to collect, that neither disinterestedness, patriotism, nor services are a sufficient shield against calumny.

"Most of the public newspapers," says he, "are full of invective against the authors of this treaty; even Washington is not exempted. He is accused of having drawn from the public treasury, more money than he had a right to. He is charged with affecting airs of royalty and courtly manners. They say, that he is invisible to all but his ministers, and that he despises the simple citizen. He is reproached with being sold to the aristocrats of the country. He is even called the ally of George the third. The appellation given to the late treaty is, that it is a monument of infamy, attesting the ingratitude of America towards the French, who fought for their liberty. It is contended, that, since the conclusion of this treaty, the British privateers have taken more vessels from the Americans, than they did before, &c. &c. It appears, that a large majority of the American people are opposed, in sentiment, to this treaty; and what is most remarkable is, that the most violent complaints are made by the inhabitants of the interior country.

"I will not undertake to inquire, whether the treaty is consonant to the interests of America, or whether it would not have been better to refrain from making treaties with any European powers, contenting themselves with the observance of a strict neutrality. Nor will I venture the slightest judgment, with respect to the imputations against Washington. I content myself with a plain narrative of facts."

In his second letter, Mr. Bülow recurs to the etymology of the word republic, which is discovered without much difficulty; and, from his explanation of the term, he concludes, that *the measures of government, rather than the form, constitutes a republic*. However paradoxical it may seem, it would be conformable to the etymology, as well as to the nature of things, to call the government of Frederick II republican, inasmuch as the administration of this prince contributed to the good of his people. *The form of government does not constitute the essence of a republic**. It is well known, that the constitution of a republic may long outlive the republic. Cicero, in his letters, often exclaims, *The republic is no more!* And that, before the civil war of the first Cæsar, at a time when the republican form existed entire.

In order to apply these observations to the United States, Mr. Bülow proposes this question: Are the measures of the government of the United States republican? And, although he avows, that he is not competent to make a peremptory decision, it is easily seen, that he leans to the negative.

Among other laws, which he cites, as being contrary to the public good, we notice those that concern the wild lands, which, according to him, give rise to speculations, wherein dishonesty predominates.

These speculations, says he, occasion fraud, which makes the property very precarious, which is very contrary to public good. As these lands pass, in a single day, through twenty different hands, it is impossible to discover the true proprietor; and it happens, that some people are so little scrupulous, as to sell the same lands to a variety of different people. It happens sometimes, that, when a person begins a settlement on his purchase,

up come an host of other purchasers, bringing their title deeds of a prior date, and thus some are obliged to pay the purchase money, two or three times over.

In the third letter, Mr. Bulow speaks of the sovereignty of the people, as he before spoke of the republic; and he pretends that, when the laws are conformable to the interests of the people, their sovereignty exists, under any form of government. He seems to question the sovereignty of the people in the United States. He asks if they are worthy of being so? If they are virtuous? And he directly eludes the answer. It is necessary, says he, to be almost as reserved upon the reputation of a people, as upon that of an individual. "I confess," continues he, "that I believe in original sin; I believe that natural propensities are transmitted from sire to offspring. It cannot be denied that children receive an internal organization, similar to that of their parents, and this structure contributes to determine character, more than Helvetius imagines. Here, then, it may be asked, whence do the Americans derive their origin?"

"The inhabitants of New-England, a very respectable race of men, persecuted on account of religion, fly to this country, and establish themselves there, at their own expense; but in process of time they have been joined by a great number of candidates for Botany-bay*, emigrants from Ireland, who cannot be cited as models of good manners; and German peasants, from the borders of the Rhine, whose descendants are said to love dollars above every thing, and nothing but dollars, and who, consequently, have not degenerated from their ancestors."

This is not the only passage wherein Mr. Bülow speaks of the taste of the Americans for dollars. "People of observation," says he, in his fifth letter, "have remarked, that the English, in general, have a profound veneration for the rich. This respect for money is quite as striking among the Americans. As the thirst for consideration is general, every one tries to grow rich, as soon as possible, *cost what it may*. This avidity corresponds but little with republican virtues. But why should we believe that the Americans are champions of virtue?"

Generally speaking, Mr. Bulow treats with great severity the people he went to visit; and his judgment would appear more impartial perhaps, if he now and then made an exception, which every ingenuous man must make. He shows this indulgence only to Washington, whom he treats better in his fifth letter than in the first, doubtless because he knew him better at one period than the other. It is where he speaks of the two parties that divide America. "The anti-federalists," says he, "since the revolution, have taken the name of *democrats*. Being, by the federalists, denominated jacobins and anarchists, they think, in their turn, to stigmatise them, by giving them the name of aristocrats."

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

No. XIII.

THE advocates of the power of congress to abolish the judges, endeavour to deduce a presumption of intention favourable to their doctrine, from this

argument....The provision concerning the tenure of office (say they) ought to be viewed as a restraint upon the executive department, because, to this department belongs the power of removal; in like manner as the provision concerning the diminution of compensations ought to be regarded as a restraint upon the legislative department, because to this department belongs the power of regulating compensations. The different members of the clause ought to be taken distributively, in conformity with the distribution of power to the respective departments.

This is certainly the most specious of the arguments, which have been used on that side. It has received several pertinent and forcible answers.... But it is believed to be susceptible of one still more direct and satisfactory; which is not recollected to have been yet given.

If, in the theory of the constitution, there was but one way of defeating the tenure of office, and that exclusively appertaining to the executive authority, it would be a natural and correct inference, that this authority was solely contemplated in a constitutional provision upon the subject. But the fact is clearly otherwise. There are two modes known to the constitution, in which the tenure of office may be affected....one the abolition of the office, the other the removal of the officer. The first is a legislative act, and operates by removing the office from the person....the last is an executive act, and operates by removing the person from the office. Both equally cause the tenure, enjoyment, or holding of the office to cease.

This being the case, the inference, which has been drawn, fails. There is no ground for the presumption, that the constitution, in establishing the tenure of an office, had an exclusive eye to one only of the two modes, in which it might be affected. The more rational supposition is, that it intended to reach and exclude both; because, this alone can fulfil the purpose, which it appears to have in view: And it ought neither to be understood to aim at less than its language imports, nor to employ inadequate means for accomplishing the end, which it professes. Or, the better to elucidate the idea, by placing it in another form, it may be said, that since, in the nature of things, the legislative, equally with the executive organ, may, by different modes of action, affect the tenure of office; when the constitution undertakes to prescribe what that tenure shall be, it ought to be presumed to intend to guard that, which shall have been prescribed against the interference of either department.

In an instrument abounding with examples of restrictions on the legislative discretion, there is no difficulty in supposing that one was intended in every case, in which it may be fairly inferred, either from the words used, or from the object to be effected.

While the reason, which has been stated, refers the provision respecting the tenure of judicial offices as well to the executive as to the legislative department, were it necessary to examine to which, if to either of them, it ought to be deemed most appropriate, there could be no difficulty in selecting the latter, rather than the former. The tenure of an office is one of its essential qualities. A provision, therefore, which is destined to prescribe or define this quality, may be supposed to have a more peculiar reference to that department, which is empowered to constitute the office; either as directory to it in the exercise of its power, or as fixing what otherwise would be left to its discretion.

It is constantly to be recollected, that the terms of the provision do not look particularly to either department. They are general. "The judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour." 'Tis not from the terms, therefore, that an exclusive applicability to the executive organ can be in-

* What an arch heretic is this Mr. Bulow, if his faith be graduated by the scale of the republican creed, as understood by the rulers of the land at this day! According to Jefferson and others, there is but one only and true republic, viz. a representative democracy.——Note of Translator.

* By this, must be understood persons deserving of Botany-bay, an establishment formed within a few years, to receive the malefactors, whom England formerly transported to the colonies, which she has since lost.——Note of the Reviewer.

ferred. On the contrary, they must be narrowed to give them only this effect.

It is different as to the provision concerning compensations. Though equally general in the terms, this can have no relation but to the legislative department; because, as before observed, that department alone would have had power to diminish the compensations. But this reason for confining that provision to one department, namely, the power of affecting the compensations, so far from dictating a similar appropriation of the other provision, looks a different way, and requires, by analogy, that the latter should be applied to both the departments, each having a power of affecting the tenure of office, in a way peculiar to itself. Nor can it be too often repeated, because it is a consideration of great force, that the design so conspicuous in the former of these two provisions, to secure the independence of the judges against legislative influence, is a powerful reason for understanding the latter in a sense calculated to advance the same important end, rather than in one, which must entirely frustrate it.

A rule of constitutional law opposed to our construction, is attempted to be derived from the maxim, that the power of legislation is always equal; and that a preceding can never bind or controul a succeeding legislature by its acts, which, therefore, must always be liable to repeal, at the discretion of the successor.

The misapplication, or too extensive application of general maxims or propositions, true in their genuine sense, is one of the most common and fruitful sources of false reasoning. This is strongly exemplified in the present instance. The maxim relied upon, can mean nothing more, than that as to all those matters, which a preceding legislature was free to establish and revoke, a succeeding legislature will be equally free. The latter may do what the former could have done, or it may undo what the former could have undone. But unless it can be maintained, that the power of ordinary legislation is in itself illimitable, incontrollable, incapable of being bound either by its own acts, or by the injunctions or prohibitions of a constitution, it will follow, that the body invested with that power may bind itself, and may bind its successor: so that neither itself nor its successor can of right revoke acts, which may have been once done. To say that a legislature may bind itself, but not its successor, is to affirm, that the latter has not merely an equal, but a greater power than the former, else it could not do what the former was unable to do. Equality of power only will not suffice for the argument. On the other hand, to affirm that a legislature cannot bind itself, is to assert, that there can be no valid pledge of the public faith, that no right can be vested in an individual, or collection of individuals, whether of property or of any other description, which may not be resumed at pleasure.

Without doubt a legislature binds itself by all those acts, which engage the public faith; which confer on individuals permanent rights, either gratuitously or for valuable consideration; and in all these instances a succeeding one is not less bound. As to a right, which may have been conferred by an express provision of the constitution, defining the condition of the enjoyment; or as to an institution or matter in its nature permanent, which the constitution may have confided to an act of the legislature; its authority terminates with the act that vests the right, or makes the establishment. A case of the first sort is exemplified in the office of a judge; of the last, in the creation of a new state, which has been very pertinently mentioned as a decisive instance of power in a legislature to do a thing, which, being done, is irrevocable.

But whatever may be the latitude we assign to the power of a legislature over the acts of a pre-

decessor, it is nothing to the purpose, so long as it shall be admitted that the constitution may bind and controul the legislature. With this admission, the simple inquiry must always be....has or has not the constitution, in the particular instance, bound the legislature? And the solution must be sought in the language, nature, and end of the provision. If those warrant the conclusion, that the legislature was intended to be bound, it is perfect nonsense to reply that this cannot be so because a legislature cannot bind itself by its own acts; or because the power of one legislature is equal to that of another. What signifies this proposition, if the constitution has power to bind the legislature, and has, in fact, bound it in a given case? Can a general rule disprove the fact of an exception, which it is admitted may exist? If so, the argument is always ready, and equally valid to disprove any limitation of the legislative discretion.

Compelled, as they must be, to desist from the use of the argument, in the extensive sense, in which it has been employed, if its inventors should content themselves with saying, that, at least, the principle adduced by them ought to have so much of force, as to make the exception to it depend on an express provision....it may be answered, that in the case under consideration, there is an express provision. No language can be more precise or peremptory than this. "The judges, both of the supreme and inferior courts, shall hold their offices during good behaviour." If this be not an express provision, it is impossible to devise one. But the position, that an express provision is necessary to form an exception, is itself unfounded. Wherever it is clear, whether by a circumstance expressed, or by one so implied as to leave no reasonable doubt, that a limitation of the authority of the legislature was designed by the constitution, the intention ought to prevail.

A very strong confirmation of the true intent of the provision respecting the tenure of judicial office results from an argument by analogy. In each of the articles, which establishes any branch of the government, the duration of office is a prominent feature. Two years for the house of representatives, six for the senate, four for the president and vice-president, are the respective terms of duration; and for the judges, the term of good behaviour is allotted. It is presumable, that each was established in the same spirit, as a point material in the organization of the government, and of a nature to be properly fundamental. It will not be pretended that the duration of office prescribed as to any other department, is within the reach of legislative discretion. And why shall that of judicial officers form an exception? Why shall the constitution be supposed less tenacious of securing to this organ of the sovereign power, a fixed duration than to any other? If there be any thing, which ought to be supposed to be peculiarly excepted out of the power of the ordinary legislature, it is emphatically the organization of the several constituent departments of the government, which in our system are the legislative, executive, and judiciary. Reasons of the most cogent nature recommend that the stability and independence of the last of these three branches should be guarded with particular circumspection and care.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

From the Washington Federalist, February 19.

Yesterday, in the house, a very handsome and correct speech was made by Mr. Stanley (N. C.) against the repealing bill.

Mr. Giles rose in favour of the bill. He commenced with abusing the administrations of Washington and Adams, which abuse was continued through the whole speech. His language reminded us of Smith's correct remark, that the demo-

crats were iron orators.—He certainly discovered some ingenuity, and as we expected, an immense deal of sophistry, of palpable sophistry, indeed argument was of course out of the question.

The speech of Mr. Giles disappointed both parties: as to the constitutionality, he said not one word that cannot easily be refuted; as to the expediency, he was not more successful. We believe that in the opinion of both parties, he has sunk ninety-nine per cent.

The debate has taken such a turn that we do not think it will close in less than two weeks from the commencement. The most splendid speeches on the federal side are yet to be delivered. All will be done that can be done to preserve the constitution; but hope is almost without foundation.

February 20.

Yesterday, in the House, in committee of the whole, on the Judiciary Bill, Mr. Bayard was the only speaker. He commenced with a reply to Mr. Giles, who talked the preceding day: Mr. Giles had introduced a variety of matter totally irrelevant to the subject: but as that matter was intended to affect the question, it was necessary to reply. This respected the sinking fund, the internal revenue, the direct tax, the Indian war, the commencement of the navy, the mission of Messrs. Marshall, Pinckney and Gerry, Mr. Giles's insult of Washington, his assertion that the late law was intended to preserve the influence of an expiring party, his unfounded calumnies of the judges in executing the sedition law, his assertions that the Federal wish was to destroy the state sovereignties—the common law—the conduct of the supreme court with regard to these commissions of Mr. Giles's attack on the pulpit, &c. These subjects Mr. Giles had introduced as preliminary to his arguments on the bill before the house—and to these subjects Mr. Bayard was compelled to reply. After which he took up the consideration of the inexpediency of the bill. This subject was handled in a most masterly manner. He was about to enter on the constitutionality of the bill, when after speaking three hours and an half, he observed, that having detained the committee so long, and having yet many remarks to make, if it were the wish of the chairman, or of the committee, he would postpone the further consideration of the subject till the succeeding day. It was then moved that the committee rise. The general voice was against it, but on Mr. Bayard's rising again, it was perceived that his voice was broken, and that he was in some measure exhausted—Mr. B. said that he should not be able to offer what he had wished; he might proceed, but should not be able to conclude his observations as he desired. The committee then rose.

Mr. Bayard began about 12, and suspended his remarks at half past three; this day he will conclude.

The speeches of Mr. Morris and Mr. Tracy in the Senate, and of Mr. Hemphill in the house, have received great applause, but as far as we are able to judge, we must pronounce the speech of Mr. Bayard far superior, not only to those, but will rank with the speech of a Demosthenes, a Cicero, or a Chatham. This is saying much, but when that speech shall be published, not a single person will dispute the correctness of this remark.

Mr. Bayard addressed himself mostly to the understanding: he examined the subject with the greatest penetration and more extensively than any, we might say perhaps than all his predecessors.

We cannot omit here observing that the speech of Mr. Bayard, as it respected the expediency of the bill had a sensible effect on the democratic members; indeed we have heard some of them say, that their minds were convinced of the inex-

pediency of the bill. But we have reason to fear that their implicit obedience to the mandatory recommendations of the executive, and their violent passion and party prejudice, will induce them to overlook the destruction of our liberty and of our union.

FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

FAREWELL, A LONG FAREWELL TO ALL OUR GREATNESS.

THE fatal bill has passed: our constitution is no more. After Mr. Dana, Mr. Plater, and Mr. Talmage spoke against the bill, on Monday evening, several motions were made for the committee to rise, and pressed in earnest terms by Mr. A. Foster, Mr. Bayard, and Mr. Griswold, and opposed by Mr. Claiborne and Mr. Dawson. At about eleven o'clock, the question was taken, for striking out the first section of the bill, and negatived; the votes standing 31 in favour of striking out, and 60 against it. The yeas and nays will be given, and the nays often, often republished.

When all the speeches on the federal side shall be published, we dare assert, that there will not be a single candid intelligent mind that will not be convinced, both of the inexpediency and unconstitutionality of the bill. What other acts, urged by the intoxication of power, and the fury of party rage, are yet to mark this session, we cannot yet determine. One thing is however morally certain, namely, that the bill will be sufficient to open the eyes of the people, and to convert them from their late political delusion: but we fear their eyes will be opened when too late, when it will be impossible to restore the constitution.

Added to others, there is one violation of the constitution, "open, gross, palpable." The constitution says, the salaries of no judge shall be diminished, while in office. By this bill the judges of Kentucky and Tennessee are curtailed in their salaries FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS each.

The judges will continue to hold their courts, as if the bill had not passed. 'Tis their solemn duty to do it; their country, all that is dear and valuable, call on them to do it. By the judges this bill will be declared null and void: the country will then be divided into two sects only, those who hold to the independency of the judges and to the constitution, and those who hold the sovereignty of Virginia, and the uselessness of any general constitution. We say the sovereignty of Virginia, because that state now wields the rod of empire: not the talents, the learning, the wealth, virtue, and worth of that state, but the scum that political madness has thrown on the surface; the demagogues that have stolen the people's short lived confidence.

And now we would ask the mighty victors, what is your triumph? You have wreaked your vengeance on sixteen judges, and in doing it have destroyed the best constitution that ever was formed, and one carrying with it the seeds of its own perfection. What is the triumph of the president? He has gratified his malice towards the judges, but he has drawn a tear into the eye of every thoughtful patriot....he has lost many, very many of his best friends....he has done no good, but has laid the foundation of infinite mischief.... Let us ask those who favoured the bill, to turn to their own hearts, and examine their own sensations. What are they? Are their feelings agreeable? Have they the consciousness of having acted meritoriously? Of having had no other view than the public good? Or do they not feel, as he felt, who at last gained a victory over innocence in paradise? Do they not feel the guilty

pleasure of having gratified their party vengeance, and ready nobly to exclaim, what, though a constitution is destroyed, and an empire's peace and prosperity forever checked, we have gained a victory over sixteen enemies?

It has been suggested, we think with very considerable probability, that it was the determination of the party to take this step, to bring about a general dissolution of the union. Virginia, as the government now is, will not be content, without holding in hand the reins of the general government; New-England will never submit to be a colony of Virginia: the Virginian demagogues, aware of this, are not unwilling to be disconnected from the northern states. Indeed, some have gone so far as to say, that the manners, habits, customs, principles, and ways of thinking are so different in the southern and northern states, that, if an amicable dissolution could take place, it would be for the peace and general advantage of the whole. But from the moment such a dissolution takes place, may we date the rapid progress of America to a state of incivilization. In all human probability, we cannot exist as a nation, without a general government. Once divided into two, we shall soon be into twenty clashing sovereignties, continually at war with each other. Or do we imagine, that the best informed citizens of the southern states wish such disunion. They are sensible how great is their danger from their slaves, and how easy it might be for the northern people to subjugate them, by means of the slaves. Far, far distant be the day, when these injured slaves shall PRACTICE on those empty declamations of *EQUAL RIGHTS*, which yet exist but in theory among masters. May the time never come, when these slaves rise against their masters. But the possibility that such a time may come, ought to teach the southern states, that to them union is far more necessary than to the people of New-England; for should their ever be a spirit of general insurrection among the blacks, that spirit will rage uncontrolled in the blood of the whites, till quelled by the people of the northern states. These are not unfounded suggestions: nothing but a signal interposition of Providence prevented, about eighteen months since, the total destruction of the city of Richmond, and murder of its white inhabitants; and when the devastation and bloodshed would have ended, Heaven only knows.

The house were on Tuesday mostly engaged in attempting to make amendments to the bill, but all attempts failed; though the absolute necessity of such amendments were apparent, and were acknowledged by the democrats. Their plea was, that such amendments might be brought forward in a supplementary bill. On the proposed amendment, continuing the salaries of the judges of Kentucky and Tennessee, and, in one instance at least, save a direct infraction of the constitution, Mr. Eustis and Mr. Davis voted for the amendment, but it was lost. Thus men violate the plain dictates of their consciences and their oaths (we say not intentionally), and expect to atone in part by a supplementary bill.

The bill having passed to a third reading for Wednesday, may be considered as irrevocably past.

Should Mr. Breckenridge now bring forward a resolution to repeal the law, establishing the supreme court of the United States, we should only consider a part of the system intended to be pursued. It can as well be done, as consistently with the constitution, as what has been done. It may seem too bold for this session; but the democrats having established the principle, that there is no such thing as breaking the constitution, do what you will, we sincerely expect it will be done next session, should we have another session under the present remnant of our constitution. They can

then repeal the law establishing that court, having caution not to have the repeal operate, till the new law commences: then the old judges cease of course with the old law; and still they will comply with the constitution, which says, there shall be one supreme court; to make it quite nothing, they'll perhaps have but one judge. Such is democracy.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As I was sullenly sauntering home the other morning, between the hours of two and three, having been occupied with a certain watchfulness, in which I am well known sometimes to indulge, I met with an odd adventure, which, for pleasantness sake, I will essay to lay before my readers, in as faithful a manner as my then imperfect vision, and my still fainter recollection of objects will permit. As I passed along the shambles, between Third and Second streets, I thought I observed an uncommon appearance upon one of the stalls, and, on approaching a little nearer, I could discern that a living animal, of some description or other, had taken up its night's lodgings in that spot; the extraordinary size and singular shape of this animal attracted my curiosity to examine it, not doubting but I should readily be able to ascertain with precision, not only the name of the beast, but, if necessary, his nature and peculiar properties. To my utter astonishment and terror, the animal began to rouse, and discovered evident tokens of an intention to move. I was so apprehensive of personal injury from the creature, that I scarcely stopped to observe what course it steered, as it moved off, but I conjectured it had gone down to the Delaware, and as it possibly might be of an amphibious nature, I imagined it would disappear, and perhaps no such animal might ever be seen in these parts again, or if a discovery should be made that such a beast once existed, I had no doubt but that in a long course of years, when the river Delaware should be drained off by the Wilmington canal company, some remains of the skeleton of this animal might possibly be found. This being a subject of immense importance, and a question so interesting to the happiness of mankind, I think it might well reward the philosophic leisure, and the learned labours of the president of the United States, who is likewise president of the Philadelphia Philosophical Society. Should the persevering industry of our chief be applied and directed to this research, there can be no doubt but that, aided and assisted, as he certainly would be, by the sagacious surmises, conjectures and hypotheses of the greatest naturalists in this country, a most valuable discovery would, in all human probability, result from it; and if this wonderful animal should eventually turn out to be nothing less than the mammoth maggot, which is said to have been buried in the bowels of the mammoth cheese, why, who could be surprised? The only essential difference between the mammoth maggot, that is likely to be discovered, and the Arabian maggot is, that the former has teeth entirely enameled, which constitute it not only a carnivorous, but a cheesivorous animal, whereas the latter is not. Now, good Oliver Oldschool, I shall look for as many solutions in your subsequent numbers of the Port Folio, for this phenomenon in natural history, as I expect there will be mammoth maggots in the mammoth cheese, when it shall be cut open, sometime in the warm month of July, next ensuing.

Meantime, I am,

Your well-wisher,

IGNATIUS INQUISITIVE.

MISCELLANY.

Extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Germany to his friend in this town.

Berlin, 8th June, 1802.

Dear Sir,

YOU may have wondered at my having resided so long in this city, without saying any thing in my letters upon the subject of the Prussian army. The truth is, that all my letters to you have related either to my personal concerns, or have contained sketches of the state of public affairs in Europe, which from the present situation of the world, I thought might be more interesting than an account of the institutions of the country in which I find myself. In my first letter of a local nature, what subject has a better claim to be first considered than the famous review of *Potsdam* and *Berlin*? If the question of preference was to be decided by the laudableness of the end, those institutions which have for their object the amelioration of the lot of men, would certainly be entitled to priority: but as the science of war has become one of those which are absolutely necessary to the safety of society, as it is in this country the only honourable profession, and it is the one which has approached the nearest to perfection, it may not be amiss to mention it first:

The Reviews in this city, and at *Potsdam* are held twice a year.—In the provinces the troops are reviewed once in two years. About the beginning of March, the recruits and the soldiers absent on furlough join their regiments; the sergeants begin to exercise immediately after their return, when the weather permits, in public squares; and when it does not, in the royal stables, and other buildings allotted to that use. The recruits continue to be exercised in this way for about a month, when they are exercised in companies by the officers twice a day. The first of April the king goes to *Potsdam* to exercise his own regiment, which is garrisoned there. From this time until what are called the great manœuvres, the whole garrison, infantry as well as cavalry, go out every morning at day-break to a village called *Tempelhoff*, which is about three English miles from hence, and there go through their evolutions; they return about eleven, at two o'clock are again exercised in companies. The 13th of May the governor of Berlin, field-marshal Mollendorf, reviews the whole garrison in the park; this is what is called the governor's special review. The 18th the king comes from *Potsdam*, and reviews the garrison and the strange regiments that come here to assist at the manœuvres. In the spring there are four strange regiments of infantry, and three of cavalry that come to Berlin from the neighbouring garrisons, the furthest of which is not more than 60 English miles distant.—The cavalry is encamped at a small distance from one of the gates of the city; the infantry is quartered among those of the inhabitants who have not purchased the freedom of their houses at the time of building them. This season, there were twenty battalions of infantry and four of grenadiers, 15 squadrons of cuirassiers, five of dragoons, and five of Hussars, collected for the review; the whole of which, were the regiments complete, would amount to upwards of 30,000 men. The Hussars of Gaiking, the Hussars of the king's body guard are by far the most beautiful troops that ever I saw. Only five squadrons are in garrison here, the rest being upon the line of demarkation. Their dress consists of a red jacket which sits close to the body, ornamented before with a profusion of gold lace, which serves instead of facing—pantaloon of white leather, with boots of yellow morocco, the tops of which are bound with gold cord, and a gold tassel hanging down before; they wear likewise when on duty, a sable skin cap, which is near half a yard long, to which

is attached an uncommonly long plume—from the cap is suspended a large cord and tassels of gold, which reaches almost to the horse's back.—On Gala days, the officers wear a leopard skin, decorated with a crescent, and a constellation of stars, which is thrown over the left shoulder, and curled under the right arm, this part of their uniform was a present from the empress *Elizabeth of Russia*. On ordinary occasions they have a blue jacket faced with gold and lined with fur, thrown over their shoulders and fastened before; this is their dress in winter. The dress of a common soldier differs only in quality from that of an officer. They are armed with a carabine, horse pistol, and a sabre, and have no camp equipage; they are mounted on Polish and Ukraine horses, which are very fleet, small and hardy. Their bridles and harness are ornamented with marine shells.

The great manœuvres last three days. The first day the cavalry and infantry act separately. The cavalry charge in a single line....the heavy part of it composes the centre, the hussars are on the flanks. The king and spectators stand on the opposite side of the plain, the cavalry advances at first but slowly; it quickens gradually its pace, until it gets within a short distance of the king, when a charge is ordered, and then the line advances, with sabres uplifted, as swift as their horses can carry them; when arrived within a rod of the king, the word halt is heard, and the whole line is as motionless, as if the horses were of stone. The light cavalry on the flank wheel in a second, and form themselves into squares; this is repeated several times, after which they all defile before the king, and then the business of the day is over.

I know of no sight more grand than a line of cavalry upon the full charge, halting in an instant, and in the action of halting raising such quantities of dust, that, for a moment, it seems that they are taken up in a cloud.

The evolutions of the infantry consist only in a simple attack in two lines; the first gets broken, and is obliged to retire; the second line then opens its ranks, and lets the first pass through; it then closes again, becomes the first, and advances to the attack: this is repeated several times, after which the infantry defiles before the king, and then the promotions take place. Now the countenance of many a new-made captain is seen to gladden, whose trifling emoluments of lieutenant scarcely kept him from starving, and who now anticipates in imagination the enjoyment of five hundred pounds a year.

The manœuvres of the second day are more varied and interesting. The cavalry is divided into two divisions, which attack each other in solid squares. Small parties are detached from each side, which advance towards the enemy's line, fire, and then march back to load their pieces again. This firing continues for some time; at length they begin to charge each other; one of the parties is worsted, and obliged to retreat, but being closely pursued, it wheels and defends itself. After repulsing the enemy, it continues its retreat, but is continually harassed. At length the enemy obtains such a decided superiority, that it is obliged to think of retreating out of its reach: to effect this, it is necessary to pass a river which lies in its rear; it therefore detaches squadrons to the other side of the river; these dismount, and form themselves on the banks of the river, near the foot of the bridge of boats, which have been thrown over to facilitate the retreat. In the mean time, the squadrons of the enemy are pouring down upon them, and annoying them in every possible way; but, notwithstanding this, the passage of the bridge is effected in the greatest order, covered by the fire of the squadrons, drawn up on foot, and by the squadrons, which, in retreating, cover each other reciprocally; until at length all have passed ex-

cept a single file, which stands firm to the last, and covers, against whole squadrons, another file, which is crossing the bridge. After the cavalry has completed its retreat, the infantry advances in two lines, covered by the cavalry; but its line is thrown into confusion by the enemy's cavalry; retreats through the second line, which advances; but it appearing that the enemy is infinitely superior in cavalry, and as, from the nature of the ground, it can act in every direction, the order of battle is changed, and the infantry form themselves into squares, to prevent the enemy's cavalry from breaking their line, and enveloping them. Thus ends the second day. I am sorry I have not time to say any thing about the third, on which was represented the famous battle of *Neuwied*, which acquired so much glory to the Prussian arms.

Yours, &c.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals are issued by John Hoff, for publishing by subscription, *Plutarch's Lives*, translated from the original Greek; with notes critical and historical, and a new life of *Plutarch*. By John Langhorne, D. D. and William Langhorne, M. A.

The proposer would deem it vanity in the extreme, to attempt to descant on the merits of the work proposed;—yet, notwithstanding its celebrity and excellence, amidst the vortex of politics and the busy scenes of domestic life, he thinks it not superfluous, as a memento, to transcribe a critic, from the *London Monthly Review*, on the last English version—"There is no study which is more interesting than that of Biography; and in this walk of literature, there is no author more eminent than *Plutarch*. While he excites in us an admiration of the superior qualities, and of the shining actions of those great men, whose history he has recorded, he describes minutely their private behaviour and manners; and his details exhibit very ample materials by which to judge of the principles and motives of human conduct. There is no work of consequence which furnishes, to the speculative reader, a more extensive source of agreeable or profound reflection: and none that can be oftener read without disgust or fatigue.

"At length our biographer has had the good fortune to have justice done him; and we have now before us a translation of his *Lives*, in which the most fastidious critic will find little to censure.

"Next to the *Life of Plutarch*, the original matter of the greatest importance, with which our translators have enriched their work, is their notes and illustrations. In these they have displayed an extensive acquaintance with the Greek and Roman usages; and, while they elucidate the obscurities of their author, they supply the more memorable facts which he had omitted.

"The censure which has been thrown on the Greek of *Plutarch*, would have preserved his translator, it may be thought, from copying too closely his peculiarities, but very learned men want frequently the taste which is necessary to judge of the beauties and defects of composition.—Hence, till the publication before us, we could not boast of a version of his *Lives*, that deserved to be encouraged, from the skill or the merit which it discovered. Better informed, and with more liberal views than are usually to be found in the interpreters of the ancients, our translators engaged in a task for which they were fully qualified. They possessed the taste, the penetration and the ability which were requisite to unfold to them the difficulties they had to encounter, and to overcome them. They have divided the involved and embarrassing periods of their Greek original; and, while they have expressed the conceptions of their author with fidelity, they have been attentive to render him with elegance."

[*Monthly Rev.* vol. xlv.

After this view of the work, it only remains for the proposer, in order to ensure a generous patronage, to submit his

CONDITIONS.

- I. The Work shall be comprised in six volumes duodecimo; each volume to average 380 pages; to be elegantly and correctly printed on a superfine wove paper and new type, and ornamented with a handsome frontispiece.
- II. The price to subscribers will be one dollar twelve and a half cents per volume, neatly bound and lettered—No money will be required till publication.
- III. As soon as 300 copies are subscribed for, the work will be put to press, and a volume published monthly.
- IV. Those who procure 8 subscribers, and are responsible for the same, shall have one for their trouble.—A list of the patrons to this valuable work, shall accompany the last volume.

The annunciation of this valuable book concludes with the following liberal condition:

Should the work, on its appearance, not prove, in the estimation of the connoisseur, neatly and correctly printed, its reception shall be optional with the Subscribers.

After this complete view of the Lives, above proposed, it only remains for the editor of the Port Folio to add his warmest wishes that a book of biography, so valuable, and so elegantly translated, may become popular. Let it be remembered that THODORE BEZA was of opinion that if a general shipwreck of literature should take place, the book he should wish to preserve would be PLUTARCH; and that scarcely a solitary treatise upon education can be found in which the instructive pages of this narrative Greek are not recommended.

LITERARY NOTICE.

IN a few days will be published, the second edition of "An Essay on the propagation of the Gospel," in which there are numerous facts and arguments adduced to prove that many of the Indians in America are descended from the *Ten Tribes*.—By Charles Crawford, Esquire.—And the third American edition of "The Christian," a poem, in six books—by the same author.—To be sold by James Humphreys at the corner of Walnut and Dock-streets, and Benjamin Johnson, No. 39, High-street, Philadelphia.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE are happy to have occasion to mention, that, if credit may be given to private letters, and information not official, the vice president appears to be determined not to go all lengths with those, who are esteemed his partizans. This, it is said, is very little relished by the Virginian noblesse. Whatever may be Mr. Burr's motive, it is certain, that in at least two questions, where much responsibility rested on his decision, his vote was apparently given, utterly unbiassed by any spirit of party.

It appears, that the majority of the house of representatives have hit upon a new mode of legislating. When the federal part of the house bring forward a resolution, if it be not relished by the other party, and the arguments in support of it are unanswerable, they keep a determined silence. This political *lo-k-jaw*, they think, will save the nation a deal of time, and themselves much trouble in replying to "the logic and the wisdom" of the federalists. Some say, however, that it is a contrived plan of "those friends of the people," those

political economists, those time savers, or time servers, to stop the garrulity of a Mr. Bacon, a member from Massachusetts, and formerly, by profession, a parson. This, it is said, is fairly *gagging* the parson; it is at least *ringing* him, so that he cannot *root*. The party, we learn, still think that he is not perfectly *cured*, and some other mode, it is said, will be devised to *smoke* him more effectually. [Farmer's Museum.]

How to make a climax, addressed to all beginners in the art of composition.

The beauty of this figure, like that of plants disposed in a green-house, proceeds from visible proportion. It depends, of course, upon accuracy of eye. If, therefore, after having fixed on the first term of your climax, you cannot easily find any similar expressions, proportionably longer, it remains only to write the original term at some distance forwards on the page, and to fill up the intervening space at your leisure, by words proportionably shorter, in an inverse ratio.

How to modulate a period.

To please the ear, is the last and grand effort of a highly finished style. The easiest way of attaining such excellence, will be to note down the most admired sentences of Addison, Junius, and Blair, to calculate the words in each member, the proportion of vowels to consonants, the balance of long and short syllables, till your ears be so attuned to one particular measure, that your ideas may be spontaneously absorbed in the same revolving eddy of recursive harmony.

How to write an essay.

Whenever there is any danger of sinking below your subject, your language should be proportionably swollen and sublime. A full band is a powerful supporter to a weak voice. Yet, as a continual blaze of light is oppressive, and as the cataracts of the first rivers in the world deafen those, who listen too long, a prudent essayist will render his language rather soothing than animating, and more polished than pointed. It will break on the ear like thunder so distant, that its lightnings alarm not; and when well rounded, will roll smoothly over the mind, without leaving any impression.

It will be found the safest mode, in the opening of an essay, to dwell on a few positive truths, conveyed in short and unconnected sentences. As a bird, first leaving his nest, perches, by some short and irregular hops, to look about him, before he spreads his wings. The more obvious these truths are, the better; and, if they have been already mentioned, once or twice, by different authors, it will be an additional advantage, since every body will see how cautiously you tread at first, and follow, wherever you lead them, without suspicion.

In the further advancement of an essay, your sentences must of course be long and short, as the nature of your subject requires; yet, even here, care should be taken to mix them properly. Before you venture to introduce a string of long and intricate sentences, you had better glance at what is to come, by playing off some concise apothegm; as at chess, the oblique motion of the *pawn* prepares us for the direct attack of the *piece*.

Mythological allusions, if very familiar, have an undescribable charm. They excite in us the same sensations of delight, the same soothing remembrance of our earlier hours, with which, after a long absence, we recognize a school acquaintance. When you describe a scene, which you wish should be thought pathetic, boldly pronounce it so yourself. Nothing is so convenient to the reader, as thus to be taught how he is to feel; nothing is more consistent, than thus to be at once the painter and the spectator of the piece.

It will immensely contribute to the pomp of style, that the sentence should be principally constructed of such words as boast Greek or Latin genealogy. However trivial this may seem to superficial judges, I will venture to pronounce it a rule, which admits not of a single exception. For instance, *ardour* should be preferred to *heat*, *tardy* to *slow*, *sinuous* to *winding*, and *pulchritude* to *beauty*. I should have little hope of an author, who should write "the country *lying round*," when he might so classically phrase it "the country *circumjacent*." An acquaintance of mine, a great master of languages, invariably uses *fortitude* to the exclusion of *magnanimity*, because it is nearer to the Latin, by one letter.

Thanks to our elaborate predecessors, *thoughts* are easily collected on any subject. All that remains for us is, to disguise the expression, yet preserve the substance; to introduce them, however unconnected, without obvious abruptness; and to join them, however little related, without obvious incongruity. To this end, it will be necessary to polish the style, till the flaws in the interior of the piece are lost in the lustre of the surface; for the radiance of ornamental expression diffuses itself over every void, and blends the motley parts in one uniform and splendid whole.

To this glare of colouring much attention is requisite. It is not produced by the free use of the pencil, but is effected by an infinity of patient and timid touches, accumulated with intense and unremitting industry; and when the rough draft is so heightened by repeated revisions, that of the original words, not more than half a score remains to constitute its identity, the writer may flatter himself that he is near the proposed perfection.

Lastly, When you wish to depress your reader, you must previously give him his cue, in such phrases as these: "It is melancholy to reflect;" "It is a painful and humiliating consideration." When, on the contrary, you wish to *elevate and surprise*, you must begin in this manner: "We gaze, with sensible delight, on this bright and amiable picture;" "From this gloomy catalogue, we turn, with eagerness, to a more pleasing retrospect."

How to quote learnedly.

When you wish to fortify yourself with authorities, peruse the following method:

As soon as your piece is transcribed, leave a wide marginal space in your page, and arrange by the side of your text the names of the most abstruse authors, from whom information might have been drawn. The more of these the better; and scruple not to cite books, which you have never opened. This, of all others, is the securest mode of citation. You will betray too much, if you mention the books, which you have *really* read.

The eloquence and sound reasoning of the minority in congress are the general themes of conversation and praise.

FROM WASHINGTON.

My predictions, you will perceive, are fully verified. The bill to repeal the judiciary law has passed the senate by a very lean majority. The stand, which the federal senators have made to preserve the constitution, has been manly and glorious. They have immortalized their names, while those of their opposers will be execrated, as the assassins of the constitution. The bill yesterday went down to the house, where a *band of ministerial mutes* stand ready to pass it without deliberation. These *mutes* are nightly drilled at the assembly-room, where all the measures of government are agreed upon in *caucuses*.

The measure originated in downright antifederalism, and the mouth-piece of the administration this day acknowledges, that one of the leading fea-

tures of the repealing act was a "dread of what ever tends to the unnecessary aggrandizement of the powers of the general government." Let the friends of that government look to it.

The constitutionalists will exert all their energies to preserve the ark of our liberties; but the democratic phalanx is strong, and so well disciplined, that one can as well name the supporters of the bill before, as after the question is taken. Such are the men chosen to legislate for a nation! Tell it not in Gath!

Extract of a letter from a gentleman of the first respectability at Washington, to the editor of the United States Gazette, dated

"Monday, February 16, 1802.

"The public mind is highly agitated here.... The holders of city-lots seem much alarmed....not a lot has been sold for many days past; and the prospect of a dependent judiciary, and of judges, who are to be the creatures and puppets of the Virginia party, prevents the sale of landed property here. Many of the sober-minded men of Virginia are endeavouring to sell their lands and slaves, and contemplate removing to New-England. From the violation of the constitution, disunion must, they think, ensue, and when it shall, they mean to be on the safe side of the boundary.

"Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Giles say, no mischiefs are to be apprehended from having a DEPENDENT judiciary; but many of the ministerial party, especially the representatives of the small states, discover much uneasiness.

"All, however, wont do. The Virginians have denounced the judiciary, and it must be sacrificed. The equality of the states is to be preserved by the independency of the judiciary, and because the lords of the ancient dominion don't really believe the small states equal to Virginia, they have bound the judiciary, and will immolate it on the altar of ambition and resentment.

"The men, who govern, in these evil times, are full of vengeance. They were never the friends of our national constitution, and it will meet with no mercy in their hands.

"Doctor Leib, this morning, had a resolution on the table for the appointment of a committee, to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the department of the navy. As Virginia has no trade to protect, it is probable the naval department will be abolished."

Other letters from Washington state the same facts, and speak in high terms of the speech of Mr. Hemphill.

We are happy to insert the following compliment to the talents of Mr. Hemphill, as exhibited on a recent and momentous occasion.

"Mr. Hemphill very modestly prefaced his speech with saying that his object, rather than otherwise, would be to arrange the arguments already given by others; we have no wish to say this was not his object, but it appeared rather to be the introduction of new and unanswerable arguments. He spoke with much ease, yet with order, with clearness, with a full knowledge of his subject. The house was crowded with spectators; they were very attentive, and some of the demos seemed to look as if they were 'in all their wiles defeated and repulsed.'"

Every reader of miscellanies will remember the account which Dr. Johnson has given in his journey to the Western Isles of the accidental association, which induced him to describe his tour. We extract it as a piece of beautiful composition, and to allow an opportunity for the insertion of the praise bestowed on the doctor, by the critics.

"I sat down on a bank, such as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign. I had, indeed, no trees to whisper over my head, but a

clear rivulet streamed at my feet. The day was calm, the air soft, and all was rudeness, silence, and solitude. Before me, and on either side, were high hills, which, by hindering the eye from ranging, forced the mind to find entertainment for itself. Whether I spent the hour well, I know not; for here I first conceived the thought of this narration."

The critical reviewers, remarking on this passage, with a spirit and expression worthy of the subject, elegantly said, "We congratulate the public on the event, which this quotation concludes, and are fully persuaded that the hour, in which the entertaining traveller conceived this narrative, will be considered, by every reader of taste, as a fortunate event in the annals of literature. To indulge ourselves in a poetical flight, we would invoke the winds of the Caledonian mountains to blow forever, with their softest breezes, on the bank where our author reclined, and request of Flora that it might be perpetually adorned with the gayest and most fragrant productions of the year."

The no less constant, than ridiculous failure of all our small, half-formed, tampering schemes to secure an energetic government, amidst political vice and weakness; and the awkward situation of every wise man, labouring to teach the mob to remain in their station, and let state affairs alone, while the very genius of our polity, and our habitual flattery of the populace serve to perpetuate the delusion that they are all equally worthy to dictate, nay to rule, remind one of certain descriptive lines in HUDIBRAS.

"So have I seen with armed heel,
A wight bestride a commonweal,
While still the more he kick'd and spur'd,
The less the sullen jude has stirr'd.

A gentleman meeting a very young and beautiful girl in the pump room at Bath, asked her why she drank the waters. "From mere wantonness, sir," replied she. "And pray Madam, said he gravely, have they cured you?"

A Lady, who is a strong advocate for the *Rights of Women*, being lately engaged in a dispute with a gentleman, asserted that an *army of Women* would be in every respect competent to take the field against an army of men, adding, Suppose I had the command of 10,000 women, each of whom had received military education; and you commanded an army of men equal in numbers, how would you get an advantage superior to what you might obtain over the same number of men?.... Madam, replied he, I would keep from a *general engagement*. I would make propositions of *peace*, and during the treaty, the male and female officers and soldiers must frequently meet to settle the conditions. The consequence would be, that at the end of eight or nine months, when all of you ought to be in the *field*, you would be in the *straw*.

A projector, amid the hurry of receiving Lauriston and dispatching Cornwallis, thinks that a new commercial treaty between England and France might be formed, in which mental qualifications should be, the subject of exchange. Thus British keenness and British perseverance might be articles as acceptable to the French as cutlery and hardware, and Britain might be benefited, could she import with Champagne and Burgundy the liveliness of French conversation, and the softness of French manners. Thus by a reciprocal interchange of good qualities, each side would get rid of bad ones. The English might grow gay; the French grave; the English might learn to talk, and the French to hold their tongues.

Nothing is more absurdly ungenerous than the invectives, levelled indiscriminately at the fair sex, without inquiring into the nature of their faults or making just allowance for the causes which lead or rather impel women astray. One of the sex has thus apologised for her sisters.

The youth of man is devoted to profitable instruction; but that of women to imitation into the paths of ruin. While boys are acquiring the general principles of knowledge, or learning some profession for the exercise, and advancement of their future lives, we are taught nothing but trifles, useless in themselves, and if not immediately criminal, yet leading indirectly to every crime, by turning the mind upon wrong pursuits, and weakening all its powers by an habit of idleness, impossible ever to be broken through; for idleness is the bane of women, let her attribute her failings to whatever other apparent cause she will.

The following will apply to the quacks, with which this city is infested—

When Dr. Lotion first began,
To practice on the frame of man,
He bore but humble sway;
Each morn his hospitable door
Was open gratis to the poor,
'Twas then, no cure no pay.

At length with cane and ponderous wig,
The Doctor struts a perfect prig,
In eminence secure,
The former system quite derang'd....
The poor forgot, the motto chang'd....
'Tis now no cure no cure.

A gentleman, informed by a bill on a window of a house, that *apartments were to be let*, knocked at the door, and, attended by a pretty female took a survey of the premises. Pray, my dear, said he smiling, are you to be *let* with these lodgings?—No, replied the Fille de Chambre with vivacity, but I am to be *let alone*.

A Hibernian senator speaking of suicide, coolly said the only way to stop it was to make it a capital offence, punishable with death.

A sea captain, not much accustomed with the customs of a theatre being presented with a ticket to the opera was asked, on his return to his lodgings how the performers acquitted themselves.—Upon my conscience, replied he, I have no very fine ear for music; but by the manner in which those that I suppose were judges behaved I should think the performers did very ill. One of them sung so d—d bad, that they made her sing all her songs over again.

A Welch gentleman has with much heraldic enquiry and deep research drawn up a genealogical account of his own family for upwards of twelve thousand years. In the middle of the manuscript there is a N.B. "About this time the world was created."

The editor of "The Balance" pleasantly says, that Hector Ironside, Esq. of Worcester, Massachusetts, has invented a machine, which he calls "The Ægis," and has obtained a patent from the attorney-general of the United States. This machine has been exceeded by no invention whatever. It is extremely simple in every respect, and yet it performs wonders. It is so contrived, that substances of all kinds, no matter how incongruous, may be thrown into it, all of which, in the "twinkling of an eye," will be converted into coarse *fusion*. This machine differs, in some respects, from all others. It requires great boys or full grown men to manage it.

During one of the jovial parties of the prince of Wales, in mid-winter, the company insensibly grew warm, the prince cried, it is as hot as in

midsummer, and unbuttoning his vest, leaned back on his chair, and fell asleep. Colonel Thornton roared out never mind him, we are not all to sleep, because he dozes;....*one swallow don't make a summer*. Mr. Sheridan immediately took out his pencil, and wrote the following.

*'Tis monstrous cold the prince first cried,
Then touch'd his lips the rummer,
Till swallow after swallow made
Him really think 'twas summer.*

The majority in congress affect to talk of watching public officers, and of the duty of the people to vigorously exercise the right of controul. This reminds one of the multiplied caution of the old woman, in the apologue. She puts a cat into the milk-house, to kill a mouse; she then sends her maid to look after the cat, lest the cat should eat up the cream!

The political taciturnity of the democrats in congress may, without any uncharitableness, be resolved into an utter inability to answer the arguments of the federalists. Like the pennyless tippler, at a tavern reckoning, when he comes to pay, the story goes, he puts his hand into his pocket, and keeps fumbling and shaking, and at last says he left his purse at home, when all the company knows that *he has no money about him*.

Mr. MACKENZIE, the author of the eagerly expected *Travels through Canada, &c.* is, we understand, brother to the celebrated Henry Mackenzie, Esq. the ingenious author of the *Man of Feeling*. Mr. Mackenzie has visited various parts of the United States, and is described by many, who have listened to his conversation, as a man of the most liberal and accomplished mind.

Lord Powiscount laid a wager in France, that he would ride a certain number of miles, in a certain short time. The French academicians set to work, and calculated that, from the resistance of the air, it was impossible. Lord Powiscount won his wager.

Some of our political Weathercocks should meditate upon the following remark of a grave writer. You try a man, when you give him an opportunity to *change his side*. If he be so weak as to change once, he will change again. Your country fellows have a way to try if a man be weak in the hams, by coming behind him, and giving him a blow unawares. If he bend once, he will bend again.

A formalist laying down indiscriminate rules for study, to a juvenile student, reminds one of the directions given by the master to the pupil in the last age.

He advises him never to sleep above six hours; to read two hours before day-light, to give the morning to theology, composition, and the ancients; to let the afternoon suffice for history, chronology, politics, news, travels, geography, and the common run of pamphlets; to amuse himself in a *dull hour* with books of entertainment; and to enter upon nothing but what he is determined to pursue and accomplish.

N. B. Dr. JOHNSON never regulated his reading by any of these rules.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

THE blast blows bleakly thro' the mountain gap,
And whistles down the vale....The drifting snow
Beats in the face of the cold traveller,

As plodding on along th' unbeaten road,
Close muffled up, and breathing on his cold
And aching fingers, he anticipates,
In silent joy, the crackling faggot fire,
And tranquil pleasures of a country inn.
But when the blast blows bleaker, and more chill,
And all the scene looks desolate and drear,
His thoughts are joyless.....By his side he finds
No gay companion to beguile the time,
Nor friend to cheer the dull and heavy hours
Of a long winter's evening, and outlive
The dying embers on the inn's wide hearth;
His home, with all that tranquil calm delight,
Which home alone can give, then rising full
Before his fancy, saddens every thought.
Yet thoughts so keen as these lose half their pangs,
When from the tavern window, yet far off,
The bar-room candle sheds its steady light;
And when in meditation, calm and still,
Thrown backward on his chair, face upward
turn'd,

Crossing his feet upon the chimney front,
High as his head, he notes with half-shut eye
The blue smoke curling slowly from his pipe,
Then all his soul is calm; and storms that beat
Around the inn, by him unheeded howl.
The clear brook glides beneath its icy roof
Silent, save where the sloping broken earth
Impedes its tranquil stream, it murmurs down
A ruffled wave. Within the cottage yard
The farmer shovels off the drifted snow
From the barn door, to please the dairy-maid,
And thro' the gate drives in the patient cow.
High in the air, far off, I yet can mark,
Flapping his wings, the shy and slow-wing'd
crow,
Bending his course towards the dark-brown
wood.

As from my cottage door I turn mine eye,
Across the field towards the mountain-pines,
Or up the highway, all the country seems
A smooth extended robe of clearest white.
This scene, so dreary to the world's mad eye,
To me is pleasant....and tho' nature now
Appears to slumber, to the man, whose mind
Is utterly incapable to trace
Effect from cause, I cannot but reflect,
That as the roof from tempests shelters man,
So snow the grain from the chill winter wind.
Yet there is one, for whom my heart did bleed
Last night, as in my couch, I heard the blast
Howl round the house, and listened to the hail
Patt'ring against the window of my cot.
She lives alone within the straw-roof'd hut,
Close by yon laurel-cover'd mountain's foot;
The narrow path that winds thro' yonder field,
And up the meadow leads you to her door.
She is so poor she cannot buy her food,
And ever when the morn is fine, she creeps
Along that path to beg a cup of milk,
At some kind charitable farmer's door.
Yet she is very old, and almost blind,
And crippled, and she scarce can hobble o'er
The stile....and ever as she reaches it,
She sits her down to gain a little strength,
And rests her wrinkled forehead on her crutch,
Bending her dim eye with an idle gaze
Upon the grass. She moves so slowly on,
And makes such feeble rustling in the grass,
That oft the rabbit, hopping thro' the hedge,
Crosses her path close by, nor pricks his ears
At sight of her. The farmers pass her by,
And only wonder she is yet alive,
She looks so old. Yet I can feel for her,
And when the flakes of snow fell fast last night,
I shiver'd as I thought how cold and chill
The day would be to her without her chips,
That every morn she gathers in the wood.
I pity one, who feels not for herself!
For I have talked with her about her youth,
Have heard her tell the sorrows she had known,

The disappointments she had met in life,
And she would say that she was old and feeble,
And had outliv'd her friends. Yet she would
speak

As if she were to live yet many days,
And wish'd it too. And I have never seen
One transient frown upon her aged brow,
Nor heard her heave one sorrow-freighted sigh.
Oft on a summer's day, as I have lain
Upon the old oak bench beside her door,
And gaz'd intently on her palsied frame,
Bow-bent and clad in tatters, I have mused
In awful silence. I have pondered much
What gift the *fatt'rer Hope* could promise her,
Would be a compensation for the toil,
The pain, the trouble, and the cheerless hours,
Of this old woman's day. The poor old man,
Crippled and blind, and feeble as a babe,
More poor than Poverty, when from the womb
Of Idleness, she came upon the earth,
What expectation lifts his palsied hand,
To grasp, as 'twere, the grass on his grave-side,
That he might draw another idle breath!
This ever flies my fancy's wildest grasp....
But I can tell full well, for I have known,
What gilded visions cheer the dream of youth,
What balm is poured on his half-broken heart,
To prompt him onward thro' a desert wild....
Anticipation gilds the lover's smiles,
His morrow's dawn.....Hope leads the wand'rer
on,
And Inclination, nurse of Hope, beguiles
The passing hours....embodies all their dreams,
And harsh repels the whisp'ring voice of Pro-
dence,
That speaks of blessings scattered on his path,
And tells him to enjoy them as they pass....
He grasps an empty unsubstantial bubble,
Or if a real good, Possession steals
Its value....Disappointment turns his eye,
What place Reflection, like a true friend, shews
The joys he scorn'd, yet never makes him wiser.

JACQUES.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO CHLOE.

WHILE flutt'ring beaux around you sigh,
And, simpering, swear their love is true;
Say of those eyes you robb'd the sky,
And from Aurora stole her hue;

And talk of snow, and flames, and darts,
Extatic bliss, and tort'ring pain,
And turtle doves, and bleeding hearts,
And charms that would make Venus vain;

I, Chloe, if I must express
My passion, to be understood,
Think you *no goddess*....nay, confess
I love you more as *flesh and blood*.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 11.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 20th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. X.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

TO that laziness which the body assumes, out of complaisance to the understanding, I shall ever pay a sincere, though it be a secret homage. I have always loved that gentleness of motion, which characterises the gentleman of refined feelings, and devout thought; I have seen nothing disgraceful in that mental abandonment of Thomson and Shenstone, which the woollen-draper of their day called indolence; but in their inactivity, as well as in your own, I discover a delicate provision of nature for an easily disturbed fancy, or a very metaphysical mind. Under these impressions, I approach you, Mr. Saunter, most respectfully; with your leave, I shall approach you frequently hereafter; my feelings make me as often the sufferer, as, by my character, I am made the subject of censure; and I revere the judgment of quiet men.

My present misfortune, sir, is a tailor, who puts me into long pantaloons and short vest, because I am too loyal to molest his dominion, and have never ordered a subtraction from the under garment, to be passed to the credit of the upper. My coat too has a strong air of the bon ton; and my boots are eminently entitled to a definition in the Columbian dictionary. Would you believe it, sir, that, because I am thus made up, the good people of the vicinage deny me even a medium of understanding, and insinuate, at times, very tauntingly, in my presence, that some people's wits are not as long as their tailor's bill? A reference upon a doubtful point of literature is never made to me, because persons of fashion are not presumed to meddle therewith. My morals are treated with unchristian contempt, because it may be, that the lateral scantiness of my coat opens a pretty extensive domain to the prince of the powers of the air. In fact, sir, Mr. Burke himself could have said no more. They imagine, that my dress is my god, the shop is my church, the counter is my altar, the pattern-book is my bible, and that I put no faith, but in my tailor.

Now, sir, as I am unwilling to wrest the shears and measure tape from their proprietors in ordinary, and yet am moved by this infatuation, let me argue with society, under the screen of your composing desk, that it is very possible for a man to dress fashionably, and yet think and do his duty with as much assiduity, as though his shoes were from the stall of Crispin, and his breeches from the wardrobe of William the conqueror.

In the course of my reading on this subject, I recollect to have met with few of the unregenerate,

save Mr. Godwin, Madame Tallien, and some other admirers of the Gonoquais horde, who have stickled for absolute nudity. By reasonable folks, it has been deemed a paradisaical convenience, which answers no good purpose, among people tainted with original sin. I need not be informed, sir, that, by men of a highly devotional religion, these constraints have been thrown off, and that a sect of religionists, but a short time before the late French revolution, deeming themselves worthy of a pure, undisguised intercourse with heaven, expelled from their society both shears and lapboard. It is a case precisely in point for my position. The *charity* of these people was their cloak, and those, who have it not, must adopt a more sensible covering. I will grant then to my traducers, that a habit of some kind is expedient to antidote the unfortunate corruption of the human heart, at least to disguise its expressions. But, after I have conceded this, where is the canon of ethics, which confers superior value on a particular cut? Who is the moralist that has ever denounced long pantaloons or trunk hose as special instruments of Ahri-manus, the Persian devil? We have been told, it is true, in the annals of every nation, of perilous hours, which tried men's souls; but in no instance has the historian thought proper to communicate to us that, thereby, were tried their *small-clothes*, and a determinate value fixed on a specific costume: nay, I verily believe, that the only two articles of this description, which cross the annalist of America, are those of admiral Parker, and the legitimate sherry-vallies of general Lee, both of which, as to size and shape, are hopelessly and irrecoverably lost. If, therefore, good morals dwell not in the cape of a coat....if evil spirits are not addicted to short breeches or long, grey breeches or blue....my tailor, perhaps, has not cabbaged my piety, and I may pass to the defence of my understanding.

There are but two ways of connecting a man's understanding and his pantaloons;....he is a fool, and therefore he has bought them; or he has bought them, and therefore he is a fool. Now, the first branch of this duplicate proposition is irrelevant; I have nothing to do but with the abstract, independent, virtue or worthlessness of the pantaloons; and, if the man was a fool before he bought them, the probability is, that they did not make him a fool. The pantaloons are the effect, and the man is the cause; and it is contrary to the usage of the best logicians, to attribute any prior defects in the cause, to the subsequent operation of the effect. The man then has bought them, and therefore he is a fool. It were reasoning too curiously to reason thus. If he became a fool since he bought them, there was a time between the buying and the folly, in which the fatuity was not produced; and, therefore, it was probable, that the folly was not caused by the pantaloons, or it would have appeared sooner. If he became a fool before he bought them, the pantaloons, as I have said before, have nothing to do with his case; and if he became a fool *eo instanti* that he bought them, then it was the buying, and not the folly, which disturbed his intellect, because he is granted to be a fool by the purchase, though his tailor de-

fraud him of the article, or he never afterwards wear it, and, of course, there shall be no room for the pantaloons to operate. If you doubt this reasoning, sir, I refer myself to the authority of Mr. Godwin's Political Justice, *passim*.

But after all, Mr. Saunter, there is sense somewhere in the world; and, if this fashionable habit annihilates it, I think we shall prove, without much difficulty, that it exists nowhere. I hate, sir, to advance so egregious a truth, as that fashion is altogether relative. I am not more fashionable in my last new apparatus, than my aunt Deborah, in her stomacher of Lewis XIV, and queen Anne's stays. The difference is simply this;....in a drawing-room of the present century, I am rather more *au fait* than she, but carry us back a hundred years, and she is the greatest belle alive. The very man, who abuses my cape, is much more in the ton for 1775 than I am; and, if there be folly in the case, his, perhaps, is the least pardonable, as there has been more time for the growth of his discretion.

Does this dress consume a moment that should be given to the "*bettering of the mind*?" Do I waste as much time in saying to my taylor, *Bring me up to the present day*, as sir Special does to keep in *black letter*?" If dress induces an unprofitable expenditure of time, probably it has this effect in the shop of the taylor, or in the drawing-room; and that fashionable dress has not this effect necessarily, in either place, is a proposition scarcely to be elucidated by argument. I will adopt the notion that fashion is definite; then there can be but one garment of a kind that is fashionable, and all other garments, of that order, to an indefinite number, are unfashionable. I say to my tradesman, make me a fashionable coat; the description is perfect, and I am at liberty. I order him to produce me an unfashionable coat: does he understand me, sir? Is the cape to be cloth or shagreen? Is it to be a trapezium, or a rhombus, or an octagon? The taylor is at fault; I must bring him to the scent, by imparting that complex idea, which I intend to represent by the expression; and, if my metaphysics are dull, or my pupil is difficult of conception, it is ten to one that the coat be an abortion! My addiction to modern dress, then, wastes none of my time over the goose. But this coat must walk to the drawing-room; and why? Because it is the only kind of coat there used. Then, sir, there has never been a pistol from the shop of the gunsmith, that has not shot its man, and that too for no other reason than that pistols are commonly used in duelling. Grant, however, that such be its inevitable effect. I know, sir, that Science holds not her vigils in the drawing-room, nor can Avarice there settle the rate of his usury. I know that, within the fashionable circles, cards are more frequently unfolded than Polybius, and the mysteries of whist more devoutly revered than the cube root. But "*dulce est dissipere in loco*;" it is well to animate the mass of dry knowledge, that grows at midnight, with a little of that oil of joy, which gladdens and lubricates the evening association. It is well to supply the deficiencies of our book-wise heads, by some experience in the philosophy of life; to hu-

manize the heart in intervals of relaxation from the culture of the mind; to acquire sagacity, as well as wisdom; and to act with courtesy, as well as to reason with force. It is not true, Mr. Saunter, that the elegance of polished life is either baneful or frivolous; the vice is in the excess, not in the moderate indulgence; and, if we recollect that, from long quiescence, a passion frequently dies, and always loses its tone; that, from controuling our temper, for the moment, which we call politeness, the transition is not difficult to the habit of permanent controul, which we call philosophy; that, by frequently expressing benevolence, we at last come to feel, and then to prove it, the drawing-room, where this quiescence, this controul, and this expression are necessary, may be allowed the high merit of schooling the human heart. If my fashionable coat carries me thither, per force, I would recommend it as a very good cure to my simple, officious, and unfashionable coarsers.

I am, dear sir,

With much fidelity,

Your friend,

SPENCER.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LORD CHESTERFIELD, in describing to his son the fate of a new drama, says: "All the women cried, and all the men were moved." I will not pretend to doubt, that theatrical representations have had such an effect, but I certainly should doubt part of it, were I to found my opinion on the conduct and *innocability* of the female portion of a Philadelphia audience.

Without assuming to myself any extraordinary share of sensibility, I trust that I shall be excused for censuring that stoical apathy, with which I have seen the most interesting pictures of distress gazed upon by my fair countrywomen. Heaven alone knows, whence they could have drawn the abominable faculty of steeling their hearts against feelings, which dignify men, and, without which, female beauty loses half its charms.

Who, that frequents the theatre, has not often seen men, inured to danger and distress, give themselves up to the scenic delusion, and big tears course speedily down their sun-burnt cheeks; whilst females, whose countenance bespoke gentleness and soft compassion, sat staring at the exhibition, with eyes unmoistened with a tear, or engaged with the nonsensical tittle-tattle of a coxcomb, whose only claim to notice is the impertinent arrogance with which he strives to prevent others from hearing what he cannot understand? Who has not heard the loud laugh, bespeaking vacancy of mind, break the silence with which the exquisite tones of distress of a justly favourite actress had enthralled the generality of the audience, and seen those features, which, with a tear, would be embellished beyond the power of art, moulded into a kind of stupid admiration of the undescribable follies of a fop?

It has been said, that women are greater adepts in the art of dissimulation than men. Their indifference may, of course, be affected; they may feel the sorrows of a Desdemona, or a Belvidera, or a Bertha, forcibly feel them at the heart, and yet refuse to testify it, by the tribute of a tear. This may be the case, but it is almost incredible. Do they refuse attention, because the sorrows represented may overpower them? It would then be best to call in the aid of affectation, when some impression was visible: then it would be a virtue—now it is a disgrace.

If the ladies have any regard for the opinion of men of sense, they will despise this affectation. Which, I assure them, no men approve, but fools

and coxcombs. The eye of beauty shines with tenfold radiance through the pearly tear; it adds to it an irresistible lustre; and, let men differ as they will about the colour of the eye, they all agree, that the dew of compassion becomes it best, whatever its colour be; and there is nothing that they prize more highly, than a heart which can feel, and not fear to shew it.

LEANDER.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Majorum primis quisquis fuit ille tuorum
Aut pastor fuit, aut illud quod dicere nolo.

JUVENAL.

..... Your honour's ancient source
Was a poor shepherd's boy, or something worse.
DRYDEN.

TURNING over, the other day, some manuscripts belonging to the Griffin family, I accidentally cast my eyes on a parchment roll, carefully sealed, and inscribed "The Pedigree." Not having before considered that I was entitled to any ancestry, I began to feel an increased consequence, as I opened this sacred testimony of my being a son of Adam; and was elated or depressed, according to the titles or occupations of my grandfathers, from time immemorial.

I will not, courteous reader, detain thee with the honourable mention made of my family, by bards of old; how, for instance, one of them being inspector of the gardens to a foreign potentate, was overdosed by one Hercules, who, in the mean while, robbed an orchard of certain golden-pippins: ...how, afterwards, upon my ancestor's waking, he claimed them by right of discovery, and, in farther proof of such right, most valiantly did beat his brains about his ears. How, another being appointed guardian of a woollen manufactory, was lulled to sleep by a certain adventurer, from across the seas, who, by that means, stole his golden fleece (no impeachment on the sagacity or vigilance of my ancestor), the same spark having previously imposed on a wild and fiery bull, who kept a mighty coil, and, by putting a yoke on his neck, subjected him to his own convenience. These, reader, I say, I will not detain thee with; but, as I propose to make my after reflections on this parchment the subject of this paper, shall proceed to them without farther preamble.

Pride, says the old Castilian, is that principle, which, from a consciousness of inborn superiority, sets a man above the weaknesses of human nature; in prosperity enables him to preserve that dignity, which his situation demands; and prevents him, in adversity, from consenting to any thing, which might be derogatory to the principles of a man of honour. These, probably, or nearly these, are the ideas, not of a patriotic, but provincial bigot; but this is far from being a true definition of pride: and not only theoretical supposition, but practical observation, will daily enable us, in some measure, to controvert this reasoning. In order to reduce our inquiry as near the truth as possible, let us, by placing the arguments of opposite prejudice in equal balances, suppose, as is generally the case, that a fair and candid decision will lay in the midway between them.

Pride, says the more polished, and of consequence less prejudiced, man of the world, who has not had the honour to have been born on the other side of the Pyrenees, is a false principle of honour, seeking its gratification in the abject submission of others, and refining to extravagant punctilio and constrained resentment, that, which should only proceed from the genuine and lively emotions of the soul. It is a deformity of the mind, which subjects its possessor not only to the ridicule of all around him, but to infinite mortification on the failure of that respect, which he considers as

due to his superior merit; a mortification, which, as few others view him in the same light, he must be frequently subjected to.

Though these principles are, in all respects, diametrically opposite, each of them have a specious appearance of truth. By tempering, therefore, each with the other, we are most likely to prove, whether pride is a principle to be cherished in the human heart or no. That pride, for instance, which, when moderately indulged, fires a man with a just and noble resentment for wrongs received, when carried farther degenerates into punctilio. That, which prevents a man from condescending to any thing unworthy himself, is a laudable principle; but, when any thing a degree below his expectations or wishes is interpreted into an unworthy occupation, it becomes a folly. As to the mortifications a man draws on himself, by an intemperate indulgence of this failing, it must be allowed, that the poison is, in that respect, its own antidote; and a mind so impregnated, is at least equal to supporting the ridicule which is levelled against it. Pride, in short, is of two kinds, defensive and offensive. While only defensive, it is far from being *offensive*, and serves as a sword in the scabbard, which, though harmless at the moment, protects the wearer from insult; when offensive, it is an attack on the rest of mankind, which calls for every one's exertions to repel it.

But I seem to be straying from my motto, which, as I am more particularly on the subject of family pride, calls on me to prove the descent of all our noble houses from shepherds, or what, as the poet sings, "I am ashamed to say." As, in a former paper, I invited my readers to a melancholy prospect in the terra incognita of probabilities, so will I now present them with a full as unflattering a retrospect in the terra firma of history.

Mankind are obliged to the so much talked of golden age, in no other respect than for the quantity of harmonious ditties it has produced, and the pretty allusions concerning hanging woods, purling streams, the social intercourse of man and sheep, the great convenience which swains of those days used to experience, in their extraordinary powers of abstinence, &c. &c. which it has from time immemorial, and still continues to furnish to Arcadian garratteers. So far indeed was any age from being pre-existent to the iron, that the first crime committed by man was a violation of the express law of God; the second of that of God and nature. From that time forward, particular facts, which prove, that antediluvian is no word to be applied to any thing over religious, are too numerous to dwell on. Suffice it to say, that the history of our right worshipful grandsires, both before and since the flood, does not at all tend to strengthen the opinion of the poet.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore

More vicious than their father's age
Our sires begot the present race
Of actions impious, bold and base;
And yet with crimes to us unknown,
Our sons shall make the coming age their own.

FRANCIS.

The conquest, wealth, luxury, and from thence the decline of commonwealths, have, in all ages, been the theme as well of the moralist as the historian; these therefore let us pass by, and by looking back so far only as to the first population of this island, consider whether the motto is not as applicable to the family pride of a true born Briton, as that of a Roman citizen.

Notwithstanding the comfortable exertions of those ingenious gentlemen, who wish to derive us from the illustrious race of Troy, our vicinity to the continent pleads hard for our being neither more nor less than the descendants of a few ship-

wrecked fishermen; or what is worse, some light footed heroes, who preferred the chance of escaping by sea, to the certainty of hanging on shore. Nor has this stock been much mended by the exotic shoots, which have from time to time been engrafted on it: such as the Romans, our first invaders, from whom, I believe, many genealogists of the present day pretend to derive their origin; though it scarce seems probable, that a people, who had more pride of birth than any other, would have consented to forego their country and friends, in order to settle among a race of barbarians; unless, perhaps, some few, who were not in the censor's list, and therefore, in fact, no Romans, or some chance deserters, who took refuge among the natives to avoid military discipline. The Danes, a wretched band of adventurers, whose ferocity was their only distinguishing characteristic; whose only motive for forsaking their own country was poverty, and whose only view in invading Britain was plunder. The Saxons, in themselves a brave and ancient nation, but happily at that time delivered of their own ruffians, in the persons of our conquerors. Last of all the Normans, under the command of a bastard, put a finishing blow to the contentions of foreign powers, for the possession of this unhappy island; and completed a mixture of braves, differing in their manners and interests, each, as not being attached to one head by any principles of loyalty and affection, naturally endeavouring to advance his own partizans; and smothering that jealousy from constraint, which only waited for an opportunity to burst into a flame.

From this engaging portrait of our forefathers, a Chinese philosopher would be led to suppose, that the antiquity of a British family was its greatest stain. But so far is this from being the case, that even in this miniature picture of mankind, family pride is no inconsiderable feature; and some there are, who, though their only merit lies in a crowded vault, from that single distinction consider themselves as infinitely superior to those *men of yesterday*, whose meritorious exertions evince them to be rather ambitious of founding, than boasting a noble family. But from a probable supposition, that this extravagant principle can only have taken root in the minds of those, from whom it is impossible to eradicate it, let us proceed to that family pride, which has at first a more specious appearance, and if engrafted on notions naturally virtuous, is more likely to produce good effects; that, I mean, which boasts not so much the antiquity as eminence of its family. Even this, however, though to a noble mind it is an additional incentive to great and glorious actions, if it happens to be cherished by a wicked, or even a passive disposition, will be found to be equally ridiculous with the other.

If the good qualities of mankind were like those of cattle, hereditary, a virtuous ancestry would be the most desirable possession a man could receive from inheritance; but if experience teaches us that they so seldom are, if from the adulation, with which men of family and fortune are generally from their infancy surrounded, it is very improbable that they should be oftener virtuous, what does a man derive from a noble family; unless that by the profusion of light in the back-ground, the shade in front is more effectually exposed. To those few therefore, to those chosen few, who consider that a noble family reflects either honour or disgrace, only according to the use made of it by themselves; who reflect, that it is nothing more than a splendid burden, an additional tax on them, to add one more to the distinguished list, to them may a degree of family pride be considered as an advantage. And among those, our little world may boast of having ushered no inconsiderable share into the larger theatre of life; who have since distinguished themselves as good and great men. Nor in any other respect does a public edu-

cation so much evince its superiority, as in the equitable treatment our citizens receive from each other, and which, says Dr. Moore, "often serves as an antidote against the childish, sophistical notions, with which weak or designing men endeavour to inspire them in after life."

LEVITY.

FROM THE WASHINGTON FEDERALIST.

THE 4th of March being the anniversary of Mr. Jefferson's accession to the government, a number of patriots agreed to have a dinner at Stelle's dancing-room, New-Jersey Avenue.

To this we were specially induced, by a dinner the feds had at Stelle's hotel, on the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington.

We imitated them, or tried to, in every thing, but in one point we got the better of them; they had no chaplain, and we procured parson Austin to officiate. This sounds well in the publication, but a deal of trouble he gave us; being a crazy man, nothing would pacify him, unless he might make a set of toasts.

Giles, Randolph, and a few of us *keen fellows* made some too, but the parson flounced and bounced at such a rate, about his, that ours were rejected, and his delirious vapid things received, and be curst to 'em.

We met a few evenings after, to settle our reckoning (as Stelle would not provide us a dinner, but upon conditions we would club for beau Dawson, and a number of our loungers, who always forget to pay for themselves, and likewise the arrears of grog at former caucuses), so we proposed to have our toasts printed, in room of the parson's; and citizen Davis of Kentucky, who reads remarkably well, read them off, with about one hundred and fifty additional 'ands,' but all would not do, the eastern democrats said, they were too bold, 'twould not do to come out so yet. And, by a vote of one majority, the parson's toasts were carried, though I thought then, that Hana of Pennsylvania, and old Smith of Massachusetts did not understand the question, it being a *little latish in the evening*.

Now you know we republicans like publicity, so we intend our toasts shall be published, and let the sovereign people judge of them, and see if they are too bold; and, as Smith printed the parson's things, we send ours to you.

Yours, &c.

T. C.

March 9, 1802.

1. Thomas Jefferson, the *lover* of the people, and *hater* of taxes.
2. Buonaparte, the *friend* of liberty, and our sister republic, France. (Music, Ca Ira.)
3. The *moon* of democracy forever, and the sun of federalism in total eclipse.
4. An eternal quietus to *debtors*, and merited destruction to *creditors*, by placing the federal judiciary under Virginia tutelage.
5. One old judge to 50,000 causes, or Virginia jurisprudence forever, as a blessing to a *free* people.
6. Our army and navy: May they continue in their present flourishing condition, the first under presidential orders of discharge, and the second under rotting orders, till general Heister gets his militia ripe to supersede both.
7. The two *necessaries* of life, *coaches* and *whisky* ... may the *mouth of labour* never be taxed for them.
8. The *pusillanimity* of our president and heads of departments, a sure pledge of peace to our country.
9. Liberty and the legislature, synonymous terms, may they never *bend* to the constitution, but the constitution always *bend* to them.

10. The state sovereignty of Virginia, one and indivisible. (Marseilles hymn, and three cheers.)

11. The national legislature, *independent*, as long as it implicitly obeys the immortal Jefferson.

(6 cheers.)

12. Our national energies, procreation not war; therefore douse the fetters of matrimony.

(3 times, 3 cheers.)

13. *Mobs* and *invasion*, may they never be suppressed or repelled by force, but by presidential reason and philosophy.

14. *The public will*, always to be found in the president's messages.

(Song, Jefferson and Liberty, or Paddy's delight.)

15. *Aliens*, may distressed humanity, flying from the gallows, be put into office, immediately on its arrival in America. (Music, Rogue's March.)

16. The *six noes* and a *nothing*, cut and dried in the president's message, *no army, no navy, no taxes, no money in the treasury, no credit, no national pride*, lest we go to war, therefore may we be cautious to do nothing of which we can be proud.

(Song, the mountain in labour, or Giles's speech on the repeal of the judiciary.)

VOLUNTEERS.

By the vice-president....St. Paul's motto, all things to all men...with honest men on the 22d of February, with r—g—s on the 4th of March.

After the vice-president had retired.

By Mr. Bradley of Vermont....Jefferson and Burr, these be thy gods, O democrats, for as for the Lord God, we *wat not* what is become of him.

By Mr. Bacon of Massachusetts....Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, suffering patriots of old, may our lives be like theirs, but our death more fortunate.

(Music, Scots lamentation at the defeat of the rebellion.)

By Mr. Giles....My motto, candour in *pretence*, abuse in *fact*, or let me pull down, and the devil build up.

By Mr. Van Ness....Myself, 'squire Pierpont Edwards, Mahomet, and parson Austin, great men are always deranged....sometimes.

By G. Grainger, P. M. G....Rare sport, or the devil to pay among deputy postmasters; I turn out, and satan appoints, but let me alone to give reasons for both; that's your sort, d—mn me!

By Levi Lincoln, A. Gen....High treason mollified, or the mild reign of Jefferson and philosophy, that is, under plea of *not guilty*, to enter up judgment of conviction *pro confesso*,...if the accused is of the 'sect'....

(Song, the unquenchable spark in the blacksmith's throat, or Vulcan turned dancing master.)

By citizens Stanford, Holland, Toljaferro, of Virginia, New, Brown, Hanna, Southard, Van Cortlandt, and Bailey, it being the combined efforts of their *mighty minds*, and uttered by their *mouth-piece*, Stanford....The printer of the Aurora, Mr. Duane, as great a man, in our opinions, as Mr. Jefferson.....*Pretty near!*....

(Song, raw rum and toddy O, or bread and molasses for dinner, with J. Clopton's speech on the repeal of the judiciary, set for the bassoon, by Jo. Heister, of Pennsylvania, and Josiah Smith, of Massachusetts, and admirably performed vocally as thorough bass, by doctor Archer of Maryland, and Phanael Bishop by way of symphony.)

N. B. By this time it was eight o'clock, and we retired very sober; it is true a few of us, upon looking round to see the illumination, fell into the ditch in front of Stelle's house, but not entirely owing to *foreign influence* I reckon.

I don't know that this is all exactly fitted for the press, but I got general Samuel Smith and col-

nel Varnum to correct the spelling, and Mr. Holland made the Latin; so I believe 'twill do.

Yours, ut stupra,

T. C.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LETTERS CONCERNING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

(CONCLUDED.)

"YOU know what importance ought to be attached to these denominations of political parties; and, like me, you are convinced, that they characterise neither their principles nor their conduct. *The Americans are more attached to persons than to principles.* They have always their saint or god of the day, as General Lee was wont to say; and each party has (if I may thus express myself) *its central individual.* The federalists, or aristocrats, esteem Mr. Jay, who negotiated the treaty with England, as their chief; and Mr. Jefferson, known by a work against Buffon, is at the head of the democrats. The most active member of the aristocratic party is, indisputably, Mr. Hamilton, late minister of finance. He resigned this office from motives of policy, to give greater weight to his influence, which is still in vigour. The members of government are all aristocrats, except Washington alone, who has certainly in view nothing but his country's good, without attaching himself to either party; but who also is the only man of this description in America."

It is more particularly in his twelfth letter, that Mr. Bulow eulogises general Washington. He consecrates it entirely to the American hero, and describes him in a single line, by saying, that no other passion than the public good possesses his bosom.

Mr. Bulow observes, that all the rich, that is to say all the owners of property, are opposed to French democracy, which is advocated by all such as have nothing to lose. In the subsequent letters, he gives a description, as just as it is deplorable, of the corruption which reigns in the United States. He speaks of the luxury of that country, in the same style as the greater part of recent travellers have spoken of it; "but," says he, "*it is not the luxury of the fine arts.*" All that he says on this subject, the description of manners, of customs, in a word, of society in general, such as he witnessed at Philadelphia, are delightful consolations to us Europeans, who, judging from other relations, have sometimes regretted, that we could not go and take up our abode in the country of the Washingtons and the Franklins.

Let us speak more properly. The letters of Mr. Bulow do not afford consolation; on the contrary, they are calculated deeply to afflict every friend of humanity. We said before, that he treated the Americans with great severity; but, on a second perusal of his last letters, we find this epithet too lenient, and we are disposed to think, that Mr. Bulow has not always been *equitable*. He reproaches, not only the government with flagrant vices, and ascribes great misconduct to those who administer it, but he imputes manners to the governed, sometimes base, at other times atrocious. His fourteenth letter, in particular, is full of passages, of whose authenticity we would wish to doubt; at the simple perusal of which, every honest mind revolts, and is inspired with a kind of horror for the country, of which Mr. Bulow has drawn the picture.

What nation is there, it is true, among whom similar traits of character are not, unhappily, to be found, in making a compilation of their newspapers, and collecting all the traditions which keep alive

the remembrance of every species of extravagance and crime? But how cruel, how painful the task! And how could Mr. Bulow find the heart to undertake it, in regard to America? It is hard to suppose, that his letters, when compiled in a volume, will not make a very powerful impression; and it is still more difficult for us to believe, that the Americans will suffer them to go unanswered.

The ingenious and sensible author of the above review, it will be observed, concludes his remarks upon this itinerant epistler, by anticipating a reply from some spirited American, little imagining, it is presumed, that not a single copy of the work has hitherto fallen into American hands; or if, by chance, it should have reached the American shore, that the circumstance of its being written in a foreign language, should effectually lock up its contents from the public eye.

To pass sentence upon the merit or demerit of these letters, from a perusal of only a few detached sentences, which have been selected, for the sake of comment, by the editor of a literary European journal, might be doing injustice to the author. Yet, when we find the reviewer of Mr. Bulow's letters asserting, on his own judgment, that the writer has indulged himself in great severity towards the Americans, there is nothing short of christian meekness that would enjoin delicacy or forbearance towards him, *on our part.*

Some apology may be made for the saturnine complexion of mind, which engendered the strictures upon men, manners, and things, contained in these letters, from a reference to the particular period chosen by this traveller, for a visit to the United States. It was during the years 1795-6, which, of all other epochs in the annals of our country, was the most unfavourable to its reputation. Let us state the case fairly and impartially, and we shall thereby vindicate our national character from unmerited reproach, at the same time, that all proper weight will be given to just crimination. A season of domestic turbulence exhibits, to the eye of a disinterested spectator, all the darkest shades of the human character; but it would be both disingenuous and deceptive, to paint an entire picture of society, from viewing it in a single light. As well might an occasional jangle, between husband and wife, be taken as a faithful portrait of wedded life.

Mr. Bulow, a German gentleman, and a scholar, having been enamoured of the fairy tales which have been written, by some travellers, respecting the United States of America, and having studied our geography by the map, finally persuades himself to pay us a visit, and form his opinion of the country, from the testimony of his own senses. He takes passage from Hamburg for Philadelphia, and arrives here in the Autumn of 1795. He remains, we know not exactly how long, but quite long enough, by his own account, to become disgusted with his enterprise; to acquaint his friends in Europe that he shall speedily return to them; and be better satisfied with his own country, from contrasting it with America; and, before any body here knows, that we have been honoured with a visit from such a personage, on such an errand, Mr. Bulow is welcomed home again to his native land.

Whether this gentleman extended his travels beyond the limits of the state of Pennsylvania, is not to be inferred from any passage, selected by the reviewer of his letters, but as Pennsylvania, New-York, or Virginia, are sometimes used generically for the United States by foreigners, we will not undertake to affirm that Mr. Bulow, did not visit some other states in the union.

Three topics have attracted the particular animadversion of this traveller; viz. 1st. The state of

political party. 2d. The rage for speculation in wild lands, which was then in its highest paroxysm, all over the continent; and thirdly, The luxury of living, and the extravagance of expense, which prevailed among all ranks and classes in the community, more especially among the merchants.

It must be acknowledged that these, by turns, have been our vulnerable points, and the stranger, who knew little of our history, might be pardoned for drawing inferences from the above causes, unfavourable to our national and individual characters. These extravagances must be ascribed to their true cause; viz. the neutrality of our country, while all Europe was enveloped in a blaze of war, and when the flood-gates and sluices of wealth were scarce wide enough to admit the streams that continually flowed into the United States. This inundation it was, which turned the brains of so many among us, and overwhelmed in its progress some of our most substantial capitalists. It is of the essence of gold possessed, to increase desire for its own likeness, and our monied people waded far beyond their depth in the channel of speculation, for the sake of magnifying their heaps already in store. To many the experiment was fatal. To depict a state of tumult, confusion and turbulence, in the political history of our country, we should of all others select the period when the treaty negotiated by Mr. Jay was the theme of every tongue. Unfortunately Mr. Bulow was here at that time, and he left the country some time before the violence of party animosity had subsided, on that account. No wonder we were degraded in his esteem, if he assumed the rashness and intemperance of that moment, as the standard of his general opinion.

But Mr. Bulow was, from his own confession, a disappointed man, and consequently looked at all objects with a jaundiced eye. With whom did he associate here? To whom was he addressed, and from what sources did he collect his information, with respect to public men and public measures? The conjecture might not differ very widely from truth, should we venture to say that he got his opinions and his facts from foreigners like himself, or from natives tainted with foreign partialities. There can be no scruple in affirming that both are incorrect.

The prostration of morals, both public and private, on which he dwells with great acrimony; the degeneracy of manners and the corruption of heart, which he so liberally ascribes to the people of the United States, would be sufficient, if true, to make an American blush for his country; and while we own, with shame, that some portion of the enormities imputed to us, are too often found in the catalogue of our crimes, we repel, with scorn and indignation, the *general* application of such illiberal remarks.

Our unexampled prosperity as a nation, during the last ten years, the rapid increase of wealth and population, and the successful course of a commerce that knows no limits, may have made us giddy for a season; but we would fain hope and believe, that it has not made us vicious beyond the ordinary lot of nations, in an infant age. The fervour of youth will abate, and to it, we trust, will succeed the sedateness of maturer years.

Some may be ready to ask, for what purpose has the Editor of the Port Folio hunted up these letters, and rescued them from oblivion? To such he may answer, that as a literary article, connected with the history and character of the United States, it is peculiarly entitled to notice, and the object of inserting it in an American journal, that it may be seen and known in what estimation our country is held abroad, and through what impure channels the streams of information relative to it, are occasionally destined to flow.

THE TRANSLATOR.

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

No. XIV.

IN the course of the debate in the senate, much verbal criticism has been indulged; many important inferences have been attempted to be drawn from distinctions between the words *shall* and *may*. This species of discussion will not be imitated, because it is seldom very instructive or satisfactory. These terms, in particular cases, are frequently synonymous, and are imperative or permissive, directing or enabling, according to the relations, in which they stand to other words. It is, however, certain, that the arguments even from this source, greatly preponderate against the right of congress to abolish the judges.

But there has been one argument, rather of a verbal nature, upon which some stress has been laid, which shall be analyzed; principally to furnish a specimen of the wretched expedients to which the supporters of the repeal are driven. It is this, "The tenure of an office is not synonymous with its existence. Though congress may not annul the tenure of a judicial office, while the office itself continues, yet it does not follow that they may not destroy its existence."

The constituent parts of an office are its authorities, duties, and duration. These may be denominated the elements, of which it is composed. Together they form its *essence* or *existence**. It is impossible to separate, even in idea, the duration from the existence: The office must cease to exist, when it ceases to have duration. Let it be observed, that the word *tenure* is not used in the constitution, and that in the debate it has been substituted for duration. The words "The judges shall hold their offices during good behaviour," are equivalent to these other words; The offices of the judges shall endure or last so long as they behave well.

The conclusions from these principles are, that existence is a *whole*, which includes tenure or duration as a part; that it is impossible to annul the existence of an office, without destroying its tenure; and, consequently, that a prohibition to destroy the tenure is virtually and substantially a prohibition to abolish the office. How contemptible, then, the sophism that congress may not destroy the tenure, but may annihilate the office!

It has now been seen, that this power of annihilation is not reconcileable with the language of the constitutional instrument, and that no rule of constitutional law, which has been relied upon, will afford it support. Can it be better defended by any principle of constitutional policy?

To establish the affirmative of this question, it has been argued, that if the judges hold their offices by a title absolutely independent of the legislative will, the judicial department becomes a colossal and overbearing power, capable of degenerating into a permanent tyranny; at liberty, if audacious and corrupt enough, to render the authority of the legislature nugatory, by expounding away the laws, and to assume a despotic controul over the rights of person and property.

To this argument, which supposes the case of a palpable abuse of power, a plain and conclusive answer is, that the constitution has provided a complete safeguard in the authority of the house of representatives to impeach, of the senate to condemn. The judges are in this way amenable to the public justice for misconduct; and, upon con-

viction, removeable from office. In the hands of the legislature itself is placed the weapon, by which they may be put down, and the other branches of the government protected. The pretended danger, therefore, is evidently imaginary.....the security perfect!

Reverse the medal. Concede to the legislature a legal discretion to abolish the judges; where is the defence? where the security for the judicial department? There is absolutely none. This most valuable member of the government, when rightly constituted, the surest guardian of person and property, of which stability is a prime characteristic; losing at once its most essential attributes, and doomed to fluctuate with the variable tide of faction, degenerates into a disgusting mirror of all the various, malignant, and turbulent humours of party-spirit.

Let us not be deceived. The real danger is on the side of that foul and fatal doctrine, which emboldens its votaries, with daring front and unhalloved step, to enter the holy temple of justice, and pluck from their seats the venerable personages, who, under the solemn sanction of the constitution, are commissioned to officiate there; to guard that sacred compact with jealous vigilance; to dispense the laws with a steady and impartial hand; unmoved by the storms of faction, unawed by its powers, unseduced by its favours; shielding right and innocence from every attack; resisting and repressing violence from every quarter. 'Tis from the triumph of that execrable doctrine that we may have to date the downfall of our government; and with it, of the whole fabric of republican liberty. Who will have the folly to deny that the definition of despotism is the concentration of all the powers of government in one person or in one body? Who is so blind as not to see that the right of the legislature to abolish the judges at pleasure, destroys the independence of the judicial department, and swallows it up in the impetuous vortex of legislative influence? Who is so weak as to hope that the executive, deprived of so powerful an auxiliary, will long survive? What dispassionate man can withstand the conviction, that the boundaries between the departments will be thenceforth nominal; that there will be no longer more than one active and efficient department?

It is a fundamental maxim of free government, that the three great departments of power, legislative, executive, and judiciary, shall be essentially distinct and independent the one of the other. This principle, very influential in most of our state constitutions, has been particularly attended to in the constitution of the United States; which, in order to give effect to it, has adopted a precaution peculiar to itself, in the provisions that forbid the legislature to vary in any way the compensation of the president, to diminish that of a judge.

It is a principle equally sound, that though in a government like that of Great Britain, having an hereditary chief with vast prerogatives, the danger to liberty, by the predominance of one department over the other, is on the side of the executive; yet in popular forms of government, this danger is chiefly to be apprehended from the legislative branch.

The power of legislation is, in its own nature, the most comprehensive and potent of the three great subdivisions of sovereignty. It is the will of the government; it prescribes universally the rule of action, and the sanctions which are to enforce it. It creates and regulates the public force, and it commands the public purse. If deposited in an elective representative of the people, it has, in most cases, the body of the nation for its auxiliary, and generally acts with all the momentum of popular favour. In every such government, it is consequently an organ of immense strength. But when there is an hereditary chief magistrate, clothed with dazzling prerogatives and a great patron-

age, there is a powerful counterpoise; which, in most cases, is sufficient to preserve the equilibrium of the government; in some cases to incline the scale too much to its own side.

In governments wholly popular or representative, there is no adequate counterpoise. Confidence in the most numerous, or legislative department, and jealousy of the executive chief, form the genius of every such government. That jealousy, operating in the constitution of the executive, causes this organ to be intrinsically feeble; and withholding in the course of administration necessary means of force and influence, is, for the most part, vigilant to continue it in a state of impotence. The result is, that the legislative body, in this species of government, possesses additional resources of power and weight: while the executive is rendered much too weak for competition; almost too weak for self-defence.

A third principle, not less well founded than the other two, is that the judiciary department is naturally the weakest of the three. The sources of strength to the legislative branches have been briefly delineated. The executive, by means of its several active powers; of the dispensation of honours and emoluments, and of the direction of the public force, is evidently the second in strength. The judiciary, on the other hand, can ordain nothing. It commands neither the press nor the sword. It has scarcely any patronage. Its functions are not active but deliberative. Its main province is to declare the meaning of the laws; and in extraordinary cases it must even look up to the executive aid for the execution of its decisions. Its chief strength is in the veneration, which it is able to inspire, by the wisdom and rectitude of its judgments.

This character of the judiciary clearly indicates that it is not only the weakest of the three departments of power, but also, as it regards the security and preservation of civil liberty, by far the safest. In a conflict with the other departments, it will be happy if it can defend itself....to annoy them is beyond its power. In vain would it singly attempt enterprises against the rights of the citizen. The other departments could quickly arrest its arm, and punish its temerity. It can only then become an effectual instrument of oppression, when it is combined with one of the more active and powerful organs; and against a combination of this sort, the true and best guard is a complete independence on each and both of them. Its dependence on either will imply and involve a subserviency to the views of the department, on which it shall depend. Its independence of both will render it a powerful check upon the others, and a precious shield to the rights of person and property. Safety, liberty, are, therefore, inseparably connected with the real and substantial independence of the courts and judges.

It is plainly to be inferred from the instrument itself, that these were governing principles in the formation of our constitution: that they were in fact so, will hereafter be proved by the cotemporary exposition of persons, who must be supposed to have understood the views, with which it was framed, having been themselves members of the body that framed it. Those principles suggest the highest motives of constitutional policy against that construction, which places the existence of the judges at the mercy of the legislature. They instruct us, that to prevent a concentration of powers, the *essence of despotism*, it is essential that the departments, among which they shall be distributed, should be effectually independent of each other; and that it being impossible to reconcile this independence with a right in any one or two of them to annihilate, at discretion, the organs of the other, it is contrary to all just reasoning to imply or infer such a right. So far from its being correct, that an express interdiction is requisite to

* The remuneration or recompense is not added, because it is not properly an accessory.

deprive the legislature of the power to abolish the judges, that the very reverse is the true position. It would require a most express provision, susceptible of no other interpretation, to confer on that branch of the government an authority so dangerous to the others, in opposition to the strong presumptions, which arise from the care taken in the constitution, in conformity with the fundamental maxims of free government, to establish and preserve the reciprocal and complete independence of the respective branches, first by a separate organization of the departments, next by a precise definition of the powers of each, lastly by precautions to secure to each a permanent support.

No. XV.

IT is generally understood, that the essays, under the title of the *Federalist*, which were published at New-York, while the plan of our federal constitution was under the consideration of the people, were principally written by two persons*, who had been members of the convention which devised that plan, and whose names are subscribed to the instrument containing it. In these essays†, the principles advanced in the last number of this examination are particularly stated, and strongly relied upon, in defence of the proposed constitution; from which it is a natural inference, that they had influenced the views with which the plan was digested. The full force of this observation will be best perceived, by a reference to the work itself; but it will appear clearly enough from the following detached passages:

"One of the principal objections inculcated by the more respectable *adversaries* to the constitution is, its supposed violation of the political maxim, that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments ought to be separate and distinct." "No political truth is certainly of greater intrinsic value, or is stamped with the authority of more enlightened patrons of liberty, than that on which the objection is founded. The accumulation of all power, legislative, executive, and judiciary, in the same hands, whether of one, a few, or many; whether hereditary, self appointed, or elective, may be justly pronounced the very definition of tyranny." "Neither of the three departments ought to possess, directly or indirectly, an overruling influence over the others, in the administration of their respective powers." But the most difficult task is to provide some practical security for each, against the invasion of the others." "Experience assures us, that the efficacy of parchment barriers has been greatly overrated, and that some more adequate defence is indispensably necessary for the more feeble, against the more powerful members of the government. The legislative department is every where extending the sphere of its activity, and drawing all power into its impetuous vortex." "In a representative republic, where the executive magistracy is carefully limited, both in the extent and the duration of its power, and where the legislative power is exercised by an assembly, which is inspired by a supposed influence over the people, with an intrepid confidence in its own strength, which is sufficiently numerous to feel all the passions which actuate a multitude, yet not so numerous as to be incapable of pursuing the objects of its passions, by means which reason prescribes, it is against the enterprising ambition of this department, that the people ought to indulge all their jealousy, and exhaust all their precautions." Again, "The ten-

dency of republican governments is to an aggrandizement of the legislative, at the expense of the other departments."

These passages recognize, as a fundamental maxim of free government, that the three governments of power, ought to be separate and distinct; consequently that neither of them ought to be able to exercise, either directly or indirectly, an overruling influence over any other. They also recognize as a truth, indicated by the nature of the system, and verified by experience, that, in a representative republic, the legislative department is the "Aaron's rod" most likely to swallow up the rest, and therefore to be guarded against, with particular care and caution. And they inculcate, that parchment barriers (or the formal provisions of a constitution, designating the respective boundaries of authority) having been found ineffectual for protecting the more feeble against the more powerful members of the government, some more adequate defence, some practical security is necessary. What this was intended to be, will appear from subsequent passages:

"To what expedient shall we finally resort, for maintaining in practice the necessary partition of power among the several departments, as laid down in the constitution?" "As all exterior provisions are found to be inadequate, the defect must be supplied, by so contriving the interior structure of the government, as that its several constituent departments may, by their mutual relations, be the means of keeping each other in their proper places."

These passages intimate the "practical security" which ought to be adopted, for the preservation of the weaker against the stronger members of the government. It is so to contrive its interior structure, that the constituent organs may be able to keep each other in their proper places; an idea essentially incompatible with that of making the existence of one dependent on the will of another. It will be seen afterwards, how this structure is to be so contrived.

"In order to lay a foundation for that separate and distinct exercise of the different powers of government, which, to a certain extent, is admitted on all hands, to be essential to the preservation of liberty, it is evident, that each department should have a will of its own; and consequently should be so constituted, that the members of each should have as little agency as possible, in the appointment of the members of the others. This principle, rigorously adhered to, would require that all the appointments, for the several departments, should be drawn from the same fountain of authority, the people." But, "In the constitution of the judiciary department, it might be inexpedient to insist rigorously on the principle; first, because peculiar qualifications being essential in the members, the primary consideration ought to be to select that mode of choice, which best secures these qualifications; secondly, because the permanent tenure by which the appointments are held in that department, must soon destroy all sense of dependence on the authority conferring them."

"It is equally evident, that the members of each department should be as little dependent as possible on those of the others, for the emoluments annexed to their offices. Were the executive magistrate or the judges not independent of the legislature, in this particular, their independence in every other would be merely nominal." "The great security against a concentration of the several powers, in the same department, consists in giving to those, who administer each department, the necessary constitutional means and personal motives, to resist the encroachments of the others." "But it is not possible to give to each department an

equal power of self-defence. In republican governments, the legislative authority necessarily predominates."

The means held out as proper to be employed, for enabling the several departments to keep each other in their proper places, are: 1. To give to each such an organization as will render them essentially independent of one another. 2. To secure to each a support, which shall not be at the discretionary disposal of any other. 3. To establish between them such mutual relations of authority as will make one a check upon another, and enable them reciprocally to resist encroachments, and confine one another within their proper spheres.

To accomplish the first end, it is deemed material that they should have as little agency as possible in the appointment of one another, and should all emanate directly from the same fountain of authority....the people: And that it being expedient to relax the principle, in respect to the judiciary department, with a view to a more select choice of its organs; this defect in the creation ought to be remedied by a permanent tenure of office; which certainly becomes nominal and nugatory, if the existence of the office rests on the pleasure of the legislature. The principle that the several organs should have as little agency as possible in the appointment of each other, is directly opposed to the claim in favour of one of a discretionary agency to destroy another. The second of the proposed ends, is designed to be effected by the provisions for fixing the compensations of the executive and judicial departments. The third, by the qualified negative of the executive, or the acts of the two houses of congress; by the right of one of these houses to accuse; of the other to try and punish the executive and judicial officers; and lastly, by the right of the judges, as interpreters of the laws, to pronounce unconstitutional acts void.

These are the means contemplated by the constitution, for maintaining the limits assigned to itself, and for enabling the respective organs of the government to keep each other in their proper places, so that they may not have it in their power to domineer the one over the other, and thereby, in effect, though not in form, to concentrate the powers in one department, overturn the government, and establish a tyranny. Unfortunate if these powerful precautions shall prove insufficient to accomplish the end, and to stem the torrent of the impostor....INNOVATION disguised in the specious garb of Patriotism!

The views, which prevailed in the formation of the constitution, are further illustrated by these additional comments from the same source*.

"As liberty can have nothing to fear from the judiciary alone, but would have every thing to fear from its union with either of the other departments; that as all the effects of such an union must ensue from a dependence of the former on the latter, notwithstanding a nominal and apparent separation; that as from the natural feebleness of the judiciary, it is in continual jeopardy of being overpowered, awed, or influenced by its co-ordinate branches; and that as nothing can contribute so much to its firmness and independence, as permanency in office, this quality may therefore be justly regarded as an indispensable ingredient in its constitution; and in a great measure as the citadel of the public justice, and the public security.

"The complete independence of the courts of justice is peculiarly essential in a limited constitution. Limitations can be preserved in practice no other way, than through the medium of the courts of justice to declare all acts contrary to the manifest tenor of the constitution void."

* James Madison, now secretary of state. Alexander Hamilton, formerly secretary of the treasury.

† Particularly Nos. XLVII to LI inclusive, and Nos. LXVIII to LXXXII inclusive.

‡ No. XLVII.

* No. LI.

* No. LXXVIII.

Then follows a particular discussion of the position, that it is the right and duty of the courts to exercise such an authority; to repeat which, would swell this number to an improper size.

The essence of the argument is, that every act of a delegated authority, contrary to the tenor of the commission, under which it is exercised, is void; consequently that no legislative act, inconsistent with the constitution, can be valid. That it is not a natural presumption, that the constitution intended to make the legislative body the final and exclusive judges of their own powers; but more rational to suppose that the courts were designed to be an intermediate body between the people and the legislature, in order, among other things, to keep the latter within the bounds assigned to its authority. That the interpretation of the laws being the peculiar province of the courts, and a constitution being in fact a fundamental law, superior in obligation to a statute, if the constitution and the statute are at variance, the former ought to prevail against the latter; the will of the people against the will of the agents; and the judges ought, in their quality of interpreters of the laws, to pronounce and adjudge the truth, namely, that the unauthorized statute is a nullity.

"Nor (continues the commentator) does this conclusion by any means suppose a superiority of the judicial to the legislative power. It only supposes that the power of the people is superior to both; and that where the will of the legislature, declared in its statute, stands in opposition to that of the people, declared in the constitution, the judges ought to be governed by the latter, rather than by the former. They ought to regulate their decisions by the fundamental laws, rather than by those, which are not fundamental.

"If then the courts of justice are to be considered as the bulwarks of a limited constitution, against legislative encroachments, this consideration will afford a strong argument for the permanent tenure of judicial offices."

But no proposition can be more manifest, than that this permanency of tenure must be nominal, if made defeasible at the pleasure of the legislature, and that it is ridiculous to consider it as an obstacle to encroachments of the legislative department, if this department has a discretion to vacate or abolish it directly or indirectly."

In recurring to the comments, which have been cited, it is not meant to consider them as evidence of any thing but of the views, with which the constitution was framed. After all, the instrument must speak for itself. Yet to candid minds, the co-temporary explanation of it, by men, who had had a perfect opportunity of knowing the views of its framers, must operate as a weighty collateral reason for believing the construction agreeing with this explanation to be right, rather than the opposite one. It is too cardinal a point, to admit readily the supposition, that there was misapprehension; and whatever motives may have subsequently occurred to bias the impressions of the one or the other of the purposes alluded to, the situation, in which they wrote, exempts both of an intention to misrepresent in this particular. Indeed a course of argument more accommodating to the objections of the adversaries of the constitution would probably have been preferred as most politic, if the truth, as conceived at the time, would have permitted a modification. Much trouble would have been avoided by saying, "The legislature will have a complete controul over the judges, by the discretionary power of reducing the number of those of the supreme court, and of abolishing the existing judges of the inferior courts, by the abolition of the courts themselves." But this pretension is a novelty reserved for the crooked ingenuity of after discoveries.

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHEN the celebrated GEORGE COLMAN was once told, that a man, whose own character was not very immaculate, had grossly abused him, he pointedly remarked, that the evil report of some persons was like fuller's earth, it daubs your coat for a little time, but when it is rubbed off, your coat is so much the cleaner.

MILTON's third wife had an unhappy temper, but so fine a complexion, that a French gentleman who once paid him a visit said, Monsieur Milton, your lady is like the rose. It may be, replied the bard with a sigh, but I am so unhappy as to be blind, and alas! have never found any thing but the thorns.

A certain fribble, well known in all the polite circles, was asked by the margravine of Anspach, if he had read a new publication, of which the company were talking. No, replied he; what with the avocations of dressing and visiting, I can hardly ever find time to look into a book. I believe you, sir, said the accomplished margravine, and, taking out her pencil, instantly wrote the following lines:

Like the high Alps, the head of Clodio shows,
Tho' odd, perhaps, the simile may sound,
Without as white as its eternal snows,
Within as barren as its rocky ground.

The Chinese are not remarkable for their taste, but in imitation they are unrivalled. As there is some difficulty in getting silk of a peculiar quality out of that country, in the piece, an Englishman, who wished to have a silk coat, requested a friend, who was going to Canton, to procure one made there; and, as a pattern for fashion and size, sent an old garment that fitted him; to which the Chinese taylor adhered so correctly, that he inserted a patch on one of the elbows, because the old coat had one!

The following is a new definition. A gentleman, not much versed in literary affairs, once asked a friend, what was the meaning of *posthumous* works. Z.....ds! exclaimed he, don't you know that? why they are books which a man writes after he is dead, to be sure.

A flimsy novelist, having scribbled a volume of "Tales" for the instruction of the Fair sex, asked a late theatrical performer with whom he was acquainted to look over his manuscript, and give him a motto from Shakespeare that would be put to the purpose. It was returned with the following, written in the title page:

....."Tales, told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"

A judge asked a man what age he was—I am eight and four-score, my lord, said he. And why not four-score and eight, says the judge? Because I was eight before I was four-score.

Mr. Jefferson drives like Jehu. The navy is to be suppressed, and our defence is to be abandoned to the French, according to the sage counsel of citizen Monroe, of Virginia. When the French are in possession of New-Orleans, they will be ready to come at a call, to assist Mr. Jefferson in amending our constitution, and introducing liberty and equality, as Buonaparte has done in France.

It seems, if that great historian Mr. Duane is to be trusted, we are soon to have a grand deistical chapel in this city. We suppose Thomas Paine will be the first incumbent, and that his sermons

will be as much listened to as those of Dr. Priestley. But the deists will soon become weary of hearing sermons. Williams's deistical meeting in London, notwithstanding Dr. Franklin's recommendation, lasted only two years; the preacher having become as weary of preaching, as his congregation was of hearing.

We anticipate the dissolution of the federal union, as it is already virtually abolished, by the late proceedings on the judiciary bill. What is to be the fate of this wretched, this abused country, God alone knows; but the present aspect of its politics is malign and portentous.

The ratification of Dawson's French treaty passes without observation, and our merchants must now be content to put up with the loss of their property in favour of the great nation.

Our readers will see, that the Constitution, having met with a dreadful storm, on the "tempestuous sea," has at length gone ashore.

Politicians are greatly divided with respect to the use that is to be made of the mammoth cheese; whether it is to be sent as a present to Buonaparte, and on earnest of tribute from the United States, or to be divided among the state sovereignties, or to be devoured by Duane and Gallatin at the president's table, or preserved to posterity as a glorious monument of republicanism. It has already been the subject of several poems, and we wonder that the Rev. Mr. Leland did not preach a sermon, on occasion of its presentment. The mammoth *turbot*, that was taken at Ancona, and presented to the emperor Domitian, has been celebrated by JUVENAL, who tells us, that the Roman senate was assembled to deliberate on the mode of dressing it: and some wag at Washington has composed, by anticipation, a message or address to both houses of congress, which is much better than the real address and answer that have been published.

It does not appear that Buonaparte is to send any ambassador here, agreeably to the French plan, which is, as the reader may remember, to treat all nations in the same manner as they suffer themselves to be treated by the English! Otto, the Swiss, has been talked of, as being a confidant of the consul. *Fayette will not be trusted*, and the Corsican chief seems to be studious to keep all Frenchmen at a distance.

It is said, that judge Doddridge having once complained, that the sheriff of Huntingdon had summoned a grand jury, who were not men of rank, the officer at the next assizes took the hint, and presented the judge with the following high sounding pannel:

Maximilian, King of Toseland,
Henry, Prince of Godmanchester,
George, Duke of Somersham,
William, Marquis of Stukely,
Edmond, Earl of Hartford,
Richard, Baron of Bythorn,
Stephen, Pope of Newton,
Stephen, Cardinal of Kimbolton,
Humphrey, Bishop of Bugden,
Robert, Lord of Waresley,
Robert, Knight of Warwick,
William, Abbot of Stukely,
William, Dean of Old Weston,
John, Archdeacon of Paxton,
Peter, Squire of Easton,
Edward, Friar of Ellington,
Henry, Monk of Stukely,
Thomas, Gentleman of Spaldwick,
George, Priest of Graffham.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS OF MR. JEFFERSON,
OVER THE MAMMOTH CHEESE.

YE men of Cheshire, little did ye know,
When urg'd by love, this ponderous gift you
sent,

That on this heart you struck a sick'ning blow,
And gave a thousand damning feelings vent.

In this great cheese I see myself pourtray'd,
My life and fortunes in this useless mass,
I curse the hands, by which the thing was made,
To them a cheese, to me a looking-glass.

Once I was pure.....Alas! that happy hour,
E'en as the milk, from which this monster
came,

Till turn'd, by philosophic rennet, sour,
I barter'd virtue for an empty name.

Then press'd by doctrines from the Gallic school,
A harden'd mass of nameless stuff I stood,
Where crude confusion mingles without rule,
And countless seeds of foul corruption bud.

E'en the round form this work of art displays,
Marks the uncertain, endless path I tread,
Where truth is lost in falsehood's dreary maze,
And vice in circles whirls the giddy head.

Delusive view! where light is cast aside,
And principles surrender'd for mere words,
Ah me! how lost to just and noble pride,
I am indeed become a man of cards.

Like to this cheese, my outside, smooth and
sound,

Presents an aspect kind and lasting too;
When nought but rottenness within is found,
And all my seeming rests on nothing true.

Fair to the view, I catch admiring eyes,
The nation wonders, and the world applaud,
When spread beyond my just and nat'ral size,
I seem to them an earthly demigod.

But midst this shew of greatness and of ease,
Ten thousand vermin gnaw this wretched heart,
Just as they feed upon this mammoth cheese,
And I and they can never, never part.

Go, hated Mentor, blast no more my sight,
I would forget myself, and heaven defy,
Inur'd to darkness, I detest the light,
Would be a suicide, but dare not die.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In a London magazine we find the following original poem, replete with good sense, and recommended by a graceful ease of expression. The author was a rational epicurean, and his system of life nearly resembles that of busy indolence in "The Spleen." This ballad is very old, but its independent spirit is "ever fair and ever young." The propriety of the sixth stanza, the spirit of the seventh, and the lofty dignity of the last but one, will excite every generous bosom.]

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me;
When fuss and fret was all my fare,
I got no ground as I could see;
So, when away my caring went,
I counted cost and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet;
To take what passes in good part;
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humour'd hearts,
I choose to chat where'er I come;
Whate'er the subject be that starts;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue, to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain;
For Fortune's favour or her frown;
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down:
But swing what way the ship shall swim,
Or tack about with equal trim.

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling but abide:
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of they're i' the wrong, and we're i' the right,
I shun the rancours and the routs;
And wishing well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes.

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor, if the folks should flout me, faint;
If wanted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint:
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best, who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave;
But fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave;
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never lose where'er I link;
Tho' if a business budes by,
I talk thereon just as I think:
My word, my work, my HEART, my HAND,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or notions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read and write, but without wrath;
For should I burn and break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains?

I love my neighbour as myself,
Myself like him too, by his leave;
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive:
Dame Nature doubtless has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it and brood it in your breast;
Or if ye ween, for wordly stirs,
That man does right to mar his rest,
Let me be deft and debonnaire,
I am content, I do not care.

[The following is a satire against European indecency, and is republished here merely to show our comparative purity.]

Says the Frenchman, who writes upon dresses, I
know
Ever since mother Eve had a fall,
Our grandmothers always left something to shew,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

In beauty there's something to hide and reveal,
There's a thing that we decency call;
The ladies of London may shew a great deal,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

The taste of the men we all know to be such,
That exposing will appetites pall;
Low tuckers, I think, is displaying too much,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

Dear girls, while your faces enrapture each heart,
Complain not your power's too small;
In contemplating graces we're charm'd with a part,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

My Chloe was worshipp'd wherever she came,
Her shape was so tastefully small;
Her ANKLE has set all my blood in a flame,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

The tip of the elbow, below the white cuff,
Has made my heart dance at a ball;
To shew us a few things is pleasant enough,
But the ladies of Paris shew all!

If you wish to enchant us, this lesson should strike,
All the black, brown, and fair, short or tall,
Be contented with shewing us all that we like,
But for God's sake, my dears, don't shew all.

NEMO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If some of our public characters would peruse attentively the following mode of catching gulls, so facetiously described by Peter Pindar, I am inclined to believe they might derive from it a very good hint.

Yours, &c.

B—t.

Philadelphia, January 29th, 1802.

READER, do'st know the mode of catching gulls?
If not, I will inform thee.....Take a board,
And place a fish upon it for the fools,
A sprat, or any fish by gulls ador'd:

Those birds, who love a lofty flight,
And sometimes bid the sun good night,
Spying the glittering bait that floats below,
Sans ceremonie, down they rush,
(For gulls have got no manners) down they
push,
And what's the pretty consequence I trow?
They strike their gentle jobbernowls of lead
Plump on the board.....then lie like boobies
dead.

Reader thou need'st not beat thy brains about,
To make so plain an application out:
There's many an acting puppy, take my word,
Who knocks his silly head against a board,
That might have help'd the state.....made a good
jailor
A nightman, or a tolerable tailor.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASE'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 12.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 27th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XI.

AS a shining specimen of my impartiality, I publish the ensuing letters, by which it will be instantly discerned, that, though I am a careless loungeur, I am, at the same time, an upright judge. The ladies would do their friend, Saunter, the utmost injustice, and totally mistake the habits of his life, and the emotions of his heart, were it supposed that he is a woman hater, or that he repairs to toilets and drawing-rooms, merely to gather materials of wrath. He delights to discriminate, with a piercing eye, and a chastised judgment, and to honour all, who honour themselves.

MR. SAUNTER,

SIR,

It is with some pain, that we are obliged to address you in this way, owing to the unwillingness of our male friends to interfere, on a subject that only calls forth our resentment. It is unnecessary to apologise to you for this liberty, for we assure you, if the custom of the country, or our own sense of propriety would allow it, we would not be thus considerate, but we would wait on you, and demand in person what cause we have given you, thus incessantly to vent your spleen against us. Have our coquettes or prudes offended against you? These you are at liberty to reproach and expose to the world; but, in this, do not charge even them with crimes and artifices, which we all alike disdain.

You must know, we consider ourselves the most fashionable circle of young females in this city, and, therefore as having an indisputable right to give the *ton* to the manners of the place. We, therefore, with all possible deference, think, that, in your most excellent paper, when you would describe the society of Philadelphia, all inferior classes should be included in the general character (this we freely consent to), and that character should undoubtedly be drawn from the most enlightened and genteel circle. Or you should make a note, that those, to whom your satire could apply, were only the imitators of higher life, as the world will certainly imagine it is some of us, to whom you direct correction.

Now, our little friend (for we all know you), it is time you should forbear; for we do all declare, that no other than the art of pleasing, which nature and good education bestowed, is employed by any one of us, to attract admiration. No cosmetics, rouge, or lotions ever are on our toilets, to the truth of which we all subscribe.

Amelia	Bertha
Cecilia	Delia
Euphemia	Fidelia
Gracina	Helenia
Jacintha	Kitrania
Lavinia	Maria

Nerina
Phillida
Secretia
Valeria
Waltzana
Felicia
Deliria
Betronia
Matilda
Katherina
Harmonia
Serena
Odenia
Xantippia
Rubella

Olivia
Questina
Tacetta
Roxana
Urania
Emma
Catronia
Alicia
Lauretta
Iosephina
Tellaria
Quarrella
Zetronia
Wilderia
Vanesta.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

MR. SAUNTER,

I hope you will not refuse me the liberty of making a few remarks upon a very *ungenteel*, I was almost going to say *indelicate* fashion, that is universally adopted by those vile creatures, *men*. I allude to the practice of stuffing their hands into the pockets of their *small-clothes* or pantaloons, before ladies. This fashion, as handy as it may be to them, is extremely offensive to the ladies; especially where a gentleman presents a lady with an apple, or hands her into a carriage. I know a gentleman, who always makes it a point to enter a ball-room, with his hands in his small-clothes pockets; but, however, he is in a degree excusable, for he is so awkward, that he does not know what else to do with them.

I hope my remarks will be attended to, at least by every *gentleman*; and how can it be otherwise, when they consider, that this practice is adopted by the very lowest class of people?

I am, with esteem,

Your humble servant,

KITTY DELICATE.

TO THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

SIR,

I am a young woman, in a retired part of New-Jersey, whose travels have never extended beyond the bounds of the parish, in which I live; I am, as you may naturally suppose, an entire stranger to the modes of the fashionable world. My surprise and indignation were great, on reading the letter of Modestia, in your third number. Can it be possible, sir, that the ladies of your city have so far forgotten the "bashful modesty" of their sex, as to expose themselves publicly to the "lawless gaze" of every wanton eye? I have read that the American Indians, the natives of the South Sea Islands, and many of the Africans went naked, or nearly so, but I have not heard till lately that any civilized country had, in this particular, adopted the custom of savages. Strange, indeed! that the ladies of Philadelphia should receive their fashions from their copper-coloured neighbours, or from the daughters of Otaheite!

I hope, sir, you will exert all your authority to put a stop to a custom so indecent and so inimical

to virtue, and effectually prevent its finding its way to the innocent retreats of the country.

Permit me to recommend to your fair readers the injunction of St. Paul, "that women adorn themselves in *modest* apparel, with *shamefacedness* and sobriety."

I am, Sir,
Yours, &c.

ASPASIA.

New-Jersey, Feb. 8th, 1802.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

DURING the suspension of our theatrical labours, one or two novelties have been produced, which claim our notice. "Folly as it Flies," the last effort, if we be rightly informed, of the prolific pen of Reynolds, has been two or three times represented. In this drama, the author has shown himself no bad marksman. He has made several palpable hits at the reigning follies of the day. We hope that the portrait of dissipation will be found rather too highly coloured, for its likeness to be known in this country; but, if we may credit the papers, we have among us several representatives of Dr. Infallible, for advertisements of medicines, whose wonderful virtues cure "*toutes les maladies et plusieurs autres*" (to adopt the language of a French Charlatan), meet our eyes in every paper.

In all the dramas of this author, we meet with events, which are scarcely consistent with probability, and that under review is, by no means, exempt from this defect. It contains several humorous situations, and some that are truly pathetic. Considered as compositions, his plays are, in general, feebly written; in the present piece, his language is improved. It was well acted. We know not whether to admire Mrs. Merry more in the full career of levity, or in the bitter agonies of repentance; both situations were portrayed with her usual perfection. Mr. Wignel and Mr. Wood displayed, with much effect, the infatuation of the parent, and the manly duty of the son. The simplicity of Shenkin, the cupidity of Peter Post-Obit, and the eccentricities of Tom Tick, were ably delineated by Blissett, Warren, and Bernard; and Miss Westray sustained the part allotted to her, with much simplicity and correctness.

We should not notice the representation of Obi, were we not actuated by a wish to pay the tribute of our applause to the gentleman who personated Three-Fingered Jack. We own ourselves partial to a story, well told in action; and we wish that this amateur may favour the public with a display of his talents, on many future occasions of the same kind. His action was spirited, appropriate, and energetic, in the highest degree; and his desperate conflict with his pursuers, was sustained with such truth and nature, that it almost excited sensations of horror in the spectator.

Mrs. Merry's benefit attracted an audience highly fashionable and splendid. She selected for their

entertainment the popular play of Pizarro. The character of Elvira, her excellence in which has frequently called forth our applause, was, on this occasion, assigned to, and ably supported by, Mrs. Whitlock. She appeared herself in the more humble, though we think not less interesting, part of Cora. Her expression of the agitated feelings of the wife and mother, excited its usual powerful sway over the audience. Another change, of considerable importance in the cast of the characters, took place on that evening. Mr. Wood undertook the difficult part of Rolla. His success far exceeded the expectations of those, who were the most partial admirers of his rising talents. His conception of the character was excellent, his action perfectly just, and the applause of the spectators was no less justly than liberally bestowed. The only deficiency which the critic could notice, was an occasional want of power in his voice. "Though *least not last* in our dear love," we must notice the charming behaviour of the infant, who appeared as the child of Cora and Alonzo. Its innocent, and often appropriate gestures powerfully interested the feelings.

The afterpiece was new to the American stage. It is called the Blind Girl, and contains a *melange* of humorous and pathetic incidents. The entertainments of the evening were, however, protracted to so late an hour, that this piece lost much of its interest, from the weariness of the spectators. We think that it is a well constructed drama, and possesses a considerable portion of merit.

The regular march of the benefits was, for a while, suspended, on account of the return of Mr. Green, to his former station on the Philadelphia boards. He has since appeared in a variety of characters. In the Cure for the Heart-ach, he gave a spirited representation of Young Rapid. In his tragic efforts, he is less successful. In Osmond, the difficulties which he had to encounter, in following the finished excellence of Cooper in that character, were immense. He would, perhaps, have given more general satisfaction, had his predecessor been less distinctly remembered. His conception of the character seemed just, but his voice frequently failed him. Whether it be, that he has been accustomed to a smaller stage, and has not yet acquired the pitch necessary for the Philadelphia theatre, we know not, but we often lose the concluding words of his sentences. If this fault was corrected, which we trust that a few efforts will enable him to do, we think that he might prove an useful acquisition to our present theatrical corps.

Mr. Bernard selected for his benefit a sprightly prelude, called the Manager in Distress. It went off with much spirit, and the audience appeared to be highly amused with the novelty of persons speaking from the pit and side boxes. The Dramatist succeeded this trifle, and was excellently performed. Bernard's Vapid was, throughout, animated and correct. Mrs. Merry appeared in her original character of Miss Courtney: and, although the part seems beneath her powers, she imparted to it interest and importance. Miss Westray was particularly successful in Marianne: we do not hesitate to pronounce it the best delineation of that character, that we have ever witnessed. Her excellence in the fainting scene, in the fifth act, cannot be too highly applauded. Mr. Warren gave a spirited representation of the impetuous peer, and Wood was highly respectable in Eunui. Mr. Green was less successful in Florville's first appearance, than in the drunken scene. Mrs. Francis gave us less satisfaction than usual. We have often admired her excellence in the prim old maid, and the flippant domestic. In the character under review, she occasionally seemed to forget that lady Waitfort was a modern woman of fashion, and dropt some of those low courtesies, which are better adapted to the

character of the antiquated country vestal. Her passionate expostulation with Vapid was, however, very happy.

The afterpiece of the Wags of Windsor, or the Man of all Trades, contains much broad humour. He must, indeed, have the muscles of a Cynic, who could preserve the gravity of his countenance, during its representation. Bernard's Caleb Quotem was admirable; and his song, and his journal of the multifarious employments of a day, were equally irresistible. Miss Arnold personated a fair quaker, and looked and sang sweetly; but we do not notice, in her action, that improvement, which we had anticipated from her early essays.

Mrs. Oldmixon's bill contained the attraction of a play and farce, both equally new to the Philadelphia stage. But the inclemency of the weather prevented the assemblage of such an audience as was due to her merit. The play of Reparation contains some spirited sketches of character, but it is posset of very little interest. The part, which she herself sustained, was delineated with her usual comic effect. In the fourth act, after a highly humorous scene, sustained with equal spirit by her and Mr. Francis, she was suddenly taken ill. An apology was therefore made to the audience, for a change of the afterpiece, to the great disappointment of those, who had expected a rich treat from her acknowledged vocal excellence, in a musical afterpiece. Three Weeks after Marriage was the substitute; in which Bernard and Miss Westray were as spirited as usual, in Sir Charles and Lady Racket.

The indefatigable and meritorious Warren selected, for his benefit, a Masonic Prelude, the Widow of Malabar, and Falstaff's Wedding. The former was a grave composition, which, though short, we cannot say was sweet. The tragedy seems, in many places, feebly written. The burden of the two principal characters was admirably supported by Mrs. Merry and Mr. Wood; but the others appeared to have little of importance, either to do or to say. The stage decorations, in the last scene, were not so happily arranged as usual; the pile was brought too far forward, to deceive for an instant. Falstaff's Wedding was reduced to three acts; and the Falstaff of Kenrick was as excellently represented by Warren, as the Falstaff of Shakspeare. The other characters were well cast, and ably performed; but the piece is too long for an entertainment. We think it would have answered very well as a first piece. The house was respectably filled, but not so filled as it ought to have been, for the benefit of one, to whom the frequenters of the theatre are every night so largely indebted, for the entertainment which they receive.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE Harmonic Society, under the presidency of the Reverend Mr. Law, convened on Thursday evening, the 18th instant, at Dr. Green's church, in Arch-street, when a number of elegant tunes, composed by Mr. Law, were sung, by a numerous company of ladies and gentlemen, members of the society; in which the charms of melody were accompanied by the no less delightful charms of conspicuous beauty. A pertinent and elegant oration, on the science of music, was delivered by Mr. James A. Neal, principal of the Young Ladies' Academy, of which the orator very happily took a retrospective view, from the earliest ages of antiquity; and, after dwelling, with much ingenuity, on the beauty, sublimity, and importance of sacred harmony, concluded by a very urbane and impressive address to the fair part of the creation, solicit-

ing their aid in promoting the laudable art of vocal music. On the whole, perhaps, those who attended, have seldom tasted a more agreeable mental repast.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A WRITER, who exhibits a delicacy of moral feeling, unhappily too rare in the present corrupt age, hath, in one of the evening papers of this city, made some animadversions, equally *mild* and *judicious*, upon the introduction of a new dance, called the waltz, into the circles of fashion. I am happy to observe, sir, that you are so alarmed upon this occasion, that you have inserted the observations of Lyttelton, with an introductory notice from your own pen. You have thus adopted them, and have given a more extensive circulation to this warning against danger, which, perhaps, had it not been for the sagacity of Lyttelton, might have escaped our notice. Yes, sir, we might have seen our manners daily degenerating, the waltz becoming more and more prevalent, and might have been entirely ignorant, that the deplorable state of our morals was attributable to the corrupt and corrupting influence of this portentous dance.

I cannot forbear, sir, from bestowing that commendation, which I think due to the disinterestedness of the writer, before I proceed further. He professes himself to have neither daughter nor sisters, yet his allusions are as keen and as indignant, as if he stood in each of these relations, and were contemplating the dishonour of both.

In one instance only, has he abandoned the course of that morality, which he so ably defends. I mean, in that unfortunate paragraph, where he acknowledges the innocence of the dances usually practised. I can easily perceive, from the tenor of his letter, that he is an enemy to dancing in general. He would have proscribed it, *in toto*, had he followed the dictates of his own heart, but, alas! here his virtuous courage failed him.

That part of his duty, which he has left unperformed, I shall endeavour, in my feeble measure, to supply; and this I shall be able to accomplish the more easily, as I shall borrow and adopt many of his own expressions, which, I am confident, will be found to be as applicable to dancing in general, as to the unseemly waltz.

The following is his description of this new-fangled dance:

"It is marked by a familiarity of person, a voluptuousness of movement, a lasciviousness of look, and a destitution of reserve, which must be obnoxious to that correct taste, which essentially differs both from mad licentiousness, and from prudish austerity. It should be further noted, that the revolutions are constant and giddy, that the feet of the dancers are in close and intimate union, that the male supports the female, by gentle pressure of the waist, that the female, with skill, occasionally acquiesces in the softness of the scene, and then again repels her partner, and that the eye, intent upon the eye, speaks love and pleasure. Let me add to the description, that the measures of the music are soft and Syrenian, and what sense so blunt, as not to perceive the tendency?"

All this is wonderfully exact; *not in the least overcharged*. Yet I am surprised, that it did not strike the ingenious author, that almost every syllable of this animated description is equally applicable to various parts of the figure of a country-dance or cotillion. Let us first advert to that figure, which is called leading down the middle. The feet of the dancers here certainly approximate to "a close and intimate union;" the extended arms bring the

whole frame into juxta-position; and "the eye, intent upon the eye, speaks love and pleasure.".... Some persons indeed, instead of looking at their partners, modestly look down at their shoes, and mark the motions of their own feet; but this custom is not very general, and, I believe, is not much applauded. Indeed, the eye speaks less love and pleasure in the waltz, than in any other dance. In order to prevent vertigo, they are, for the most part, immovably fixed upon one point, and this gives to the countenance an uniform expression of gravity. "The revolutions are constant and giddy," in many of the most usual figures of cotillions and country-dances. The zeal of the author has, however, misled him in a *small* degree, or he would not have found fault with this effect. Giddiness from pleasure has no resemblance, except in name, to giddiness from rapid revolution. The former is a metaphorical expression, the latter, wherever it exists, is apt to be attended with some slight degree of sickness; a sensation very incompatible with that tribe of voluptuous feelings, which he so warmly describes. If, from habit, these revolutions have ceased to produce this effect, the whole train of dangers connected with them, of course, ceases. There is not much difference between the familiarity of person in a waltz, and in an *allemande* or promenade. In the one instance, if I might be allowed to attempt at a faint imitation of Lyttelton's style, the arms are amorously entwined behind, and, in the other, before of the dancers.

I too am a "lover of the invaluable Spectator," and have read, with much pleasure, the complaints of the honest citizen, with respect to the obnoxious figures of some of the dances of his day. But why should I here be again compelled to trace a deficiency of virtuous courage in my estimable moralist? Why has he suppress the definition, given in the letter to which he alludes, of "setting," that figure, common both to country-dances and cotillions? The honest man describes it, as a "most impudent and lascivious step," of which he cannot convey a better idea, than by observing, that it is "the very reverse of back to back."

Why did he suppress the comment of the Spectator, in which he so happily enlarges on the dangerous consequences which may result, from the great familiarities between the two sexes, in the country-dance, unless he were afraid that some of the remarks might appear ironical, and that he might prove more than he wished to do?

Permit me then, Mr. Oldschool, to advance a step or two further than Lyttelton, in the cause of morality. Permit me to propose, that the "lascivious steps and melting music" of the cotillion and country-dance may be banished, together with the waltz, to the east, in order "to preserve alive, by frolic, attitude, and gesture, the glimmering flame, in the bosom of a pampered Achmet."..... Henceforth, let no dance be witnessed in our festive circles, except the solemn minuet; and to preserve, as far as possible, the inflammatory consequences which naturally follow the joining of hands, let masters of ceremonies, of advanced age and approved discretion, be appointed, who shall see that the hands, both of the gentleman and his partner, are covered with, at least, two pair of substantial leather gloves.

I would fain, sir, explode dancing altogether, for every modification of it retains more or less of those voluptuous features, which Lyttelton has sketched, with such truth and correctness; but I despair of introducing a change, so beneficial to the morals of the rising generation, and therefore must sigh and submit; but I will not despair; I will call upon Lyttelton to assist me. I trust, that I have clearly proved, that the same objections

apply to the cotillion and country-dance, as to the waltz; and I therefore now call upon him, with confidence, either to withdraw, forthwith, his objections to the waltz, or to unite with me, in condemning every species of dancing, as utterly subversive of morality, and highly pernicious to the best interests of society.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

IRONICULUS.

MISCELLANY.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

As the young olive in some sylvan scene,
Crown'd by fresh fountains with eternal green,
Lifts the gay head, in snowy flowrets fair,
And plays and dances to the gentle air;
When lo! a whirlwind from high heaven invades
The tender plant, and withers all its shades;
It lays uprooted in its genial bed,
A lovely ruin, now defac'd and dead.

POPE.

IT is an observation, founded on a general survey of mankind, and which, I am afraid, a closer inspection would not controvert, that one half of the world knows not how the other exists. This, however, might, in part, be attributed to the insufficiency of human nature, were it not a melancholy truth, that their negligence in this point is equal to their ignorance. Nursed in the lap of luxury, the son of fortune, whose budding hopes have never been nipped by the blast of adversity, turns his eyes, with contemptuous disgust, from the cheerless scenes of penury and distress, to the dazzling glare, which, under pretence of lulling sorrow, stares reflection out of countenance, and convicts reason of cynicism, by the specious appearance of indulging harmless gaiety. The listless apathist, becalmed in his own insensibility, looks with a vacant eye on the terrors of conflicting passion; or, as the utmost exertion of his pity, endeavours to allay the storm of a weak but generous mind, with the dictatorial precepts of a closetted philosopher.

Those, of the above description, I warn to proceed no farther in this paper. To the feeling, and in this community I should hope the major part of my readers, the authenticity of the following story will carry with it a sufficient apology.

The father of Frederic having, from an early pique, secluded himself from mankind, devoted an ample fortune to his family, his stables, and his cellar, in the extremity of Somersetshire. He was naturally of a morose, saturnine temper, which a considerable quantity of port, regularly discussed after dinner, for a continuance of thirty years, had not a little contributed to heighten. The usual companion of his leisure hours was the parish attorney, a supple knave, who, as occasion served, could rail at the times, praise the wine, take snuff, or ring for *another bottle*. Argument, it is natural to suppose, would not have beguiled many hours with such a duumvirate; but the squire was too distrustful of any thing human, to be circumvented in the common way, and his Achates too much a master of arts to attempt it.

By a feint, therefore, at first of opposition, and at every convenient opportunity of conviction, he frequently flattered this petty tyrant more agreeably, and sometimes allured him to his own opinion. The subject of his eldest son's education was long on the tapis; the squire being too much of a misanthrope to relish the idea of a public school, and the lawyer too jealous of the boy's growing influence, not to wish so powerful an obstacle removed. At length, however, by a more than usual exertion of artifice, he wheedled the old gentleman out of his prejudices, and, at ten years of age, Frederic was sent to Eton. Even at this early period, the natural warmth of his dispo-

sition had begun to display itself. Open, candid, and generous, his heart was the constant companion of his hand, and his tongue the artless index of his mind. As his ideas expanded, his virtues seemed to have acquired a larger scope; and the unsuspecting generosity which had before induced him heedlessly to deposit his joys and griefs with every stranger, to have been matured into a warm philanthropic benevolence for human nature, and a romantic attachment to the few, who were the more immediate objects of his affections. Exposed alike to the attacks of all the generous passions, the impetuous sallies of his temper were as easily suppressed as excited. Jealous in the extreme of obligations, and keenly sensitive, in any point which appealed to his honour or compassion, he was always a stranger to the calm serenity of a virtuous mind, and ultimately overwhelmed by those feelings, which are so often the pleasing curse of a luxuriant imagination.

To these qualifications of the heart, Frederic added the endowments of an elegant fancy; often indeed too impatient of the necessary restrictions of art, but naturally corrected by so pure a taste, as to enable him to discern, with admirable perspicuity, the limits of true and false beauty; and those of his classical compositions, which peculiarly struck his ideas, united that vivid, energetic glow of thought, which true genius alone can conceive, to a simple chastity of expression, which only correct judgment can define. As an agreeable polish to so much intrinsic merit, his countenance was lively and animated, his figure genteel, and his manners engaging.

In human, as in inanimate nature, similar qualities will have a mutual attraction. By directing our thoughts to the same objects; by viewing each other's ideas with a sympathetic benevolence; nay, even by those friendly contests, which, in the most perfect unanimity of opinion, the digressive sallies of enthusiasm sometimes give rise to, but which tend only to diversify the calm of universal concurrence, we insensibly glide into that intimate harmony, without which society is but a state of armed neutrality, little superior to the open warfare of savage nature. By each of these ties, was a romantic friendship cemented between Frederic and Edmond; their sentiments and inclinations mutually led them to a tender regard for each other's virtues. And, as they were equally blessed with all external contingencies towards happiness in future, they looked forward, with satisfaction, to the scene of active life, which seemed to invite them to the honourable exertion of their abilities.

But, alas! so fair a morning was overcast in its dawn. Frederic's virtues, which, though they could not have prolonged his existence, might at least have entitled him to a calm resignation of his breath, and the sublime satisfaction of a tranquil mind, in the awful moment of dissolution, were blasted by the artful insinuations of a villain. The worthy perpetrator of this precious piece of villainy, had, by magnifying puerile foibles into the premeditated depravities of a black heart, at length so estranged the affections of his father, as to prevail on him to make a will, entirely in his own favour; and the first notice of his displeasure was conveyed to Frederic by the executor, some days after his death.

Melancholy, to a soft and lively mind is at first an unwelcome stranger; the propensity to indulge its sensations is strongly engrafted in our natures, and we feel our own weakness, though we cannot overcome it. It was in vain that Frederic called to mind every consolatory precept, which philosophy can so well suggest, but human nature so ill practice on these occasions; he began to lose his relish for society, and even to avoid the company of a friend, to whom he could now look on his attachment in no other light than as a burthen. The quick jealousy of Edmond did not let this al-

teration pass unobserved. He endeavoured, by an increased attention, to dispel the cloud he perceived lowering on his friend's spirits; but in vain. Resolved, therefore, by one effort, to request that confidence, which his esteem taught him he was entitled to, he took the opportunity of communicating one day his observations, and complaining of that reserve, which had before been a stranger to their intercourse. Frederic felt this reproach, and resolved to sacrifice his own feelings to those of his friend. "Edmond," said he, "hitherto we have lived together in the most uninterrupted union; that we might have died as we have lived, was the fondest hope my imagination ever cherished: that hope is blasted. Whatever may have dictated this letter, I am guiltless of having given the most trivial occasion for it."

Edmond read the letter with that mixed emotion, which a good mind feels at the calamity of a friend, and the prospect of relieving it. "My friend," he replied, "what delicacy would otherwise have prevented me from pressing, your candour has forced from me; need I tell you, that Providence has furnished me with ample means for our mutual happiness; despise, while I have a hand to serve you, the frowns of fortune, and, if that should fail, let us encounter poverty together, and die as we have lived, united."

"No, Edmond, my pride forbids me to live a dependent, even on your generosity; my misery shall never be a burden to you. The wide world is before me; my life has not been so blackened with guilt, but I shall somewhere find an asylum, however wretched, to exchange a miserable existence for a tranquil dissolution; you may run that race of glory which is denied to me; and may the recollection of your lost friend sometimes diffuse a pleasing melancholy over the moment of reflection; but never, never embitter that uninterrupted felicity, which your virtues are so amply entitled to."

Edmond had scarce strength to urge his request, till Frederic, foreseeing that the execution of his gloomy purpose might be prevented by the jealous vigilance of his friend, appeared by degrees to soften into compliance, and relieved his present anxiety by a momentary affectation of tranquillity. He was scarce however retired to his chamber, when, having directed a small note to Edmond, he threw himself into a chaise, and arrived late in the evening in the metropolis. Regardless of the objects around him, and solely enveloped in the contemplation of the scene he had just quitted, he threw himself on a bed in the inn, at which he alighted; and with partial dozes, which only served to render his situation more horrible, he reflected on his miseries till morning. As soon as it was light, he determined to hire a lodging in some obscure part of the town, where he might elude the prying generosity of his friend, and endeavour to protract a miserable existence, which an enthusiastic sense of religion alone prevented him from sacrificing to his despair. For this purpose he fixed on a miserable garret, in those gloomy regions, at sight of which even adversity recoils; here, with the assistance of a few books, which he had brought with him for the purpose, he endeavoured to beguile that hollow misery, which continually preyed on his vitals. And that no neglect of religious duty might embitter his reflections, determined to apply himself to some means of supporting life. Still therefore cherishing the idea of independence, however wretched, he determined to enlist himself among a tribe of translators, employed by an eminent bookseller; vainly hoping, that while he earned his miserable pittance, by a return of labour, the obligation would be considered as mutual. But he soon found that there is not so abject a slave as a hireling scribbler, nor so tyrannical a despot as an illiterate churl, who pays for learning and potatoes with the same remorseless

stupidity. The imperious arrogance of this bashaw, and the gross adulation and vulgar merriment of his fellow servants, was little suited to the proud sensibility of Frederic. He endured, however, the insults of the one, and jests of the others, till a fever, brought on by his continual agitation of spirits, actually deprived him of this means of earning a subsistence, and stretched him on his truckle bed, amidst all the horrors of famine, indigence, disease, and despair.

In the mean time, Edmond, whose violent affliction for the departure of his friend, had for some time reduced his life to a precarious situation: as soon as he found his health in some degree re-established, determined to abandon a spot, which only presented to his mind a gloomy recollection of the days that were gone, and to follow the fortunes of his friend. Having accordingly laid the circumstances before his father, he obtained a full permission to gratify his inclination. He repaired to London, as supposing Frederic would abscond in some obscure spot of a labyrinth, in which he was most likely to be effectually concealed.

After a fortnight's fruitless search, when a settled gloom had begun to throw a damp on all his hopes of success, happening one day to enter the shop of Frederic's late employer, he overheard the literary monarch enforcing his daily rebuke with sundry oaths and ejaculations; and among other particulars, bitterly complaining of the absence of the pale dismal young man, who had lately enlisted in his service. This description immediately figured to his imagination his dejected friend; tremblingly alive with this idea, he eagerly inquired his lodging, determining immediately to satisfy the fearful curiosity, which his late absence had inspired. His first emotions a little subsided, he resolved previously to apply for medical assistance; that in case of any urgent necessity, it might be at hand. For this purpose he visited the late Dr. —, and it was by his advice that he determined to spare his friend's weak and exhausted spirits the agitation of a sudden interview.

It was not without considerable emotion that Edmond entered a dreary hut, whose very appearance was calculated to inspire misery; it was from the hag, who owned this mansion, that he learned, that her lodger had for some time kept his bed; and was so reduced, by three days almost total abstinence, as to be frequently deprived of understanding. Shocked as he was at this information, he saw the propriety of the physician's advice sufficiently, to take his stand at the door of the apartment, in order to watch the most favourable opportunity for an interview.

Frederic's strength had been that evening so far exhausted by a preceding delirium, as to afford him, for a short time, the wretched possession of his faculties. He was kneeling, with great apparent agony, before a bible, and grasping with a convulsive gripe the foot of his bed, as if by the exertion of his nerves, to awaken his fainting soul from the torpor, which seemed to be gathering on it, at every interval of empassioned phrensy. There is in solitary misery, a comfortless horror in brooding over misfortunes, which far exceeds even the cutting pangs we feel when those we love are involved in our calamities. In the latter situation we have a pleasing object to rest the external sense on; and the very gratification of our feelings on such an occasion, diffuses a tranquil luxury over our sorrows; in the former, all is dark and comfortless, and a knowing horror perpetually suggests ideas, which the gangrened imagination, while it trembles to nourish, is unable to resist the indulgence of. Such was the situation of Frederic, when the recollection of the past, the horror of the present, and the prospect of the future, drew from the bottom of his soul "Oh! that I had the wings of a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest." Edmond could at this eja-

ulation no longer contain himself, but rushing into the room, and hanging over his fainting friend, "All may yet be well," said he, "we may yet live to renew our pleasures; to pursue those fond projects, which your too delicate generosity has so cruelly interrupted!" The well-known voice sounded on Frederic's dying senses, and recalled a momentary exertion of his languid spirit; "Never, never, it is past! Oh! Edmond, it is past!" then darting a look of despairing agony to Heaven, he exclaimed, in a trembling voice, "My God! My God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and sinking into the arms of his friend, groaned out his soul, and expired.

POLITICS.

FROM THE NEW-YORK EVENING POST.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE, CONTINUED.

No. XVI.

THE president, as a politician, is in one sense particularly unfortunate. He furnishes frequent opportunities of arraying him against himself....of combating his opinions at one period by his opinions at another. Without doubt a wise and good man may, on proper grounds, relinquish an opinion which he has once entertained, and the change may even serve as a proof of candour and integrity. But with such a man, especially in matters of high public importance, changes of this sort must be rare. The contrary is always a mark either of a weak and versatile mind, or of an artificial and designing character, which, accommodating its creed to circumstances, takes up or lays down an article of faith, just as may suit a present convenience.

The question in agitation respecting the judiciary department, calls up another instance of opposition between the former ideas of Mr. Jefferson, and his recent conduct. The leading positions, which have been advanced as explanatory of the policy of the constitution, in the structure of the different departments, and as proper to direct the interpretation of the provisions, which were contrived to secure the independence and firmness of the judges, are to be seen in a very emphatical and distinct form in the Notes on Virginia. The passage, in which they appear, deserves to be cited at length, as well for its intrinsic merit, as by way of comment upon the true character of its author; presenting an interesting contrast between the maxims, which experience had taught him while governor of Virginia, and those, which now guide him as the official head of a great party in the United States.

It is in these words....

"All the powers of government, legislative, executive, and judiciary, result to the legislative body. The concentrating these in the same hands is precisely the definition of despotic government. It will be no alleviation that these powers will be exercised by a plurality of hands, and not by a single one. One hundred and seventy-three despots would surely be as oppressive as one. Let those, who doubt it, turn their eyes on the republic of Venice. As little will it avail us that they are chosen by ourselves. An elective despotism was not the government we fought for; but one, which should not only be founded on free principles, but in which the powers of government should be so divided and balanced among several bodies of magistracy, as that no one could transcend their legal limits, without being effectually checked and restrained by the others. For this reason that convention, which passed the ordinance of government, laid its foundation on this basis, that the legislative, executive, and judiciary departments should be separate and distinct, so that no person should exercise the powers of more than one of

them at the same time. *But no barrier was provided between these several powers.* The judiciary and executive members were left dependent on the legislative for their subsistence in office, and some of them for their continuance in it. If, therefore, the legislative assumes executive and judiciary powers, no opposition is likely to be made: nor if made, can be effectual; because, in that case, they may put their proceedings into the form of an act of assembly, which will render them obligatory on the other branches. They have accordingly in many instances decided rights, which should have been left to judicial controversy; and the direction of the executive, during the whole time of their session, is becoming habitual and familiar.

This passage fully recognizes these several important truths: that the tendency of our governments is towards a concentration of the powers of the different departments in the legislative body; that such a concentration is precisely the definition of despotism, and that an effectual barrier between the respective departments ought to exist. It also, by a strong implication, admits that offices during good behaviour are independent of the legislature for their continuance in office. This implication seems to be contained in the following sentence: "The judiciary and executive members were left dependent on the legislature for their subsistence in office, and some of them for their continuance in it." The word 'some' implies that others were not left thus dependent; and to what description of officers can the exception be better applied, than to the judges, the tenure of whose offices was during good behaviour?

The sentiments of the president, delivered at a period when he can be supposed to have been under no improper bias, must be regarded by all those, who respect his judgment, as no light evidence of the truth of the doctrine, for which we contend. Let us, however, resume and pursue the subject on its merits, without relying upon the aid of so variable and fallible an authority.

At an early part of the discussion in this examination, a construction of the constitution was suggested, to which it may not be amiss to return. It amounts to this, that congress have power to new-model, or even to abrogate an inferior court, but not to abolish the office or emoluments of a judge of such court previously appointed. In the congressional debates, some of the speakers against the repealing law appear to have taken it for granted, that the abrogation of the court must draw with it the abolition of the judges, and, therefore, have denied in totality, the power of abrogation. In the course of these papers too, it has been admitted, that if the preservation of the judges cannot be reconciled with the power to annul the court, then the existence of this power is rightly denied. But in an affair of such vast magnitude, it is all-important to survey with the utmost caution the ground to be taken, and then to take and maintain it with inflexible fortitude and perseverance. Truth will be most likely to prevail, when the arguments, which support it stop at a temperate mean, consistent with practical convenience. Excess is always error. There is hardly any theoretic hypothesis, which, carried to a certain extreme, does not become practically false. In construing a constitution, it is wise as far as possible to pursue a course, which will reconcile essential principles with convenient modifications. If guided by this spirit, in the great question, which seems destined to decide the fate of our government, it is believed that the result will accord with the construction, that congress have a right to change or abolish inferior courts, but not to abolish the actual judges.

Towards the support of this construction, it has been shewn in another place, that the courts and the judges are distinct legal entities, which, in contemplation of law, may exist independently the

one of the other....mutually related, but not inseparable. The act proposed to be repealed exemplifies this idea in practice. It abolishes the district courts of Tennessee and Kentucky, and transfers their judges to one of the circuit courts. Though the authorities and jurisdiction of those courts are vested in the circuit court, to which the judges are transferred; yet the identity of the courts cease. It cannot be maintained that courts so different in their organization and jurisdiction are the same; nor could a legislative transfer of the judges have been constitutional, but upon the hypothesis, that the office of a judge may survive the court, of which he is a member: A new appointment by the executive, of two additional judges for the circuit court would otherwise have been necessary.

This precedent in all its points is correct, and exhibits a rational operation of the construction, which regards the office of the judge as distinct from the court, as one of the elements or constituent parts, of which it is composed; not as a mere incident, that must perish with its principal.

It will not be disputed, that the constitution might have provided *in terms*, and with effect, that an inferior court, which had been established by law, might by law be abolished; nevertheless, that the judges of such court should retain the offices of judges of the United States, with the emoluments before attached to their offices. The operation of such a provision would be, that when the court was abolished, all the functions to be executed in that court would be suspended, and the judge could only continue to exert the authorities and perform the duties, which might before have been performed, without reference to causes pending in court; but he would have the capacity to be annexed to another court, without the intervention of a new appointment, and by that annexation, simply to renew the exercise of the authorities and duties, which had been suspended.

If this might have been the effect of positive and explicit provision, why may it not likewise be the result of provisions, which, presenting opposite considerations, point to the same conclusion, as a compromise calculated to reconcile those considerations with each other, and to unite different objects of public utility? Surely the affirmative infringes no principle of legal construction, transgresses no rule of good sense.

Let us then enquire, whether there are not in this case opposite and conflicting considerations, demanding a compromise of this nature? On the one hand, it is evident that if an inferior court once instituted, though found inconvenient, cannot be abolished, this is to entail upon the community the mischief, be it more or less, of a first error in the administration of the government. On the other hand, it is no less evident, that if the judges hold their offices at the discretion of the legislature, they cease to be a co-ordinate, and become a dependent branch of the government; from which dependence mischiefs infinitely greater are to be expected.

All these mischiefs, the lesser as well as the greater, are avoided by saying, "Congress may abolish the courts, but the judges shall retain their offices, with the appurtenant emoluments." The only remaining inconvenience then, will be one too insignificant to weigh in a national scale, that is, the expence of the compensations of the incumbents during their lives. The future and permanent expence will be done away.

But will this construction secure the benefits proposed by the constitution from the independent tenure of judicial office? Substantially it will..... The main object is to preserve the judges from being influenced by an apprehension of the loss of the advantages of office. As this loss could not be incurred, that influence would not exist. Their firmness could not be assailed by the danger of be-

ing superseded, and perhaps consigned to want. Let it be added, that when it was understood not to be in the power of the legislature to deprive the judges of their offices and emoluments, it would be a great restraint upon the factious motives, which might induce the abolition of a court. This would be much less likely to happen, unless for genuine reasons of public utility; and of course there would be a much better prospect of the stability of judiciary establishments.

No. XVII.

IT was intended to have concluded the argument respecting the judiciary department with the last number. But a speech lately delivered* in the house of representatives, having since appeared, which brings forward one new position, and reiterates some others in a form well calculated to excite prejudice, it may not be useless to devote some further attention to the subject.

The new position is, that the clause of the constitution enabling the judges to hold their offices during good behaviour, ought to be understood to have reference to the executive only, *because all offices are holden of the president!*

This is the second example of a doctrine, contrary to every republican idea, broached in the course of this debate, by the advocates of the repealing law†. Had a federalist uttered the sentiment, the cry of monarchy would have resounded from one extremity of the United States to the other. It would have been loudly proclaimed that the mask was thrown aside, by a glaring attempt to transform the servants of the people into the supple tools of presidential ambition. But now, to justify a plain resolution of the constitution, and serve a party purpose, this bold and dangerous position is avowed, without hesitation or scruple, from a quarter remarkable for the noisy promulgation of popular tenets.

The position is not correct; and it is of a nature to demand the indignant reprobation of every real republican. In the theory of all the American constitutions, offices are holden of the government, in other words, of the people through the government. The appointment is indeed confined to a particular organ, and in instances, in which it is not otherwise provided by the constitution or the laws, the removal of the officer is left to the pleasure or discretion of that organ. But both these acts suppose merely an instrumentality of the organ; from the necessity or expediency of the people's acting in such cases by an agent. They do not suppose the substitution of the agent to the people, as the object of the fealty or allegiance of the officer.

It is said that the word *holden* is a technical form, denoting tenure, and implying that there is one who holds, another of whom the thing is holden. This assertion is indeed agreeable to the common use of the word in our law books. But it is hardly to be presumed that it was employed in the constitution in so artificial a sense. It is more likely that it was designed to be the equivalent of the words *possess, enjoy*. Yet let the assertion be supposed correct. In this case, it must also be remembered that the term in this technical sense includes two things: the quantity of interest in the subject holden, and the meritorious consideration, upon which the grant is made; which, in many cases, includes service or rent, in all *fealty*; this last forming emphatically the link or tie between the lord and the tenant, the sovereign and the officer. Will any one dare to say that fealty or alle-

* By Mr. Giles.

† The other is a denial of the right of the courts to keep the legislature within its constitutional bounds, which transgress them inoperative.

giance, as applied to the government of the United States, is due from the officer to the president?.... Certainly it is not. It is due to the people in their political capacity. If so, it will follow that the office is holden not of the president, but of the nation, government, or state.

It is remarkable that the constitution has every where used the language "officers of the United States," as if to denote the relation between the officer and the sovereignty; as if to exclude the dangerous pretension that he is the mere creature of the executive; accordingly, he is to take an oath "to support the constitution," that is, an oath of fidelity to the government; but no oath of any kind to the president.

In the theory of the British government, it is entirely different. There the majesty of the nation is understood to reside in the prince. He is deemed the real sovereign. He is, emphatically, the fountain of honour. Allegiance is due to him; and, consequently, public offices are, in the true notion of tenure, holden of him. But in our constitution, the president is not the sovereign; the sovereignty is vested in the government, collectively; and it is of the sovereignty, strictly and technically speaking, that a public officer holds his office.

If this view of the matter be just, the basis of the argument, in point of fact, fails; and the principle of it suggests an opposite conclusion, namely, that the condition of good behaviour is obligatory on the whole government, and ought to operate as a barrier against any authority, by which the displacement of the judges from their offices may be, directly or indirectly, effected.

In the same speech, much stress has been laid on the words "during their continuance in office," as implying that the compensation of the judge was liable to cease by a legislative discontinuance of the office. If the words had been *during the continuance of the office*, the argument would have been pertinent; but as they stand, a different inference, if any, is to be drawn from them. They seem rather to relate to the continuance of the officer, than to that of the office. But in truth, an inference either way, is a pitiful subtlety. The clause is neutral; its plain and simple meaning being, that the compensation shall not be diminished while the judge retains the office. It throws no light whatever on the question *how he may lawfully cease to possess it*.

Another point is pressed with great earnestness, and with greater plausibility. It is this, that the constitution must have intended to attach recompense to service, and cannot be supposed to have meant to bestow compensation, where, in the opinion of the legislature, no service was necessary. Without doubt, the constitution does contemplate service as the ground of compensation; but it likewise takes it for granted, that the legislature will be circumspect in the institution of offices; and especially, that it will be careful to establish none of a permanent nature, which will not be permanently useful. And with this general presumption, the constitution anticipates no material inconvenience from the permanency of judicial offices, connected with permanent emoluments. And though it should have foreseen that cases might happen, in which the service was not needed, yet there is no difficulty whatever in the supposition, that it was willing to encounter the trivial contingent evil of having to maintain a few superfluous officers, in order to obtain the immense good of establishing and securing the independence of the courts of justice. A readiness of the officer to render service to the will of the government, is the consideration as to him for continuing the compensation. But the essential inducement is the public utility incident to the independency of the judicial character. As to the supposition of an enormous

abuse of power, by creating a long list of sinecures, and a numerous host of pensioners; whenever such a thing shall happen, it will constitute one of those extreme cases, which, on the principle of necessity, may authorise extra-constitutional remedies. But these are cases, which can never be appealed to, for the interpretation of any constitution, which, in meting out the power of the government, must be supposed to adjust them on the presumption of a fair execution.

A further topic of argument is that our doctrine would equally restrain the legislature from abolishing offices held during pleasure. But this is not true. The two things stand on different ground. First, the executive has such an agency in the enacting of laws, that as a general rule, the displacement cannot happen against his pleasure. Second, the pleasure of the president, in all cases not particularly excepted, is understood to be subject to the direction of the law. Third, an officer during pleasure, having merely a revocable interest, the abolition of his office is no infringement of his right. In substance he is a tenant at the will of the government, liable to be discontinued by the executive organ, in the form of a removal; by the legislative in the form of an abolition of the office. These different considerations reconcile the legislative authority to abolish, with the prerogative of the chief magistrate to remove, and with the temporary right of individual, to hold. And, therefore, there is no reason against the exercise of such an authority; nothing to form an exception to the *general competency of the legislative power to provide for the public welfare*. Very different is the case as to the judges. The most persuasive motives of public policy, the safety of liberty itself, require that the judges shall be independent of the legislative body; in order to maintain effectually the separation between the several departments. The provision that their compensation shall not be diminished, is a clear constitutional indication, that their independence was intended to be guarded against the legislature. The express declaration that they shall hold their offices during good behaviour, that is, upon a condition *dependent on themselves*, is repugnant to the hypothesis, that they shall hold at the *mere pleasure of others*. Provisions, which profess to confer rights upon individuals, are always entitled to a liberal interpretation in support of the rights, and ought not, without necessity, to receive an interpretation subversive of them. Provisions, which respect the organization of a co-ordinate branch of the government, ought to be construed in such a manner, as to procure for it stability and efficiency, rather than in such a manner as render it weak, precarious, and dependent. These various and weighty reasons serve to establish strong lines of discrimination between judicial and other officers; and to prove that no inference can be drawn from the power of the legislature as to the latter, which will be applicable to the former.

One more defence of this **FORMIDABLE CLAIM**, is attempted to be drawn from the example of the judiciary establishment of Great Britain. It is observed that this establishment, the theme of copious eulogy on account of the independence of the judges, places those officers upon a footing far less firm than will be that of the judges of the United States, even admitting the right of congress to abolish their offices, by abolishing the courts, of which they are members: And as one proof of the assertion it is mentioned; that the English judges are removable by the king, on the address of the two houses of parliament.

All this might be very true, and yet prove nothing as to what is or ought to be the construction of our constitution on this point. It is plain from the provision respecting compensation, that the framers of that constitution intended to prop the

independence of our judges beyond the precautions, which have been adopted in England, in respect to the judges of that country; and the intention apparent in this particular, is an argument that the same spirit may have governed other provisions. Cogent reasons have been assigned, applicable to our system, and not applicable to the British system, for securing the independence of our judges against the legislative, as well as against the executive power.

It is alleged that the statute of Great Britain of the 13 of William III was the model, from which the framers of our constitution copied the provisions for the independence of our judiciary. It is certainly true, that the idea of the tenure of office during good behaviour, found in several of our constitutions, is borrowed from that source. But it is evident that the framers of our federal system did not mean to confine themselves to that model. Hence the restraint of the legislative discretion, as to compensation; hence the omission of the provision for the removal of the judges by the executive, on the application of the two branches of the legislature; a provision which has been imitated in some of the state governments.

This very omission affords no light inference that it was the intention to depart from the principle of making the judges removable from office, by the co-operation or interposition of the legislative body. Why else was this qualification of the permanent tenure of the office, which forms a conspicuous feature in the British statute, and in some of the state constitutions, dropped in the plan of the federal government?

The insertion of it in the British statute may also be supposed to have been dictated by the opinion, that without a special reservation, the words during good behaviour would have imported an irrevocable tenure. If so, the precaution will serve to fortify our construction.

But however it may seem in theory, in fact, the difference in the genius of the two governments would tend to render the independence of the judges more secure under the provision of the British statute, than it would be in this country upon the construction, which allows to congress the right to abolish them. The reason is this....From the constitution of the British monarchy, the thing chiefly to be apprehended is, an overbearing influence of the crown upon the judges. The jealousy of executive influence resting upon more powerful motives in that country, than in this, it may be expected to operate as a stronger obstacle there, than here; to an improper combination between the executive and legislative departments to invade the judiciary. Moreover, the British executive has greater means of resisting parliamentary controul, than an American executive has of resisting the controul of an American legislature; consequently the former would be in less danger than the latter, of being driven to a concurrence in measures hostile to the independence of the judges: And in both these ways, there would be greater security for the British than for the American judges.

Thus it is manifest that in every attitude, in which the subject has been placed, the argument is victorious against the power of congress to abolish the judges. But what, alas! avails the demonstration of this important truth? The fatal blow has been struck! It is no longer possible to arrest the rash and daring arm of power! Can the proof that it has acted without right, without warrant....can this heal the wound? Can it renovate the perishing constitution?....Yes, let us hope that this will be the case. Let us trust that the monitory voice of true patriotism will at length reach the ears of a considerate people, and will rouse them to a united and vigorous exertion for the restoration of their **VIOLATED CHARTER**; not

by means either disorderly or guilty, but by means, which the constitution will sanction and reason approve. Surely this will be so....A people, who, describing tyranny at a distance, and guided only by the light of just principles, before they had yet felt the scourge of oppression, could nobly hazard all in the defence of their rights ;....a people, who sacrificing their prejudices on the altar of experience, and spurning the artifices of insidious demagogues, could, as a deliberate act of national reason, adopt and establish for themselves a constitution, which bid fair to immortalize their glory and their happiness, such a people, though misled for a period, will not be the final victims of a delusion, alike inauspicious to their reputation and to their welfare. They will not long forget the fame they have so justly merited, nor give the world occasion to ascribe to accident, what has hitherto been imputed to wisdom. They will disdain to herd with the too long list of degraded nations, who have bowed their necks to unworthy idols of their own creating....who, immolating their best friends at the shrine of falsehood, have sunk under the yoke of sycophants and betrayers. They will open their eyes, and see the precipice on which they stand! They will look around, and select from among the throng, the men, who have heretofore established a claim to their confidence ; the solid basis of able and faithful service ; and they will, with indignation and scorn, banish from their favour the wretched impostors, who, with honeyed lips and guilty hearts, are luring them to destruction! Admonished by the past, and listening again to the counsels of *real* friends, they will make a timely retreat from the danger, which threatens....they will once more arrange themselves under the banners of the constitution ; with anxious care will repair the breaches that have been made, and will raise new mounds against the future assaults of open or secret enemies!

LUCIUS CRASSUS.

The following is preserved as a map of the folly and madness of the times. It is a record of republican puerility. Extract of a letter from a gentleman at Washington, to the editor of the *Gazette of the United States*.

"THE ministerialists here are in a most distressed situation. Mr. Giles and Mr. Mason have both gone home, each, it is said, with the patriotic intention of becoming governor of Virginia. Unless they speedily return, it is believed that the president's sect in the house of representatives will be obliged to relinquish the goodly work of reform, for want of sufficient acquaintance with business to mature their plans, and carry them into execution. They complain bitterly, that the gentlemen in the minority only point out their absurdities, without helping to correct them. Mr. Randolph, the chairman of the committee of ways and means, complained so piteously of this want of assistance, upon the bill which he reported for repealing the internal taxes, that Mr. Goddard of Connecticut was induced to bring forward an amendment, which Mr. Randolph voted for, in the place of one which he himself had introduced, and which he acknowledged incompetent to the purpose.

"The scene exhibited on the 21st, upon the amendments offered by Mr. Dennis, was diverting beyond description. The federal republicans resolved to use every effort in their power, to make part of the contemplated reduction of revenue fall upon those articles of necessity, which are exclusively used by the labouring part of the community ; the president's sect labouring with equal assiduity, to prevent these efforts from appearing in the proceedings of the house. For this purpose, they voted against an express rule of the house, and against the decision of their own speaker, to divide the motion of Mr. Dennis, for striking out the words "sales at auction," and inserting, in

place of them, the word *coffee*. After rejecting the motion for striking out, they were thrown into a most ludicrous perplexity, on the question of inserting. They maintained that no vote could be taken, inasmuch as no place was designated for the insertion. The speaker said, that a vote must be taken upon both parts of a motion which had been divided ; and the federal republicans told them, that, if they had reduced the subject to nonsense and absurdity, it was their own handy work, and that as they insisted upon cutting up the motion, they were now at liberty to dispose of the parts according to their own taste.

"Mr. Nicholson, in great agitation, insisted that he had a right to be informed, either by the speaker or the clerk, what should be done with *coffee*, and where he must put it.

"The speaker again replied, that the question upon inserting coffee in the first section must be put.

"Some gentleman proposed to insert it between the words *pleasurable* and *carriages*, so as to read, *pleasurable coffee carriages*. The perplexity every moment increased, when Mr. Dennis rose and said, if the motion for inserting the word were carried, it would then be in order to bring up another motion, by which the place of insertion might be settled.

"One of the gentlemen who voted for a division of the question, then rose and declared, that he found himself in so great embarrassment in consequence of the division, that he thought it impossible to proceed, and moved a reconsideration of the vote.

"It was very evident, by this time, that the ministerial sect were acting without their instructions, and knew not what to do. Their ultimate expedient was to call for an adjournment. The motion was lost, only 35 rising in favour of it.

"The motion for reconsidering then recurred. It was asked by Mr. Bayard, whether that was a question of order, and of course one which could not be debated. The speaker asked for time to look at the rules before making a decision. An adjournment was again called for, and carried."

LITERARY NOTICE.

BIOGRAPHY OF WASHINGTON.

IT is for the interest of literature, and for the honour of our country, that none but an authentic and correctly written biography of Washington, should receive the patronage of Americans. Such a biography is now in the work-shop of an artist, eminent for his erudition, and possessed of the materials which were collected by Washington himself. The public are therefore requested to defer subscriptions to the daily proposals for lives of this great man, as the editor has authority to state, that an accurate and elegant performance on this subject will very shortly be presented to the world.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A WAG, lately describing an elephant, remarked, that this sagacious animal took care never to be robbed, for he always carried his *trunk* before him.

A gentleman, distinguished for his skill in painting, was t'other day applied to for his opinion of a dashing sign of Mr. Jefferson, just exhibited at the door of a miserable pot house, kept in the suburbs, by one of the *lowest* of the people. The connoisseur immediately answered, that the painter might do *signs*, but he would never do *wonders*.

Our political time-servers, who are curious to investigate the history of their family, will do well to meditate the following passage:

The duke of Savoy, one of the ancestors of the present duke, took, indifferently, sometimes the part of France, and sometimes that of Spain. For this purpose, he had a *juste au corps*, or close coat, white on one side, and scarlet on the other ; so that when he meant to declare himself for France, he wore the white outside ; and when for Spain, he turned it, and wore the red. This is the origin of the proverb, *Tourner cassaque*, or *turn your coat*.

The following faithful descriptions will give our countrymen some idea of what is meant by the term *hoax*, so liberally employed in all the modern countries :

The trade of swindling was never at a higher pitch in London than it is at present. Almost every part of the town is beset by these harpica.

A FEW SPECIMENS OF SWINDLING.

MONEY LENT.

"Persons in want of money, may have the same to any amount, on bond, note, or by way of annuity, at an hour's notice."....The parties are not to expect more than one twentieth part of the value of their deposit ; and, in certain cases, may probably be plundered of the whole.

PARTNER WANTED.

"Any person having four or five thousand pounds at his disposal, will be taken into partnership, in a very lucrative business, where he may, with very little trouble, make 20 per cent. of his capital."....The advertiser, when he procures the new partner's money, becomes a bankrupt ; and, by fictitious books, and fictitious creditors, get his certificate, and sets up in business on the credulity of the deluded man who sought for 20 per cent.

A WIFE.

"A gentleman of property may be introduced to a young lady, with a capital fortune at her own disposal. A handsome premium is expected, by way of bond to the advertiser, payable on the day of marriage."....The young lady to be married is a jilt, not worth sixpence, at a boarding-school, where she passes for an immense fortune. The ceremony takes place, and the bridegroom is made to pay perhaps 1000l. for a wife not worth a groat. Such things are.

FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS WANTED,

"On landed property, in a registered county. None but principals will be treated with." The estate is mortgaged for the sum, and the money paid ; but when application is made for the interest, it is discovered that the party who borrowed was not the owner of the estate ; that the whole was a fraud ; and that the swindler and money are gone to America.

MARRIED,

At Beverley, Mr. John Thistle, aged 18, to Miss Mehitable Clarke, aged 38. Had old Ben. Franklin recorded this marriage in his journal, he would have probably immortalized this curious connection, by some such descriptive doggerel as the following :

Experience will soon tell this tender THISTLE,
That he has paid too dearly for his whistle.

[Farmer's Museum.

A curious bet has been lately made, of who is the most *gallant* man of fashion in London, each party engaging to name the man. A certain person was named on the one side ; on the other an exiled prince. Every one in company stared that his highness should be named ; but as it could not be denied that he *sleeps* with every fine woman, with whom he gets into company, the wager was decided accordingly.

As the practice of *stealing letters* and firing houses begins to abound, we cannot doubt that this is the most brilliant period of the history of the United States, and that our citizens are improving and perfecting their republican institutions, as our worthy governor told the legislature long since. Nay, it appears that the perfectibility of man is in the way of being carried as high as the new philosophy itself admits. The late fires, forgeries, &c. afford proof that our republican citizens are very active in exercising the rights of man.

We are quite dull in Philadelphia, since we have been deprived of the company of Mr. Duane; although since his preferment as the national stationer, he entertains us with his publications at Washington, and his extracts from stolen letters, whenever Mr. Cheat'em is successful in his operations.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO JAMES A. NEAL,

PRINCIPAL OF THE YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY, ON HIS ORATION ON MUSIC, DELIVERED BEFORE THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, ON THURSDAY EVENING, THE 18TH INSTANT.

HAIL, friend of Science! friend of Virtue, hail!
Whose pow'rs o'er prejudice and age prevail,
Music, thro' time's long-winding tracks to trace;
To lead her forth in her celestial grace;
To show what angel charms in her combine;
To prove her, like her origin, divine;
To bring her from Idolatry's abode,
And dedicate her to THE LIVING GOD.

I view, pourtray'd by thee, the heavenly maid,
In more than Fancy's richest robes array'd;....
An ever-blooming wreath adorns her head;
Innum'rous beauties o'er her person spread;
Immortal glories round her beam serene;
Divine expression animates her mien;
Love, joy, and rapture triumph in her eyes,
Whose radiance gilds the circumambient skies;
While thousand forms ethereal near her play,
Enchanted by her soul-subduing lay;
And all around breathes more than Eden's blooms,
Its sweet delightfulness and rich perfumes.

Well hast thou shewn....all nature owns her sway;
That all the elements her power obey;
That all inanimate creation join
To sound the *Maker's* praise in notes divine:
Well hast thou shewn, that her dominion vast
Shall still o'er animated matter last,
Long as th'informing principle remains
To feel and to repeat th'inspiring strains.
But when thy warm description holds to view
The hymns, the anthems of *God's chosen few*,
Music in majesty divine appears,
And fills with melody the list'ning spheres:
Snatch'd back to the primæval years of Time,
We glow with feelings and with thoughts sublime;
In fond idea catch th'enraptur'd song,
That lifts from earth to join th'angelic throng,
And chaunt with them the sweet symphonious lay,
That "wakes to ecstasy" the realms of day,

Such, such, indeed, is Music's form divine,
Her pow'r, her force, by Heaven's all-wise design,
As one sweet link of that blest chain, which binds
Man to his Maker, souls t'etherial minds;
Which by Religion brightened, worlds shall see,
Close and more close shall draw, to all eternity,

Then, friend of science, friend of virtue hail!
May noble efforts, such as thine, prevail,
The love of SACRED MUSIC to inspire,
And rouse the slumb'ring spirit of the lyre;....
That pure devotion may with knowledge join
In adoration to THE NAME DIVINE:
In hymns and anthems, symphonies and lays,
And all the sweet variety of praise.

PHILOMUSUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE TIPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

BY JAMES H. BEATTIE,

Father Hodge* had his pipe and his dram,
And at night, his cloy'd thirst to awaken,
He was serv'd with a rasher of ham,
Which procur'd him the surname of Bacon.
He has shown, that, though logical science,
And dry theory oft prove unhandy,
Honest truth will ne'er set at defiance
Experiment aided by brandy.

Des Cartes bore a musket, they tell us,
Ere he wish'd or was able to write,
And was noted among the brave fellows,
Who are bolder to tittle than fight.
Of his system, the cause and design,
We no more can be posed to explain:
The *materies subtilis* was wine,
And the *vortices* whirl'd in his brain.

Old Hobbes, as his name plainly shews,
At *at hob nob* was frequently tried;
That all virtue from selfishness rose
He believ'd, and all laughter from pride†.
The truth of his creed he would brag on,
Smoko his pipe, murder Homer, and quaff‡,
Then starting, as drunk as a dragon,
In the pride of his heart he would laugh.

Sir Isaac discovered, it seems,
The nature of colour and light,
In remarking the tremulous beams
That swam on his wandering sight.
Ever sapient, sober tho' seldom,
From experience attraction he found,
By observing, when no one upheld him,
That his wise head fell souse on the ground.

As to Berkely's philosophy....he has
Left his poor pupils nought to inherit
But a swarm of deceitful ideas
Kept, like other monsters, in spirit||.
For drinkers can't think what's the matter,
That their health does not mend but decline,
Why they take but some wine to their water,
He took but some water to wine.

One Mandeville once, or Man-devil,
(Either name you may give as you please)
By a brain ever brooding on evil,
Hatch'd a monster call'd *Fable of Bees*.
Vice, said he, aggrandizes a people**,
By this let my conduct be view'd;
I swagger, swear, guzzle, and tittle,
And h— ye, 'tis all for your good.

* Roger Bacon, the father of experimental philosophy. He flourished in the 13th century.

† See Spectator, No. 47.

‡ Hobbes was a great smoker, and wrote what some have been pleased to call a translation of Homer.

|| He taught, that the external universe has no existence, but an ideal one in the mind (or spirit) that perceives it; and he thought tar water an universal remedy.

** Private vices public benefits.

D— H— ate a swinging great dinner,
And grew every day fatter and fatter;
And yet this huge bulk of a sinner
Said there was neither spirit nor matter.
Now there's no sober man in the nation,
Who such nonsense could write, speak or think.
It follows, by fair demonstration,
That he philosophized in his drink.

As a smuggler even P— could sin;
Who in hopes the poor guager of frightening,
While he fill'd the case bottle with gin,
Swore he fill'd them with thunder and lightning*.
In his cups, when Locke's laid on the shelf,
Could he speak, he would frankly confess it
t'ye,
That unable to manage himself,
He put his whole trust in necessity.

If the young in rash folly engage,
How closely continues the evil!
Old Franklin retain'd as a sage,
The thirst he acquir'd when a devil†.
That charging drives fire from a phial,
It was natural for him to think,
After finding from many a trial,
That drought may be kindled by drink.

A certain high priest could explain‡,
How the soul is but nerve at the most,
And how Milton had glands in his brain,
That secreted Paradise Lost.
And sure it is what they deserve,
Of such theories if I aver it,
They are not even dictates of nerve,
But mere suggestions of claret.

Our Holland philosophers say gin
Is the true philosophical drink,
As it made Dr. H—y imagine
That to *shake* is the same as to think||.
For while drunkenness throb'd in his brain,
The sturdy materialist chose (O fye!)
To believe its vibrations not pain,
But wisdom and downright philosophy.

Ye sages, who shine in my verse,
On my labours with gratitude think,
Which condemn not the faults they rehearse,
But impute all your sin to your drink.
In drink, poets, philosophers, mob, err,
Then excuse if my satire e'er nips ye,
When I praise think me prudent and sober,
If I blame be assur'd I am tipsy.

* Electrical batteries.

† Bred a printer. This good-humoured production was written before the doctor's death.

‡ Dr. L. bp. of C. is probably the person here alluded to. He was a zealous materialist.

|| He resolved perception and thinking into *sebection* (what he called) *vibratiuncles* of the brain.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 13.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 3d, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I APPROACH you with the veneration and respect due to the tutor and to the sage. I seek consolation from your advice. I implore you to be the mediator between the ladies and myself; to reinstate me in their good opinion, by persuading them, that the traits in my character, which they have uncharitably termed coquetry, and fickleness, and whim, if they be not legitimate shoots of the tree of sensibility....if they be not virtues, are at least the honest errors of a warm and feeling heart. From the sketches which I shall give to you, my character may, with ease, be pourtrayed. I presume the ladies will forgive me, if, in reciting some of the events of my life, I avoid the mention of real names.

It is certain, that, from the want of proper regulation, and continued reflection, the virtues of the heart may be the parents of innumerable ills. Hospitality may cherish the adder in her mansion....Economy may wear the garb of Avarice....Prudence may create a dangerous timidity....Charity may profusely and ruinously squander her stores....and the warm and affectionate heart, in its intercourse with female society, may assume the manners of fickleness and levity, and its possessor reproachingly be termed a coquette. If this consideration lead the world to form their opinions on the merits or demerits of actions, from an investigation of their sources, the ladies, as well as I, may benefit be it.

With due respect for the opinions of *Helvetius*, Nature made me as I am. She gave me an ardent disposition, and a warm heart, which led me into female society, long before I understood my Latin grammar. I do not recollect the period when I was not in love, nor the time when I was out of it. I well remember, that, at the age of eight or nine years, my heart was stolen by a neighbour's child, about my own age. The ardent declarations of attachment as frequently warmed my lips, and the sanguine anticipations of the joys of wedlock were as frequently indulged by me at that time, as at any later period. My "*sweetheart*," however, removed to a distant street, and I found absence to be a cure for love. But I was not formed to be out of love. I was again enslaved, and again the removal to another street broke my fetters.

Thus I continued till the age of seventeen, ever living on the smiles of some neighbouring angel. Love had its bliss and its agony, its jealousy and its cares. If the preference of my charmer for another occasionally racked my soul, yet I have felt what lovers alone feel, when permitted to

walk by her side, in our juvenile rambles; when my rose-bud was accepted in preference of another; or when, in our infant sports, to redeem her pawn, I was selected to be kissed.

'Till this period, however, I had made to no one an offer of marriage, nor can I say, with certainty, that it had ever been expected. But, at this time, a charming girl soon came to reside in our neighbourhood, and soon formed an acquaintance with the girls of her own age. Her flowing locks and soft blue eyes enslaved my susceptible heart, before I had spoken to her. I teased one of my female acquaintances to introduce me to her, and on a fine evening in July, I sat by her, for the first time, on the steps of her father's door. The hours passed rapidly, and, when my introducer rose to go home, I suffered some one else to wait on her, and remained behind. This, of course, was called fickle and impolite; but it made no impression on me, as what I had lost in the esteem of one, I had gained in that of the other. I was now happy. Each day I walked by the house of my charmer, and each evening stopped at her door, if she was sitting there, for I did not dare to knock and ask for her. A year flew on rapidly, and I was ever in her presence. I watched her when she went to school in the morning, and her return at noon. When she visited at night, if I was not invited, I walked up and down before the house for hours, that I might go home with her.

She became acquainted with a young stranger, and I began to grow jealous. I soon perceived that he was a dangerous rival. In his father's garden were roses, and every morning and evening some were plucked for her. I, alas! had none to offer, and I saw, with torment, that his company was anxiously expected....that he was welcomed with smiles, and I had lost my charms. My feelings and my impetuosity were foes to suspense. I watched one evening when my rival had gone to a ball; I went to Maria, and declared my attachment, in unqualified terms; I felt what I said, and vehemently swore her rejection of me would be my death. But she was deaf to my love; the roses of my rival had won her heart; she hinted that her father wished to lock up the house; I departed, and, for a few days, was miserable.

A fortnight afterwards, a new face stole my heart, and Maria was forgotten. I wondered what I had seen in her to admire; I thought her proud and homely, foolish and fickle. Novelty gave me strong recommendations to my new acquaintance, and her old beaux were deserted for me. But, as novelty decked me with charms, so those charms vanished with the flight of novelty. A new face destroyed the impression I had made, and, determined to subject myself no more to the mortification of a refusal, I left her house in a pet, and was called a coquette by the ladies.

Four or five years have passed since; but the events of those years have been nearly similar. The same disposition still remains to tease and torment me. I am captivated with a new face, and rashly believe it to be the lovely index of the mind. The first interviews are subject to the in-

fluence of this impression; I become immediately a daily visiter. But I am soon abandoned to the female rage for novelty, or I discover faults and follies I had not expected, and cease my visits. The ladies believe and term me a coquette, fickle as the wind.

My dear Mr. Saunter, I wish and beseech you to explain to the ladies the motives of my actions; I wish you to persuade them, that I am not a coquette, but am too easily and suddenly captivated by their charms, and that, if my acquaintance with them is short, it is my misfortune, and not my fault; I wish you to tell them, that my disposition will not suffer me to share their smiles with any one, and that if I do not possess their whole affections, I cannot visit them at all. Tell them that I would rather be hated, than treated indifferently. The latter is a source of continual mortification, while the former, though it may for a moment grieve me, yet carries with it its own antidote,

"For grief is proud, and makes the owner stout."

Tell them, I pray you, that my friendship is mistaken for love. The frequency of my visits, the ardour of my conversation, and the particularity of my manners, where I am pleased, though resulting solely from friendship, are mistaken by the ladies for love, and offers of marriage are anxiously expected. If they be not made, I am treated with indifference, my visits are discontinued, and I am called a coquette; while there are others, who visit at the same house for years, and are ever treated with civility. I beseech you, Mr. Saunter, to advise me under what regimen I must place my disposition, so as to be on terms of intimacy and friendship with the ladies, without raising false expectations, or subjecting myself and my pecuniary situation to the busy and malicious scrutiny of aunts and sisters, and all the old maids in the neighbourhood.

Yours, &c.

SENSITIVE.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

I was really amused, and I hope instructed, in perusing the profound observations of your correspondent Leander, in number 11 of the Port Folio, upon the insensibility of the ladies of Philadelphia. He appears so admirably calculated, from his nervous and energetic style, to call forth all our sex's tender sensibilities, that I ardently wish he will continue his literary productions for our special benefit. I perfectly agree with the sensitive Leander, that the exquisite performance of Mr. Green and others ought not to pass unnoticed, and hope, in paying so close an attention to discover whether the dear little ladies are properly affected, Leander does not forget his own tear of *manly sensibility*, so justly due to the shrine of merit.

By the bye, dear Mr. Oldschool, we ladies did expect now and then to see something else besides our faults pourtray'd in your paper, and did hope

to have found in you somewhat of a champion, as well as monitor. But alas! you permit us to be *essay'd, riddled, rebused, and epigrammatized*; ridiculed by dull wits, and snarled at by sullen ones, without once taking up our cause and defending our venial follies. To be sure, your Lounger now and then gives a lash to the fashionable and current absurdities of the other sex, but still I perceive an evident partiality to the beaux. As the lion said to the man, let us be the carvers, and we will make the woman superior to the man. One would imagine you to be a rusty, musty old bachelor, that have in your time experienced the effects of some cruel beauty's inconstancy, and are secretly enjoying all the malignant spleen of your Leanders, &c. &c.

But I know you to be the opposite of this character, and that you look kindly on us; I therefore live in anxious expectation of seeing these imperitents taken down for their insolent temerity.

I have half a mind, Mr. Oldschool, to invite you myself to one of those *ridiculous* entertainments, called *tea parties*, where you can judge for yourself on which side the deficiency of entertainment lies. We are sometimes told that we chatter like magpies, without knowing the meaning of a word we utter. Then some wit amuses himself by comparing us to a number of pretty images set round a toy-shop. Now, pray whose fault is this? I appeal to you, as a man of candour, in the name of all the fair sex.

An evening party generally consists of a pretty equal number of both sexes, the ladies, as has been said, sitting, in prim order, round the room, whilst the young gentlemen are amusing themselves in picking their teeth, running their fingers through their hair, to give it a fashionable *déangement*, or lolling back in a chair, both legs extended at full length, with the hands most *gracefully* disposed in the pockets of their pantaloons, and the shoulders thrust up to the ears.

What a "*curst bore*" it would be called by those pretty boys, to have their meditations interrupted. If a young lady should happen to accost one of these elegant figures, it is a considerable time ere she can be answered, as the young gentleman must first dispose of the mouthful of delicious juice he has been busily extracting, from a deposit secreted in one of the cheeks. The young lounge then, with a vacant stare, commences, what he calls conversation. "Speak to me, ma'am? Beg your pardon, ma'am....feel so devilish stupid...hav'nt heard a good thing to-night...." "Except what you have said yourself," replies the fair *immoveable*. The young gentleman, with a he, he, he, *readily* answers, "Thank you, good ma'am, I owe you one."

After this brilliant exertion of colloquial wit, he hides himself in the knot which is generally made by the gentlemen in the middle of the room, or before the fire, where they form so strong a phalanx, that none but an amazon would dare to pass through them, which she must absolutely do, to get a peep at the fire. I sometimes pay attention to the eloquent debates of this formidable body, in hopes of hearing something instructive. But Lord help us! it is all a confusion of abusive politics, absurd wagers, and impertinent observations on the female part of the company, and it generally ends in an adjournment to Hardie's, to eat oysters, crack a bottle, play loo, and bully the waiter. Such is the majority of the young gentlemen of the present day, and no exaggerated picture.

I am, Mr. Oldschool, no disappointed spinster, or neglected widow, that presumes thus to arraign the *lords of the creation*, but am one of those little *immoveables*, who, you find, has not been altogether idle in observation, and who has, although rather awkwardly I fear, taken upon her the defence of her "*fair countrymen*."

I am aware that my observations rather reply to strictures on our sex, which have at former times appeared in your paper, than to the piece which has immediately excited them,—I shall, perhaps, at a future opportunity take the liberty of bringing to your notice, the conduct of our beaux at the Theatre, where they are not indeed *immoveable*, but constantly rambling about the house and are to be seen in box, pit, and gallery, during the same evening,....at one time laying on the benches of the stage box; then smoking in the lobby, then in the pit, with their backs to the performers, staring round the house,....and finally thumping with their huge sticks either in the gallery or upper row of boxes,....This for a hint of what may come.

BEATRICE.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF JOHN CARTERET.

JOHN CARTERET, earl Granville, an eminent English statesman, born in 1690, was the eldest son of George lord Carteret, whose death left him heir to his title before he was five years old. He was educated at Westminster school, and Christ-church college, Oxford; and through his attention and abilities brought away an uncommon share of the classical knowledge for which those seats of learning are celebrated. High principles in government, and a fondness for convivial pleasures, are also said to have accompanied him thence, and to have characterised him through life. He was introduced into the House of Peers, in 1711, and immediately distinguished himself by zeal for the Hanover succession, which acquired him the notice of George I, by whom he was successively raised to various posts of honour. He was a forcible and eloquent public speaker, and supported all the measures of administration during that reign. In 1719, he went ambassador-extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the queen of Sweden, and mediated the peace between that crown and Denmark, which put an end to the troubles of the north of Europe. In 1721, he became Mr. Craggs's successor as secretary of state, and proved an able parliamentary support to the conduct of the ministry, defending with vigour their boldest measures. He accompanied the king to Hanover, in 1723, and on his return joined in various conferences on matters of importance at the Hague. In the next year he was appointed to the high and arduous post of lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which kingdom was then in a state of great discontent, not a little fomented by Swift's famous Drapier's Letters. Swift, who esteemed lord Carteret for his manners and learning, expostulated with him on his prosecution of the printer of those letters. Lord Carteret ingenuously replied by a line of Virgil (which perhaps may serve for a sound apology for many of the measures of that whole reign) "*Regni novitas me talia cogit Moliri*.".... "The unconfirmed state of the throne compels me to make use of these means." After an administration which upon the whole proved satisfactory to the nation, he returned to England, in 1726, and continued an eminent supporter of the government. Soon after the accession of George II, in 1727, he was again appointed to the viceroyalty of Ireland, where, with the interval of a visit to England, he conducted the affairs of government till 1730, with great success, employing his social talents to conciliate parties, and maintaining a good correspondence with several of the tory party. On this occasion, Swift wrote an humorous Vindication of Lord Carteret from the Charge of favouring none but Tories, High-churchmen, and Jacobites. From the time of his return, for reasons of which we are not informed, lord Carteret became a violent opposer of the admini-

stration conducted by sir Robert Walpole; and in the course of his many speeches in the parliamentary contest, he was led to maintain maxims and hold language very different from his own whilst a member of government. He opened, in the House of Peers, the famous motion of February, 1741, for an address to remove Walpole from the king's presence and councils, and exerted all his eloquence on the occasion. When, in 1742, the dismissal of this minister was effected, lord Carteret again became a secretary of state, and again supported measures similar to those he had lately been censuring. In 1744, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the titles of viscount Carteret and earl Granville. It is unnecessary to follow him through all the subsequent political changes of his life, in which he was sometimes high in the favour of his sovereign, and sometimes was obliged to give way to more powerful interests. He died on January 2, 1763, in the seventy-third year of his age. The natural talents and acquirements of earl Granville appear to have been sufficient to place him very high among political characters, but his ardent, enterprising, and overbearing temper, fitted him rather for being the minister of an absolute monarch, than of a limited sovereign. He was ambitious and fond of sway, but neither mercenary nor vindictive; his genius was lofty and fertile, and his confidence and presumption were equal to it. It has been said of him, that he never doubted, His own literary abilities made him an encourager of learned men; and he was the particular patron of Dr. Taylor the celebrated Grecian, and of Dr. Bentley. In social life he was pleasant, good-humoured, frank, and bacchanalian.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Princeton, March 18th, 1807.

The burning of the college edifice in this place on the sixth instant, has been announced in all the public papers. This melancholy occurrence having occasioned a meeting of the trustees of the college of New-Jersey, they have found it to be an indispensable obligation arising out of the trust confided to them, to make a representation to the public, in behalf of the institution committed to their care. In doing this they are deeply sensible that every consideration, both of duty and interest, dictates, that they should exercise a peculiar caution not to depart from the simplicity of truth.

The college of New-Jersey was originally founded with a leading view to cherish the principles and extend the influence of evangelical piety. At the same time it was hoped and expected, that as the spirit of genuine religion is ever favourable to the interests of civil society, many warm and able advocates of these interests would be nurtured in the bosom of this institution. We trust it may be asserted, without arrogance or vanity, that these views and hopes have not proved fallacious or extravagant. Whoever will look through the several departments of public life at present, or review the eventful scenes which our country has witnessed for half a century past, may be convinced that this college counts among those who have been most distinguished in sacred and in secular office, a number of her sons which she need not blush to compare with those of any sister institution.

One principal cause of the usefulness of this seminary, has been its complete independence on legislative influence and controul, and its dependance, as complete, on the benevolence and favour of an impartial public; which could alone be secured by its intrinsic merit, and its constant and vigorous efforts to render itself worthy of voluntary individual patronage....Previously to the American revolution it was, to say the least, commonly no object of favour with the government of the province. By the

depreciation of the continental money, and other events which took place during the revolution, the funds of the corporation, always inconsiderable, were nearly annihilated; while the buildings in their possession, by being alternately occupied by the contending armies, were reduced almost to a state of ruin. Since the revolution, the legislature of New-Jersey have made a grant of eighteen hundred pounds, appropriated by law to the repairing of the buildings, to the increase of the library, and to the provision of a philosophical apparatus....This is all the legislative aid that we ever have received; perhaps that we ever shall obtain.

Under every discouragement and difficulty, however, the institution has not only been supported and continued, but has been able in some measure to retrieve its losses. By the exertion of its friends and the small public bounty which was conferred, the buildings were put in tenable repair, the library and philosophical apparatus became respectable, the faculty were comfortably provided for, the number of students was greatly increased, and all the future prospects of the college began to brighten. But alas! in one fatal day they were all clouded with the darkest gloom. The fair edifice, erected by the liberality and consecrated by the prayers of our pious and public spirited predecessors, was totally consumed, and three thousand volumes of valuable books, with much private property of the students, perished in the flames. Under this inauspicious and afflictive event, which the providence of a holy God has permitted to take place, we are humbled and mourn.* But can we, ought we, so far to despond, as to suffer the establishment to become extinct? No, we are rather resolved, relying on that aid which has always hitherto been extended to us in the time of distress, to meet with increasing efforts the increasing billows of adversity. Our funds are indeed small;....they are as nothing when compared with our present necessities. But we are confident we have friends: And when we recollect how much more numerous, as well as how much more wealthy, the individuals are who are likely to patronize the college now, than those were who established it at first;....when

*The circumstances which attended the burning of the college were such as to leave little doubt that it was the effect of design; but though every effort has been used for that purpose, we have not yet been able to ascertain the incendiary.

We recollect, above all, the pure designs, the ardent vows, the unshaken faith of those who laid its foundations, and call to mind that it has in fact been eminently blessed as a nursery both for church and state, we cannot distrust the event of our efforts. We cannot but hope that this temporary calamity is even to be over-ruled for a lasting benefit. Entertaining these sentiments, we have determined to recall the scattered students, to set about the rebuilding of the college without delay, and to cast ourselves on the care of divine providence, and on the public liberality, to bear us through.

But realizing for ourselves, and begging our friends to realize likewise, that confidence of success in an arduous undertaking without the most active and vigorous exertions to secure it, is rather weakness and presumption than any commendable or virtuous quality, we feel the necessity of using our utmost endeavours to obtain benefactions for the college. We have accordingly taken measures to open subscriptions for this purpose; and we beg for a candid indulgence while we address a few words

I....TO THE FRIENDS OF RELIGION.

To those who are comprehended in this description, our college owed its original establishment; and we trust that the friends of religion now, will not be found less munificent than those who possessed this character fifty years ago. Your means

of promoting laudable designs are greatly increased....Far from us be the injurious supposition that your disposition to do good is diminished. On you, we avow it explicitly, is our principal reliance. We have always endeavoured to make the institution for which we solicit, a fountain of those principles which to you are the dearest and the most sacred; and these endeavours we mean to continue even with increased zeal. We proposed to recommence the instructions of the college with new regulations, calculated to secure more effectually than ever, the moral and religious conduct of the youth entrusted to our care. We aim to make this institution an assylum for pious youth, so that in this day of general and lamentable depravity, parents may send their children to it with every reasonable expectation of safety and advantage. This we know will create us some enemies; but your patronage and prayers will, in every view, be more than a compensation for their hostility. We never indeed, have been so attached to the dogmas of any religious sect, as to impose them on our pupils....To all past experience we appeal as evidence, that religious intolerance has never existed here. But religious principle always has been, and we hope always will be, cherished and guarded with care and vigilance. To the friends of religion, then, we look, to enable us to erect a bulwark against the assaults of impiety and in defence of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ.

II....TO THE FRIENDS OF SCIENCE.

Among those who merit this appellation we hope to find many of our warmest advocates and valuable patrons: For to all the friends of science, wherever educated, all her interests we know must be dear. In whatever sect, or in whatever religion, science prospers, men of science always rejoice. Rendered liberal by their own attainments, they can even abstract from the characters of others what is offensive to themselves, and still prize and esteem intelligence, talents and learning, wherever they are found. From you, gentlemen, we ask some pecuniary assistance to enable us to cultivate the sciences, in an institution which has not been the least distinguished in our country, either for zeal or success in fostering them. Freed from sordid views and feelings by your education and habits of thinking, you will afford us cheerfully the assistance which may be proper....To press the subject on you would be impertinent.

III....TO THE FRIENDS OF CIVIL LIBERTY.

Of those who are eminently entitled to this designation, many have received their education with us, and many more have always regarded us with kindness. In an hour of peculiar necessity we now solicit your benevolent interposition in our favour. A report we are informed, has gone forth, that this institution is chargeable with political intolerance. The justness of this charge we absolutely deny. So far as the demands of religion can be supposed by any to interfere with those of a political nature, we must indeed admit, nay we are forward to declare, that we shall sacredly regard the former, however they may be imagined to militate with the latter. But this declaration we are confident will be considered by good men of all parties as perfectly consistent with an unqualified denial of political intolerance. No pupil with us has ever been questioned on the subject of his political creed, nor withheld from a full and free avowal of his sentiments, nor received any censure or disapprobation for making known his opinions either in speech or writing. We trust, therefore, that neither this unfounded rumour, nor the insinuations of any individuals hostile to the college, will be permitted to operate to its disadvantage at this critical and necessitous juncture of its concerns. It fears no scrutiny on this topic. It makes some pretensions to services rendered to the social and political interests of

the United States, and it now asks for the means of rendering more.

IV....TO THE ALUMNI OF THE COLLEGE.

We esteem it as a precious proof, both of our own fidelity, and of the benefit which you have received in this institution, that your zealous attachment to the place of your education is acknowledged by all, and thought by many to be singular. Our expectations from you on this occasion are sanguine. We know that you cannot contemplate Nassau-hall as a heap of ruins without a deep excitement of your sensibility, and a ready exertion of all your faculties to restore your alma mater to her former respectability. It will be much in your power to do this. Occupying stations of honour and distinction, possessing wealth or influence, scattered through all the populous cities, towns and districts of the union....what cannot you effect? It is surely not too much for us to say that we calculate on your taking the lead in promoting subscriptions wherever you are, and on your care to forward the amount whenever it shall be collected. Never did the college need your zeal and services so much as now, and we will not believe, that when it is in your power to render us essential assistance, your disposition will not be equal to your ability. If we were even reduced to the necessity of depending on you alone to restore our affairs, such is our reliance on the former children of our care, that we should hold it criminal to resign our hopes. But when we have only to ask that you should be examples to others, and lead and prompt the general benevolence, our hope rises into assurance of success.

V....TO THE WEALTHY AND BENEVOLENT OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

We are not insensible that numerous donations are solicited from you for various charitable purposes within the smaller circles of society in which you are included, or by institutions with which you are immediately connected. But allow us likewise to remark or rather to repeat, that our college has no patronage but yours. It is your institution....you founded it; you have hitherto supported it; and when you withdraw your countenances it cannot exist. We wish not to be unduly importunate, and we feel that to solicit with earnestness and yet without meanness, is no easy task. But may we not say that among all the objects which demand your special regard, this college is almost on a footing with any other, and therefore that others ought not to claim your favours to the exclusion of this....Let us at least divide your liberality with them.

As our subscriptions are to be extensively circulated, we most of all deprecate the influence of an idea naturally suggested by such a circumstance; namely....That as many are to give, large sums of money will certainly be collected, and therefore, that each need give but a little, and indeed that it can be of no great importance if a number shall refuse to give at all....It is not obvious that in this way the very expectation that much will be received may prevent its reception? Let it be remembered, then, that between all speculative calculations about money, and the actual receipts, the difference is usually very great. Let it be remembered that this difference is commonly the greatest of all, when the basis of calculation is voluntary contribution. Let it be remembered that it is really a large sum that is necessary to repair our losses....Forty thousand dollars, will, we fear, fall considerably short of placing us on the same standing that we occupied before the late distressing conflagration of our property; and even then we were greatly embarrassed for want of funds. Many items are necessary to rise to the requisite amount....But we forbear. May that God who hath the hearts of all men in his hand dispose

you to give, and then reward you for the gift with the richest of his blessings.

Signed by order, and in behalf of the board of trustees, by

JOSEPH BLOOMFIELD,
Governor of New-Jersey, and
President, ex officio, of the
Corporation.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Their appetite for unusual pleasure, was in proportion to their former ferocity.

THERE are many ideas, which, as I have hinted in a former paper, we are apt, merely on poetical authority, to adopt as data, and to substitute the pleasing, but extravagant exuberance of a luxuriant fancy, for the convincing solidity of Historical demonstration. Among these, none perhaps recurs more frequently to our imagination, or strikes it more forcibly, than the primæval innocence of man. We inwardly reproach ourselves with degeneracy; and are chagrined, when, after having contemplated the beauties of so highly finished a picture, we cast our eyes on an imperfect sketch which suffers so much by the comparison.

A state of nature, however, when divested of its poetical ornaments, will be found to be by no means a state of innocence; and we shall perceive upon a more accurate inspection, that civilization, far from being prejudicial to the virtues of mankind, is in reality that fine polish which displays his exalted endowments to advantage; and effects the grand distinction between brute and human nature. The soul of man is so intimately blended with his passions, that Apathy is almost nonexistence! and even in the most sluggish and insensible, we discover some ruling appetite, some main spring, which seems to actuate the few ideas of his listless vacancy. To reduce these therefore from our tyrants to our assistants, and to convert to the purposes of an agreeable variety, what was originally the cause of a flagitious sameness in our actions is surely beneficial to the community. The vices of Nature are concentrated, but violent; those of civilization diffuse, but gentle. According therefore to the established political maxim, *Divide and conquer*, those of the latter being individually less powerful, are more easily subdued. To this it may be objected, that if the vices of the natural man are more violent, his virtues are at least of a superior nature; that obsequious insincerity is but a bad substitute for disinterested honesty; and that where courage and friendship are exchanged for policy and civility, however it may advance the abilities of mankind, it argues that their hearts are proportionably corrupted.

Specious as the names of these virtues are, that boasted honesty while it extended its influence to the immediate circle in which it moved, narrowed the heart against a general intercourse with mankind, and precluded the idea of philanthropic benevolence; on the contrary, a general attention to the duties of Society, while like the sun it diffuses its light and heat, loses nothing of its central fire. Courage, when restricted by laws, is a desirable attribute; but when it becomes its own legislator, is too much the child of chance to be depended upon as the arbiter of the happiness or misery of mankind.

Civilized policy is by no means so infernal an agent to ambition as it has been generally represented. The time is at length arrived in the more enlightened parts of Europe, when the statesman has ceased to adopt the dagger and the bowl, as necessary pieces of furniture in his cabinet; and in the present age, the school of Machiavel is not considered as the only road to greatness: so far has the refined spirit of the times contributed to humanize even the love of power.

Having thus endeavoured to prove, that a closer union of the bonds of society is by no means derogatory to the dignity, or even prejudicial to the in-

terests of mankind; my next endeavour shall be to investigate, what in all ages has been the most effectual method of reducing barbarous ferocity; of softening the vices of human nature into foibles; and of refining its good qualities into virtues. And no principle we may observe has been more conducive to these effects than the love of pleasure. We may exemplify this by the authority of the most consummate politicians; the revolutions of the most powerful empires; and the errors of the most experienced commanders, the world ever produced. Cæsar, in accounting for the superior ferocity of the Germans to the Gauls, mentions, as the principal cause, the effeminacy which a frequent intercourse with merchants had introduced among the latter; but which, among the former, was hitherto but little known. Nay, so adapted to the support of this idea are the words of Tacitus, in relating Agricola's method of reducing the savage independence of the Britons, that I will trespass on the reader's patience by transcribing them.

Ut homines dispersi et rudes, eoque bello faciles, quieti et otio per voluptates assuescerent; hortari privatum, adjuvare publice, ut templa, fora, domus exstruerent, laudando promptos, et castigando segnes. Jam vero principium filios liberalibus artibus erudire. Inde etiam habitus nostri honor, et frequens toga. Paulatimque discessum ad delinimenta vitiorum, porticus et balnea, et conviviorum elegantiam. Idque apud imperitos humanitas vocabatur, cum pars servitutis esset.

"That this nation, dispersed and uncultivated, and on that account more prone to war, might, by indulgencies become more accustomed to ease and quiet, he began privately to encourage, and publickly to assist them in building temples, courts of judicature, and habitations; by commending the ready, and chastising the idle; and at the same time, to instruct the sons of their chieftains in the liberal arts. From hence arose their respect for us, and their frequent assumption of the Roman habit; so that by degrees they were brought over to the allurements of luxury, porticos and baths, and elegant entertainments; their ignorance giving the name of refinement, to what was in reality to conduce to their slavery."

A convincing proof, that this politic measure was approved of by this great pattern of provincial government; a measure, which, when we reflect on its salutary consequences, naturally brings to our mind the opposite conduct of the first invaders of America, whose progress was marked with such carnage, merely perhaps from their ignorance or neglect of this founded principle.

To proceed, however, in illustrating what I have advanced, and to prove that the love of pleasure has often been instrumental to subverting the constitutions of empires founded on military law, by lulling to sleep this ferocious insolence where it was a constituent part of the government; I need only recur to the well known instances of Sparta and Rome. The decline of the former, may, with great reason be dated from the abrogation of those wise sumptuary laws instituted by the political penetration of Lycurgus. That celebrated legislator, from having long studied the genius of his countrymen, judged, that a military government was most peculiarly adapted to it; and that the very principle of refinement, which, from their innate pride supported the Athenians, would tend to enervate the haughty severity of the Spartans; and subvert that warlike disposition by which alone they existed as a commonwealth. The alteration produced in the manners, and shortly after in the government of the latter, from similar causes, (a period of about one hundred and thirty years

† This position may seem a little extraordinary, but as the opposite events tend chiefly to the aggrandizement of individuals, it is to subsequent effects we are to look for the advantageous or destructive tendency of these.

having elapsed from the introduction of the Corinthian and Syracusan luxuries, to the perpetual dictatorship of Sylla,) is too well known to need discussion here. Suffice it to say, that during this interval, and even after the subversion of the commonwealth, the great and elegant geniuses, who, from the introduction of the liberal arts, were enabled to add cultivation to a rich and luxuriant soil, have so far obscured the rugged and unformed virtues of their predecessors, that though the mind may rest with a momentary satisfaction on a Cincinnatus or a Fabricius, it is to the refined voluptuousness of a Lucullus, the unbounded soul of a Cæsar, and the inexhaustible genius of a Cicero, that we look for the character of this extraordinary people.

Lastly, to exemplify this idea in the defeats or dissolution of the most powerful and veteran armies, which have entirely originated in a deviation from the simple abstinence necessary to their unity, let us take a short review of the conduct of Hannibal, from his entrance into Italy, to the defection of Capua. This astonishing commander, having through the most barbarous countries in the midst of the united attacks of war, famine, and tempest, cemented the jarring interests of an army made up of the flower of some nations, and the scum of others; having personally surmounted the most incredible difficulties, and in all his enterprizes united the characters of soldier and general; having gained four decisive victories over the Romans in the very heart of Italy; neither himself nor his army could resist the soft climate and luxurious effeminacy of Campania, "Adeo ut vere dictum sit," says Florus, "Capuam Hannibali Cannas fuisse." "So it was with justice said, that Capua was Hannibal's Cannæ." I might farther enforce this maxim, by Cæsar's description of Pompey's camp, when he accounts for his victory in Thessaly; and afterwards by the effect of Egyptian luxury on the veteran legions of Antony; were I not hastening to a period, with which, as I presume, some of my fellow-citizens are unwillingly familiar, I purpose concluding this *winter's tale*.

The sudden alteration in the genius of the English on the restoration, an epocha which has now a double hold on immortal celebrity, from the assistance of history and poetry, has been to some a matter of surprise; and the immediate transition from the cold suspicious policy of Cromwell, and the fanatic hypocrisy of the commonwealth, to the general spirit of dissipation, and the sudden revival of sprightly wit, and genius in all its levity, which characterized the reign of Charles, has been considered as a striking instance of fickleness in the human understanding.

But it was probably this principle, so inherent in our natures, which gave rise to so general a variation. The mind of man, after having been harassed by the usurpation of the more violent passions, seizes with avidity, the first object which offers itself, as a relaxation from care, and a gratification of the unsatisfied appetites. This was at the accession of Charles, the state of England; at one time distracted by internal discord, at another enslaved by its pretended deliverer, it easily concurred with the more voluptuous disposition of its new master, in exchanging political for poetical ribaldry; and converting the intrigues of the cabinet into those of the chamber. In the one case, the angry collision of two thunder clouds, struck forth mutual flashes, whose progress was only known by the subsequent destruction; in the other, the returning sun, doubly prolific after the storm, nurtured those flowers of wit and genius, which form no inconsiderable figure in the annals of English literature.

The same effects from the same causes may be observed to have taken place in the latter years of William's reign, and more particularly during that of Queen Anne, (deservedly esteemed the Augus-

tan age of Great-Britain;) and from that period, though perhaps the same day has not seen the united excellencies of so many distinguished men, our visible refinements in luxury will be sufficient evidence of our progress in civilization. Innumerable are the conveniencies, nay, superfluities of life in this opulent kingdom, which in the beginning of this century were totally unknown; and which, though they may feed Cynical spleen, or offend the severity of a Stoic, if they tend to add one more link to the chain of society, to awaken one more liberal emotion in the heart, or to humanize into a citizen of the world one more malecontent, (as from their tendency we have every reason to suppose they do,) the temporal evil is by no means equivalent to the lasting good; and the man who advances civilization to its highest polish, is the most beneficial member of the community.

EGYPT.

DESCRIPTION OF DAMIETTA AND ITS ENVIRONS.

Damietta is larger, and not less agreeable than Rosetta; it forms a semi-circle on the eastern shore of the Nile, two leagues and a half from its mouth. It contains about 80,000 inhabitants. The houses especially near the river are very high; most of them have pleasant saloons, built on the terraces, in which charming places, open to every wind, the Turk, indolently seated on his sofa, passes his life in smoking, viewing the sea on one side and the Nile on the other. Various grand mosques with high minarets, ornament the city.

Multitudes of boats and small vessels incessantly fill the port of Damietta. There is a great trade between this city and Syria, Cyprus and Marseilles. The Christians of Aleppo and Damascus, for many ages established here, carry on the principal trade; they are suffered to grow rich by Turkish indolence, which contents itself with occasional extortions.

What is most disadvantageous to the trade of Damietta is its defective harbour; the road where vessels lie being totally exposed, every gale that rises the captains are obliged to slip their cables, and take refuge at Cyprus, or keep the open sea. By cutting a canal of half a league only, it would be easy to give ships a free entrance into the Nile, which is deep; and this small expence would render Damietta a fine harbour.

The slip of land where Damietta is built, shut in on one side by the river, and on the other by the lake Manzala, is only from two to six miles wide, east and west. Rivulets intersect it in every direction, and render it the most fruitful part of Egypt. The rice in common yields, 80 bushels for one, and other products are in the same proportion. Here nature, eminently and profusely displaying her riches and her pomp, presents the year round fruits, flowers and harvests! She withers not in winter; she fades not in summer! She is neither scorched nor frozen! Verdure is no where so fresh as here; trees no where so loaded with fruit!

There are many villages round Damietta; most of them have manufactories, where the finest Egyptian cloth is made, particularly napkins, much in request, at the end of which is silk fringe: they are brought to table, especially on visits of ceremony: the slave presents one to wipe the mouth after drinking sherbet. Round these villages usually are small woods, where the trees planted promiscuously, have an uncommon and picturesque effect. Besides the sycamore and gloomy tamarind, the elegant capia grows, with clustering yellow flowers, resembling those of the cythus! the top of the date, loaded with clusters, lords it above the bower; and near its shade the citron and orange rise, or over the peasant's cottage extend

their golden fruit. long-leaved banana, the scarlet flowered pomegranate, and the sweet fruited fig, scatter charming variety. Often straying among their meandering paths, shaded on one side by trees, and on the other by clustering reeds, impervious to sight, I have unexpectedly found myself on the banks of the great lake Manzala. Here a different prospect arose; thousands of boats were employed in fishing or spreading nets for the innumerable birds which hither come in search of abundant food, and a temperate climate. I wish to paint nature such as I have seen her a thousand times round Damietta; but I feel myself unequal to the task. Imagine all the delights that running brooks and fresh verdure, all the odour that orange-flowers, all that a mild suavity, a balsamic air, and a most enchanting horizon, can impart, and you will then have but a feeble idea of the small slip of earth included between this expansive lake and the overflowing Nile.

A mile south-west of the town is an orange grove, to which the inhabitants resort. This is the only place where art has any way aided nature; no where else are the trees planted in rows. Here I almost daily went, especially during February, March, and April, when the orange is in flower. No words can express the pleasure of breathing the cool and perfumed air of these delightful shades. The unmulituted trees are above 30 feet high, and their intermingled branches and thick foliage, all in bloom from top to bottom, wholly exclude the sun's ray. Each orange tree is a vast nosegay, the flowers of which almost conceal the leaves, forming together the most beautiful canopy ever beheld. There is a small rivulet beside each row, and twice a day a reservoir is opened, by which the trees are watered. It is intoxication of pleasure to walk here at noon; never did I so forcibly feel all the delicious enjoyments that odours and aromatics can inspire. Here, in these hot climates, was I convinced that such sweets, far from injuring, are even necessary to health.

THE NILE FROM CAIRO TO DAMIETTA.

On the 15th of Feb. I went from Damietta in a canjoi, or boat, built for pleasure. A faithful janissary, and an Arabian servant accompanied me, all well-armed: a very necessary caution on the banks of the Damietta, where attacks are continual.

We left Boulac about one o'clock, with a serene sky, and a heat as temperate as one of the finest days of our spring. The inundation had been over about six weeks, and the waters of the Nile incessantly decreased. The current being rather slow, and the North wind blowing, the men were obliged to take to their oars. Wheat and barley, began to ripen. The Indian millet was a foot high; and the third crop of lucern was springing. Cucumbers and water melons spread their flexible branches over the river banks, and beans were almost ripe. The foliage of the trees was verdant, but differently tintured, and the orange and citron were in flower. Such was the aspect of the country on the 15th of February.

WATERS OF THE NILE

The waters of the Nile, lighter, softer, and more agreeable to the taste than any I know, greatly promote the health of the inhabitants. All antiquity acknowledges their excellence, and the people drink them with a kind of avidity, without ever being injured by the quantity. Being lightly impregnated with nitre, they are only a gentle aperient to those who take them to excess.

An ancient historian says, that the Egyptians are the most healthy people on earth, which advantages they owe to the salubrity of the air, and temperature of the climate, which seldom varies. But M. Savary observes, that there is an unhealthy season in Egypt. From February till the end of May, the

south winds blow at intervals, and load the atmosphere with a subtle dust (which makes breathing difficult), and drive before them pernicious exhalation. Sometimes the heat becomes insupportable, and the thermometer suddenly rises twelve degrees. The inhabitants call this season Rhawsin, fifty, because these winds are mostly felt for fifty days, between Easter and Whitsuntide. It must not, however be supposed, that this wind, which in a few hours corrupts meat and animal substances, blows fifty days. Egypt would become a desert. It seldom blows three days together, and sometimes is only an impetuous whirlwind, which rapidly passes, and injures only the traveller overtaken in the deserts. These whirlwinds of sand have buried caravans and armies.

M. Savary maintains, in opposition to M. Paw and other modern authors, that the plague is not a native disorder of Egypt, but is commonly brought from Smyrna and the Turkish forts. It always stops in the month of June, or those who catch it then are always cured. Excess of heat and cold seems to be equally destructive of this dreadful contagion; winter kills it in Constantinople, and summer in Egypt; it seldom reaches the polar circle, and never passes the tropic.

The European stands aghast with fear at the calamities it produces in Grand Cairo. This city is computed to contain from eight to nine hundred thousand inhabitants. They are so crowded that two hundred citizens here occupy less space than thirty at Paris. The streets are very narrow, and always full of people, who crowd and jostle each other; and the passenger is sometimes obliged to wait several minutes before he can make his way. One person with the plague will communicate it to an hundred.

The Mahometans die in their houses, public squares and streets, without one of them endeavouring to save himself. The Europeans, who shut themselves up, and avoid communication, alone escape the general disaster.

All do not die who are attacked, but I have been assured, that the plague sometimes carries off three hundred thousand people from Grand Cairo.

The Turks use no precautions to prevent the plague; they say it is fate; nor is quarantine performed at one single port.

LETTER FROM THOMSON.

[We are always pleased with an opportunity of preserving fugitive essays, and frank and undisguised letters from the pen of Genius. The following original letter from the Bard of the Seasons will be read with uncommon interest.]

An original letter from Thomson, author of the Seasons, to Paterson, a short time before his death, in the beginning of May, 1748.

NO DATE.

DEAR PATERSON,

IN the first place, and previous to my letter, I must recommend to your favour and protection Mr. James Smith, searcher in St. Christophers; and I beg of you, as occasion shall serve, and as you find he merits it, to advance him in the business of the customs. He is warmly recommended to me by Sargent, who in verity turns out one of the best men of our youthful acquaintance, honest, honourable, friendly, and generous.

If we are not to oblige one another, life becomes a paltry, selfish affair....a pitiful morsel in a corner! Sargent is so happily married, that I could almost say....the same case happen to us all!

That I have not answered several letters of your's, is not owing to the want of friendship, and the sincerest regard for you; but you know me well enough to account for my silence, without my say-

* Paterson was Thomson's deputy as surveyor of the Leeward islands.

ing any more on that head. Besides, I have very little to say that is worthy to be transmitted over the great ocean. The world-either fertilises so much, or we grow so dead to it, that its transactions make but feeble impressions on us. Retirement, and nature, are more and more my passion every day. And now, even now, the charming time comes on: heaven is just on the point, or rather in the very act, of giving earth a green gown. The voice of the nightingale is heard in our lanes.

You must know that I have enlarged my rural domain, much to the same dimensions you have done your's. The two fields next to me, from the first of which I have walled...no, no,...paled in about as much as my garden consisted of before; so that the walk runs round the hedge, where you may figure me walking any time of the day, and sometimes under night. For you, I imagine you reclining under cedars and palmattoes, and there enjoying more magnificent slumbers than are known to the pale climates of the north: slumbers rendered awful and divine, by the solemn stillness and deep fervours of the torrid noon! At other times I imagine you drinking punch in groves of lime or orange-trees; gathering pine-apples from hedges, as commonly as we may blackberries; poetising under lofty laurels, or making love under full-spread myrtles.

But, to lower my style a little: as I am such a genuine lover of gardening, why don't you remember me in that instance, and send me some seeds of things that might succeed here during the summer, though they cannot perfect their seed sufficiently in this, to them ungenial climate, to propagate; in which case is the calliloo, that, from the seed it bore here, came up puny, rickety, and good for nothing. There are other things certainly with you, not yet brought over hither, that might flourish here in the summer-time, and live tolerably well, provided they be sheltered in an hospitable stove or green-house during the winter. You will give me no small pleasure by sending me, from time to time, some of these seeds, if it were no more but to amuse me in making the trial.

With regard to the brother gardeners, you ought to know, that as they are half vegetables, the animal part of them will never have spirit enough to consent to the transplanting of the vegetable into distant dangerous climates. They, happily for themselves, have no other idea but to dig on here, eat, drink, sleep, and kiss their wives.

As to more important business, I have nothing to write to you. You know best the course of it. Be (as you always must be) just, and honest; but if you are unhappily romantic, you shall come home without money, and write a tragedy on yourself*. Mr. Lyttleton told me that the Grenvilles and he had strongly recommended the person the governor and you proposed for that considerable office, lately fallen vacant in your department, and that there were good hopes of succeeding. He told me also that Mr. Pitt had said that it was not to be expected that offices, such as that is, for which the greatest interest is made here at home, could be accorded to your recommendation; but that as to the middling or inferior offices, if there was not some particular reason to the contrary, regard would be had thereto. This is all that can be reasonably desired; and if you are not infected with a certain Creolian distemper (whereof I am persuaded your soul will utterly resist the contagion, as I hope your body will that of their natural ones) there are few men so capable of that unperishable happiness, that peace and satisfaction of mind at least, that proceed from being reasonable and moderate in our desires, as you are. These are the treasures dug from an inexhaustible mine in our breasts,

which, like those in the kingdom of heaven, the rust of time cannot corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. I must learn to work at this mine a little more, being struck off from a certain hundred pounds a year, which you know I had.

West, Mallet, and I, were all routed in one day. If you must know why...out of resentment to our friend in Argyle-street. Yet I have hopes given me of having it restored, with interest, some time or other. Ah! that *some time or other* is a great deceiver.

Coriolanus has not yet appeared upon the stage, from the little dirty jealousy of Tullus [Garrick] towards him who alone can act Coriolanus [Quin.]. Indeed the first has entirely jockeyed the last off the stage for this season; but I believe he will return on him next season, like a giant in his wrath. Let us have a little more patience, Paterson; nay, let us be cheerful. At last, all will be well; at last, all will be over....here I mean! God forbid it should be hereafter! But as sure as there is a God, that will not be so.

Now that I am prating of myself, know that, after fourteen or fifteen years, the Castle of Indolence comes abroad in a fortnight. It will certainly travel as far as Barbadoes. You have an apartment in it, as a night-pensioner; which you may remember I fitted up for you, during our delightful party at Northaw. Will ever these days return again! Don't you remember your eating the raw fish that were never caught?

All our friends are pretty much in *statu quo*, except it be poor Mr. Lyttleton. He has had the severest trial a humane tender heart can have; but the old physician, Time, will at least close up his wounds, though there must always remain an inward smarting.

Mitchell* is in the house for Aberdeenshire, and has spoke modestly well: I hope he will be in something else soon; none deserves better: true friendship and humanity dwell in his heart. Gray is working hard at passing his accounts. I spoke to him about that affair. If he gives you any trouble about it, even that of dunning, I shall think strangely; but I dare say he is too friendly to his old friends, and you are among the oldest. Symmer is at last tired of quality, and is going to take a semi-country house at Hammersmith.

I am sorry that honest sensible Warrender (who is in town) seems to be stunted in church preferment: he ought to be a tall cedar in the house of the Lord. If he is not so at last it will add more fuel to my indignation, that burns already too intensely, and throbs towards an eruption. Poor Murdock is in town, tutor to admiral Vernon's son, and is in good hope of another living in Suffolk, that country of tranquillity, where he will then burrow himself in a wife, and be happy. Good-natured obliging Millar is as usual. Though the doctor increases in his business, he does not decrease in his spleen; but there is a certain kind of spleen that is both humane and agreeable, like Jacques in the play: I sometimes too have a touch of it. But I must now break off this chat with you, about your friends, which, were I to indulge it, would be endless.

As for politics, we are, I believe, upon the brink of a peace. The French are vapouring at present in the siege of Maestricht, at the same time they are mortally sick in their marine, and through all the vitals of France. It is pity we cannot continue the war a little longer, and put their agonizing trade quite to death. This siege (I take it) they mean as their last flourish in the war. May your health, which never failed you yet, still continue, till you have scraped together enough to return home, and live in some snug corner, as happy

as the *Corycius Senex*, in Virgil's Fourth Georgic, whom I recommend both to you and myself, as a perfect model of the truest happy life. Believe me to be ever most sincerely and affectionately,
Your's, &c.

JAMES THOMSON.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES.

CHURCHILL AND DR. JOHNSON.

Churchill.

THOUGH I disliked you upon earth, and never designed to enter into conversation with you; yet, as you are lately arrived in these regions, I should like to be informed even by you of the late transactions in the other world.

Johnson. I always said you was a blockhead, sir, and I shall never alter my opinion....I never converse with blockheads.

Churchill. Your manners have not received much polish since I left you upon earth....You still retain much of the savage about you, both in your figure and deportment; but believe me Pomposo, I shall lash you into civility, as I did in the other country, if you provoke me.

Johnson. Lashes from your feeble hand can only excite my laughter.

Churchill. I shall publish another Ghost that will strike terror into your soul, if you refuse or delay to answer me such questions as I think proper to propose to you....Why did you refuse me the honour of admitting me among the British poets, contrary to the opinion and request of the proprietors?.... Answer me without prevarication, or you shall take the consequences.

Johnson. Your pieces had some merit, but it was of the temporary and local kind, and not at all calculated for posterity, or for distant countries: therefore I did not think it my duty to class them with those works which had a claim to immortality.

Churchill.. Did I not caution you against prevarication?....No more of it, Pomposo, if you dread the shafts of my resentment.

Johnson. Why if I must acknowledge the truth. I must....I deserved the chastisement which you severely inflicted on me, and found no inclination to propagate my disgrace....I had been so clearly convicted of folly at your tribunal, that I thought proper to suppress the publication of my trial.

Churchill. Now, I think I have brought you to the point....But answer me ingenuously the question I am about to propose:....Were the booksellers your masters, so ignorant as to suppose the poems of Pomfret were superior to those which I have written, and which have certainly had admirers among people of some taste?

Johnson. Ignorant they are, or....I should not have prevailed on them to reject your performances, and introduce the flimsy rhymes of sleepy Pomfret. I acknowledge, to my shame, that I extolled the wretched productions of that versifier and preferred them to the harmonious and nervous satires which proceeded from your pen. My employers seemed astonished at my opinion, but readily acquiesced in it (or as they were pleased to say) that I was more competent than they were to decide upon such a subject.

Churchill. What have you to say in extenuation of the crime you have committed, in robbing me of my well-earned fame?

Johnson. I had smarted under your correction, sir, and naturally embraced an opportunity of having my complete revenge....But, be consoled....Time will restore you to the rank which I deprived you of, and posterity will do you that justice which my resentment has, for a time, withheld from you.

Churchill. Your candour almost atones for the injury that you have done me. I forgive you....This point being adjusted between us, we may now converse together on friendly terms. I have many en-

* Paterson had tried his hand on a tragedy at London, without much success.

† Afterwards envoy to Berlin, and knight of the Bath.

quiries to make after such of my acquaintance as have not set out upon their journey to these abodes.

Johnson. And you shall find me communicative respecting matters that I am acquainted with. But, for the present I must leave thee....My Tetsy beckons me towards her.

ORIGIN OF THE GREY MARE'S BEING THE BETTER HORSE.

I HAD lately the pleasure of passing a very agreeable evening in a mixed company of both sexes, where the conversation happening to turn upon the propriety of that power which men usually arrogate to themselves of ruling over their wives with despotic sway, a young lady of wit and humour, then present, replied, "it might possibly be so sometimes, but much oftener the *grey mare is the better horse!*" and very obligingly entertained the company with the following account of the rise of that proverbial saying, which is made use of when a woman governs her husband.

A gentleman of a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high dominating spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly he went to her father, and told him, he found his daughter of such a temper, and he was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, "why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and consequently no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the marriage state?" The young gentleman desired to be excused, if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife. "Son (said the old man) you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it: I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses, I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune."

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further enquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and enquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant, that his master was not yet stirring, but, if he pleased to walk

in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. "Why, really, madam (said he) my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenuous with me. You will, doubtless, think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me; I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed, whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?"..... "Indeed, sir (replied the lady), this question is somewhat odd; but, as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say, that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but, if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me, for here he comes."

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side-saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them; but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What (said she), and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." Well, my dear (replied the husband), if it must be so..... "You must take an egg (replied the gentleman carter), and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife." ZENO.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following lines, from the State Gazette (a federal paper, printed at Charleston, South Carolina), are happily conceived, and perhaps are not, at this time, inapt.]

THE FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE WILLOW, PARAPHRASED.

WITHIN the commonwealth of trees,
There liv'd, in opulence and ease,
A Willow and a neighbouring Oak,
Two very powerful gentlefolk!
The helm of state was all their aim,
To which they laid an equal claim.
The Willow vain, provok'd at length
The sturdy Oak to try its strength:
The challenge was received in form,
To be decided by a storm.
The God of Storms was now address'd,
The prowess of each side to test.
'Twas granted, as each Willow knows,
And now a furious tempest rose,
That threaten'd, with disastrous fate,
The constitution of the state.
The conscious Willow knew, of course,
That cringing was his last resource,
And bending from the dubious blast,
Evaded all its force at last;....
While the firm Oak to fury's tide
Opposed its lacerated side;
And scorning meanness, with disdain
Fell prostrate on the groaning plain.
Meantime th' exulting Willow stood,
And claim'd the victory o'er the Wood.

When thus the firm and stately Oak,
In terms of indignation, spoke:....
"Mean, worthless wretch! is this thy fort,
Each fickle, favouring gale to court,
And, with insinuating wile,
Of half its force the storm beguile?
Not to thy strength, but frail condition,
Thou owest thy present elevation.
I am an Oak, tho' fall'n, indeed!
Thou still a wile and skulking weed!
Rais'd by no merit of thy own,
But by the blast that laid me prone.
Say! if thou canst, what plant or tree,
Except a sycophant like thee,
Devoted to intrigue and strife,
Would e'er prefer a dastard's life,
Preserv'd by guile and crafty saws,
To falling in a GLORIOUS CAUSE.

ATTICUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TELL me, Eliza, tell me why
Thou charmst us so?....Is it thine eye,
That eye which beams celestial light?
No; other eyes may glance as bright.

'Tis then, perhaps, thy ruby lip,
Where Cupid ambush'd lurks to sip,
With urchin'd art, ambrosial dew;
No; other lips are ruby too.

May it not be the modest rose,
Which in thy vermil cheek still glows,
Where laughing health confest we view?
No; other cheeks boast roses too.

Where then's this fascinating grace,
That's e'en more lovely than thy face?
This magic cestus worn alone by thee?
'Tis in thy gentle manners, void of art,
Which speak the dictates of thy peaceful heart,
Candour, Good-humour and Simplicity.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following lines were occasioned by seeing, about a twelvemonth ago, a very pretty girl, whose eyes expressed no monastic feelings, confined in a convent at Messina.

Immur'd within the silent convent's gloom,
The chill abode of superstitious fear,
Whose baleful aspect blights each op'ning bloom,
Whose worship is the agonizing tear,

Sweet maid, with all those charms condemn'd to pine,

While Nature, ever to her feelings true,
To give regret for what you thus resign,
Shall paint each pleasure in its gayest hue.

Teresa! say, is that benignant Pow'r,
For whom my thoughts with purest fervour glow,
Best worship'd by the monkish forehead's lour,
The tear of anguish and the sigh of woe?

Or by those passions, which around mankind
Shed their soft lustre, and the heart improve?
A spirit lib'ral, open, and refin'd,
Contentment's sonnet, and the smile of love?

Is he more pleas'd, when from the surly reign
Of ruffian winter all the songsters fly?
When dead each flowret of the frozen plain,
And clouds and tempests blacken all the sky?

Or when mild spring returns with smiling face,
When Flora scatters all her gayest blooms,
When the soft turtles form the amorous chace,
And wanton zephyrs waft around perfumes?

Behold within these walls the pining maids!
Their cheeks how pale! how dim their vestal eyes!
And say, secluded in these dismal shades,
Has Heav'n alone the tribute of their sighs?

Then from thy grate view yonder sportive throng,
Where mirth and health their mingled gifts
impart,

Where age, embrown'd with toil, joins in the song,
And thanks Hygeia for his happy heart.

Behold and say....shall Nature to our reach
Present those joys, which Nature's God denies?
With monitory voice shall Virtue teach,
To spurn those blessings Providence supplies?

O, be not cheated by the fraudulent tale!
Nor think that HE, who all those beauties gave,
Dooms e'en the blushing flow'r that scents the vale,
Unheeded, unenjoy'd to seek the grave.

Teresa, fly where o'er th'Atlantic wave
No horrid prisons hold thy lovely sex;
No frowning parents innocence enslave,
Where only importuning lovers vex.

Oh fly! and let the tender task be mine,
To keep thee free from all but love's alarms,
With fainting transport on thy breast recline,
And teach the better uses of thy charms.

Then on thy couch no more the fiend Despair
Shall from thy trembling eye-lids call a tear;
But Cupids guard thee with assiduous care,
And bliss, forever smiling, hover near.

With bloom renew'd thy lovely cheeks shall glow,
While sweetest thoughts thy soften'd sighs ex-
press,

And those bright eyes, no more suffus'd with woe,
The dearest ecstasy of love confess.

Ao.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO CHLOE.

SAY, dearest girl, the bloom divine
Upon thy cheek which glows,
Those pouting lips, where loves refine
The sweetness of the rose;
That wildly wanton swelling breast,
So form'd each bliss to prove;
Those limbs by all the graces drest,
Those eyes that swim in love.

Ah! say, shall all that store of charms,
Which lavish Nature gave,
E'er sink in cold Indifference' arms,
Of beauty still the grave:
While I, within whose breast the beams
Of beauty, love has bred,
Am, sighing, left to court the dreams,
That gives thee to my bed.

No, Chloe, let each soft desire
Thy panting bosom fill,
Nor him whose heart thy charms inspire,
With frigid prudence kill.
So may sweet ecstasy be thine!
May bliss e'er dwell with thee!
While smiling loves thy heart incline
To share that bliss with me.

Ao.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ELIZA.

DEAR lovely maid, that rul'st my heart,
What evils cause those sighs,
And force those trembling tears to start,
That dim thy radiant eyes?

What pales thy cheek, whose bloom so late
Surpass'd the orient glow?
Oh! why, complaining of thy fate,
Look'st thou the form of woe?

Is it (whom fortune's frowns oppress,
And force from thee to part),
The image of thy love's distress,
That melts thy gentle heart?

Eliza! sure thy virtues are
Of such celestial hue,
That Heav'n itself will have a care
O'er him thou lov'st so true.

Ao.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Even the gravity of the Monthly Reviewers declared, on the first publication of the following catch, that "its humour was easy, and agreeable."]

Which is the properest day to drink?
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?

Each is the properest day, I think,
Why should we name but one day?

Tell me but yours, I'll mention my day,
Let us but fix on some day.

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday.

[We request a translation of the following beautiful verses.]

STANCES MORALES, PAR M. DE PILS.

LA grande route de la vie
Se partage en quatre relais;
Quoique plantee en noir cipres
Nuit et jour elle est fort suivie.

En vertu des arrêts du sort,
C'est dans une ample diligence;
Que le tems coche de la mort,
Y voiture l'humaine engeance.

Pour ce voyage vous jugez,
Que l'homme part des qu'il est jeune;
Et l'usage veut qu'il dejeune,
A l'hotel des prejugés.

A midi Venus le supplie
De diner chez elle en passant;
Bien que l'hotesse soit jolie,
Il la querelle en la quittant.

Pour dissiper sa reverie,
Quand la journée est aux trois quarts
Il fait hat a l'hotellerie
De la science, et des beaux arts.

Il y voit des jaloux sans nombre,
Qui se mettant tous a crier;
Lui disputent d'un regard sombre,
Deux ou trois feuilles de haurier.

Contre une aussi futile troupe,
Emu d'une juste pitie;
Il remonte, et le soir il soupe
A l'auberge de l'amitie.

Mais a cette paisible table,
Comme il alloit se divertir,
Le postillon impitoyable
Le force encore a repartir.

C'en est fait! son ame succombe
Au souvenir de tant de maux;
Il arrive; et c'est une tombe
Qui lui sert de lit de repos.

[The following is one of the happiest imitations of the style of Dr. PRYOR.]

LINDORE.

In reply to "The Fairest of the Fair," a song, by the Bishop of Dromore.

O LINDORE, canst thou doubt my love,
Or think the town deserves a sigh?
Thy Nancy will a cot approve,
Nor envy queens, if thou art nigh.
Then shall the russet gown be mine,
Nor splendid jewels deck my vest;
Nor ever shall my heart repine,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

With thee I'll fly each scene so gay,
Though heat annoy, or wintry wind;
Nor shall a look or sigh betray
A mournful heart, or restless mind.
With thee each labour I'll defy,
With thee, I'll gently sink to rest,
Nor shall past pleasures raise a sigh,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

If perils should my love oppress,
With him I'll brave their bitter rage,
And, 'mid the terrors of distress,
His presence shall my fears assuage;
And on his frame should sickness prey,
My care shall every pang arrest;
Nor shall a thought past joys display,
With Lindore's fond affection blest.

And should my gentle Lindore die,
Let Nancy his last moments cheer,
Her bosom ne'er shall heave a sigh,
Her eyes shall ne'er distil a tear:
But when thou'rt gone, thy wretched love
Will rend her heart upon thy breast,
Nor any scenes but those approve,
Which Lindore's fond affection blest.

EPIGRAM,

On a Young Lady of the name of Whiting.

SURE Whiting is no fasting dish,
Let priests say what they dare;
I'd rather have my dainty fish,
Than all their Christmas fare.
So sweet, so innocent, so free
From all that tends to strife;
O happy man! whose lot shall be
To swim with her thro' life.

Whatever bait love e'er could make,
To catch my fish I'd try,
I'd be a gentle for her sake,
Or artificial fly.
But Venus, goddess of the food,
Does all my pray'rs deny;
And surly Mars cries "D—n your blood,
You've other fish to fry."

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 14.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 10th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XIII.

AT the commencement of these my speculations, I felt considerable anxiety, with respect to the degree of support upon which I could calculate, from the favours of correspondents. In my first paper, therefore, I implored their assistance with earnestness, and I am happy to acknowledge the liberality with which it has been afforded. I think that it is Fielding, who compares the condition of a periodical essayist, to that of a stage-coachman, who must proceed on his journey, whether his vehicle be empty or full. In like manner, the first page of the Port Folio must be filled with a Lounger, whether the brain of Samuel Saunter be competent to furnish the materials or not. For the present, however, and indeed for some weeks to come, the file of letters and papers which lie beside me on my desk, give me the comfortable assurance, that I am amply supplied.

I have only to lament, that so many of my friends communicate their observations upon similar topics. In consequence of this, I am compelled either to omit entirely many favours, of which I should willingly avail myself, or to give to my speculations too uniform a complexion. The state of manners in the theatre, the behaviour of would-be-critics, and lobby loungers, has been enlarged upon in many letters upon my file. Some of these I shall select for my present paper, and others may furnish materials for a future one.

The first letter which I have to communicate, appears to come from the same correspondent, who offered me some friendly advice in my second number.

Philadelphia, March 26.

MR. SAUNTER,

I was one of the first to hail the establishment of a paper in our city, which should contain a transcript of, and animadversions upon, our prevailing manners and customs. I saw, at an early period, the difficulty of the undertaking, and offered you some well-meant admonitions upon the subject. I am happy to observe, that you have steered so carefully clear of any thing personal, that even the censorious and the malicious can only complain of general severity in some of your strictures, but cannot point out any individual reflection. This is well done. But I am, sometimes, almost inclined to grieve that ever your paper was undertaken, for I dare hardly flatter you with the hope that it has done any good; and, on the other hand, that it has done some harm. The description of your person and character, in the first number, has been mistaken for a real one, and has produced a host of imitators, who infest us in all places of public amusement, but particularly in the theatre. I cannot conceive of any thing more unbecoming

the character of a gentleman, than his presuming to interrupt the amusement of a numerous company, by loud laughing, or talking. If the conversation were worth listening to, it might, in some degree, compensate for the rudeness of preventing our attention to what is said upon the stage; but poverty of ideas, and vulgarity of language, are generally alike conspicuous in these lobby conversations. But this is not all. Many, I believe, think that, by the most disgusting display of apathy and indolence, they may perhaps be taken for Samuel Saunter.

It is but a little month, since I beheld one of this class of puppies, reclining at ease in a stage-box, with his head on the seats behind him, and his boots upon the front of it, displayed in full view, both to the audience and the performers. Had I been manager, I would certainly have had him turned out. I thought that this youth had carried his insolence to the utmost pitch; but even this was exceeded a few evenings since, when a couple of loungers, in the same box, had the audacity, even during the performance of the play, to turn their backs upon the stage and audience, and very calmly sit down upon the front of the box, with their coat-lappets hanging over, and their hats upon their heads, and begin a conversation.

Surely, Mr. Saunter, these things are not to be endured; and, if you perform your office with fidelity, you ought to give these puppies a little wholesome admonition in your next number.

I am, sir,

Your humble servant,
MONITOR.

I know not how I can better fulfil the wishes of my correspondent, than by publishing his letter. He appears to write with vehemence; but this vehemence is, in my apprehension, commendable. I was not a witness of the first outrage of which he complains; but the second I beheld, and beheld with astonishment. Surely an audience is culpably tame, that endures such insults, without resentment. Every individual should consider himself as interested in preserving the decorum, which should always distinguish a scene of liberal amusement. Such a spirit, we are informed by those, upon whose information we can rely, is uniformly manifested in the theatres of Europe, and, if it were exerted here, the evils of which my correspondent complains, would very soon be effectually obviated.

SIR,

Although I live a good way back in the country, I get a peep, every now and then, at your Port Folio, for lawyer Subtle of our town takes it in; and though I should like it better, if it gave us a little more news, and told us who was dead and married, and such like, and told us about fires, and robberies, and murders, and other entertaining matter, yet I have been well enough pleased with it in the main. But I have seemed to be more diverted with the Lounger, than any other part of it, for some of that seems comical enough. But all this is only beating about the bush; let me come at once to the matter in hand.

You must know then, Mister Saunter, that I came to Philadelphia about three weeks ago, and, since that time, I have been a good many times to the play. I don't mean to talk about the acting, for I don't pretend to be a judge, though I have been told that's a pretty general case among those, who talk the most of it; but what I want, Mr. Saunter, is to ask you a plain question. You must know, sir, that I have very often seen young ladies, aye, and fine, well-dressed ladies too, stand up between the acts of the play, and squat down on the front of the box, with their backs turned to the folks in the house. Now, is this good manners, or is it not? I remember mother, when I was a boy, used to be dinging it into my ears, that 'twas very uncivil to turn one's back to company. Indeed, when I first saw it, I had a great notion of giving some of them a spank, and I could have reached some of them from the pit very well, I guess. But, perhaps, all this is only my country breeding, and I may be out of my reckoning, and it may be very good manners, though I don't understand it.

If you please to correct all faults in the spelling and such like, you may put this in your paper if you please. I expect mother will be mighty glad, to hear that her son Zcky is got into print; and pray let me have your opinion upon the matter.

Here rests,

Your loving friend,
HEZEKIAH HOMESPUN.

I have frequently noticed the custom alluded to, by friend Hezekiah, and cannot help thinking, that it is a gross solecism in manners. I know of very few sights, that have a more ludicrous and curious effect, to a spectator in the pit, than the display which meets his eyes, when he raises his head, in an interval of the performance. I too have more than once felt a similar propensity with my correspondent, and have been strongly inclined to give them a "spank." But my chastisement would have been administered with as much delicacy as that which, if we may believe De Lolme's facetious history of the Flagellants, was inflicted by some ghostly fathers of the Roman church, upon their female penitents. Far from using the scourge with severity, he observes, that the disciplinarians, upon such occasions, "femora molliter perfricabit." As the subject is a delicate one, I shall be excused, to adopt the words of the historian of the Roman empire, "for veiling it in the obscurity of a learned language."

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MADELINA.

TO R. L.

MADELINA, you wish me to draw your character. What a strange wish, to be preferred by a young lady to a young man, who has seldom seen you, at times and in situations which admit of no disguise, and which draw forth all our secret foibles and who, at best, has neither a sober nor

impartial judgment. Still, however, I will do my best. If I blame you, your pride may occasionally impute it to my ignorance; if I praise, your modesty will naturally suggest some doubts of the sincerity of one, who sets a very high value on your good opinion, and who thinks your smiles cheaply bought, even at the price of some duplicity.

And now to begin: but how? With the person to be sure. Beauty is never of small moment in a woman's eye, and that is a cause of deep regret to those, who love true female dignity, happiness and virtue. In the passion for beauty, shall we find the source of all the follies, and many of the crimes of women. So common is this passion, that, though a distinction of the sex, it is no characteristic of the individual. And yet had I a seraph's eloquence, it should be incessantly exerted to persuade the woman whom I value, that, inasmuch as she prizes beauty (particularly if she herself be beautiful), is she silly, wicked, or unfortunate. After this, you will hardly expect me to say any thing of your person.

But there is another reason for my silence: my decision would be no test of the truth. The female form generally pleases in different degrees, according as it is viewed in different lights, at different hours, and by different eyes. The sentence of to-day, suggested by negligence of dress, capricious behaviour, or unamiable sentiments, would be reversed to-morrow, at the intercession of a few smiles and affabilities, or at the pleading of a robe, brilliantly fair, and enchantingly becoming. So, we'll say nothing of thy person, Madelina.

Are you witty? Are you amiable? Are you wise? How hard to answer these questions, so as to convey, to the object of our scrutiny, our precise meaning! I am almost afraid to proceed. To tell the truth is not always to make either wise or happy; and, when the truth breeds nothing but resentment or misery, why should it be told?... But come, in order to be safe, I will sketch what I think a good character, and leave it to you to find its resemblance to yourself.

The good girl, whom I wish to meet with, has a face that nothing but the soul within makes beautiful. It never yet was clouded by anger; never yet had peevishness, resentment, envy, even a momentary place in it. The perverseness or malignity of others cannot be so great or incessant, as to conquer her patience. Her charity is large enough to take in every offence. Her penetration is clear enough to see the guilt and folly of impatience, in any situation. She has no sullen looks; no hasty plaints; no keen retorts; all is placid suifrance, and heavenly serenity. She is good, inasmuch as she never treats others hardly or capriciously. She is perfect, inasmuch as the injuries of others, so far from provoking vengeance, never even cause indignation, nor stop the current of that charity that flows for all.

She cultivates her mind, by regular and close attention to every profitable study. She has leisure, and the greatest part of it is spent in reading. She deems this an amusement indeed, but also a duty. She indulges, without scruple, that inclination, which leads her to works of taste, fancy, and domestic morality, because she regards these as the regulators, sweeteners, and embellishers of life; but while these are her favourite pursuits, she by no means despises or shuns the more rugged paths of history or science.

Still, however, she is no bookworm, no recluse, no pedant. She meditates and reasons for herself, and her studious hours are betrayed, not by mere literary talk, by anecdotes of authors, and criticisms on their works, by hard words, and formal quotations, but by a certain dignity of thought, and refinement of language, which nothing but familiar converse with books can give, and which diffuse themselves through all her conversation.

She is fond of society. The worthy and intelligent she seeks and caresses; the gay, thoughtless, frivolous, immoral, or indecent, she treats, when she meets them, with strict politeness, but she never seeks them, and is at home to them as rarely as possible. She endures their company, when unavoidable, but you cannot subject her to a more mortifying penance.

In her dress, she studies not merely the decent and becoming, but also the frugal. One of her chief cares is to shun all superfluous expenses. She always remembers, that her family are not opulent; that she has no independent provision. To-morrow may ravish from her grasp the frail and precarious props that uphold her. This reflection has made her a pattern of economy and industry. She is, in many respects, her own laundress, and, in all respects, her own sempstress.

She well knows the magic graces that flow from personal purity and habits of delicacy. Beauty is bestowed by some power beyond ourselves. It most commonly entails on the possessor infinite depravity and folly, and can never confer any real good. A temper, serene amidst the evils of life, and the fluctuations of others, forbearing and affectionate to all; manners, soft, mild, full of dignity and personal decorum, constitute the lasting power, the bewitching grace, the irresistible charm.....but if I run on thus, I shall write a volume, instead of a letter; so I will stop here, and ask you, Madelina, in what respects this creature of my fancy resembles you?

Are you studious? Do you spend a certain portion of each day in reading? Were the reflections of any five minutes of your life suggested by any thing you met with in a book? Are any of the terms or ideas, which occur in your conversation, derived from this source? Are your friends and intimates distinguished by their charitable, devout, thoughtful, and home-loving habits? Are none of them vain, giddy, ridiculously prejudiced or spoilt by fashion?

Are you diligent and economical? Do you spend nothing upon superfluities? Have you, in all you buy, or all you do, a view to future independence, to be raised on your own efforts? Do you perform, for yourself, all that decency permits, and that a noble humility, a laudable frugality requires you to do?

Is your temper benign and equable? Do you never repine at the want of those advantages of person and fortune, which others possess? Would not a splendid villa and an equipage atone for many misfortunes of yourself and friends?

But let me, above all, inquire, whether rational piety, its sanctions, duties, and consolations, are any thing to you but empty sounds? Have the ideas of a future state, a pure and all-seeing eye, ever found a moment's place in your thoughts? Are you at all acquainted with that principle, which enables us to love merit, though beautiful or rich, and to look down with pity on arrogance and pomp?

To some of these questions, candour may oblige you to answer, but not without reluctance; and your heart, impatient of blame, may whisper....“I have as much of these estimable qualities, as most others. I can scarcely point out one of my acquaintance, who (no older than I) has more simplicity, frugality, industry, charity, candour, or devotion. If I err, my judgment, and not my inclination, is to blame. I ardently wish to attain all that is good, graceful, and lovely in the female character. I am always striving to attain them, and the failure of my efforts humbles and distresses me.

“Above all things, I want to be reputed sensible and learned, but my poor head will not allow it. I cannot keep alive my curiosity for books. When I read, unless it be some fashionable play or novel, all is tedious, dark, and unintelligible: but I did

not chuse my own understanding, and I cannot re-create myself; and, though nature will not second my wishes, to reach the highest place, yet I am not the very lowest in the scale. I know myself to possess some sense, some generosity, a heart that is both pure and warm, and principles that will never let me stoop to meanness or falsehood; and my great comfort is, that few are better than me, many, very many that are worse.”

Thy pleas, Madelina, are perfectly just. Inclination and zeal will go far to make us better, but they will not do every thing; and whatever charm there may be in diffidences and disclaimings, it is absurd and pernicious to give up our dues. I rejoice in thy anxiety for improvement, and applaud thee for respecting thyself. In looking round, I also find very few that are thy superiors, but very many that are, in all estimable qualities, much below Madelina.

[The following essay is not only a humorous Satire upon the romances of the circulating library, but is a just reprehension of the levity and licentiousness of those *Angelinas* and *Celestinas*, who have exchanged a washing-tub for a writing-desk.]

AN ESSAY ON THE MODERN NOVEL.

IT is a misfortune, incident to human nature, that its finest qualities may be perverted to the most destructive ends. Love, the brightest spark that enlightens the soul, burns frequently for the impurest purposes, and lends its rays too often to inflame the eyes of lust, and to light the adulterer to his couch. Having erected his empire, in a greater or less degree, in every breast, he reigns every where. There's ne'er a mother's son between this and the Antipodes, from beardless sixteen up to grey-beard sixty, who has not struggled at some period of his life in the Cytherean net, and confessed the power of the blind god. But let them describe the impulses that push them forward into the snare, and you will find they have worshipped some other deity than real love; some usurper, who has borrowed his name and authority. From the beginning it has been so, and to the end it will continue so; for the present age, with all its refinements, is more distant from the knowledge of real love, than were our forefathers of the fifth century.

It would be an amusing study to a speculative mind, to observe how this fascinating something has played upon the folly and invention of mankind through all ages. It has exhibited its pranks and whimsies in a thousand different scenes, and in every shape that vanity or fancy could devise, has paid its addresses to the heart. Love is the Proteus of heaven; and, had the ancients known the full extent of his qualities, and seen what we have seen, no doubt they had given him the proper attributes of that character.

But of all the artillery which love has employed to brighten eyes, and soften hearts, the most effectual and forcible is the modern novel. Of all the arrows which Cupid has shot at youthful hearts, this is the keenest. There is no resisting it. It is the literary opium, that lulls every sense into delicious rapture; and respecting the bias of a young lady's mind one may venture to turn out the *Nobie's* and *Robson's*, with half a dozen of their greasy combustible duodecimos against the nurse, the mother, and the common-prayer-book....ay, and they would conquer them too. These gentlemen are real patriots, never-failing friends to the propagation of the human species. They have counteracted all the designs of the British senate against matrimony; and, in contempt of the marriage act, post chaises and young couples run smoothly on the north road. All this, and more, we owe to novels, which have operated like electricity on the great national body, and have raised the humble spirit of citizens to a parallel with the veriest pomp of quality in the coterie.

But what charms all ranks of people in these productions is the manner....Unrestrained by that disgusting simplicity, that timid coyness, which checked the fancies of former ages, the modern muses are stark naked: and it were no vague assertion to declare, that they have contributed more than any other cause to debauch the morals of the young of the fair sex. Novels, according to the practice of the times, are the powerful engines with which the seducer attacks the female heart, and if we judge from every days experience, his plots are seldom laid in vain. Never was there an apter weapon for so black a purpose. Tricked out in the trappings of taste, a loose and airy dishabille, with a staggering gait and a wanton eye, the modern muse trips jauntily on, the true child of fashion and folly. By tickling the ear, she approaches the heart, and soon ruins it; for, like all other prostitutes, she is plausible and fascinating, and has "her winning ways." A wretched levity of thought, delivered at random in an incoherent style, passes current for sentiment, and so alertly has this mental jargon played its part, that our young ladies begin to throw out Steele and Addison to make room for *H—* and *De Verger*. An ingenious author of this age has given us in a few lines the following admirable receipt to make a modern novel.

Take a subject that's grave, with a moral that's good,
Throw in all the temptations that virtue withstood;
And pray let your hero be handsome and young,
Taste, wit, and fine sentiment flow from his tongue;
And his delicate feelings be sure to improve,
With passion, with tender soft rapture, and love.
And some incidents too, which I like above measure,
Such as those I have read, are esteemed as a treasure,
In a book that's entitled....*The Woman of Pleasure*;
Mix well, and you'll find 'twill a novel produce;
Fit for modest young ladies....to keep it for use.

To do justice to the bard, he has chalked out the outlines very gracefully, and justly described the ingredients for making this literary pill operate against morality. But lest any reader mistake the author's meaning, here follows a letter, worked up to the very humour of the times, and stamped with the true current mark and signature of 1792. It is fraught with style, manner, and sentiment; and the next worthy gentleman, who gives a three guinea novel in two volumes, is welcome to insert it in his work.

LETTER XVI.

Lady Juliana Glanville to Miss Henrietta Wentworth.

Heigho! Wentworth! who could have thought it?...What a foolish thing is a fond fluttering heart! How often have you told me what a metal mind was made of!....Hard as it was, O'Brien's eyes have melted it!....The dear youth saw and conquered!....Your friend is no longer free....Oh! the dear enchanting scenes around Glanville castle, that once delighted my innocent hours....Ye lowering forests....myrtle shades....crystal streams....and cooing turtles....ye have no more charms for me....none....unless O'Brien be there.

Rocks from your caves repeat the plaintive strains,
And let the mournful tale be echo'd o'er the plains.

....And so, my dear, I'll tell you how it was....I went last night to the Grove assembly, in company with the Miss Seymours and that fright, Bluffton... By the bye, my dear, is not that fellow a dreadful creature;....huge and horrid....how I hate him!.... So, my dear, as I was saying, we all met together....I dressed in my white satin and silver, and pinned up my hair with my new Barbelot's brilliant....a propos....how do you like my last suit of Brussels?....And, just as we were going to cross the style, whom should I see peeping on the other side of the hedge, but....O'Brien! lovely and enchanting as he was when I saw him last winter at Carlisle house?...I instantly feigned illness, and turned up the lane to return; when O'Brien, with an angel's

swiftness, flew over the hedge....and we both dissolved in tears....O! sweet sensibility! why was my heart formed with more than woman's softness; why was O'Brien formed with more than manly grace....It was in a bower composed of honeysuckles and jessamine that we reclined....The dear youth spoke a thousand tender things with his eyes, and I answered him with sighs and with blushes....Seated in a deep embowering shade....lips trembling....hearts beating....locked in each other's arms....what a dangerous situation! and the discourse on love!

.....And Oh! his charming tongue
Was but too well acquainted with my weakness!
He talked of love, and all my melting heart
Dissolv'd within my breast.

Do you know Wentworth, that I was violently inclined to play the fool? We found ourselves lavishing encomiums on disinterested love and a cottage. His description was animated to the last degree. My whole attention was engrossed. He held my hand, tenderly pressed between his, while I listened to his soothing tale. His eyes were still more eloquent than his bewitching tongue.

I was almost a lost woman; when, fortunately for me, the idea of squalling brats, and matrimonial bitters, darted across my thought. Up I sprang. A fine day for a walk, cried I; and away I tripped. I had nothing for it but flight. He followed me, dejected,....his arms folded. He looked amazingly handsome. But prudence kept her seat in my breast: prudence, you know, is the foil of love. We strolled towards the house, without any other conversation, except expressive sighs on his side.... half-stifled ones and stolen glances on mine. I flew to the harpsichord to rouse my spirits. He drew a chair near me; and, leaning on the instrument, fixed his languishing eyes on my face. My fingers involuntarily touched soft plaintive notes. Instead of a sprightly air, out came a ditty, as melancholy as "The babes in the wood." He perceived my swimming eyes....he perceived my confusion; and, snatching the moment of love, he threw himself on his knees, looked moving, and swore,

While youthful splendor lighten'd in my eyes,
Clear as the smiling glory of the skies,
More white than flax my curling tresses flow'd
My dimpled cheeks, with rosy beauty glow'd.

Enchanting lines! are not they, Wentworth?... Well! and what followed?...you ask me....Ay, there's the rub....but positively you shan't know till my next letter....Heigh ho! Adieu, Henrietta....and tell me how your affair with the baronet goes on....Adieu, my dear, and remember your sighing, and almost ruined cousin,

JULIANA GLANVILLE.

What effect such graceless raptures and broken periods may produce on untutored miads, let ten thousand boarding-schools witness. This contagion is the more to be dreaded, as it daily spreads through all ranks of people; and miss, the tailor's daughter, talks now as familiarly to her confidant, Miss Polly Staytape, of swains and sentiments, as the accomplished dames of genteel life. In a word if a man of sense has an inclination to chuse a rational woman for his wife, he reaches his grand clinacteric before he can find a fair one to trust himself with....so universal is the corruption!.... These are the fatal consequences of novels!

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HAVING observed, in a late paper, some cases, proving the efficacy of *leeches*, in drawing off the

bad blood and viscid humours of the system, we may expect to see the *body-politic* thoroughly drained, as a large number of hungry animals of that description have fastened themselves thereon, and are sucking with that avidity which results from a state of previous starvation. E.

April 5, 1802.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FULL DRESS.

1. FULL or dancing dress of white muslin; the train very long, and trimmed round the bottom, with black and yellow trimming; over the train, a plain drapery, nearly meeting behind, and trimmed all round with a trimming, the same as the train; the back plain, and ornamented with alternate bows of black and yellow; full sleeves of lace and muslin. Small hat of white satin, turned up in front, and ornamented with black and yellow ostrich feathers.

2. Evening or opera dress; made of white satin, and trimmed with swansdown fur. A mantle of the same, trimmed also with swansdown. A hat of black velvet, ornamented with one large ostrich feather.

HEAD DRESSES.

1. A bonnet of buff satin, turned up in front, and trimmed with brown fur and ribbon; a brown feather in front. 2. A close bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with purple. A large purple feather fixed on one side, to fall over the front. 3. A cap of white lace, with a deep lace border; bows of white ribbon on the front and left side. 4. A morning cap of fine muslin; the front confined and finished with white ribbon; the crown full, and finished on the left side, with a long end. 5. A cap of lace, made open behind to admit the hair, and ornamented with an ostrich feather. 6. A cap of white satin, and ornamented with a small wreath of coquelicot flowers. 7. A close cap of white satin, trimmed round the front with fancy trimming, and ornamented with flowers. 8. A Parisian cap, made of worked muslin, lined with pink silk; a deep lace border round the front. 9. A cap of lace, drawn up close behind, and finished with a lace frill; a coquelicot feather or flower in front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are scarlet, purple, yellow, and brown. Short pelisses, lined with scarlet or purple, and trimmed all round with fur, are very much worn; the petticoats are generally trimmed with narrow flounces. Except in very full dress, flowers are more adopted than feathers; the most favourite flowers, at present, are those intermixed with steel beads and bugles.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Buff colour satin hats, with amaranthus colour drapery, are very fashionable, as are apricot velvet hats, trimmed with amaranthus colour ribbons, with gold stripes, and feathers of the same colour, others of capucine colour velvet, with ribbons the same colour, and some of pale blue velvet, with blue feathers. The head-dresses in hair, that were entirely out of fashion, are again in favour; some ornamented with a polished steel diadem. The caps worn under turbans are, in general made of black velvet, spangled instead of poppy colour.

POLITICS.

MINISTERIAL ADROITNESS,

Or the newest and most approved method of
EXPEDITING

LEGISLATIVE BUSINESS;

Being a history of the rise, progress, and final passage of One Bill, in One House of the National Legislature.

Extract of a letter from Washington to the Editor of the Gazette of the United States.

"Though you find, in the National Intelligencer, a correct statement of the most important votes, which are taken in the house of representatives, and a very smooth account of the course of proceedings, yet you get no adequate idea of the ministerial mode of transacting business. You will, indeed, occasionally find very unwarrantable statements in that paper, whenever, in the opinion of the editor, the character of his party requires from him that kind of aid. In the Intelligencer of Wednesday, the twenty-fourth of March, it is asserted, that the discussion of the bill, for relieving the luxuries of life from the burden of taxes, continued with little intermission for six days, *during which the house sat to a late hour, notwithstanding repeated motions made by the minority to adjourn. In this unusual devotion to public business, the citizens will discern a laudable solicitude to terminate the session at the earliest period.*"

"It is to be hoped that this indecent misrepresentation is chargeable only upon the editor of the Intelligencer, and that he has not been put upon it by some man of more consequence.

"Notwithstanding repeated motions made by the minority to adjourn....The fact is, that on four successive days, out of the six here mentioned, the ministerial party adjourned in great confusion, for the purpose of devising ways and means to extricate themselves from the embarrassments into which they were thrown by their own proceedings.

"Inasmuch as an examination of the subject has been provoked, I will give you a history of this bill, which, in the opinion of the Intelligencer, reflects so much honour upon the industry, skill, and perseverance of the ministerial party.

"The committee of ways and means, which reported this bill, and of which Mr. Randolph of Virginia is chairman, was appointed on the second day of the session. After a good deal of delay, which exhausted the patience of several of the party, Davis of Kentucky moved a resolution for the repeal of the internal taxes, and stated as his reason, the delay of the committee of ways and means upon this subject. Even the Aurora thought some apology necessary, and informed us that the committee had resolved to mature the business before they brought it forward, and to introduce it to the house in a perfect state, so that it might be acted upon with promptness and without embarrassment.

"At length, after sitting precisely three months, Mr. Randolph introduced his well matured bill to repeal the internal taxes. The bill was referred to a committee of the whole house on Monday, the 15th of March. Some discussion took place on the merits of this *perfect* bill, and Mr. Randolph was convinced that it might be rendered yet more perfect by some slight alteration. He consequently introduced an amendment *twice as long* as the original bill. A gentleman remarked, that the amendment ought to be printed for the use of the members before acting upon it. Mr. Randolph said that was his object: but he had *several other* amendments to propose, and thought it best to have them all printed at once. It was mentioned that no other amendment could be submitted

while that was pending; but the gentleman might withdraw his first amendment, and offer the others with it, after which the whole might be printed.

"Mr. Randolph accordingly withdrew his long amendment, but not exactly understanding what was to be done next, he moved that the committee rise, and as soon as the speaker had resumed the chair, moved that the long amendment be printed.

"Mr. Griswold observed, that he had no objection to an order for printing; but it must be an order to print a paper in that gentleman's pocket. No amendment was before the house....none had been reported by the committee of the whole. The ministerial gentlemen knew not how to proceed. Mr. Randolph made a long speech....but the difficulty still remained. At length Mr. Randolph moved to go back into committee of the whole, for the purpose of starting anew. The house accordingly resolved itself into a committee of the whole, and the long amendment was again proposed, upon which the committee rose, and the house ordered the amendment to be printed.

"Mr. Randolph did not chuse to hazard another step that day, and accordingly moved for an adjournment at an early hour, and the motion was carried. Of course, this was not a 'motion by the minority.'

"On Tuesday, the bill for repealing the internal taxes was again resumed. A number of new objections were urged against this *perfect* bill, and Mr. Randolph and his friends finding themselves unable to obviate them were again disconcerted. A motion was made to recommit it to the committee of ways and means. It was said to be so immature, that the committee of the whole, and the house could not advantageously proceed upon it, in its present form. Mr. Randolph admitted the force of the objections, complained that gentlemen on the other side of the house only pointed out errors, without assisting to correct them, but objected to the recommitment. Such was the imperfect state of the bill, and so evident was the necessity of drawing it anew, that the little David of Legislation, after one or two long speeches, finding that the question could no longer be evaded, called for an adjournment, after the speaker had risen and stated the question to the house, but before the vote could be taken. The adjournment was carried by the ministerial party, though the other side of the house voted against it.

"When the House met on Wednesday, Mr. Randolph introduced another long string of amendments, which he hoped would remedy the faults complained of, and spare him the mortification of a recommitment. A great part of the day was spent in hearing the arguments of the ministerialists to prove that these amendments would answer the purpose; and finally, after the amendments had been amended by an entire new section, which Mr. Goddard introduced, and by an alteration of several others, they were adopted. Mr. Dennis then moved to strike out of the first section, the words 'sales at auction,' and to insert 'coffee,' and gave notice that he intended to move further amendments; by substituting *brown sugar, bohea tea, and salt*, in place of some of the refined articles named in the bill, for the purpose of trying the principle, whether the surplus revenues should be spared exclusively from luxuries, or in part from the necessities of life. The ministerial party did not wish to have this comparison appear upon their journals, and, as the best expedient, which occurred to them to avoid it, called for a division of the question, so that the votes upon striking out and inserting should be taken separately. This was objected to, as not in order; it was said that the motion was a simple proposition, and consequently not divisible, by the rules of the house. It was referred to the speaker, who decid-

ed that the question was *not* divisible. The party, not to be thwarted in their course by rules of the house, and decisions of their own speaker, appealed from the decision of the chair. The question being put, 'Is the decision of the chair in order?' the ministerialists, *tenacious of their purpose*, and willing to compass their end, whatever might be the means, determined in the negative. Here a whimsical farce commenced respecting the second part of the motion. These wise legislators, with the little man of *slings* at their head, had imagined that by carrying the first part of the motion in the negative, and leaving no place designated for the insertion of the word *coffee*, they would be able to evade that part of the question, and pursuing the same course with the amendments which they knew were to follow, congratulated themselves upon a new discovery, by which they expected to keep their journals free from the mention of those articles of necessity, which the constitutionalists wished to substitute for the luxuries named in the bill. But here again they were brought up, as the sailors say, all standing, by another rule of the house, and by a positive declaration of the speaker, that the question must be put. After nearly an hour had been consumed, and no way discovered to get out of the perplexity, a reconsideration of the vote for dividing the question, was moved and seconded. After a variety of remarks upon this motion, the speaker rose to put the question, when an adjournment was called for and carried, by the ministerial side of the house.

"On Thursday, after commencing the proceedings of the day in a very curious and novel manner, which will be noticed further on, the house proceeded to consider some further amendments, offered by Mr. Randolph, and General Smith, of Maryland. After the usual time of adjournment, and when the members appeared to be exhausted by the labours of the day, an adjournment was asked for by one of the constitutionalists, in order, as is believed, to give Mr. Griswold an opportunity of submitting to the house a number of arguments against the bill, but which he thought would not be heard with patience at so late an hour. On this solitary occasion, it is true, that a motion was made by the constitutionalists to adjourn, and was not carried. Mr. Griswold went into a very able and conclusive argument, which detained the house to a very late hour. A motion was then made further to amend the bill, by inserting, after the words 'stamped vellum, parchment, and paper,' the words 'and the duties on imported brown sugar.' Mr. Randolph had now got through with all the amendments, which he had to offer. He began to look, with extreme solicitude, upon this favourite child of his legislative labour. It had cost him many 'throes and convulsions' in the production, and much anxiety and perplexity in the nurturing; and he became, every moment, more and more desirous of seeing it out of the reach of those, who had been all along unkindly pointing out to him deformities, which his paternal eye had not discerned, and who, for ought that he knew, might still discover as many more, should time be given them to examine it. He therefore hoped that the bill would be ordered to be engrossed before the house should adjourn; and for the purpose of *saving time*, and coming at a *prompt decision*, he said he would move for the previous question, upon the amendment last proposed. The motion being seconded, it was put by the speaker in these words 'Shall the main question be now put?' And it was carried in the negative by the ministerial sect. Having thus cut the business short, and as they shrewdly imagined, surmounted all obstacles, they triumphantly called for the question on engrossing. But here again, like an ill omen, a rule of the house thwarted their course, and once more put them at a stand. The speaker declared that the bill could not be engrossed, while

a motion to amend was pending, and this motion, he said, had been hung up by the previous question just taken. Upon this, the ministerial gentlemen began to manifest some doubt of the expediency of the mode, which they had adopted for *saving time*, and coming at a prompt decision. They attempted to retrace their steps, and called for the question on the amendment, upon which the previous question had been taken. Here also, they were equally entangled; for the speaker declared, in conformity with the rules of the house, that it was not in order to put the main question on any motion *the same day* on which the previous question on such motion had been put and carried in the negative. It was now evident, that nothing further could be done without getting rid of these rules, and for that purpose Mr. Elmendorf, who has sometimes been called the *bird of wisdom*, demanded to appeal from the decision of the speaker. Here again the sect were reduced to the perplexing alternative, either of going directly in the teeth of all rules of order, and again deserting their speaker, or else of stopping short, and abandoning the triumph of a *prompt decision*. In this dilemma an adjournment was called for, and carried, but not by the minority.

"Having thus stated to you the manner, in which the ministerialists closed their sessions upon four of the days occupied in the business of repealing the internal taxes, I will now give you an account of the manner, in which some of those sessions commenced. The *Intelligencer* continues:

"In this unusual devotion to public business, the citizens will discern a laudable solicitude to terminate the session at the earliest period. It is a very hard thing to decide upon men's intentions, and I will not undertake to say that the ministerial gentlemen are not solicitous to expedite public business: but if I were disposed to write their eulogium, knowing the progress, which they have made during the present session, and particularly knowing the history of the bill now under consideration, I should never mention that solicitude, lest I should be thought either to satirize them, or to impeach their talents. Will the *Intelligencer* place to the account of this solicitude, the *two hours and a half* spent by these gentlemen on Thursday, in making, debating, and withdrawing motions to amend the minutes of the day before? The parts, which they wished to have stricken out were those, which recorded the decision of the chair on the indivisibility of Mr. Dennis's motion, and that, which says that a debate arose upon a question of order. It was said by the ministerialists, who were in favour of striking out, that the journals ought not to contradict the positive rules of the house, and those rules direct that no debate shall be had upon a question of order. On this occasion, Mr. Davis, who is rather stubborn, and not so well broken in as the generality of the sect, rebelled, and declared that if the journal was not consistent with the rules of the house, it was consistent with truth, and with the proceedings, which it recorded, and that he should vote against striking out. Several of the constitutionalists opposed the motion. They said that the constitution compelled the house to keep a journal, and the sole object was to enable the public to judge whether their proceedings were correct and proper or not. The precedent of sulking out, what all acknowledged to be a true statement of facts, was dangerous in the extreme. If the majority were at liberty to record only such parts of their proceedings as they might chuse, the intention of the constitution would be frustrated, and the house might as well keep no journals. Mr. Bayard said, that if gentlemen would run themselves into excesses, and contravene the rules of order, for the purpose of coming at an object, which they had in view, and, after sleeping upon it, could come into the house and new-model their journals, in conformity

with their cooler judgment, it would be better to keep no journals, for they could answer no purpose but to deceive the public and posterity. He insisted, that though the majority have the physical power of controuling their own journals, and rendering them what they please, yet, in justice and propriety, they can exercise that power only in rendering the record conformable with the facts which it records. This was acknowledged on all hands to be the case in the present instance. He said if the principle now contended for by the other side of the house should prevail, he should not be surprized at seeing a motion brought forward, to erase from the journals the yeas and nays, whenever the majority might wish to conceal the names of those, who had voted for or against any particular measure. It was said in reply, that the journals are entirely in the power of the house, and I think it was Elmendorf, but it was certainly some one of the sect, who declared that the majority might, if they pleased, expunge the yeas and nays. After many other remarks, which it would not be convenient for you, *nor very honourable for our national legislature, to lay before the public*, the motion was withdrawn.

"Mr. Randolph moved to amend that part of the journal, which stands in these words:

"Another motion was then made and seconded, farther to amend the bill, by striking out in the said first section thereof, the words 'sales at auction,' for the purpose of inserting in lieu thereof, the word 'coffee.'

"The proposition was to strike out of the journal the words 'for the purpose of,' and the words 'in lieu thereof,' in order to insert the word 'and,' so as to make the journal read 'by striking out in the said first section thereof, the words sales at auction, and inserting the word coffee.' Upon this motion Mr. Bacon made a long speech, and apparently proved to his own satisfaction, that a very nice distinction ought to be taken between the import of the words, 'and inserting,' and the words 'for the purpose of inserting.' He said that as the motion stood recorded upon the journal, there could be no doubt that it was a simple proposition; that it could not be divided; and that he, on the appeal from the decision of the chair, had voted wrong in declaring that decision to be not in order. But the case, he insisted, would be very different upon a question put in the other form. If you had ever heard this old gentleman speak, you would feel no inclination to see his arguments recapitulated in this place. Suffice it to say, that he made a *long speech*, and so convincing was it, that as soon as he sat down, Mr. Randolph withdrew his motion. The motion made the evening before, to reconsider the vote for dividing Mr. Dennis's motion, was then called up and disposed of, and the house proceeded to business between *two and three o'clock*, about the usual time of adjourning.

"On Friday morning, a similar scene was acted over, with some alterations and embellishments. It commenced upon the reading of the following part of the minutes of Thursday:

"A call was then made for the question to engross the bill, in order to its being read a third time.

On which call,

Mr. Speaker declared, that, in his opinion, it was not in order to engross the bill, until the main question on the motion on which the previous question had been called for and taken, should be put and decided by the house: and it was further the opinion of the chair, it was not in order to call for, or put the main question on any motion, the same day on which the previous question on such motion was called for, and decided in the negative, by the house. Whereupon, an appeal was demanded from the decision of the chair."

"A motion was made by Mr. Nicholson, to strike out the whole of this part of the journal. It was debated for a considerable time, and many arguments were urged to prove, that the proceedings of the speaker are not proceedings of the house. It was suggested in reply, that there was an appeal pending from these very decisions; that the vote on that appeal must be recognized by the clerk: and that the journal would be absurd, should it state the proceedings on an appeal from a decision, which should not appear to have ever been made. Some one rose and said, if Mr. Elmendorf would withdraw his appeal, this objection would be obviated. Mr. Elmendorf then rose and said, that he would withdraw the appeal. The speaker informed him, that it was not in order to withdraw any motion, while another motion was pending before the house. Mr. Nicholson withdrew his motion to expunge. Mr. Randolph immediately renewed it. Another debate ensued? Mr. Gregg of Pennsylvania was ashamed of his party, and declared, that a new mode of proceeding had found its way into that house. He said, he had never witnessed any thing of this kind in former sessions, and did not think that any honour was reflected upon the legislature or the nation by such proceedings. One of the constitutionalists moved for the yeas and nays on the question for expunging. A sufficient number of members rose in favour of taking them. If the question had been so taken and carried, it would have been the duty of the clerk to enter the question at large, together with the yeas and nays, in the minutes for Friday, so that the obnoxious passage would still have appeared in the journal. This being suggested, Mr. Randolph withdrew his motion, and the ministerialists abandoned the expunging plan.

"The journal being thus left to speak the truth, Mr. Elmendorf rose, and withdrew the appeal which he had made from the decision of the speaker, just before the last adjournment. Upon this, Mr. Dawson rose and renewed the appeal. The decision being again read by the clerk, a division of the question on the appeal was called for, and the vote was taken accordingly upon the separate parts of the decision. Some of the ministerialists, on this occasion, deserted their standard, and voted with the constitutionalists. The consequence was, that both parts of the decision were declared to be in order: and so the house was once more ready to proceed to business.

"The bill to repeal the internal taxes was then resumed, and the motion on which the previous question had been taken, on Thursday, was called up. As no project for *saving time* and making a *prompt decision* was now offered, the amendment was soon disposed of. After this, a new section was added. A call was then made for engrossing the bill. Mr. Griswold hoped that bill would be printed. He said it had undergone so many and such various amendments, that scarcely any thing of the original bill remained, and declared for one, that he did not understand it. Mr. Randolph hoped it would not be printed. He hoped it would have a third reading, and pass that day. It was said, in reply, that the bill could not possibly be passed on that day, as time must be taken for engrossing it, and it was already a late hour. Several of the ministerialists concurred in the wish that the bill might be printed. They acknowledged, that so far were they from comprehending the bill with all its amendments, that they could not even tell the number of amendments which had been made to it. Mr. Randolph began to fear that his troops were not sufficiently disciplined. Several of them indicated symptoms of desertion. He resolved, if possible, to rally them, and bring them back to a state of due subordination. He assured them, in a tone of authority, that there was no obstacle in the way of the final passage of the bill; that it was already engrossed,

and might immediately be read a third time and passed. He reminded them of the opposition and perplexity which they had met with in the progress of the bill; complained of the delay occasioned by so often taking votes, by yeas and nays; and, to put their allegiance to the severest test, concluded by declaring, that he should be **DISAPPOINTED** and **MORTIFIED** if the bill should not finally pass, before the adjournment of the house. Mr. Davis again became restive. He said, he could see no reason why the time might not as well be spent in taking yeas and nays, as in making and withdrawing motions to expunge the journals, and in trying appeals from decisions of the speaker. 'I am astonished,' said he, 'at the assertion of the gentleman, that the bill is already engrossed: I cannot understand him...it is not true...we are now considering the question of engrossing...it has not been taken; and yet the gentleman tells us the bill is engrossed. I do not understand such proceedings.' Several gentlemen hoped that the bill would be engrossed, and ordered for a third reading on Monday, and that, in the mean time, it would be printed for the use of the members. This order was accordingly taken, and Mr. Randolph was left to fulfil, at his leisure, his promise of *disappointment and mortification*, at the stubborn disobedience of his men, not twenty of whom voted with him. The bill passed finally on the following Monday, and went up to the senate, where it is undergoing a thorough revision and repair, on account of its imperfections.

"Such have been the real proceedings in this case, which is seized upon by the ministerial print, as affording the best opportunity, which has occurred, of bestowing an eulogium upon the skill and legislative talents of the sect, and of calling upon the citizens to admire and applaud the new order of things. *Ab uno disce omnes*. From this specimen, and from the commendation bestowed upon it, you may form some idea of the ordinary mode of proceeding."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, author of the most celebrated burlesque poem in the English, or perhaps in any other language, was the son of a reputable farmer at Strensham in Worcestershire, where he was born, according to one account in 1600, according to another in 1612. After a grammar education at the free school in Worcester, he was sent to Cambridge, where he resided six or seven years. On his return to his own county, he lived some years as clerk to Mr. Jefferys of Earl's Croom, an eminent justice of the peace, where he had leisure enough to prosecute his literary studies, particularly those to which he was most attached, history and poetry. He likewise amused himself with music and drawing. He afterwards lived under the patronage of Elizabeth countess of Kent, where he had access to a well furnished library, and enjoyed the advantage of acquaintance with the learned Selden, who employed him as a secretary or amanuensis. His next residence was with Sir Samuel Luke, a gentleman of ancient family at Cople in Bedfordshire, and a distinguished commander under Cromwell. The manners and principles to which Butler was witness in this place, gave him the hint, and supplied him with the materials of his famous "Hudibras." A caricature of Sir Samuel himself serves for the portrait of the hero, and perhaps some of the knight's actions are ludicrously sketched in the adventures of Hudibras. Whether the poet, in this indulgence of his wit, was guilty of ingratitude could only be determined by a more particular knowledge of the nature of their connection than we possess. After the restoration, Butler was

made secretary to Richard earl of Carberry, lord president of Wales, who appointed him steward to the court held at Ludlow castle. About this period he married Mrs. Herbert, a lady of good family and some fortune. The first part of Hudibras was printed in 1663, and no poem was ever more popular, especially with the prevailing party in church and state. It was brought into the notice of the court by that patron of polite literature, the earl of Dorset. Its remarkable passages were got by heart, and served as common-place for quotation, and the king himself was perpetually answering his courtiers out of Hudibras. Yet with all his literary and party merits, the author obtained little more than praise and barren promises; and though it seems to have been a misrepresentation that he was ever reduced to absolute indigence, yet he passed his days in an obscure and narrow condition. An attempt to obtain him the patronage of the witty and profligate Villiers duke of Buckingham failed through the volatility of that nobleman; and Charles II. had too little feeling and too much prodigality to be a munificent rewarder of the humble merit of a man of letters. He is said, indeed, once to have ordered him a gratuity of 300l. which the poet honourably devoted to the payment of some debts he had been obliged to contract. Respected for his integrity, and beloved by his few intimates for his social qualities, he died in 1680, and was buried in St. Paul's church, Covent-garden (the parish in which he latterly resided), at the expence of his friend Mr. Longueville of the Temple. A monument was erected to his memory among the poets in Westminster-abbey, in 1721, by Alderman Barber, the printer. Its inscription gives credit to the common opinion of his poverty, by these words: "ne cui vivo decrant ferè omnia, deesset etiam mortuo tumulus:"... "lest he who when living wanted almost every thing, should, when dead, also want a tomb."

Hudibras is one of the most original works, in its style and matter, that was ever written. Its leading purpose is to throw ridicule upon the religious and political principles of the puritans, as they appeared after the civil war which overthrew church and state in the reign of Charles I. This is effected by means of the characters of a fanatical knight and his squire, obviously the Don Quixote and Sancho of the piece, who are engaged in a variety of comic adventures, and hold still more comic dialogues. There are three parts of the poem, but it is left unfinished as to the story; its great end, however, of giving vent to inexhaustible wit, keen satire, and learning of the most uncommon and recalcitrant kind, is fully answered; and the reader who is perpetually amused in the progress, cares little for the catastrophe of the work. The diction and versification are often coarse and negligent, yet on the whole they are such as add to the humorous effect; and few will probably agree in opinion with Dryden, that the heroic style and measure would better have suited the authors purpose. The frequent double rhymes, though often very imperfect, give a sort of comic tone to the whole, and sometimes really improve the wit, by coercively bringing together the most incongruous ideas. But besides his powers of diverting by odd and whimsical notions and associations, Butler had much solid knowledge of human life. "He had watched," says Dr. Johnson, "with great diligence the operations of human nature, and traced the effects of opinion, humour, interest, and passion. From such remarks proceeded that great number of sententious distichs which have passed into conversation, and are added as proverbial axioms to the general stock of practical knowledge." (*Life of Butler, in Lives of the Poets.*) There have been numerous editions of this poem. The most valued is that of Dr. Grey, published in 1744, with large and learned annotations, which the depth of erudition in some of the author's allusions, and the

obsoleteness of fact in others, rendered extremely necessary for a full comprehension of his meaning.

It is this work alone which has made Butler famous. After his death, was published, under the title of his "Posthumous Works," a collection of pieces, most of them falsely ascribed to him, and none of much value. A much more respectable publication appeared in 1759, entitled "Genuine Remains in prose and verse of Mr. Butler, from the original manuscripts formerly in the possession of W. Longueville Esq." 2 vols. 8vo. The editor was Mr. Thyer of the Manchester library, and the authenticity of the pieces is indubitably established. The volume, besides a satire on the Royal Society, and other pieces scarcely equal to the author's reputation, contains in a detached form many of the similes and thoughts made use of in Hudibras; which is a proof of the care and attention he bestowed upon the embellishment of that work, the prose consists of characters, and of thoughts on various subjects. The first are drawn with much force and humour. They are not personal, but general, describing various ranks, professions, and designations in society.

LEVITY.

[The following good-humoured article we extract from a London paper.]

THE BALANCE OF POWER;

OR THE NEW NATIONAL SCALES.

THE balance of power has never been understood and maintained, except by three descriptions of people, the ancient states of Greece, the savage tribes of America, and the modern nations of Europe. The savage tribes of America may be classed, in this respect, with the ancient states of Greece, they are both broken to pieces. The nations of Europe either have undergone, or are now suffering, such changes, as give to France a decided preponderance. The balance of power, therefore, no longer exists in any part of the world. How much England has expended in blood and treasure to preserve it, is written in every page of her history. This would be sufficient to prove its immense value, even though we were not assured, from the highest authority, that our safety, nay, our very existence, depends upon its preservation. Ministers must, therefore, be very anxious to repair this loss, and will not surely refuse their approbation to an essay, the sole object of which is to provide a substitute, and to save the country from the peril awaiting the present state of affairs.

It is the duty of every government, to deliberately weigh every measure of internal and external policy, to ascertain to a scruple the true weight of every thing, to see that the good preponderates in all their plans, and, where there is only a choice of evils, to select the lightest. Let us try the conduct of ministers by this test. Upon the annexation of Belgium to France, they said, that measure would give the republic a preponderance in Europe. When we got possession of St. Domingo, they declared that an equivalent for all the expenses of the war. When Paul wanted Malta, we were assured, that that island, thrown into the scale with Russia, would destroy the balance. When the evils of war were complained of, we were told, they were light, when weighed against the miseries which a peace would produce. All this ministers have repeated a thousand times, since the commencement of the war. What do they tell us now? They assure us, through their journals, that St. Domingo, Malta, the Cape, &c. are all of no weight; that they are all mere feathers in the scale, compared with the blessings of peace. As to Belgium, we do not find that it is now considered even worth notice. The inference that ne-

cessarily follows from these premises is, that the balance of power, the only one used by ministers upon these occasions, must have been a very false balance; or that ministers must have set down our colonies and conquests at such a weight as fancy or common report chose to state them.

To prevent, then, the recurrence of so fatal an error, and provide a substitute for the lost balance of power, it is proposed, that ministers should immediately provide themselves with a plain London-made pair of scales.... yes, a pair of plain London scales; for it would not be difficult to prove, that, had they weighed the war and all its consequences in the worst pair of steelyards that were ever broken by a market jury, they could not have erred half so much as they have done. The recommendation of the scales necessarily brings with it some directions as to the weights. Had ministers only to weigh a dead vote, or a rotten borough, a few half hundreds might suffice; but, as they will have occasion sometimes to weigh the national debt, and sometimes a little cheese-parings or candle-ends, they will themselves see a necessity for a very great variety. This constitutes the whole plan, in support of which, that it may not be censured as novel, rash, or visionary, the following precedents are appealed to.

In the twenty-second book of the Iliad, we find this description:

"Jove lifts the golden balances, that shew
The fates of mortal men and things below:
Here each contending hero's lot he tries,
And weighs with equal hand their destinies;
Low sinks the scale, surcharg'd with Hector's fate,
Heavy with death it sinks, and hell receives the weight."

Virgil contains a similar allusion. It was also a custom in the Mogul empire to weigh his imperial majesty annually on his birth-day, and if he was found to have increased in weight, to celebrate this increase by public rejoicings; a ceremony purely allegorical, and emblematic of his political increase of weight, power, and dominion, for it is impossible that an increase of fat, which, in its literal sense, is synonymous with an increase of stupidity, could be a just cause for the congratulations of a loyal people.

Should it be objected that these are obsolete cases, a variety of modern precedents will readily suggest themselves. Ministers sent sir James Pultney on the Ferrol expedition, and what was the result? "When I came before the place," says sir James, "I weighed the advantages against the disadvantages, and, finding the latter to preponderate, I declined attack." Thus was preserved, by a good pair of scales, the very army, to which we are indebted for the conquest of Egypt, and which would have been probably lost before Ferrol, if the commander had relied upon the estimate of ministers. Mr. Windham disapproves of the present peace, because its evils more than counter-balance the evils of war. Now it is clear, that no statesman would attempt to decide such an important question by guess. It follows, therefore, that the ex-secretary does his business by a very nice pair of scales. Not to detain the reader unnecessarily.... what is the constitution itself, but such an *equipoise* of its three parts, the king, the lords, and commons, that not any one shall *outweigh* the rest? a case, which never can happen, except when the scales hang even in *equilibrium*.

It, therefore, appears from the constitution, and from precedent, as well ancient as modern, that without a good pair of scales all the enterprizes and measures of ministers are mere chance-medley, and that no nice statesman should neglect to provide himself with a pair, particularly now, that he has lost the *balance of power*, with which our statesmen have so long strove to get through their work. The national advantages resulting from such an improvement are so striking, that any enumeration of them might be felt as an insult to

the discernment of the public. We shall merely observe, that in such case we should not be eight years fighting for islands, under the false idea that they were of any *solid weight* or importance. We should not quarrel with France for Belgium, nor with Paul for Malta, no more than we would seek cause of quarrel in a *straw*; for of no greater *weight* are they now found in the scale against the millions of pounds, which they were said to counterbalance. Would lord Hawkesbury take an article from his grocer without *weighing*? Certainly not. Is then a loaf of sugar a subject of more care and solicitude than a whole plantation? This is to be penny wise and pound foolish, with a vengeance. Not only in all the superior courts of justice, but in every little *piec poudre* court, we find a pair of scales. Of consequence, justice is there weighed out fairly to the suitors. A pair of scales would be found equally useful in the cabinet. Nor would their benefit stop here. They might be used for weighing men as well as things. To the authorities already advanced, we may add that of Juvenal, in support of this application.

"Expende Hannibalem,"

"Weigh Hannibal." Such is the mode recommended by that great moralist, to ascertain the real value of a great man. What an immense prospect of national advantage does this hint open to the view! Suppose, for example, a new parliament. Let the pockets of each member be searched on his first entrance into the house, and then let him be fairly weighed in the new national scales. After some important debate, let the individuals composing the majority be weighed again. If they shall answer the original weights, of which a register should be kept, then it is a fair majority; but if one shall be found with his pocket full of candle-ends; another stuffed with a slice of a loan; another with a contract; another with a pension; and so on through them all, who will assert, that there has not been some foul play? If such a parliamentary mode of weighing the members on all important questions should be objected to as inconvenient, we might appeal to our glorious trial by jury; according to it, a man is to be tried by his peers, that is, his equals. As such, they enter the box, and as such, they shall give their verdict; the officer of the court, who has them in charge, is sworn that he will not suffer them to receive meat, drink, or candle-light, or indeed any thing that might give an undue weight, until after the verdict.

It requires no argument to prove that a similar practice in St. Stephen's chapel would render it as pure as the King's Bench or the Common Pleas. In this event, party also would have a more correct standard of right and wrong, than the authority of a leader. With the aid of the scales, the most illiterate and stupid would be able to ascertain to a drachm, the real weight and tendency of every measure. They would be able to know to a single barrack, a single place or pension, whether there was too much in the scale of the executive, and too little in that of the legislative. In short, the members would always be able to compare and adjust, with the utmost precision, the prerogative of the crown, and the privileges of the people, and so take care that the one did not preponderate against the other.

JUSTICE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

JOSEPH GROFF, printer, bookseller, and stationer, No. 75, South Second-street, Philadelphia, proposes to print, by subscription, the whole of the Works of Alexander Pope, Esq. in eight volumes, duodecimo, from the latest and most correct London edition, printed in 1797; with notes and illustrations, by Joseph Warton, D. D. and

others. Also from the above valuable edition with notes and illustrations, Pope's Poetical Works in five volumes complete. The first volume of each of these works will be embellished with a handsome engraving of Mr. Pope, taken from a full length portrait, and the only one ever drawn.

The works of this unrivalled genius are so well known, and so universally admired, that it might be deemed presumptuous in the publisher to say much in their commendation. It only remains then, to call the attention to the edition from which it is contemplated to print the one now claiming the patronage of the public, which is the most valuable, correct, and copious, of any now extant. The reviewers speak of it in the highest terms of approbation; extracts might easily be inserted, but it is presumed the reader will receive more satisfaction by perusing the different reviews for 1797 and 1798, than from partial selections.

The prospectus here submitted, presenting a choice of the works, will, it is hoped, meet with general approbation. Those, who have long wished to see an American edition of Pope's Poetical Works, will now have an opportunity of being gratified, by giving their support to the work. And those, who wish to possess his works complete, will have an equal opportunity of obtaining one of the most correct and cheap editions ever published.

CONDITIONS.

I. The work complete will be comprised in eight volumes, duodecimo, printed on a good paper, and handsome type.

II. It shall be delivered, to subscribers, at one dollar a volume, neatly bound and lettered, payable on delivery. [The edition, of which this will be a faithful copy, sells in London at 3l. 12s. sterling.]

III. It shall be put to press, as soon as a number of subscribers are obtained, sufficient to justify the undertaking, and finished with all the expedition that a due attention to neatness and accuracy will admit.

IV. The poetical works complete, will be comprised in five volumes, duodecimo, printed on the same paper and type, and delivered to subscribers at one dollar a volume, payable on delivery, and be, in every respect, conformable to the work complete. The price to non-subscribers will be considerably advanced.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

EPICRAM.

WITHIN the grove Maria lean'd
Upon her William's breast,
Her head upon his cheek reclin'd,
Her lips to his were press'd:

When lo! a rustling noise was heard,
Of near-approaching feet,
Maria left her lover's arms,
And sunk upon a seat.

The old duenna hobbled in....
"Here's pretty doings, miss!
"What man is this you come to see,
"What man, what man is this?"

"Oh governess! I do not know,
"But he was very rude,
"For as I pluck'd wild roses here,
"He came from out the wood."

"He seiz'd my hand, he press'd it hard,
 "And talk'd of Cupid's dart,
 "He kiss'd my cheeks, and falsely swore
 "That I had stole his heart.

"But he will come no more, for I
 "Have very much incens'd him,
 "For when he wish'd to kiss my lips,
 "I rose in arms against him."

FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

AN IMPROMPTU.

In one of his late answers to an address, Mr. Jefferson promises his addressers the utmost fidelity in the "gestion of their affairs."

A few days since, an honest swain
 Propos'd this simple question....
 "What can sage Monticello mean,
 By this new word call'd "gestion?"

A stranger, who the problem heard,
 At once resolv'd the question....
 "He thinks our state affairs too hard,
 For aught but his di-"gestion."

SELECTED POETRY.

Extract from a work lately published in England, entitled
 PERSIAN LYRICS.

FAIR maid of Shiraz, wouldst thou take
 My heart, and love it for my sake,
 For that dark mole my thoughts now trace
 On that sweet cheek on that sweet face,
 I would Bokhara, as I live,
 And Samarcand too, freely give.

Empty the flagon fill the bowl,
 With wine to rapture wake the soul:
 For Eden's self, however fair,
 Has nought to boast that can compare
 With thy blest banks, O Rocnabad!
 In their enchanting scenery clad;
 Nor aught in foliage half so gay
 As are the bow'rs of Mosellay.

Insidious girls with syren eye,
 Whose wanton wiles the soul decoy,
 By whose bewitching charms beguill'd,
 Our love-smit town is all run wild,
 My stoic heart ye steal away,
 As janissaries do their prey!

But ah! no laureat lover's praise
 The lustre of those charms can raise:
 For vain are all the tricks of art,
 Which would to nature ought impart;
 To tints, that angelize the face,
 Can borrow'd colours add new grace?
 Can a fair cheek become more fair
 By artificial moles form'd there?
 Or can a neck of mould divine
 By perfum'd tresses heighten'd shine?

Be wine and music, then our theme;
 Let wizards of the future dream,
 Which unsolv'd riddle puzzles still,
 And ever did, and ever will.

By Joseph's growing beauty mov'd,
 Zuleikha look'd, and sigh'd, and lov'd,
 Till headstrong passion shame defy'd,
 And virtue's veil was thrown aside.

Pe thine, my fair, by counsel led,
 At wisdom's shrine to bow thy head;
 For lovely maids more lovely shine
 Whose hearts to sage advice incline,
 Who than their souls more valued prize
 The hoary maxims of the wise.

But tell me, charmer, tell me why,
 Such cruel words my ears annoy:
 Say, is it pleasure to give pain?
 Can slanderous gall thy mouth profane?
 Forbid it, Heav'n! it cannot be!
 Nought that offends can come from thee:
 For how can scorpion venom drip
 From that sweet ruby-colour'd lip,
 Which, with good-nature overspread,
 Can nought but dulcet language shed?

Thy gazel-forming pearls are strung,
 Come, sweetly, Hafiz, be they sung:
 For Heaven show's down upon thy lays,
 Thoughts, which in star-like clusters blaze.

We subjoin the version of sir W. Jones, for a comparison
 instead of the prose paraphrase.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
 And bid these arms thy neck infold;
 That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
 Would give thy poet more delight
 Than all Bochara's vaunted gold,
 Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
 And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
 Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
 Tell them, their Eden cannot show
 A stream so clear as Rocnabad,
 A bower so sweet as Mosellay:

O! when these fair perfidious maids,
 Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,
 Their dear destructive charms display:
 Each glance my tender breast invades,
 And robs my wounded soul of rest,
 As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:
 Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
 New lustre to those charms impart?
 Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
 Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
 Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate:....ah! change the theme,
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,
 That e'en the chaste Egyptian dame
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy;
 For her how fatal was the hour,
 When to the banks of Nilus came
 A youth so lovely and so coy!

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel hear,
 (Youth should attend when those advise
 Whom long experience renders sage):
 While music charms the ravish'd ear;
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
 Be gay; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard!
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word
 From lips, which streams of sweetness fill,
 Which nought but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,
 Like orient pearls at random strung:

Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say
 But O! far sweeter, if they please,
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

PROLOGUE,

On opening the theatre, at Sydney, Botany-bay, spoken by
 the celebrated Mr. Barrington.

FROM distant climes, o'er wide-spread seas we
 come,
 Though not with much *eclat* or beat of drum,
 True patriots all, for be it understood,
 We left our country for our country's good;
 No private views disgrac'd our generous zeal,
 What urg'd our travels was our country's weal;
 And none will doubt but that our emigration
 Has prov'd most useful to the British nation.

But you inquire, what could our breasts inflame,
 With this new passion for theatric fame?
 What, in the practice of our former days,
 Could shape our talents to exhibit plays?
 Your patience, sirs, some observations made,
 You'll grant us equal to the scenic trade.

He, who to midnight ladders is no stranger,
 You'll own will make an admirable Ranger.
 To see Macheath we have not far to roam,
 And sure in Filch I shall be quite at home:
 Unrivall'd there, none will dispute my claim
 To high pre-eminence and exalted fame.

As oft on Gadshill we have ta'en our stand,
 When 'twas so dark you could not see your hand,
 Some true-bred Falstaff we may hope to start,
 Who, when well bolstered, well may play his part,
 The scene to vary, we shall try in time
 To treat you with a little pantomime.
 Here light and easy Columbines are found,
 And well-tried harlequins with us abound;
 From durance vile our precious selves to keep,
 We often have recourse to th'flying leap;
 To a black face have sometimes ow'd escape,
 And Hounslow Heath has prov'd the worth of
 crape.

But how you ask, can we e'er hope to soar
 Above these scenes, and rise to tragic lore?
 Too oft, alas, we forc'd th'unwilling tear,
 And petrified the heart with real fear.
 Macbeth a harvest of applause will reap,
 For some of us, I fear, have murdered sleep;
 His lady too, with grace, will sleep and talk,
 Our females have been us'd at night to walk.

Sometimes, indeed, so various is our heart,
 An actor may improve and mend his part;
 "Give me a horse," bawls Richard, like a drone,
 We'll find a man would help himself to one.
 Grant us your favour, put us to the test,
 To gain your smiles we'll do our very best:
 And, without dread of future Turnkey Lockits,
 Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 15

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 17th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XIV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

I AM the wife of a very respectable man, who, by his industry, and my economy, has obtained a handsome estate. Being blest with only one son, our mutual care has been to train him in the right path, and teach him rather to be good than great, and, therefore, we avoided sending him to schools, where his learning was to be acquired at the expense of his morals. I have always endeavoured to select his associates, as much as possible, and have devoted my attention to his education, from his earliest infancy to this hour. I instructed him in reading, writing, and English grammar, and his father carried him through the "Schoolmaster's Assistant," when he had just turned his fourteenth year. For the last six years, we have exercised him pretty constantly in the shop, where he has been a most diligent and active assistant to us. After the duties of the day, we always passed our leisure together, and our son having really a relish for books, we have read most English authors. I have been again and again charmed with the sparklings of his genius, and, at the same time, with his prudent conduct, for he has always had free access to the money drawer, and yet never has been extravagant.

View this picture of parental bliss, Mr. Saunter, and then I am sure you will mourn with me the change!

You must know, then, that, early in the last autumn, my son consulted us on the propriety of his becoming a member of a *certain club*, which is nameless, I believe, strictly. He told us it was composed of literary characters, and that they met on Tuesday, to talk upon all new publications on historical subjects, and now and then to scribble a little for the magazines. So reasonable a desire could not, with justice, be checked, and I declare I was delighted with so judicious a choice, to pass one evening in the week. And, in order that he might not be least among the worthies, his wardrobe was re-fitted; and accordingly, on the following Tuesday, he was enrolled as a member.

The first evening that he passed there, his father and I sat up until he returned, in hopes of being delighted with his description of so enlightened a band; but he stopped all our inquiries, by saying, he was not at liberty to tell either what they did, what they said, or who belonged to the association.

Now, Mr. Saunter, from that night, I have observed a great change in my son. He has never missed a meeting of the club, and his shop duty is hourly more and more neglected. He is reserved and cold to his mother, unmindful of his father's coun-

sel, and passes whole hours in humming a tune, or reciting silly poetry. I often pick up scraps of paper, on which are some of his verses. They are about as unpoetical as silly; and, if I did not fear it would expose him too much, I would send you some of his lines. He also imagines he is a philosopher, and is continually chattering to his visitors about the new light, and a great deal more of like nonsense. In addition to all this, by associating with men, who are more skilled in the learned languages than himself, he has contracted a manner of conversation, which, to us, is wholly unintelligible, and which, I fear, must make him very ridiculous among his acquaintance.

If you will have the goodness to bear with me a little longer, I will endeavour to make you understand what I mean most to complain of, by relating certain instances of his style. He had sold a piece of goods the other day, and the person was to call in half an hour to take it away. I was behind the counter, and he was reading at the other end of the shop. I called to know if that was the man to whom I must give the muslin. He replied, in a masterly style, "*ecce homo, mother.*" The man laughed; and, before I had time to ask him again, was off with the parcel. When I turned round, and entreated him not to give way to a practice, which placed a learned man on a level with the illiterate and foolish, he arose, and, with a Ciceronian air, exclaimed, "*Inscientia excellere pulchrum putatur.*" I have tried every persuasion in my power, to prevent his indulgence in this absurd habit, but I fear my entreaties are vain. I would wish you to let me know what is the meaning of "*Non decet te rixari;*" for, whenever I begin to advise seriously, he repeats that sentence, with a most sagacious look, and leaves me. His father spoke to him the other day on the subject, and he offended him so much, by roaring out in his face "*satis verborum,*" that he assures me he will not soon forgive him. If we ask him any question, instead of answering, he goes on, as if he was going to make a Latin oration.

The other evening, I had occasion to send the waiter out of the room, during the time of tea, and I asked my son to pour some water in the teapot. When it was about half full, he calls out, do you want *plus*, mother? I said yes, being entirely ignorant of his question, which he repeated, and I my answer several times, and he really poured the water, until he had wet the tea-board all over, and then sneered at my ignorance, and hoped that now I had a "*quantum sufficit.*" I was vexed, and meant to have severely reproved him, but he instantly bade me a good night, and crying out "*Heu ignaræ mentes!*" left us to go to club.

Now, Mr. Saunter, I earnestly entreat your interference; and, as he has determined never to listen to any more of his mother's advice, I must beg that you will inform him, that his father means to withhold further pecuniary supplies; and that he will not again be admitted to our society, until he promises to leave off his disgusting pedantry.

I also wish you would throw out a few hints to this *intolerable club*, which I plainly foresee will be the ruin of all our industrious young men, by giv-

ing them a relish, not only for Bacchannalian joys but by making them imagine none can be gentlemen, who have not been to Rome, and are unskilled in the dead languages. If they assemble for the purpose of individual amusement, there are subjects from which they may derive inexhaustible merriment, without making an amiable young man the object of their ridicule; for I suspect they have made my son a philosopher, a Latinist, a pedant, and poet, only to "laugh him to scorn."

Since I have introduced the subject of this *club*, and as I expect you will satirise them as they deserve, I will mention that it is generally believed, all those anonymous letters which have been sent to you, respecting our sex particularly, were originated in these literary meetings. If this is the case, you ought not to spare them, but, as the champion of the fair sex, and our surest defence against their spleen, you ought to summon all your indignation to attack them.

I hope you will not delay, however, the consideration of my painful situation, and I shall acknowledge myself under great obligations to you.

M.

THE DRAMA.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. FRANCIS'S benefit offered attraction to the frequenters of the boxes, the pit, and the gallery. The Distrest Mother, a Representation of the Grand Federal Procession, and the pantomime of Robinson Crusoe, were the entertainments of the evening. The effect of the tragedy was greatly injured, by the absence of Mrs. Merry. In consequence of her indisposition, the part of Hermione was read by Mrs. Shaw. The procession disappointed the expectation of at least three-fifths of the audience. By that proportion, it was expected that the figures which constituted it were to be "all alive." The expectation was ridiculous enough; but, at the same time, it would perhaps have been more just, had the nature of the procession been generally announced. None would then have been disappointed, and few dissatisfied; for the pasteboard representatives of the partakers of that day's triumph appeared to be neatly executed. Although Robinson Crusoe was much curtailed, the house was detained to a very late hour.

Mr. Cain undertook, for his own benefit, the difficult part of Hamlet. His attempt was an arduous one, and, though not completely successful, he was highly respectable. His most excellent scene was the expostulation with his mother in her closet; he seemed to fail most in the recitation of the animated soliloquy, "To be or not to be." Mrs. Merry, in Ophelia, almost excelled her former excellence. Her "snatches of old tunes" were given "in wringing tones so sooth," that many an eye was moistened with sympathy.

Mr. Wood selected the popular play of the Way to get Married. He appeared himself in the character of Tangent. The excellence of our lamented Moreton in this character, can never be for-

gotten. Yet, such was Mr. Wood's success, that it challenged universal applause. He was, throughout, spirited and correct, and always retained the easy gestures of a gentleman. Mr. Green, in Captain Faulkner, was highly respectable, and Mrs. Merry's Julia has lost none of its original attraction. In the afterpiece, Mrs. Whitlock gave interest to a part scarcely worthy of her powers; but the imperfections attendant upon the getting up of pieces for a benefit, strangely marred the catastrophe, for some of her coadjutors in the scene seemed to know very little of the "matter in hand."

The classical and elegant comedy of the Rivals was presented, for the benefit of the veteran Morris. It was uniformly well acted. The part of Old Absolute was undertaken by the veteran himself, and his delineation of it, when allowance is made for his advanced age, was highly praiseworthy. Miss Westray gave a finished sketch of what the author designed in Lydia Languish.

For her benefit, which was the next in succession, she took the play of A Bold Stroke for a Husband; a comedy written by Mrs. Cowley, and replete with those contrivances and plots, which are said particularly to distinguish the productions of the female pen. She sustained her part with unremitting vivacity and spirit.

The comedy of More Ways than One, a production of the same writer, was performed, for Mrs. Shaw's benefit, on Friday. It was, in some parts, ably supported; but we were sorry to see neither the name of Mrs. Merry, nor that of Mrs. Whitlock, in the bill.

The arch Blissett invited the town to the Reconciliation, and the Poor Soldier. The former was excellently performed. The latter dragged on most heavily. We were sorry that ill health prevented his appearance in Darby.

The Castle Spectre, and the Children of the Wood, were performed for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The former exerted himself very successfully in Hassan. The return of the latter, after a suspension of her theatrical labours, was cordially welcomed. She sang, with much sweetness, the song of the Day of Marriage, which we have so warmly applauded in a former number. With her other song, we were not so well satisfied.

The popular comedy of Speed the Plough was performed, for the united benefit of Mrs. Snowden, Miss Arnold, and Mr. Usher. This piece seems always to possess attraction. A pantomime, from the French theatre, called La Forêt Noire, was the afterpiece. It is an interesting and well-contrived story; and we rather wonder that it should have been suffered to slumber, during the long interval of six years.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An original letter from Dr. Johnson to Miss Langton.

London, April 17, 1771.

MADAM,

IF I could have flattered myself that my letters could have given pleasure, or have alleviated pain, I should not have omitted to write to a lady, to whom I do sincerely wish every increase of pleasure, and every mitigation of uneasiness.

I knew, dear madam, that a very heavy affliction had fallen upon you; but it was one of those, which the established course of nature makes necessary, and to which kind words give no relief. Success is, on these occasions, to be expected only from time.

Your censure of me, as deficient in friendship, is, therefore, too severe. I have neither been un-

friendly, nor intentionally uncivil. The notice with which you have honoured me, I have neither forgotten nor remembered without pleasure.

The calamity of ill health, your brother will tell you that I have had, since I saw you, sufficient reason to know and to pity. But this is another evil, against which we can receive little help from one another. I can only advise you, and I advise you with great earnestness, to do nothing that may hurt you, and to reject nothing that may do you good. To preserve health, is a moral and religious duty: for health is the basis of all social virtues; we can be useful no longer than while we are well.

If the family knows that you receive this letter, you will be pleased to make my compliments.

I flatter myself with the hopes of seeing Langton, after Lady Rothes's recovery; and then I hope that you and I shall renew our conferences, and that I shall find you willing, as formerly, to talk and to hear; and shall be again admitted to the honour of being, madam,

Your most obedient

And most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

THE LOITERER.

Quippe Domum timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.

VING. ÆN.

LANGUAGE has been commonly defined, by grammarians, to be the art of expressing our ideas. Nor was the definition a bad one, during those times, when our rude ancestors were sufficiently uninformed in the *ars rhetorica*, to speak always what they really thought. But, since we have wisely banished that absurd custom, I should humbly presume, that the aforesaid definition might also be altered, and that, from henceforward, language be entitled the art of concealing our ideas; and I will venture to assert it is used infinitely oftener for the latter purpose than the former, by all ranks and ages, and at all times and in all places. So totally indeed is a regard to veracity excluded from the system of modern ethics, that, were it not for diseases, duns, and wives, who sometimes tell one disagreeable truths, one would imagine that truth, as well as justice, had left this degenerate world, at the expiration of the golden age. And, that I may not take an unfair advantage, I shall say nothing of the numerous tribes, whose situation authorizes, and, in some measure, obliges them to a continual breach of veracity (such as foreign ministers, ladies' maids, lawyers, and physicians, to which list I may also add lovers and their mistresses, who can claim so many precedents in favour of this practice, that they may be said to lie by prescriptive right), and only consider how little attention we all of us pay to truth, in the common intercourse of life.

When my friend, Jack Saunter, enters my room on a fine day, and catches me with my hat in my hand, and one glove on, just ready to enjoy my morning's walk, he would have a strange opinion of my politeness, did I not meet him with a smile, entreat him to sit down, and express myself so wonderfully happy in his company, that one would imagine I thought myself obliged to him, for depriving me of my favourite amusement; and my old acquaintance, Captain Prolix, would think me a brute, did I not express myself highly delighted with the account of the battle of Bunker's-hill, though he well knows I have not heard it, on the most moderate computation, less than two hundred times. Nay, even my old paralytic uncle at ninety-six, would take it very ill, if I did not seem exceedingly alarmed whenever he coughs, though he knows I am to inherit all his fortune,

and that he has plagued our whole family these twenty years upon the strength of it! Nay, so utter an aversion have we to truth, that, not satisfied with breaking her laws ourselves, we daily instruct and oblige our servants to do the same; and, if we can afford such a piece of luxury, even hire a stout fellow to stand at our door, and lie by the year.

Nor has poor truth been much better treated in books than in conversation; since, not to mention poets, who have always claimed exemption from her rules, even plain scribblers of prose pay so little regard to her laws, that they commonly bid her boldly defiance in the very preface, scarce any of these ingenious gentlemen forgetting to assure us, that he was not induced to publish his work by love of fame or money, and had no other object in submitting his performance to the public, than a desire of instructing and amending his fellow creatures; and this often too, when the first six pages of his work give the lie to his assertion.

But, of all publications, none are perhaps so deficient in an adherence to truth, as those well-known compositions, which are daily served up with their tea to the inhabitants of this country, and which (perhaps for that very reason) are more studied by all orders of men, than any other work of genius whatever. I need not, after this, add, that I allude to those numerous miscellanies, which, under the titles of Gazetteers, Heralds, Chronicles, and Advertisers, make their appearance, to gratify the curiosity, and encrease the knowledge of all those, whose circumstances are not too narrow to allow them so innocent and cheap a mode of gaining information, and in many of which, it may fairly be said, that there are not four exact truths, in the whole four pages.

Many of my readers have possibly perused the works of Madame Genlis, and may remember a little tale entitled *Le Palais de Verité*, a place endowed by its tutelary genius with so singular a power, that all, who entered its walls, were obliged to speak their real thoughts, without being themselves sensible that they did so; and the difference between what they say, and what they intended to say, forms some very laughable scenes. I have often wished a few copies of a modern gazette could be struck off within the precincts of this palace; but, as that is impossible, I shall present my readers with an imaginary one, drawn on the above-mentioned plan, and will appeal to their impartial judgment to determine, whether it is not full as entertaining as the Herald, the World, and the Star.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Monday....The house met this day at four, and the minister, according to his promise of last week, rose to open the budget. He informed the house, that he very much disliked the subject of finance at all times, but that it was particularly disagreeable to him at present, as the expenditure of the last year had exceeded the revenue, by some hundred thousand pounds, and would do so next year in a much greater degree, owing partly to the inefficacy of some late taxes, but chiefly to the enormous pensions he was obliged to grant to his friends; a circumstance, he observed, well known to many in that house; that, as he had not the smallest regard for his country, her present situation gave him no uneasiness; and he was therefore resolved to lay on no new taxes, which might draw odium upon his administration, foreseeing that he should be well able to stand three or four years longer, at which time he purposed accepting of a peerage, and enjoying the remainder of his life, the fortune he had so honestly acquired at the beginning of it. He then read over a number of papers to prove his assertions, and concluded his speech with saying, that he cared

not a straw what the opposition bench could say, as he had taken care to secure a majority.

He was answered by Mr., who began by assuring the house, that he had no more regard for his country than the minister himself; no one, who knew him, could suppose he had. He told them, that he was equally sensible that a proper majority was secured by the friends of government; and that, as for the calculations contained in the *honourable gentleman's* speech, he knew not whether they were true or false, as he had not listened to one single syllable which had fallen from the *honourable gentleman*....being entirely taken up in considering what answer he should make, as he well knew it was expected he should say something; but, as he wished the house to think he knew more of the matter than he really did, he should move, that certain papers and estimates be laid before them; that he well knew the intelligence contained in them was not worth sixpence, but that, at worst, if granted, the perusal of them would save time, and clog the measures of government, and, if denied, would throw some odium on the minister and his friends.

Sir John then rose to defend the measures of administration. He was not, he said, perfectly clear what the minister's intentions were, but that, in his heart, he believed them to be very bad; that he himself had a large family, and a small fortune, and should think himself a bad father, if he did not vote for a man, who had already given him so much, and from whom he expected yet more; that he should give him his hearty assistance at present, and would continue to do so, as long as there was no chance of his being turned out, in which case, he meant to make peace with the other side, as well as he could.

As soon as the warm plaudits which followed this speech were a little subsided, Mr., a young member, got up, and, with great modesty, asked pardon of the house, for presuming to give his opinion, on subjects which men, so much his superiors in age, could not agree on; and added, that nothing but a consciousness of his own superior abilities, information and eloquence, could have prevented him from remaining silent; that, in consequence of this superiority, he must bespeak the attention of the house for about five or six hours, while he slightly reviewed the transactions of the present administration, from their first assuming the reins of government, to the present day; which he protested he had not been more than two months in drawing up. He then began a long and circumstantial detail of the follies and blunders of the m..... and his friends; but perceiving, at the end of four hours, that one half of the house was gone to dinner, and the other were inclined to sleep, he told them, that, though he had much more to say, yet, as they were so d....d tasteless, as not to enjoy his rhetoric as it deserved, he should treat them with no more of it at present.

Upon which, the speaker having stretched himself in his chair, the question was put, and carried.... and the house adjourned.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

Paris, May This day his majesty was pleased to make the following most gracious reply to the humble petition of his parliament:

"I am perfectly satisfied of the justice of your remonstrance. I shall nevertheless persevere in my measures. I am determined to make you, and all France, know I will be master....for I hate to be a tyrant by halves....*Car tel est notre plaisir.*"

HONE OCCURRENCES.

Yesterday the church-wardens and parish officers of the parish of dined at the London Tavern, in order to consider the distressed state of the poor in the said parish; and, after mature de-

liberation, came to a resolution, That their next meeting should be at the Turk's Head....the port at the former house being thick, and the claret very ill flavoured.

On Monday last, came on the election of a member for the borough of Guzzledown, when the numbers on the poll were,

	£.	s.	d.
For Mr. M.	2000	18	2
For Sir John S.	1900	4	0

Mr. M. was of course declared duly elected; but we understand Sir John's friends demand a scrutiny, under pretence that several of Mr. M.'s guineas were light.

Any gentleman, having a sum not less than two, or more than four thousand pounds, to dispose of, may have a most eligible opportunity of gaining at least 25 per cent. by placing it in the hands of the advertisers, who are the proprietors of a large and lucrative patent manufacture. The utmost honour and secrecy.

N. B. It is recommended to any person, whom this may suit, to be quick in their applications, as the advertisers must certainly become bankrupts in a week, if they do not get the money.

Wanted....A curacy, in a good sporting country, near a pack of fox-hounds, and in a sociable neighbourhood; it must have a good house and stables, and a few acres of meadow ground would be very agreeable....To prevent trouble, the stipend must not be less than 80%.

The advertiser has no objections to undertaking three, four, or five churches of a Sunday, but will not engage where there is any weekly duty. Whoever has such a one to dispose of, may suit themselves by sending a line, directed A. B. at the *Turf Coffee-house*, or the gentleman may be spoken with, any Tuesday morning, at Tattersall's betting room. C.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere.—Juv.
Nobody tries himself to scan.

"Sir,

"THE peculiar hardships of my situation call loudly for your interference. As they have hitherto escaped the notice of those righters of wrongs, and redressers of grievances, your periodical predecessors, it remains with you, sir, by the publishing of this letter, to clear my injured fame from the aspersions of the malevolent; and vindicate to the world the importance of my character.

"I shall not detain you, Mr. Griffin, by a long account of my birth, parentage, and education; suffice it only to say, that I never received any education; that I am not indebted to a parent for my existence; but that, notwithstanding I am thus defective in point of ancestry, I boast a family of wide alliances and extensive relationships, and date my birth even prior to the creation.

"In short, sir, the person, who has now the honour to address you, is no other than Nobody. To prove what I have advanced of my large connections, I am, you must know, allied to Anybody, nearly related to Somebody, and connected by the closest ties to the family of Everybody. Besides these, the various branches of the What'shisnames, the Whatycallums, the Suchaones, and the Thingums and Thingumbobs, come, one and all, from the same parent stock.

"From this account, you might probably be led to suppose, that my situation is, of all others, the most enviable; that I am growing old, amid the caresses of a diffusive family; and that I am looked up to with wonder and veneration by the rest of the world, as a being pre-existent to the common ancestor, and contemporary with every gene-

ration of mankind. But alas! Mr. Griffin, very widely mistaken would this idea be found. Alas, sir, the world holds me in contempt, and my nearest relations have been taught by their example to do the same. I cannot make Anybody confess his knowledge of me; Everybody shuns the suspicion of being acquainted with me; and Somebody has long ago set himself up in direct opposition to me: and by degrees attracted to his party all the inferior branches of the family, who find their ideas of self-consequence much more pleasingly gratified in the relationship they bear to him, however distant, than in the disgraceful consanguinity of Nobody.

"It has not been always thus. There was a time when the name of Nobody was more respected. You cannot but know, Mr. Griffin, that in all places where the feudal system obtained, and even now I believe, in some remote parts of Scotland, it has been customary for whole clans to take the name of the master under whom they held their several tenures; insomuch, that it was nothing unusual for the inhabitants of whole districts to be distinguishable from each other only by the difference of their *prænomens*, or christian name, or by some additional *cognomen*, which they adopted for the purpose of this distinction; so that had you, sir, lived in those days, there would have been, I doubt not, whole provinces peopled with a hopeful progeny of Griffins. Ah, sir, these were times indeed. Then it was that I, and my old opposer, Somebody, by mutual compact, shared the land between us, and distributed our names to our respective adherents. The barons, to be sure, and all principal persons, considered themselves as members of his family; but then the tenants, and the bulk of the people, were of necessity contented to rank under my denomination. And so very inconsiderable was the number of his adherents, compared to that of mine, that he might be almost said scarcely to have Anybody on his party; whilst, comparatively speaking, Everybody sided with me.

"There were then no regular steps of consequence, no intermediate gradation of ranks between the lord and his slave; but while the importance of the one was sufficiently gratified in the title of Somebody; the other, hugging himself in his own insignificance, was fully satisfied to herd with the multitude of Nobodies.

"How different is my situation, and how much lessened is the estimation in which I am held in these days; while Everybody is labouring with restless ambition to be considered by the world as Somebody. It is this principle, which enforces the young heir into expences far beyond the limits of his fortune, and melts the accumulation of years in the extravagance of an hour; that he may, by his spirited conduct, persuade the admiring world that he is Somebody. On what other principle does the spouse of the substantial shop-keeper ground her arguments in favour of frosting the cauliflower wig, and rolling up the round belly in a new red waistcoat, but that he may be enabled to display himself on a *Sunday's* terrace, with a dress and a figure, which may shew him to be Somebody? And whence that self-sufficient smile, which curls the fat cheek of his love, but from a consciousness of having assumed, together with her flowered damask, a degree of importance, which abundantly rescues her from the disgraceful appellation of a Nobody.

"But even these desertions, sir, however distressing, and this contempt, however wounding, I might perhaps be able to endure without complaint; and console myself with the idea of their being but negative misfortunes. But who, Mr. Griffin, could forbear to complain of the malice of false aspersions, and the railings of groundless abuse? who could bear, without repining, the imputation of vices, of which he was perfectly u-

conscious; of outrages, of which he was perfectly incapable?

"There does not pass a day, in which my name is not called in a hundred times, as a foil to the vices and imperfections of others; as thus, in speaking of any notorious offender, 'Nobody is more wicked,' 'Nobody more abandoned,' 'Nobody will come sooner to the gallows.'....It is, however, some compensation for this, you will say, that I am also made use of as a comparison for all that is good and great in any character....But, alas! when you consider how far greater is the propensity of most people to calumny than commendation, you will readily own, that the being coupled once or twice with the name of a great or a good man, is but a slender consolation, for being daily associated with the name of every thing that is rascally and villainous under the sun.

"It cannot, I think, have escaped your observation, how often, in common life, a suspicion of being an acquaintance of mine, has been prejudicial to many an innocent and well-meaning person; and has served as an excuse for treating him with the utmost incivility; a hint, that such a person was a fellow, 'who spoke to Nobody,' or a 'creature that Nobody knew,' has been a cause sufficient to subject him to the most mortifying rudeness and contempt. But I shall pass over the consideration of this, and a multitude of other circumstances of the same nature; nor shall I stop to make a single observation on that unaccountable malignity, with which mankind are taught to persecute me in proverbs, and most maliciously to pronounce that wind '*An ill wind, which blows Nobody good.*'....But

"I shall proceed without delay to shew the injustice and wickedness of mankind, in laying to my charge several enormities, which it is actually out of my power to perform. The instance, which occurs to my memory is one of very great antiquity, of which you, Mr. Griffin, have in a former paper very properly taken the notice it deserved, for which I thank you. I allude to the paltry contrivance of Ulysses, who, to shield himself and his party from the resentment of Polyphemus, for the extinction of his eyes, had the address to persuade that simple shepherd swain, that it was one *Oude*, (meaning me, sir), who was perpetrator of the bloody deed. Of this accusation, you have already had the goodness to acquit me to the world. But it were endless to dwell on every particular circumstance, which has been laid hold of, to sully my fair fame with malevolent aspersions. I should detain you too long, were I to enumerate the many atrocious house-breakings, of which a confirmed suspicion is said to have fallen on Nobody; the many midnight murders, at which Nobody was thought to have been present; or, to descend to less heinous offences, the many strayed tea-spoons and broken china basons, the guilt of which a favourite lap-dog, a cat, or a fine family of little ones, have been lucky enough to throw off their own shoulders on those of Nobody. I myself was not a little displeased the other day, to hear on old gentleman, who, by the bye, has one son of two and twenty, and several head of younger children, living in the house with him; complain, in the double capacity of master of a family and justice of the peace, that he had at that time a pier glass shattered to pieces, an arm broken off his mahogany easy chair, and a housemaid in the straw, for all which circumstances he was, as far as he could learn, indebted to the kind officiousness of Nobody.

"Now, Mr. Griffin, I have laid my misfortunes before you in a manner that I think cannot fail to excite your compassion. With you it remains to mediate between me and the public....and by explaining my case to them, to confer on me a last-

ing favour and benefit, and lay a strong claim to the gratitude of,

"Sir,
"Your sincere admirer,
"And most humble petitioner,
"NOBODY.

EDUCATION.

[It affords the Editor the purest and sincerest satisfaction to have an opportunity, on any occasion, to give publicity to any scheme, whose object is the literary and moral advancement of the country. To the monarchy of Genius it is ardently hoped Americans will ever look with veneration eyes, and to the enterprising instructor of youth may they ever exclaim with more than the enthusiasm of HORACE

"I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat; i PEDE FAUSTO."]

TO THE PUBLIC.

The Trustees of the Newark Academy, and several gentlemen of the town, having taken into consideration the high importance of female education, have agreed to establish a female academy and boarding school in this place; and from the healthiness and flourishing state of the town, and its happy situation for such an institution, they conclude they have just reason to hope, that their efforts thus to promote the interest of society, will be attended with success.

They have engaged the Reverend William Woodbridge to take charge of this seminary and boarding school; a gentleman of very amiable character, eminently qualified for such an office, and who, for several years, with great reputation, had presided over an institution of a similar nature.

This institution will be founded on the following principles and regulations:

I. It shall be under the patronage and inspection of the trustees of the Newark Academy, some of whom will visit it monthly, and also, such ladies as the Trustees shall appoint.

II. In this seminary shall be taught:

The first principles of the English language, and plain sewing, for three dollars per quarter.

The fine branches of needle work, the English language grammatically, reading, writing, arithmetic, composition, history, and the use of the globes, for five dollars per quarter.

The French language for five dollars per quarter.

Drawing, vocal and instrumental music, on reasonable terms.

III. The price of board will be one hundred dollars per annum; the young lady to provide her bed and bedding, and to defray the expense of washing her apparel.

IV. All the pupils, day scholars as well as boarders, shall pay twenty-five cents, quarterly, as an acknowledgment for the use of the building.

V. Any pupil may enter this institution, to continue by the quarter, or year.

VI. Boarders shall, continually, advance money for one quarter's board; and all pupils shall always advance the money for one quarter's tuition.

VII. It will be earnestly recommended to every young lady, when health and circumstances shall permit, to attend on Sundays, the place of public worship to her most agreeable..

VIII. Particular attention shall be paid to the manners, decency of dress, as well as the morals of pupils.

IX. A proper library shall be provided for the recreation and improvement of the young ladies, at their leisure hours, day scholars as well as boarders; and those who shall incline to resort to it, shall each pay fifty cents, quarterly, for the privilege, which money shall be applied to purchase books for the library.

X. The books to be studied in the academy, shall be prescribed by the Gentleman who shall

preside over it, with the approbation of the Trustees above mentioned.

XI. The spring vacation shall commence the third monday in April, and the fall vacation, the third monday in September, and the term of vacation shall be three week.

XII. The scholars shall be examined, quarterly, with respect to their progress in their several studies, in the presence of the Trustees of the aforesaid academy, and such ladies and gentlemen, as, by invitation shall attend on the occasion.

XIII. No boarder shall visit, or go abroad, without permission of her instructor, or instructress.

XIV. The pupils shall attend public devotion, morning and evening, on days of tuition, in the academy.

XV. Other regulations may be added to these, if deemed necessary, with the approbation of the Trustees of the Newark Academy.

A suitable building is provided for this institution, which will be opened the first day of May next. It is requested, that those parents and guardians, who shall incline to send their children to this academy and boarding school, either as boarders, or day scholars, will give information thereof, previous to the twentieth day of March next, to either of the subscribers.

Published at the request of the Trustees of the Newark Academy, and several gentlemen of the town.

ALEXANDER MACWHORTER,
UZAL OGDEN,
EDWARD D. GRIFFIN,
ELISHA BOUDINOT,
SAMUEL OGDEN,
JOHN N. CUMMING,
ARCHIBALD MERCER,
SAMUEL BALDWIN,
JOHN BURNET,
PETER HILL,
UZAL JOHNSON,
JOHN CRAUFORD,

Newark, New-Jersey, January 27. 1802.

NOTE. After the first of May next, the Reverend Mr. Woodbridge will also have the superintendence of the English and mathematical departments in the Newark Academy.

The Trustees of this academy, have received several very honourable testimonials of the character of this gentleman, and from them, it is deemed proper, to publish the following extract of a letter from his excellency, Jonathan Trumbull, esq. governor of the state of Connecticut, dated 16th January, 1802, addressed to the honourable Judge Boudinot.

"I have seen several testimonials which the Reverend Mr. Woodbridge is possessed of, from the late President Stiles, of Yale College, and others, to the points of his talents and conduct, as a teacher and scholar, to which I can most cheerfully subscribe. I can also add,....that I have had knowledge of Mr. Woodbridge for more than twenty years....He had his school education at the grammar school in this town, from whence he went to Yale College, where he obtained his more enlarged knowledge of the various sciences, as certified by the Reverend President Stiles....In his different walks in life to this time, I have ever understood, that he has sustained uncommon reputation as a teacher and instructor of youth, he being possessed not only of the requisite talents, but having a happy facility of communicating information....together with an amiable mode of deportment towards his pupils, commanding their respect and regard.

Should you obtain Mr. Woodbridge for your institution, I shall have one thing to regret, which is, that we shall be deprived of the talents and abilities of a very useful instructor to the youth

of his state...as well as of the example and influence of a man of virtue, good morals, piety and benevolence, among the circle of his acquaintance in the eastern part of the United States."

[IN conformity to a plan commenced in our first volume, we shall in future, occasionally publish translations from the French classics.]

THE ADVENTURES OF SCARMENTADO.

A SATIRICAL NOVEL,

Translated from the French.

MY name is Scarmentado; my father was governor of the city of Candia, where I came into the world in the year 1600, and I remember that one Iro, a stupid and scurrilous poet, wrote a copy of dogrel verses in my praise, in which he proved me descended from Minos in a direct line; but my father being disgraced some time after, he wrote another poem, by which it appeared I was no longer a-kin to Minos, but the descendant of Pasiphae and her lover.

When I was fifteen years old, my father sent me to Rome to finish my studies. Monsignor Profonde, to whom I was recommended, was a strange kind of man, and one of the most terrible scholars breathing; he took it into his head to teach me the categories of Aristotle, and I narrowly escaped his throwing me into the category of his minions. I saw many processions and exorcisms, and much oppression. Signora Fatelo, a lady of no rigid morals, was foolish enough to like me: she was wooed by two youthful monks, the Rev. Father Poignardini, and the Rev. Father Aconiti, but she put an end to the pretensions of both of them, by granting me her good graces; yet, at the same time I narrowly escaped being excommunicated and poisoned. I left Rome exceedingly well pleased with the architecture of St. Peter's church.

I went to France, in the reign of Lewis surnamed the Just; the first thing I was asked was, whether I chose to breakfast on a collop of the marshal d'Ancre, whose body the public had roasted, and which was distributed very cheap to those that desired to taste it. This nation was at that time torn to pieces by civil wars, occasioned sometimes by ambition, sometimes by controversy, and those intestine broils had for the space of forty years deluged the most delightful country in the world with blood. Such were the liberties of the Gallican church: the French, said I, are naturally wise, what makes them deviate from that character? They are much given to joking and pleasantry, and yet they commit a massacre; happy that age in which they shall do nothing but joke and make merry.

From hence I sat out for England; the same fanatical temper excited the same furious zeal; a set of devout Roman Catholics had resolved, for the good of the church, to blow up the king, the royal family, and the parliament with gun-powder, and thereby free the nation from those heretics. I was shewn the spot where the blessed queen Mary, daughter to Henry VIII. had caused above five hundred of her subjects to be burnt alive. A pious Hibernian priest assured me it was a very laudable action: first, because those they had burned were English; secondly, because they were wretches who never took any holy water, and did not believe in St. Patrick.

From England I went to Holland, in hopes of finding more peace and tranquillity among a more phlegmatical people. At my arrival at the Hague, I was entertained with the beheading of a venerable old patriot, the prime minister Barnavelt, who was the most deserving man in the republic. Struck with pity at the sight, I asked what his crime was,

and whether he betrayed the state? He has done worse, replied a preacher with a black cloak, he believes that we can be saved by good works as well as by faith.

You are sensible, that were such systems suffered to prevail, the commonwealth could not long subsist, and that a severe law is necessary to refute such scandalous errors. A deep Dutch politician told me with a sigh, that such commendable actions could not last for ever. Alas, sir, said he, our people naturally incline towards toleration; some day or another they will adopt it; I shudder at the thought: believe me, sir, pursued he, 'tis a mere chance that you actually find them so laudably and zealously inclined as to cut off the heads of their fellow-creatures for the sake of religion. Such were the lamentable words of the Dutchman; for my own part, I thought proper to abandon a country where severity had no compensation, and therefore embarked for Spain.

I arrived at Seville in the finest season in the year. The court was there, the galleons were arrived, and all seemed to proclaim joy, abundance, and profusion. I espied at the end of a beautiful alley, full of orange and lemon-trees, a vast concourse of people round an amphitheatre richly adorned; the king, the queen, the infants and infantas, were seated under a stately canopy, and over against that august family, another throne, higher and more magnificent, had been erected. I told one of my travelling companions, that unless that throne was reserved for God, I could not see the use of it; but these words being overheard by a grave Spaniard, I paid dear for having uttered them. In the mean time, I imagined we were to be diverted with a carousal, wrestling, or bull-baiting, when I perceived the grand inquisitor ascend that throne, and bestow his blessing upon the king and people. Then appeared an army of monks, filing off two by two; some were white, others were black, grey, and brown; some were shod, and some barefooted; some had beards, and some had none; some were with cowls, and some without. Then came the executioner, followed by about forty wretches, guarded by a world of grantees and alguazils, and covered with garments, upon which were painted flames and devils. These fellows were Jews, who would not altogether be compelled to abandon the law of Moses, and Christians who had married their god-mothers, or perhaps refused to worship Nuestra Dama d'Atocha, or to part with their money in favour of the brothers Hieronymians. Prayers were said very devoutly, after which all those wretches were tortured and burnt, which concluded the ceremony, to the great edification of all the royal family.

The same night, while I was going to bed, two messengers from the inquisition came to my lodgings with the holy Hermandad. They embraced me tenderly, and, without speaking a word, carried me out of the house, and conducted me into a dungeon not incommoded by heat, adorned with a curious crucifix, and a mat instead of a bed. After I had been there six weeks, the father inquisitor sent his compliments, and desired to see me: I obeyed the summons: he received me with open arms, and after having embraced me with more than paternal fondness, told me, he was very sorry they had put me in so bad a lodging, but that all the apartments happened to be full, it was impossible to give me a better; adding, however, that he hoped I should be better taken care of another time. Then he asked me very lovingly, whether I knew why I was put in there. I told the reverend father I supposed it was for my sins. Well, my dear child, replied he, but for what sin? make me your confidant, speak. I did all I could to bethink myself of some misdemeanor, but in vain; upon which he made me recollect my imprudent words: in short, I recovered my liberty, after having undergone a severe discipline, and

paid 30,000 reals. I went to take leave of the grand inquisitor; he was a very polite man, and asked me how I relished the holidays they had given me? I told him they were delightful, and at the same time went to press my companions to quit this enchanting country. They had time enough, during my confinement, to learn all the great achievements of the Spaniards, for the sake of religion. They had read the memoirs of the famous bishop of Chiapa, by which it appears that ten millions of infidels were murdered in America, to convert the rest. I imagined that bishop might exaggerate a little, but suppose the victims were but half that number, the sacrifice was still admirable.

Notwithstanding the disagreeable adventures I had met with in my travels, I determined to finish my tour, and accordingly I embarked for Turkey, fully resolved never more to intermeddle with other people's affairs, nor give my judgment about public shews. These Turks, said I to my companions, are a set of unbaptized miscreants, and of course more cruel than the reverend fathers of the inquisition. Let us be silent among the Mahometans.

I arrived at Constantinople, where I was strangely surprised to see more Christian churches than in Candia; but much more so to see also a numerous train of monks, permitted to offer their prayers freely to the Virgin Mary, and to curse Mahomet, some in Greek, others in Latin, and some in Armenian. How reasonable are the Turks! (exclaimed I) whilst the Christian world stains a spotless religion with blood, these infidels tolerate doctrines which they abhor, without molestation or inhumanity. The Grecian and Latin Christians were at mortal enmity in Constantinople, and like dogs that quarrelled in the streets, persecuted each other with the utmost violence. The grand vizir protected the Greeks, whose patriarch accused me before him of having supped with the Latins, and I was most charitably condemned by the divan to receive one hundred blows with a lath upon the sole of the foot, with permission, however, to be excused for 500 sequins. The next day the grand vizir was strangled; and the day following, his successor, who was for the Latin party, and who was not strangled till a month afterwards, condemned me to the same punishment, for having supped with the Grecian patriarch; and, in short, I was reduced to the sad necessity to frequent neither the Latin nor the Greek church. To make myself amends, I determined to keep a mistress, and I pitched upon a young Turkish lass, who was as tender and wanton a *tête-à-tête* as she was pious and devout at the mosque. One night, in the soft transports of her love, she embraced me passionately, calling out *alla, alla, alla*. These are the sacramental words of the Turks. I took them to be those of love, and therefore cried out in my turn *alla, alla, alla*; upon which, she said, heaven be praised, you are a Turk. In the morning the iman came to circumcise me, but as I made some difficulty, the cadi of our quarters, a loyal gentleman, very kindly told me he purposed to impale me. I saved my foreskin and my backside with a thousand sequins, and flew into Persia, firmly resolved never to go to the Latin or Grecian mass in Turkey, nor ever more to say *alla, alla, alla*, at a rendezvous.

At my arrival at Ispahan, I was asked which I was for, white or black sheep? I answered, that the flesh of a white or black sheep was equal to me, provided it was tender. It must be known that the factions of the white and black sheep still divided the Persians, who imagined I meant to laugh at both parties, insomuch that I had scarce entered the city gates, but I had a sad affair to extricate myself from, which I did, however, with a good number of sequins, by means of which I got safe out of the hands of the sheep.

I went as far as China with an interpreter, who

informed me that it was the only country where one might live freely, gaily, and peaceably. The Tartars had rendered themselves masters of it with fire and sword, and the reverend fathers the Jesuits on one side, and the reverend fathers the Dominicans on the other, said that they drew souls towards God every day, without any body's knowing it. Sure there never was a set of more zealous converters, for they persecuted one another by turns; they sent to Rome whole volumes of calumnies, wherein they reciprocally called each other infidels and prevaricators. There was particularly a terrible quarrel among them about the method of making a bow.

The Jesuits taught the Chinese to salute their parents after the manner of their country; and the Dominicans, on the contrary, held that they ought to bow to them after the manner of Rome. I happened to be taken by the Jesuits for a Dominican, and they told his Tartarian majesty that I was the pope's spy. The supreme council immediately ordered the prime mandarin, who ordered a serjeant, who ordered four guards to arrest and bind me, with all the ceremony used on such occasions. I was brought after one hundred and forty genuflections before his majesty, who asked whether I really was the pope's spy, and whether it was true that his holiness intended to come in person to dethrone him; I answered, that the pope was a priest, three score and ten years of age; that he lived four thousand miles distant from his sacred Tartaro-Chinese majesty; that he had about two thousand soldiers, who mounted the guard with a parasol; that he never dethroned any body; and, in short, that his majesty might sleep in quiet. This was the last unfortunate adventure I met with in the whole course of my travels. I was sent to Macao, where I embarked for Europe.

I was obliged, in order to refit my ship, to put into an harbour on the coast of Golconda. I laid hold on that opportunity to go and see the court of the great Aureng-zeb, so much renowned for its wonderful magnificence: he was then at Delhi, and I had the good fortune to see him the day of that pompous ceremony, in which he received the heavenly present sent him by the sheriff of Mecca, viz. the broom with which they had swept the holy house, the Caaba and the Beth alla. That broom is a symbol which only sweeps away all uncleanness of soul. Aureng-zeb had no occasion for it, since he was the most pious man in all Indostan. 'Tis true he had cut his brother's throat, poisoned his father, and put to death by torture about twenty rayas, and as many omrahs, yet nothing was talked of but his devotion, which they said was without equal, except that of his most sacred majesty Muley Ismael, the most serene emperor of Morocco, who never failed to cut off several heads every Friday, after prayers.

To all this I spoke not a word, my travels and adventures had taught me to bridle my tongue, and I was very sensible it was not mine to decide between the piety of the emperors of India and Morocco.

I had not yet seen Africa; but whilst I was debating with myself, whether it was better to satisfy this last inclination, or sail for Italy, my ship was taken by the negroes, and I was of course carried thither. Our captain railed against the captors, asking them the reason why they thus outrageously violated the laws of nations? they replied, your nose is long, and ours is flat; your hair is straight, and our wool is curled; you are white, and we are black; consequently we ought, according to the sacred and unalterable laws of nature, to be ever enemies. You buy us on the coast of Guinea, as if we were not human creatures, then treat us like beasts, and with repeated blows compel us to eternal digging into the mountains in order to find a ridiculous yellow dust of no intrinsic value, and not worth a good Egyptian onion;

therefore, when we meet with you, and are the strongest, we make you our slaves, and force you to till our ground, or else we cut off your nose or ears. We had nothing to say against so wise a discourse. I was employed to till the ground of an old negro woman, having no inclination to lose either my nose or my ears; and after a twelvemonth's slavery, I was redeemed by some friends I had written to for that purpose.

Having thus seen the world, and all that is great, good, and admirable in it, I resolved to return to Candia, where I married, a little after my arrival. I was soon a cuckold, but plainly perceived it to be the most harmless and tolerable situation in life.

POLITICS.

[We preserve in the Port Folio the following outline of a debate in the Senate of the United States, on the passage of the bill for fixing the military peace establishment, because the speeches, on one side, contain the doctrines of liberal economy, and shew that there are a few, who do not calculate national dignity from the pence table of Dr. Franklin.]

Mr. HILLHOUSE, of Connecticut, said, he should vote against the bill....that he was as fond of economy as other people, but then he wished it to be real economy, and not a mere sound to dupe the people. That on comparing the present establishment as it now stands with that which is proposed, it would appear that with the same effective force there was very little difference in the actual expense....that indeed there are now in service a number of officers of inferior grades who are supernumerary, but the extra expense attached to them was nearly balanced by useless officers of higher grades in the new system, among which are colonels, for which there was no use, and who had been found by experience, in the revolutionary war, to be both unnecessary and inconvenient....that a short bill authorizing the president to suspend enlistments and the filling up of vacancies in the present establishments would, unless our army was increased by him, leave the expense very much the same as that which would be required by the new system; and then if circumstances should require an increase of force, it might be obtained by the executive magistrate, without the necessity of summoning congress, at a great expense and loss of time....that such increase of force would cost the public much less than a similar increase under the new system, because that was a more expensive system, and that we should then have the advantage of retaining in our service officers who had acquired a knowledge of their business, and not be obliged to employ inexperienced young men, which would be both costly and hazardous; for we could not expect, that those whom we now turn out for no fault, but under a mere pretext of economy, would return again into our service....that, for his part, he was not one of those who could be led away by every idle talk about economy; he would look to facts....that, as he was well informed, a corps of seven hundred marines had been discharged last July, for the sake of economy, and what was the consequence? Why, these men, who were perfectly disciplined, well clothed, and every way fit for service, went off with their new clothing on their backs, and by the month of January following, it was found necessary to enlist others, and give bounty and clothes to men who, when they could be raised, would be of little use, and in the mean time, our frigates were detained, and the consequence probably would be, that the squadron in the Mediterranean would be obliged to come away, before that which is to be sent out could arrive; and thus our commerce in that sea would be left unprotected, and a great deal of money be spent for nothing; and

all this that gentleman might put on the appearance of economy....that he was very much afraid the same thing would happen to our land force which had happened to our marines, and therefore he should vote against the bill.

Mr. Wright said, the gentleman from Connecticut was very much mistaken in his idea of the expense....that it was necessary to make that distinction of grades which was now proposed, for that officers would not too readily obey those who, being on the same grade with themselves, had only a seniority of commission....that this was a fact well known to military men. He thought therefore the new arrangement was wise and proper....that a very great saving would be made, and that without it the state of the finances would not permit the repeal of the internal revenues, and the relief of the people from those oppressive taxes which they groaned under....that confidence should be reposed in the administration, and when the administration, came forward to lessen the expenses of the country, and stated the force which was fully sufficient for the defence of the country, it was proper to comply with their patriotic wishes,

Mr. Baldwin, said, that to be sure there might be some little difference in the expense of organizing the regiments in the manner now proposed; but as that was thought most proper, by gentlemen better acquainted with the business than himself, he should not object to it on that account....that the difference between the old establishment and the new, was said to be between five and six hundred thousand dollars, a sum nearly equal to the net produce of the permanent internal taxes. He thought therefore it was proper to adopt a measure which would produce so considerable a saving.

Mr. Morris said, there was a wide difference between saving and economy in all affairs....whatsoever, from those of a family to those of a nation....that saving frequently involved very great loss....that if one of our frigates were moored with a rope in order to save the expense of a cable, she might indeed be held in a calm, but the first gale of wind would blow her on shore; and thus, though we saved a cable, we might lose a ship....that a government ought to extend its views beyond the mere pounds, shillings, and pence, because there were objects committed to its care which it was more important to economize than mere money....that even in a pecuniary point of view, he was doubtful whether it would not be better economy to fill up the regiments under the present peace establishment than to adopt the substitute proposed....that the United States had large tracts of land to sell, and a distribution of sufficient force through that tract of country, to preserve order among the people: prevent them from exterior injury; and give them a money market for a part of their produce, would certainly tend to accelerate the sale and settlement of those lands....that we are, moreover, bound by every principle of national faith, to afford full protection to those who have already purchased; and if, from the want of a sufficient force in that quarter, intruders should settle on and take from them their lands they had purchased, there would be an end to further sales. He did not therefore believe that this saving would eventually appear to be even an economy of money.

That the proposition of his honourable friend from Connecticut went however to the whole length of pecuniary saving which was desired or nearly so. That he believed the difference would not be more than thirty or forty thousand dollars which in a business of such magnitude was not worthy of notice. That events not only possible, but even probable might render it highly expedient and indeed indispensably necessary to increase that paltry force which we called an army. It had been frequently asserted that the administration

thought the force proposed was sufficient. For his own part he did not mean to question the talents or virtues of the administration, neither would he place his private judgment or information in competition with those of men entrusted by the public confidence, with the conduct of our affairs. But he saw no where that distinct evidence of any such opinion or desire in the administration, as would furnish ground to act upon the principle of confidence, and involve the proper responsibility. He therefore thought it highly proper, to place at the disposition and in the discretion of the executive government, such powers as by circumstances it might be required to exercise, and then acting with the full information which the administration had the means of acquiring, it would be able to afford to the people that protection to which they are entitled. If no event took place calling for an increase of force, there would be no increase of expense. But if such event should arise the resulting expense be it what it may, must be borne.

That gentlemen, in the confidence of government, might possess more accurate knowledge of foreign transactions than he could acquire. That they probably did possess it, and could from thence conclude, that a reduction of our little military force might be prudent at the present time. That proceeding however, upon the ground of mere private information, he had reason to believe, that a part of the large armament coming from France was destined to take possession, of Louisiana in consequence of arrangements between the first consul and the Spanish court. That Louisiana was a large tract of country. That if the force which arrives should be large it might not be prudent to leave all our southern frontier without any regular troops, to which the militia might in an emergency repair. ...That he did by no means pretend to question the wisdom of the present administration, much less to dictate or even advise any specific line of conduct. That if it had been his fate to direct in any degree the public councils, it would have been with him a leading principle in our foreign relations, always to keep up a body of regular troops at the head of the St. Lawrence, and another near our southern frontier upon the Mississippi, equal to the military force, which any foreign power might oppose to them respectively. That indeed, the plan proposed by his honourable friend from Connecticut, would not enable the government to do this, but it would enable them, as soon as their information should render it advisable, to collect from the different posts a body of a thousand men (replacing them by recruits,) and to post them in a situation to prevent a sudden inroad, if any should be meditated. ...That if the case were of sufficient importance, the Congress might be assembled to make further provision. That the recruiting in the mean time would go on, and thus our preparations for untoward events, be in much greater forwardness. On this, as on every other occasion, he was disposed to shew that confidence which (for the public interest) must be reposed in the executive department of government, by vesting them with the needful powers to protect that interest; powers to be exercised under their constitutional responsibility. A responsibility which would not attach where the powers were withheld derived.

That he considered this question as much more important in its consequences and relations than in any immediate object, to which it could apply. That the time might come when the people of this country would say they had been betrayed. That the spirit of party had often raised charges as serious, on foundations much more slight. That he would neither incur the guilt, nor yet subject himself to the imputation, and should therefore, (if for no other reason) vote against the bill.

LITERARY NOTICE.

In an extract of a letter from a friend in Edinburgh.

THE author of "The Farmer's Boy" has just published a collection of Miscellaneous Poems, consisting of tales, ballads, odes, &c. replete with tenderness and simplicity. The subjects are chiefly drawn from "Cottage Life." I was never a very warm admirer of Mr. Bloomfield, but I confess I am much pleased with these poems.

The celebrated author of *The Pleasures of Hope* is about committing to the press a volume of poems, among which will be a description of a Tour through the Highlands of Scotland. Can there be a finer subject for a poem?

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following is a sensible remark of a London traveller:

We are sometimes urged by enthusiasm, to fall down and worship the golden image of commerce, but reflection bids us pause, and consider whether this mighty engine may not be overworked. Commerce is a great instrument, in the hand of reason, to connect and intermarry the wide spread families of mankind; but let us not trust to reason alone. Let us not wholly submit our feelings to our purses, and counters, and ledgers. Let us never forget that, though the business of the head is calculation, the business of the heart is enjoyment. We may be very rich in products, and manufactures, and population, and very poor in the spirits and minds of men.

London is, of all places, the most convenient and retired, for a man of small fortune. There, every sort of necessary is to be had in the smallest quantities; and, provided a man has a clean shirt, and three pence in his pocket, may talk as loud in the coffee-house as the 'squire of 10,000 a year. No one asks how he lives, or where he dined. It is not so in the country.

A GOOD ONE!

A prisoner, in the state prison of New-Jersey, being dangerously ill, requested the keeper to send for a clergyman to visit him. The keeper, doubtful of the lawfulness of granting the request, sent to one of the inspectors of the prison to know if he might admit the clergyman, the "act for the punishment of crimes" having declared the benefit of clergy forever abolished and done away!!

The London reviewers, remarking on a dull poem, thus jeer the miserable author, describing the admiration of the Jews, when Paul was preaching:

"The gazing synagogue, in wonder rapt,
Devour his pregnant speech."

That the Jews were very voracious, the reviewer remarks, is not to be doubted; but to devour things pregnant, was contrary to their law. Besides, if they devoured the speech pregnant, they devoured it before it was delivered, a circumstance which surpasses all belief; at the same time, there was something extremely savage in the transaction, for the poet tells us, in the next line, that the saint spoke with "words that live;" so that the speech they devoured was not only pregnant, but they most inhumanly swallowed it alive!

Our dashing bucks, who display all their *Jehuship* in driving through High-street, frequently remind the pedestrian plodder of

Sunt quos curricula pulverem
Colegisse juvat.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANACREONTIC.

HERE, from toil and trouble free,
Where no cares attack us,
We our song attune to thee,
Bacchus, jolly Bacchus!
Thou dost every bliss bestow,
Banish every sorrow,
And chase far the thoughts of woe,
Dwelling on to-morrow.

And by thee, whose bounty kind
Gives the magic cluster,
Beauty when inspir'd, we find
Glow with mellow'd lustre:
See the lightning of her eyes,
Bosom gently heaving....
Hear those soft, those witching sighs....
Say, are they deceiving?

Well may we, thy vot'ries, love
Thy extatic treasure,
Which can every care remove,
Heighten every pleasure:
And upon our bended knee,
(As becomes our duty)
We our off'ring pour to thee,
Bacchus! and to Beauty.

Ao.

TO ELIZA.

THOUGH distant far from thy lov'd arms,
My thoughts with fondness dwell on thee;
For ne'er the fair with rival charms,
Can from thy bondage set me free:
His freedom he shall never find,
Who saw thy form, and knew thy mind.

As blended in yon prismatic bow,
I see the glowing hues combine,
So raptur'd fancy joys to shew,
Each beauty and each virtue thine:
And when such charms the heart inspire,
E'en reason but augments desire.

Ao.

SELECTED POETRY.

BONAPARTE*.

[FROM THE METEORS.]

GOOD courteous reader, I am sure the name
Of Bonaparte must have reached thine ear;
But lest thou be deceived in his fame,
E'en from my muse his glories shalt thou hear.

And first, this hero, like to other men,
Has capabilities to eat and drink:
In stature, he is five feet nine or ten.
A goodly size, as many ladies think.

A year or two ago his face was pale,
But now, they say, it is a dingy brown;
And thence at Paris sprung an idle tale,
They said 'twas Gen'ral Toussaint come to town.

In science he is deep....his rapid pen
At once describes a vict'ry and a bust;
And fighting in a swamp or marshy fen,
He tells how many thousands bit the dust.

* The verses upon this renowned chief were written before he had assumed the new part, which he is now playing in the political drama of the French revolution.

His travelling has of course begot a skill
In lands and soils; but this I will advance,
That let his knowledge be whate'er it will,
He knows the difference 'twixt Cayenne and France.

But we must trace the history of his life?
Observe, how, inch by inch, his greatness grew;
At ten years old, we find him deep in strife,
Vowing in a balloon to take a view.

There first his mighty genius was unfurl'd,
(Admire his wise foresight and prudence true.)
He wish'd to see the huge unwieldy world,
His infant ardour panted to subdue.

Light o'er his head his youthful hours roll....
He hastes to Genoa....What do we behold!
The hero asking, "What's o'clock?" no soul
The hero can resolve....each watch is sold.

On ev'ry side the dreadful clamours rise;
No watches, shirts, or shoes do we possess;
Not thee, nor the directory we prize,
Unless ye save us from our sad distress.

"Courage! my lads; allons! see yonder plains
"And armies, given us by Fate's decree;
"The Austrian spoils shall well reward your pains,
"Watches enough, and Wurmser's watch for me."

Soon *Ca Ira* and civic hymns resound,
In horrid joy the regiments dance and jump;
And, as imagination wins the ground,
Each feels his bayonet in a hostile rump.

'Tis said dame Fortune is not over chaste,
Nor does she much delight in ancient men;
She found our hero most unto her taste,
And smil'd on Wurmser only now and then.

Thus victory to victory succeeds,
Armies retreat, and towns are render'd up;
The fields are spoil'd....and poor Italia bleeds,
And soon at Mantua will the victor sup.

He came....and told the people they were free,
Deliver'd from the tyranny of knaves;
Bade them to plant the emblematic tree,
Whose shadow would disdain to shelter slaves.

Bade them to be the right good friends of France,
And plac'd some thousand men within their walls,
Lest that by any accidental chance,
They chang'd their minds, and struggled in street brawls.

Next with the emperors courtiers, *tete-a-tete*,
At Campo Formio he plans a peace;
Which done, he vows that either soon or late,
He'll go and drive the English troops like geese.

His dreadful grenadiers, his boast and pride,
Borne on huge rafts shall strike us all with fears:
Sail up the Thames upon the faithless tide,
And knock the antique Tower about our ears.

March thence unto the bank, whose facile doors
Shall yield up all to their rapacious law,
Swift bounds the echo from the Gallic shores,
Folia bank notes at par with assignats!

But he or the directory soon found
This plan beneath the genius of France;
And then, the Turks and Mamelukes to confound,
He led his grenadiers a pretty dance.

Tost on the seas full many a stormy day,
At length his navy reach'd the Egyptian strand,
Only at Malta....stopping by the way,
To play the devil, did the hero land.

Safe in Aboukir's bay the navy rode,
Approaching victories the warriors greet,
Nor could they find one scaven for forbode
That Nelson hasten'd with his conqu'ring fleet.

Brave Nelson came....and while his vengeance flew
And claim'd the victory as Britain's right,
Great Bonaparte took a bird's-eye view,
Securely mounted on a turret's height.

The navy lost!....no logic can prevail
On Afric's citizen's to change one mind,
Those people thought he look'd just like a snail,
Who came abroad, and left his shell behind.

Yet Generalship like his were never found,
Hail, Ali Bonaparte! *Vive Phero!*
His faith like any weathercock veer'd round,
A pious mussulman from top to toe!

But here the devil interferes, and bids
Each thing run counter to the prophets will;
Still must he battle near the Pyramids,
And in their mosques some more old women kill.

Lo! on a dromedary, full of pride,
To Syria now the hero bends his way,
Those soldiers, who can steal a camel, ride,
The rest march after in their best array.

Rejoice, ye Jews! the Israelitish walls,
Require but workmen to be built apace,
A mighty *rabbi* loudly on you calls,
In every Syrian town to raise Duke's-place.

Gen'ral again, he summons Acre with
Fraternal offers; strange, they won't go down,
But that uncivil knight, sir Sydney Smith,
Was rude enough to fortify the town.

He taught the Turks to banish idle fears,
And make incursions on the hostile French;
They sally....and find Jacobins have ears,
Which, as superfluous luxuries, they retrench.

To desperation drove, the town they storm,
And storm again; but it is all in vain;
At length they take their leave, without much
form,
And, storming, march to Egypt back again.

In the retreat the Arabs were unkind,
Honour 'mongst thieves....yet they committed theft....
But soon the hero has the bliss to find
The pyramids stand just where they were left.

He calls a council; finds the season past,
When men can fly to India in a day;
And, after much debate, concludes at last,
From Egypt he had better slip away.

And as the Hebrew youths, in days of old,
Went into Egypt to preserve their lives,
So out of Egypt, Bonaparte bold,
Escap'd to Paris, where I hear he thrives.

CAROLINE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

I'll bid the hyacinth to blow,
I'll teach my grotto green to be,
And sing my true love all below
The hollow bow'r and Myrtle tree.

There, all his wild-wood scents to bring,
The sweet south wind shall wander by,
And with the music of his wing
Delight my rustling canopy!

Come to my close and clust'ring bow'r,
Thou spirit of a milder clime,
Fresh with the dews of fruit and flow'r,
Of mountain heath and moory thyme

With all thy rural echoes come,
Sweet comrade of the rosy day,
Wafting the wild bee's gentle hum,
Or cuckoo's plaintive roundelay.

Where'r thy morning breath has play'd,
Whatever isles of Ocean fann'd,
Come to my blossom-woven shade,
Thou wand'ring wind of Fairy Land!

For sure, from some enchanted isle
Where Heav'n and love their sabbath hold....
Where pure and happy spirits smile,
Of Beauty's fairest, brightest mould;

In some green Eden of the deep,
Where pleasure's sigh alone is heav'd,
Where tears of rapture lovers weep,
Endear'd, undoubting, undeceiv'd:

In some sweet Paradise afar,
Where Music wanders, distant, lost,
Where Nature lights her leading star,
And Love is never, never, cross'd!

Oh, gentle gale of Eden bow'rs,
If back thy rosy feet should roam,
To revel with the cloudless hours
In Nature's more propitious home.

Name to thy lov'd Elysian groves
That o'er enchanted spirits twine,
A fairer form than cherub loves....
And let the name be CAROLINE!

EPITAPHS.

ON A SAILOR.

The Boreas winds, tempestuous waves
Have tost me to and fro,
In spite of both, by God's decrees,
I harbour here below.
And though at anchor here I lie
With many of our fleet,
Yet once again I hope to rise,
Rear-admiral Christ to meet.

Grim Death took me without any warning
I was well at night, and dead at nine in the mor-
ning.

On Dubois, who was born in a cart, and killed in a duel.
Begot in a cart, in a cart first drew breath,
Cart and tierce was his life, and a cart was his
death.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 16.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 24th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XV.

I HAVE always admired *character painting*. It interests me, I confess, much more than *face painting*. THEOPHRASTUS, who held an old, but Grecian pencil, was an excellent moral limner. But I am afraid my fastidious readers would frown at the stern severity of his lineaments. I, therefore, will not copy from his drawings. But from a more recent and a more fashionable picture dealer, I will take the liberty to borrow a portrait or two; and to amuse myself, and please my courteous visitants, I have fitted up a Lounger's Gallery. Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and try to discover a likeness.

Irene transports herself at a great expense to Epidaurus, sees Esculapius in his temple, and consults him upon all the disorders, to which she is subject. She begins by complaining that she is exhausted by fatigue; the god pronounces that that is occasioned by the great length of the journey, which she has just made. She informs him, that at night she is deprived of appetite; the oracle commands her to eat sparingly of dinner. She adds that she is deprived of sleep; and he prescribes her not lying in bed during the day. She asks why she has become inactive, and the remedy therefor; the oracle recommends her rising before mid-day, and sometimes exercising her limbs at the promenade. She declares that wine is noxious to her; the oracle commands her to drink water: that she is afflicted with indigestions, and he advises temperate diet. My vision becomes weak, said Irene; use spectacles, replied Esculapius. I daily lose a portion of my vigour, continued she; it is, said the god, because you grow old. But what remedy is there for this languor? The most efficacious one, Irene, is to die, as your mother and grandmother have done. Son of Apollo! exclaimed Irene, what advice do you give me? Is it in this that consists all that science, which men proclaim, and which has procured you the respect, the reverence of the world! What is there rare or mysterious in all that you have told me? Did I not know all the remedies which you have prescribed?.....Why then, replied the god, have you not made use of them, without coming so great a distance to consult me, and shortening your days by the fatigues of so long a journey?

Clitus, during his whole life, has had but two employments, eating his dinner in the afternoon, and his supper at night; it would seem that he was born only for digestion. He has but one subject of conversation; he tells you of the courses, which were served at the last repast, at which he was present, he informs you how many kinds of soup there were, and dilates upon the qualities of each;

he then describes the roasted and the boiled, he exactly recollects the dishes, of which the first course was composed, and does not forget the desert, the fruits, nor even the plates, on which they were served. He names all the wines and cordials, which he drank, he possesses the language of the kitchen as perfectly as possible, and inspires one with a wish to dine at a good table, where he is not a guest. He has, above all, a palate of exquisite delicacy, which cannot be easily deceived, and he has never been exposed to the horrible inconvenience of eating a bad ragout, or of drinking inferior wine. This is a man illustrious in his way, He has carried the art of good living as far as it can be carried; we shall not again see a man who can eat so much, and so luxuriously. He is the arbiter, whenever the quality of a dish is the subject of controversy, and it is hardly permissible to have a taste for what he dislikes. But he is no more. However, when drawing his last breath, he ordered himself to be carried to table; he gave an entertainment on the day of his death. Wherever thou mayest be, O Clitus! thou eatest still; and shouldst thou re-visit this world, it would be for the sake of eating.

I have known people wish to be girls, and handsome, from the age of thirteen to twenty-two, and after that age to become men.

Men and women rarely agree, as to the merit of a woman; their thoughts on such a subject must be different. They cannot please their own sex, by the same qualities that they please the other: a thousand charms, which excite, in us, all the noble passions, among them, only produces aversion and disgust.

There are some women, who have an artificial dignity, confined to the movement of the eyes, the air of the head, and the style of walking, which extends no farther; a dazzling mind, which imposes, but which we cannot esteem, as it is not profound. There are also some, who possess a dignified simplicity, the gift of nature, independent of gesture or step, and yet giving grace to every look and motion: this has its source in the heart, is a proof of high birth, indicates solid merit, is accompanied by a thousand virtues, which cannot be concealed, and which forcibly strike every beholder, though veiled by excessive modesty.

Some young persons are not sufficiently aware of the great advantages of artlessness, and how useful it is to encourage every thing that can promote it. They weaken this gift of heaven, so rare and so unstable, by affected manners and bad imitations. Their sound of voice and stile of motion are borrowed: they make themselves up, practise often little arts, and consult their mirrors to know if they are enough unlike what nature made them. It is not therefore without much trouble that they become less pleasing.

A coquette never loses her desire to please, nor the good opinion of herself. She looks upon time

and years as something, which can only wrinkle and make other women ugly, and forgets that age is written on her own face. The same dress, which formerly embellished her youth, now *disfigures* her person, and increases the imperfections of her old age. Preciseness and affectation accompany her in sorrow and sickness, and she dies full-dressed in ribbons of gaudy colours.

Beauty is arbitrary; agreeableness is something more real, and more independent of taste and opinion.

To judge of some women, by their beauty, their youth, their haughtiness, and disdain, we would suppose that none but a hero would have power to please them. They select a husband, and we find him a little monster, without a head,

We derive this advantage from the perfidy of women, that it cures jealousy.

There is a false modesty, which is vanity; a false glory, which is folly; a false grandeur, which is meanness; a false virtue, which is hypocrisy; and a false wisdom, which is

PRUDERY,

MISCELLANY,

CRITICAL HISTORY OF POVERTY.

IT is difficult precisely to fix on the epoch of Poverty, or to mark with accuracy the moment of its birth. Chronologists are silent; and those, who have formed genealogies of the gods, have not noticed this deity's, though she has been admitted as such in the pagan heaven, and has had temples and altars on earth.

The fabulists have pleasingly narrated of her, that, at the feast which Jupiter gave on the birth of Venus, she modestly stood at the gate of the palace, to gather the remains of the celestial banquet, when she observed Plutus, the god of riches, inebriated, not with wine, but with nectar, roll out of the heavenly residence; and, passing into the Olympian gardens, he threw himself on a vernal bank. She seized this opportunity to become familiar with the god. The frolicsome deity honoured her with his caresses, and, from this amour, sprung the god of love, who resembles his father in jollity and mirth, and his mother in his nudity. This fabulous narration is taken from the divine Plato. Let us now turn to its historic extraction.

Poverty, though of remote antiquity, did not exist from the earliest times. In the first age, distinguished by the epithet of the golden, it certainly was unknown. In the terrestrial paradise it never entered. This age, however, had but the duration of a flower: when it finished, Poverty began to appear. The ancestors of the human race, if they did not meet her face to face, knew her in a partial degree. She must have made a rapid progress at the time of Cain, for Josephus informs us, he scoured the country with a banditti. Proceeding from this obscure period, it is certain she was firmly established in the patriarchal age. It is then we hear

of merchants, who publicly practised the commerce of vending slaves, which indicates the utmost degree of poverty. She is distinctly marked by Job: this holy man protests, that he had nothing to reproach himself with respecting the poor, for he had assisted them in their necessities.

As we advance in the scriptures, we observe the legislators paid great attention to their relief.... Moses, by his wise precautions, endeavoured to soften the rigours of this unhappy state. The division of lands by tribes and families; the septennial jubilees; the regulation to bestow, at the harvest-time, a certain portion of all the fruits of the earth, for those families, who were in want; and the obligation of his moral law, to love one's neighbour as one's self, were so many mounds erected against the inundations of poverty. It was thus that the Jews, under their aristocratic government, had few or no mendicants. Their kings were unjust; and, rapaciously seizing on inheritances, which were not their right, increased the numbers of the poor. From the reign of David, there were oppressive governors, who devoured the people as their bread. It was still worse under the foreign powers of Babylon, of Persia, and the Roman emperors. Such were the extortions of their publicans, and the avarice of their governors, that the number of mendicants was dreadfully augmented; and it was probably for that reason, that the opulent families consecrated a tenth part of their property for their succours, as appears in the time of the evangelists. In the preceding ages, no more was given, as their casuists assure us, than the fortieth or thirtieth part; a custom which this unfortunate nation, to the present hour, preserves, and look on it as an indispensable duty; so much so, that, if there are no poor of their nation where they reside, they send it to the most distant parts. The Jewish merchants always make this charity a regular charge in their transactions with each other, and, at the close of the year, render an account to the poor of their nation.

By the example of Moses, the ancient legislators were taught to pay a similar attention to their poor. Like him, they published laws respecting the division of lands; and many ordinances were made for the benefit of those, whom fires, inundations, wars, or bad harvests had reduced to want. Convinced that idleness more inevitably introduced poverty than any other cause, they punished it rigorously. The Egyptians made it criminal; and no vagabonds or mendicants were suffered, under any pretence whatever. Those, who were convicted of slothfulness, and still refused to labour for the public, when labours were offered to them, were punished with death. It was the Egyptian task-masters who observed, that the Israelites were an idle nation, and obliged them to furnish bricks, for the erection of those famous pyramids, which are the works of men, who otherwise had remained vagabonds and mendicants.

The same spirit inspired Greece. Lycurgus would not have in his republic either poor or rich; they lived and laboured in common. As, in the present times, every family has its stores and cellars, so they had public ones, and distributed the provisions, according to the ages and constitutions of the people. If the same regulation was not precisely observed by the Athenians, the Corinthians, and the other people of Greece, the same maxim existed in full force against idleness.

According to the laws of Draco, Solon, &c. a conviction of wilful poverty was punished with the loss of life. Plato, more gentle in his manners, would have them only banished. He calls them enemies of the state, and pronounces, as a maxim, that, where there are great numbers of mendicants, great revolutions will happen; for, as these people have nothing to lose, they seize and plan opportunities to disturb the public repose.

The ancient Romans, whose universal object was the public property, were not indebted to Greece

on this head. One of the principal occupations of their censors was to keep a watch on the vagabonds. Those, who were condemned as incorrigible sluggards, were sent to the mines, or made to labour on the public edifices. The Romans of those times, unlike the present race, did not consider the *far niente* as a pleasing occupation: they were convinced that their liberalities were ill-placed, in bestowing them on such men. The little republics of the *bees* and the *ants* were often held out as an example; and the last, particularly, where Virgil says, that they have elected overseers, who correct the sluggards....

.....Pars agmina cogunt
Castigant que moras.

VIRGIL.

And, if we may trust the narratives of our travellers, the *beavers* pursue this regulation more rigorously and exact, than even these industrious societies. But their rigour, although but animals, is not so barbarous as that of the ancient Germans, who, Tacitus informs us, plunged the idlers and vagabonds in the thickest mire of their marshes, and left them to perish by a kind of death that resembled their inactive dispositions.

Yet, after all, it was not inhumanity that prompted the ancients thus severely to chastise idleness: they were induced to it by a strict equity; and it would be doing them injustice to suppose, that it was thus they treated those unfortunate poor, whose indigence was occasioned by infirmities, by age, or unforeseen calamities. They, perhaps, exceeded us in genuine humanity. Every family constantly assisted its branches, to save them from being reduced to beggary, which, to them, appeared worse than death. The magistrates protected those, who were destitute of friends, or incapable of labour. When Ulysses was disguised as a mendicant, and presented himself to Eurymachus, this prince, observing him to be robust and healthy, offered to give him employment, or otherwise to leave him to his ill-fortune. When the Roman emperors, even in the reigns of Nero and Tiberius, bestowed their largesses, the distributors were ordered to except those from receiving a share, whose bad conduct kept them in misery; for that it was better the lazy should die with hunger, than be fed in idleness.

Whether the police of the ancients was more exact, or whether they were more attentive to practise the duties of humanity, or that slavery served as an efficacious corrective of idleness, it clearly appears, how little was the misery, and how few the numbers, of their poor. This they did too, without having recourse to hospitals.

At the establishment of christianity, when the apostles commanded a community of riches among their disciples, the miseries of the poor became alleviated in a greater degree. If they did not absolutely live together, as we have seen religious orders, yet the rich continually supplied their distressed bretheren: but matters greatly changed under Constantine. This prince, with the best intentions, published edicts in favour of those christians, who had been condemned, in the preceding reigns, to slavery, to the mines, the galleys, or prisons. The church felt an inundation of prodigious crowds of these unhappy men, who brought with them urgent wants, and corporeal infirmities. The christian families formed then but a few: they could not satisfy these men. The magistrates protected them: they built spacious hospitals, under different titles, for the sick, the aged, the invalids, the widows, and orphans. The emperors, and the most eminent personages, were seen in these hospitals, examining the patients. Sometimes they assisted the helpless, and sometimes dressed the wounded. This did so much honour to the new religion, that Julian the apostate introduced this custom among the pagans. But the best things are seen continually perverted.

Those retreats were found not sufficient. Many slaves, proud of the liberty they had just recovered, looked on them as prisons, and, under various pretexts, wandered about the country. They displayed, with art, the scars of their former wounds, and exposed the imprinted marks of their chains. They found thus a lucrative profession in begging, which had been interdicted by the laws. The profession did not finish with them: men of an untoward, turbulent, and licentious disposition, gladly embraced it. It spread so wide, that the succeeding emperors were obliged to institute new laws; and it was permitted to individuals to seize on these mendicants, for their slaves and perpetual vassals; a powerful preservative against this disorder. It is observed in almost every part of the world but ours; and it is thus that nowhere they so abound with beggars. China presents us with a noble example. No beggars are seen loitering in their country. All the world are occupied, even to the blind and the lame. Those, who are incapable of labour, live at the public expense. What is done there, may also be performed here. Then, instead of that hideous, importunate, idle, licentious poverty, as pernicious to the police as to mortality, we should see the poverty of the earlier ages, humble, modest, frugal, robust, industrious, and laborious. Then, indeed, the fable of Plato might be realized: poverty may be embraced by the god of riches; and, if she did not produce the voluptuous offspring of love, she would become the fertile mother of agriculture, and the ingenious mother of the fine arts, and of all kinds of manufactures.

THE LOITERER.

Non omnes Arbusta juvant.

Not all in woods delight.

SIR,

A WRITER of a periodical paper is always considered as the lawful receiver of those complaints and accusations, which cannot, with propriety, be brought before any other tribunal, and has, from time immemorial, been the repository of all those petty distresses, which, when vented any where else, oftener excite derision than pity. I flatter myself, therefore, you will be graciously pleased to take my case into consideration; and if, after I have told my story, you find right on my side, you will issue an edict, prohibiting my enemies from persecuting me.

I am the son of an opulent and respectable citizen, who, for the first fifty years of his life, was never, on any occasion, two miles from Thread-needle-street, who knew no learning but arithmetic, no employment but posting his books, and no dissipation beyond the enjoyment of his weekly club. It has been observed, that a man's veneration for learning is sometimes in proportion to his own want of it; this was exactly the case with my father. He was determined, he said, his son should be the best scholar in the city of London. He therefore sent me to a considerable free-school in the neighbourhood, where I acquired about as much knowledge as those seminaries usually bestow; and, if I was not quite the eighth wonder of the world, I was at least the wonder of my father, who always examined me of a Sunday after dinner, in the presence of the curate, who was generally complaisant enough to express his astonishment at the quickness of my apprehension, and the goodness of my memory.

At the age of eighteen, I was sent off in the regular succession to a college in Oxford, whose students were always taken from our seminary. As I had never in my life been farther from London than Turnham Green, I found myself in a

new world, and, for some time, I thought it a very happy one. I had health and spirits, my allowance was ample, and I had a great many agreeable companions, who obligingly assisted me in the arduous task of spending it.

A very little observation was sufficient to shew me, that every body around me consulted only by what means they should best get rid of their time; and candour must acknowledge, that the variety and elegance of their amusements reflect great honour on the inventors. I too was resolved not to be behind hand with my friends, in the science of spending time agreeably; and, in order to do it more systematically, chose for my *arbiter delictorum*, one of the most knowing men in Oxford.... He not only regulated my dress and my behaviour, but selected, with great care, my acquaintance.... told me how many under-waistcoats were proper for the different seasons...how many capes were necessary for a great coat....when shoe-strings and when boots were most becoming....taught me how to lounge down the High-street....and how to stand before the fire at the coffee-house.

"Nil desperandum Teuero duce."

Under such a guide, my progress was not slow. I soon became almost as wise as my instructor, and should shortly have obtained the character of a *knowing man*, had not my hopes been cut off at once by an accident, which I am going to relate.It being summer when I was entered at the university, my feats of horsemanship had been confined chiefly to Port Meadow and Bullington Green; at one or other of which places I never missed appearing, at least once a day, upon a very clever cropt poney; and, though I knew no more of a horse than of an elephant, yet, by the instructions of my friend, by talking big, and offering to trot a number of miles within the hour for large sums, I contrived to make many people believe I knew something of the matter.

At last winter came, and I found it necessary to be very fond of fox-hunting, without which no man can pretend to be *knowing*. Never was a more fatal resolution taken; never was there man less qualified for a sportsman, as I was naturally timid and chilly, and had never been on horseback in my life, before I came to Oxford. But there was no alternative; my reputation, my character, my very existence as a *knowing man*, depended on my conduct in this article; and, to say the truth, I had heard from my acquaintance such long and pompous accounts of *sharp bursts*, and long chases.... such enthusiastic panegyrics on, and such animated descriptions of, this amusement, that I really began to think there must be something wonderfully bewitching in a diversion, which seemed to take up so much of the time and thoughts of my companions. I, therefore, by the advice of my friend, gave forty-five guineas for a very capital hunter; and having furnished myself with the proper paraphernalia, cap, belt, &c. made an appointment to go with a large party and meet the fox hounds the next day.

My friends were punctual to their appointment, and rattled me out of bed at seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, though I would have given a thousand worlds to have lain another hour, and a million not to have gone at all; I was, however, obliged to repress my sensations, and to feign an alacrity I felt not; and, though shivering with cold, and pale with apprehension, to affect the glow of pleasure; and assume the eagerness of hope. After a long ride, through a most dismal country, we arrived at the wood, where we found the hounds were not yet come, on account of the badness of the morning, which, from being foggy and drizzling, had now turned to a very heavy rain.

Here then we amused ourselves riding up and down a wretched swampy common, or standing under a dripping wood, for about two hours, at the

end of which time the day cleared up, the hounds came, and every countenance but mine brightened with joy; for I was half in hopes they would not come at all. My sufferings indeed were but yet begun; for no sooner had the hounds thrown off, than my horse grew so hot, that, benumbed as my hands were with cold, I had no sort of power over him; the consequence of which was, that I received many severe reprimands for riding over the hounds, and treading on the heels of other horses. After I had ridden in this state of torment about three hours, the men and hounds all at once set up a most terrible howling and screaming, and they told me they had found a fox.

I shall not, Mr. Loiterer, attempt to describe the chase, for, if you are a sportsman, you know already what it is; and, if you are not, I am sure you will never know it from my description: all I remember is, that, as soon as the chase began, my horse (who went just where he pleased) dashed down a wet boggy lane, and in a moment covered me over with water and mud.

Oh, Mr. Loiterer! if you have the common feelings of humanity, you will not, without some degree of pity, conceive me at once cold, tired, and frightened, carried on with irresistible velocity, and plunged through the dirtiest part of the dirtiest county in England!

At last, however, my sufferings came to a close; for, at turning short at the end of a narrow lane, my horse started....I pitched over his head, and fell as soft as if it had been on a feather bed. There I lay, till a countryman, who had caught my horse, brought him to me, and good-naturedly assisted me in getting up and cleaning my clothes. No intreaties however could prevail on me to remount, and, having desired my assistant to lead my horse to Oxford, I determined to endeavour reaching home on foot: but this I found not so easily effected, in my present condition, and luckily met-inn with a higer's cart, which was bound for that place, got into it, and, in this vehicle, made my triumphant entrance over Magdalen bridge, about eight o'clock in the evening, just as the High-street was at the fullest.

As soon as I got to my college, I went to bed, and sent for Dr., by whose skill and assistance I was at the end of the week recovered, indeed, as to my health, but my reputation was gone for ever. My story, during my confinement, had got wind, and was laughed at in all parties. My acquaintance began to look at me in a very contemptible light, and even my own familiar friend, in whom I implicitly confided, soon let me know, that it was no longer consistent with his reputation to be seen walking the High-street with me. If I entered a coffee-house, I was sure to hear a titter and a whisper run round the room; and at last the very servants at the livery-stables pointed at me as I passed the streets, and said....*There's the gentleman as got such a hell of a tumble t'other day.*

In short, I was obliged to give up all my knowing acquaintance, and get into an entirely different set, who as they had never aspired to the first pinnacle of sporting merit, and could, at best, boast but a secondary kind of knowingness, received me with open arms. They, on hearing my story, told me I had totally mispent my time and money; that fox-hunting was not only a very dangerous, but a very expensive and a very uncertain amusement; that shooting, on the other hand, was free from these objections, being a diversion exceedingly cheap, always in our power, and which had the additional recommendation of furnishing us game for our own table, or our friends'. All this was ended in offering to be my instructors in this agreeable amusement.

I own I listened to this recital with pleasure, and accepted the offer with gratitude, for I was not yet quite cured of the rage for being *knowing*, and

thought it not impossible to gain some degree of reputation for being a good shot. I therefore furnished myself with every proper requisite for this amusement, and, in an evil hour, accompanied my new friends to Bagley-Wood. I will not take up your time with a particular description of our day's sport, but it is enough to say, that the last error was worse than the first, that I returned home wet, dirty, scratched, and tired, and pretty well convinced, that I was not more fitted for a shot than a fox hunter.

I have since endeavoured to excel in some other amusements, but the same ill luck has constantly attended me. I got at least twenty broken heads last winter, in learning to skate, and have since narrowly escaped being drowned, by attempting to throw a casting net, which had nearly drawn me into the water with it. This, however, was the last effort of the kind I ever made, and I am now set quietly down, perfectly satisfied with my own achievements in the sporting way. But the worst part of the story is, that my companions have not yet done laughing at me; my exploits, on the contrary, seem to be to them inexhaustible subjects of amusement: sometimes they talk to me, and sometimes at me. One wonders at my want of taste, and another at my want of resolution. A third asks me how I felt when I was falling off. And a fourth thanks heaven he was not bred in London.

In this distressful situation, I apply to you, Mr. Loiterer, as my only friend, and beg you to intercede in my behalf, since nobody else will. Tell them then, sir, that I do not in the least call in question the merit of their different diversions, or doubt their particular prowess in them, but that, by early and unconquerable prejudices, and through a perverted but incurable taste, I can find no pleasure in diversions, where difficulty and danger are rewarded by dirt and noise. You may tell them also, that, on condition they are merciful to me on this subject I will, in my turn, promise always to speak of sportsmen with reverence, and drink fox-hunting in a bumper. And that whenever (at their return home, after their bewitching sports) they feel inclined to expatiate on their glorious toils, and hold forth on the merits of their horses or themselves, they shall find a most silent, respectful, and attentive hearer in, sir,

Your humble servant,
CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

.....Usus
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma loquendi.

Use is the judge, the law and rule of speech.

IT is a favourite amusement with me, and one of which in the present paper I shall invite my readers to participate, to adopt a maxim established in any single instance, to trace its influence where it has operated undiscovered; to examine the secret springs, by which it has worked; and the causes, which have contributed to their concealment. In the course of this pursuit, I may boast, that there is scarce one of these *miniatures* of experience and observation, from the moral maxims of Grecian philosophy, to the prudential apothegms of *Poor Robin*, which has not been successively the object of my observation and discussion. I am, however, aware, that in the opinion of their importance, I may perhaps be singular.

That "life is short," that "the generality of mankind are vicious," seem ideas that might have suggested themselves to a mind undistinguished for peculiar sagacity, or an uncommon share of experience. But to carry further the former of these maxims, and to consider that life is short, when compared with the multiplicity of its business, and

the variety of its pursuits; that it is too much so for the purposes of honour and ambition; that to draw a conclusion from the attempts of men, we should imagine it longer; is an observation not so entirely unworthy of a philosopher. And by pursuing the latter of these thoughts, though, on the first view, it may not appear the result of any extraordinary observation, it may be found, on a narrower inspection, to convey a strong argument of the impropriety of popular government.

The scrap of Latin, which, in conformity to established precedent, is prefixed to my paper, exhibits an example of the influence of fashion beyond those limits, which are usually assigned to its prerogative. For were we to accept the definition of it, the most usually accepted, we should consider it only as the director of diversion and dress; of unmeaning compliment and unsocial intimacy. And however evidently mistaken such an opinion might appear, we must look for its source in one of the most prevailing principles of the human mind; a principle, the excess of which we stigmatize by the name of pedantry, of deducing the illustrations of every subject of inquiry, from the more immediate objects of our own pursuits, and circumscribing its bounds within the limits of our own observation. On the contrary, we shall find, that all our attempts to prescribe bounds to the activity of this so powerful agent, will end only in surprise at the extent of its authority; in astonishment at the universality of its influence. Its claim to an undisputed empire over language, is asserted by the author from whom I have taken the motto for this paper; with what justice, the testimony of a succeeding age may declare; when a Cæsar, who made and unmade the laws of the world at his pleasure, found the smallest innovation in language beyond the utmost limits of arbitrary power. Nothing, indeed, but the highest vanity, nourished by the grossest adulation, an idea of the infinitude of sovereign authority, and servile obedience, could have given birth to such an attempt.

However paradoxical it may seem, that, in a matter of judgment and taste, the vague arbitration of individuals should be preferable to the absolute decisions of a learned body: yet the imbecility so evident in the language of a neighbouring nation, and so undoubtedly the effect of establishing such a court of criticism, leaves us little reason to regret, that language with us is so entirely the child of chance and custom. The first prize of rhetoric given to a woman, was a bad omen to the future endeavours of the French Academy.

To omit the innumerable inconveniences attending on every attempt to regulate language; to judge of the possible success of such an attempt, from the abstracted probability alone, were to declare it impossible. A multitude of circumstances, equally unforeseen and unavoidable, must concur to the formation of a language. An improvement, or corruption of manners; the reduction of a foreign enemy; or an invasion from abroad, are circumstances that ultimately, or immediately, tend to produce some change in the language of a people. And even of these, the most feeble agents have been found more efficacious, than the joint operations of power and policy.

The conquests of this nation on the continent, contributed more perhaps to the naturalization of the French language amongst us, than the Norman invasion, and its attendant consequences, the necessity laid on every individual to acquire the use of that tongue, in which all cases of property were to be determined; and the numberless disadvantages and restrictions imposed on the study of the native language.

At a time when measures so seemingly decisive proved ineffectual, it may be curious to observe the agency of causes, apparently foreign from any

connection with the improvement or alteration of our language. The residence of our nobility in the conquered provinces of France, the continual wars maintained against that nation, making the study of their language an indispensable qualification in all, who aspired to civil or military dignities, unavoidably brought on a change in our own. The accusation, therefore, of a learned etymologist, against Chaucer, of introducing into our language "integra verborum plaustra," "whole cartloads of words," however elegant in expression, is false in foundation. The language of Chaucer's poetry, is that of the court, in which he lived; and that it was not, no probable conclusion can be drawn, from any difference of style in this authors contemporaries. In those who wrote under the same advantages, no such difference is observable; and those, who were excluded from them, laboured under extreme disadvantages, from the variations in vernacular language, and the diversity of provincial dialect; which, as they have now in a great measure ceased to exist, may, together with their primary causes, furnish a subject for curious inquiry.

It appears, from the concurrence of several ingenious antiquaries, as well as from the testimony of Caxton, in one of his prefaces, that the English language was, in his time, diversified by innumerable provincial peculiarities. He mentions his own choice of the Kentish dialect, and the success that attended it. The language of Chaucer's poetry is frequently more intelligible to a modern reader, than that of such of his successors, as employed themselves on popular subjects. Gawin Douglas, a poetical translator of Virgil, is now, owing to the use of a northern dialect, though a near contemporary of Spencer's, almost unintelligible.

After establishing the existence of a fact, the beaten track of transition will naturally lead us to a consideration of its causes. Among the first effects produced by an extension of empire, may be reckoned a barbarous peculiarity of language, in the provinces the most remote from the seat of learning and refinement. Livy is said to have had his Patavinity; and Claudian is accused of barbarisms, the consequence of his education in a distant province. A difficulty of conveyance, a stagnation of commercial intercourse, will produce the same effects with too wide an extension of empire; and are as effectual a barrier against a mixture of idioms and dialect, as in a more civilized state, the utmost distance of situation between the most remote provinces.

To causes seemingly so unconnected with the situation of language, must we attribute the barbarity of our own, during so many centuries. And those, which contributed to its refinement, may, at first sight, probably, seem equally foreign to that effect. No nation, perhaps, contributed less to the revival of literature, than our own; a circumstance, which in a great measure secured it from that torrent of pedantry, which overwhelmed the rest of Europe. The ignorance of our ancestors kept them unacquainted with the ancients; except through the medium of a French translation. The first labours of the English press brought to light the productions of English literature; which, how rude and barbarous soever, were not confined to the intelligence of the scholar, or the libraries of the learned; but dispersed throughout the nation, and open to the inspection of all, disseminated a general taste for literature, and gave a slow, gradual polish to our language:.....while in every other nation of Europe, the conceits of commentators, and writers of a similar stamp, whose highest ambition it was to add a Latin termination to a High Dutch name, came into the world, covered with ill-sorted shreds of Cicero and Virgil; like the evil spirits, which have been said to animate a cast-off carcase, previous to their ascension to the regions of light.

FROM THE LEPTOLOGIST.

Multa pictores vident in eminentiis et in umbra, quæ nos non videmus.

THERE is scarcely any employment of the human mind, in which its greatest faculties are more nobly exerted, than in the delineation of the passions and sentiments incident to human nature, as they are the subjects of the painter's art. The habit of attention, to which a painter is accustomed, actually seems to add a new faculty to those, which are the common lot of mankind, and, as Cicero has observed, in the passage prefixed to this essay, the senses are made alive to objects, which, in their uncultivated state, would forever have escaped their notice. And while all the more elevated powers of the soul are employed in characterising the poetical or historical expression, which the principal subject of the piece requires, the minutest and most delicate attention is, at the same time, demanded by all those subordinate particulars of arrangement and execution, which, while they escape superficial observation, are the cause, as Reynolds has elegantly observed, that the elaborate productions of the most patient and persevering application appear to the admiring spectator to have been stamped on the canvas by one gigantic effort of a being of a superior order.

While the eye is accustomed by the study of painting to observe, the hand is at the same time habituated to express the most delicate differences of visible objects; and a mechanical facility is obtained, which is of the utmost advantage to the prosecution of many other branches of improvement; so that a certain degree of practice in the art of design, may be considered as absolutely necessary to a man of general science.

To attain a great perfection in the inventive and creative arts of painting can be expected but by few even of those, who devote their lives to the profession; but there is a certain degree of proficiency, which may be attained without the sacrifice of too great a portion of time, and which is of equal utility and importance with those studies, which are more universally considered as belonging to a finished education. A similar improvement of the faculties is in some degree produced by a diligent contemplation of the works of the great masters, which must naturally tend to impress the mind with conceptions, and fill the imagination with a scenery possessing that ideal perfection, which is sought in vain in the material world.

But as in philology, so in painting, it has been too usual to inquire, Whose is it? instead of What is it? and, as if it were the perfection of learning to be able to distinguish at once the hand-writing of every philosopher, that man has been deemed the most perfect connoisseur, who has been able most readily and most positively to decide on the painter's name. Not but that such a power of discrimination, notwithstanding the frequent blunders of those, who pretend to possess it, may easily be conceived to exist: we have all distinct ideas of the persons and autography of our friends; a shepherd readily knows each of his sheep, which to a stranger appear alike; and a nobleman high in rank and respectability might be named, who, when at Westminster, had learned, for his amusement, to distinguish all his school-fellows by their feet. It must also be granted, that the acquisition of such a discriminating faculty must have been accompanied with a considerable degree of experience in the essential excellencies, as well as in the accidental characters, of a painter. A man cannot have familiarised himself with the hard outline, the equable prosaic tint, and the sparkling eye of a Raphael, without feeling the sweetness, the symmetry, and the majesty, of his figures; nor have been impressed with the rich colouring the simpering

mouth, the half common and half ideal features of Correggio, without a conception of that glow of animation, that vivid expression of nature and sentiment, which accompanies those characters. If he has adverted to the broad livid hues and reversed position of Guido's heads, and the spotted lights and garish looks of Annibal Carracci's personages, he must have relished in some degree the beauties and graces of the one, and the fire, spirit, and the fancy of the other.

We have at present artists in this country, who have given ample proofs that they have not looked on the works of their predecessors without a power of profiting by the study: and we should perhaps display in our annual exhibitions a still greater number of pieces deserving praise, if the many valuable collections of the works of the great masters actually in Britain, were as easy of access as in other countries. But it happens unfortunately in this case, that our private opulence produces a kind of national poverty; for our best artists are bribed to a constant sacrifice of their talents to personal vanity, in the lucrative employment of portrait painting; and those master-pieces of art, which, if collected together, would perhaps surpass every single gallery in the universe, not excepting even that of Dresden, are now scattered, solitary, or in small numbers, over the whole kingdom.

In fact, Britain is one great metropolis, and we cannot cross a single corner of the country without finding a palace and a court, which ever way we turn. If any magic art could present to us at one view, the contents of Windsor-castle, of Buckingham-house, of Burleigh, of Blenheim, of Chiswick, of Chatsworth, of Kedleston, of Cavendish-square, of the divided Orleans-gallery, of Lansdown-house, of Belvoir, of New Norfolk-street, of Park-street, and many other private collections, which might be named, we should find that there would be little necessity to seek for studies even in the most fortunate of other countries. That all these should ever, in the natural course of things, be brought together into one collection, is certainly very improbable; and the wish would be as vain as wicked, that a national museum should be formed on the Parisian system.

But nature's works are open to the study of all; and we need only refer to the *Confession* and *La Fille mal gardee* as splendid instances of the perfection, to which a liberal imitation of nature alone, has been able to advance the most original of the English artists.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND BURKE.

EDMUND BURKE, a writer, orator, and statesman, of superior eminence, was born at Dublin, on January 1, 1730. His father was an attorney of reputation, of the protestant persuasion. Edmund received the early part of his education under Abraham Shackleton, a quaker, who kept a school or academy at Ballymore, near Carlow. If in this seminary he did not acquire that exactness of classical instruction, which is the pride of the public schools, it is probable that he was indebted to it for the rudiments of a larger plan of intellectual pursuit, which is often the advantage of a private institution. It is to the honour both of the master and the scholar, that for near forty years, the latter, in his visits to Ireland, used to travel many miles to pay his respects to the former, who lived to an advanced age. In 1746, Edmund entered at Dublin college, as a scholar of the house. It does not appear that he distinguished himself in the studies and exercises of the place; but his mind was by no means unoccupied. He closely pursued a plan of study of his own choice, of which the principal objects were logic, metaphy-

sics, morals, history, rhetoric and composition. He seems to have left Dublin college after taking a bachelor's degree, in 1749; and it has been commonly reported that he finished his studies at the Jesuit's college, at St. Omer's. This circumstance, which has illiberally been made a sort of *charge* against him, has been denied, apparently on good grounds, by his biographers. Nothing, however, is recorded of him about this period of his life, but that he made an unsuccessful application for the vacant professorship of logic in the university of Glasgow.

In 1753, he first entered upon the great theatre of London, as a law student at the Temple. He soon became the wonder of his acquaintance for the brilliancy of his parts, and variety of his acquisitions; but, like many other nominal students of the law, he directed the force of his mind rather to general literature, than to studies properly professional. Indeed it appears probable that he was obliged to depend upon his pen for a support; for, soon after his settling in London, he became a regular writer in newspapers and magazines, which was a drudgery his genius would scarcely have submitted to, but for its emoluments.

He was always industrious, and never wasted his time or spirits on the pursuits of fashionable dissipation. Yes he was not so much a recluse as to be a stranger to the societies of the gay and polite; and an intimacy with the celebrated actress, Mrs. Woffington, whose conversation was at that time courted by men of wit as well as by men of pleasure, contributed to form his manners, and expand his social talents. A state of ill-health, into which assiduous application threw him, rendered him a guest in the house of Dr. Nugent, a physician, and was eventually the cause of his marriage with the doctor's daughter. This lady retained his esteem and affection during the whole of a long union. As she was a Roman catholic, additional force was given by that connection to the prevailing notion of Mr. Burke's good-will towards that communion.

His first avowed work appeared in 1756. It was a pamphlet, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society; or, a View of the Miseries and Evils arising to Mankind, from every species of Artificial Society; in a Letter to Lord ***," by a late Noble Writer." This supposed noble writer was lord Bolingbroke, whose manner of writing and reasoning Mr. Burke in this piece ironically imitated, in order to shew, as he afterwards asserted, that the same arguments from abuse, with which that nobleman had attacked religion, might be equally employed against all civil and political institutions, and thereby to infer their fallacy. In so serious and forcible a strain, however, did Mr. Burke argue upon the evils of society, proceeding from the tyranny, injustice, and ambition of kings and governors, that the irony to many eyes was invisible; and the work has actually been republished in late times for the purpose of aiding the cause of a radical reform in human institutions. Whatever the author really meant by it, he certainly displayed great powers of writing and extensive knowledge; yet the work excited little notice, and it is only his subsequent fame that has made it an object of curiosity.

For this disappointment, however, he was fully compensated by the reception of his next literary performance, the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," published in 1757. The elegance of its language, and the spirit of philosophical investigation it displayed, at once raised its author to the first class among writers on topics of taste and criticism. The hypothesis he maintained concerning the objects of his inquiry was, that the principal source of the sublime is terror, or some sensation analogous to it; and that beauty is that quality, or the result of those qualities in objects, by which they excite love, or some similar affec-

tion. This theory is supported with much acuteness, and felicity of illustration; and though, like many other ingenious men, he has shewn too great a propensity to generalising, it is certain that many of his observations are not less solid than elegant.

The fame acquired by this work soon introduced the author to the best literary acquaintance. He became intimate in the house of Reynolds, afterwards sir Joshua; and this connection which lasted for life, was equally serviceable to the reputation of the one, and the pecuniary circumstances of the other. Even the great Johnson courted his society, and there was no man, of whose exalted talents he was more sensible. "Burke," said he, in his strong manner, "is one, with whom if you were to take shelter from a shower under a gateway, you would say you had been in company with the most extraordinary man you had ever seen." This praise implies not only uncommon qualifications, but as uncommon a readiness of displaying them; which, in fact, was one of Burke's striking distinctions. It is also said, that Johnson would more readily bear contradiction in opinion from Burke than from any other person; and that if he did not fear him, he was at least held by him in respect. In 1758, Burke suggested to Dodsley, the bookseller, the plan of that valuable and entertaining work, the "Annual Register," and he took upon himself the writing of the historical part, which he continued for a number of years, greatly to the credit of the publication. It is allowed, that in no periodical work the narrative of the current transactions was ever given in a manner so nearly approaching to the dignity and consequence of history.

He was thus gradually forming for a statesman and orator; and his career may be said to have commenced in 1761, when he went over to Ireland, as confidential friend to Mr. Hamilton, secretary to the lord-lieutenant, lord Halifax. That gentleman, commonly known by the name of *sing's speech*, from a brilliant but a sole display of his oratorical powers in the English house of commons, was possessed of less industry than ability; and Mr. Burke is thought to have rendered him and the ministry some useful political services in Ireland, which were rewarded with a pension of 500l. on the Irish establishment. Soon after his return from that country, in 1765, he was introduced by Mr. Fitzherbert to the marquis of Rockingham, then appointed first lord of the treasury, who made him his private secretary; and through the interest of lord Verney, he was elected representative for the borough of Wendover. The marquis resolving durably to attach to himself a man of such first-rate talents, raised him at once to affluence by a nominal loan, but real gift, of a large sum, with which he was enabled to clear off incumbrances, and to purchase the elegant seat near Beaconsfield, where he thenceforth constantly resided. Mr. Burke was thus completely enlisted into party, under an aristocratical influence, but at that time exerted in favour of popular measures.

Before his political conduct is more particularly considered, it will be candid to furnish the reader with a kind of clue, which is contained in the character given of him by his early friend, Mr. Hamilton. "Whatever opinion Burke, from any motive, supports, so ductile is his imagination, that he soon conceives it to be right." This may be supposed chiefly applicable to the earlier part of his political life; yet it is sufficiently evident that his imagination had a great sway over his judgment to the last moment of his existence.

At this period the rising discontents in America were the great object of interest to the nation. The stamp-tax, imposed by the Grenville ministry, had kindled a flame among the colonies, which threatened very serious consequences. Mr. Burke's first speech in Parliament was on this subject, and it was much admired as a piece of eloquence.

was from his advice that the Rockingham administration took the middle and indecisive course of repealing the stamp-act, and passing a declaratory act, asserting the right of Great Britain to tax America; thus getting rid, indeed, of the present difficulty, but leaving to their successors the temptation, of renewing a project, which it is evident would be attended with a renewal of all the hazard and contention. The repeal, however, was an extremely popular measure at the time; and the ministry proceeded to other popular acts, as the repeal of the cyder-tax, and the resolution against general warrants, when, after a very short reign, they were turned out to make room for a new administration under the auspices of Mr. Pitt. It is allowed that Burke, though exhibiting great splendour of talents, was at this time too speculative and refined for real practice. He had, indeed, gone through a very different course of preparation for public life from that usually pursued. He had taken a wide range through all the studies which teach the nature, fortune, opinions, and principles, of mankind, and had employed himself in laying up those rich stores of knowledge, which he afterwards poured forth in such astonishing profusion. It was about this period that the character drawn for him by the poet Goldsmith, in the set of imaginary epitaphs composed for the several members of their celebrated literary club, appears to have been particularly applicable:

Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
Who born for the universe, narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him a vote;
Who too deep for his hearers still went on refining,
And thought of convincing while they thought of dining;
Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
In short, 'twas his fate, unemploy'd or in place, sir,
To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

It is not intended in this biographical sketch to enter minutely into the political transactions of the time; it will suffice for our purpose to give a succinct view of the principles supported by Mr. Burke in that long warfare of opposition to ministerial measures, in which he passed his best days. After concluding his official labours by a "Short account of a late short administration," written with force and simplicity, he took his station, along with his discarded brethren, as a guardian of the people's rights and the public welfare, and a vigilant censor of the conduct of his successors. In the proceedings against Mr. Wilkes, and the case of the Middlesex election, Burke found large scope for blaming and ridiculing the policy of ministers; and he strenuously joined his efforts to those of the remonstrants against the violation of the rights of electors.

About that time he published one of his most remarkable political works, entitled, "Thoughts on the causes of the present Discontents," which contains a large and explicit declaration of his ideas of the English constitution, and the mode by which power should be administered. He attributes all the evils and misgovernment of the reign to a plan formed by the court for governing by the private influence of its favourites, thus establishing a secret cabinet, always controuling the operations of the ostensible ministers, and dismissing them when not compliant with its designs. He shows in strong terms the incompatibility of such a secret influence with the principles of a free state; and supports some extremely popular notions concerning the house of commons, which, he says, was originally designed as a "controul, issuing immediately from the people, and speedily to be resolved into the mass whence it arose."

Democratical as these sentiments may appear, his proposed remedy for the prevailing evils was perfectly aristocratical; since it consisted essentially in placing the government in the hands of the great whig families, which had been the supporters of the revolution, and its consequent measures;....in other words, the Rockingham party.

This narrow conclusion from enlarged principles gave great offence to many friends of freedom; and the celebrated Mrs. Macaulay wrote a pamphlet expressly in answer to it, in which, with much force and spirit, she maintained her speculative notions on the great ends of government, and the equal rights of all citizens to participate in it. If it be of importance to acquit Mr. Burke of the charge of ever having been inclined to democracy in practice, certainly this publication may be confidently adduced as a proof of very different views. He was uniformly, however, the supporter of liberty, and the causes connected with it; freedom of the press, the rights of juries, and religious toleration: nor would his sincerity in these points ever have been questioned, had he not, in his last years, appeared as the champion of principles supposed directly adverse to them.

But the most lasting, as well as the strongest and noblest of his parliamentary exertions, was his opposition to the train of ministerial measures, antecedent and consequent to the American war. The whole powers of his eloquence, and the whole resources of his political wisdom, were employed first to prevent, and then to heal, the fatal breach between the mother country and her colonies; and to expose the misconduct and imbecility of those, whom he considered as the authors of the calamity. And as this period comprized the full maturity of his oratorical abilities, it seems the proper place to describe the peculiar character of his oratory.

In all the records of eloquence, an example probably is not to be found of a speaker so full of mind as Burke. Ideas and images crowd in upon him from all quarters. On every topic he not only takes in the whole compass of matter properly belonging to it, but makes excursions to a vast variety of subjects connected by the slightest associations. His diction is equally rich and varied with his matter. Figure rises after figure, image after image, in endless profusion; often splendid, sublime, and beautifully illustrative; not seldom coarse, disgusting, and puerile; for the rapidity of the current allowed him no time to select or purify. When he got up, it was scarcely possible for the audience to divine whither he would carry them; but they were sure of hearing nothing trite or common-place, and generally were repaid for a patient attention, by striking and original sentiment, or deep and ingenious observation. From his speeches may be collected masterly discussions of almost every point interesting to human society, together with a great fund of historical narration and delineation of eminent characters. In argument he is often close and cogent, sometimes lax and sophistical. In praise and invective he is equally fervid and exuberant, exhausting all the tropes and epithets of language. In him, feeling and fancy were alike potent, and daring vigour was allied with playful ingenuity.

But oratory, as it was his forte, was also his foible. He loved too much to talk, and got the habit both of rising too often, and staying up too long. His copiousness degenerated into prolixity: and, after charming and convincing hearers with the beginning of his speech, he would tire them with the end. His vivacity and irritability rendered him not enough master of himself for a senatorial debator. He was sometimes hurried into violations of prudence and decorum, and said rash things in heat, which he could not recal, and which could not be forgotten. His own party trembled to see him rise, and on many occasions would have preferred his silence to his aid. On the whole, he was not

the most effective speaker of the house, though certainly the greatest genius. It may be added, that his manner was little in his favour; his voice was harsh, his tone national, his action forcible, but strained and inelegant.

To be continued.

POPULAR MUSIC.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE Veteran Tar, a comic opera, in three acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-lane, adapted for the voice and piano-forte; words by S. Arnold, music by Dr. Arnold.

This little piece, though it exhibits some few marks of hasty writing, possesses some pleasing and impressive airs, and will not fail to gratify those, who are partial to natural and simple melody. In the overture, which opens with a movement at once bold and light, the doctor has ingeniously interwoven the air of "The hardy Sailor braves the Ocean," from the Castle of Andalusia, and that of "Come, cheer up, my Lads," by the late Dr. Boyce, which give it a very appropriate and characteristic effect.

The Battle of the Nile, a favourite cantata, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte; words by Mrs. Knight, music by Dr. Hadyn.

We have perused this composition with infinite pleasure: the modulation, every where, bespeaks the hand of a great master, and the expression, great acuteness and justness of feeling. The introductory symphony is conceived in a style, at once uncommon, striking, and analagous, and the transitions of harmony, and little *intermezzi*, which both relieve and enforce the vocal part, are managed with a skill and profundity of judgment, to which very few, besides the great author himself, can pretend.

"Ah! these were the scenes," a favourite song, written by Rannie, the music by Rose, with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, is a pleasing and interesting little ballad. The time and style of the movement is perfectly appropriate to the ideas of the poet, and the melody throughout is chaste, neat, and expressive. The words cannot be passed over, without observing, that they are elegantly conceived, and possess some highly poetical turns.

"The Devil among the Taylors," a popular dance, has been arranged in the rondo form, as an excellent exercise for the piano-forte. This plan of adaptation, as far as regards this instrument, is to be highly approved. The familiarity of the ear with the subject of the piece, naturally begets the desire of being acquainted with the adventitious part of the movement, and consequently operates as an inducement to practice.

"No, no, it must not be" is one of the most successful efforts of Mr. Hook, in the Vauxhall style. The air is highly engaging, and particularly appropriate to the words. The flute accompaniment is prettily conceived, and adds much to the general effect.

"Summer's Treasures," written by Dell, and composed by Barthelemon, is one of those sterling ballads, which not only engage at the first hearing, but improve upon repetition. The air, though far from possessing any original or striking ideas, is characteristic and interesting, and does credit to the judgment of the ingenious and well known composer.

"A Song from the French of Le Chevalier de Caucy," contains some extremely pretty passages. The general cast of the air is remarkably simple and natural, and the relief produced by the digression into the minor of the original key is happily conceived, and most excellently prepares the ear for the *da capo*. The bass, it must be observed, is not constructed with equal felicity, nor is the *apoggio*

accompaniment perfectly consonant with the pathos of the expression.

"*The Cottage of Peace*" is a pastoral ballad, sung by Miss Gray, in the grand Caledonian spectacle, called the Iron Tower; the poetry by Upton, the music by Sanderson. This song is popular. Its style is simple and pretty, and the burden engaging and interesting. The flute accompaniment is managed judiciously, and produces, in orchestra performance, that happy and striking effect, which can only result from a thorough knowledge of the band.

"*Rosy Hannah*," a favourite song; the words by Robert Bloomfield, author of the *Farmer's Boy*, the music by his brother, J. Bloomfield.

Of this ballad, the music, like the poetry, is chaste and simple. The melody is not marked with any striking feature or character, but it is smooth, easy, and natural; and though we trace the lack of that address, which only time and experience can produce, yet the ingenuity of the composer has, in a great measure, enabled him to avoid the quaintness and embarrassment, almost inseparable from early effort.

"*It is Night, and I am alone*" is a song, composed by the late Mr. Percy, which is distinguished for traits of genius, and justness of conception, much above the general cast of modern compositions. The words are from Ossian, and the composer has entered into their spirit, fervour, and wild rudness, with an enthusiasm worthy of that talent and feeling, which he has already displayed, in so many similar instances. The variation of the movements produces a conspicuous and forcible effect, and the piano-forte accompaniment is judiciously and expressively constructed.

"*Little Sue*" is a ballad, composed by Cope, and sung by Miss Daniels, in which the composer has scrupulously attended to the turn and sense of the words, and produced all that variety and relief, intended by the poet. The descent of the voice at "*O, then I'm forc'd to beg for more*," is judicious, and the changes of the time at "*Do, sweet Lady*," and at "*Remember Little Sue*," are particularly proper and expressive. The words are by C. Dibdin, jun. and, by their characteristic ease and simplicity, do credit to their author.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

LONDON FASHIONS.

THE *Buonapartian hat* is coming into vogue; it consists of white or salmon-coloured satin, in the form of a helmet, surrounded with a wreath of laurel, and worn much on one side.

Plain white chip hats, in the Gypsy style, without any ornament whatever, tied carelessly under the chin, with pea-green or pink ribbon.

The *Archer dress*;...a petticoat without any train, with a border of green or blue; a blue or green saracen boddice, vandyked at bottom; loose chemise sleeves, and no handkerchief. The head-dress, a small white or blue satin hat, turned up in front.

Brown, grey, or olive silk stockings, with yellow or orange clocks, are worn by the ladies to walk in.

Feathers and flowers continue to be much worn, and wreaths of roses on the hair for full dress, in preference to more cumbrous ornaments.

Small watches are worn, by a few dashing belles, on their bosoms, not bigger than the round of an half guinea.

THE FINE ARTS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MOUNT VERNON, in Virginia, the seat of the late lieutenant general Washington, commander in

chief of the army of the United States of America, painted by Alexander Robertson, engraved by Francis Jukes. Considered as having been the habitation of so great a character as general Washington, this view has an interest, which it would not derive from any other circumstance; for, as a building, it is extremely plain, and has nothing, except extreme neatness, to recommend it to attention. The foreground, which, *trimmed with nice art*, looks neat, smooth, and pretty in the vicinity of a gentleman's house, in a drawing, or a print, is unpicturesque. A bowling-green, *shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller*, is very proper for the purposes it is made for, but the art of Gainsborough could not make it a pleasing foreground to a picture.

New-York, from Hobuck ferry, New-Jersey, painted by Robertson, engraved by Jukes. This is a neat and pleasing companion print to the view of *Washington's house*; but, at first sight, would rather be taken for a view of Hobuck ferry-house, than of New-York, which, being separated from the spot where the view is taken, by the water, we do not see much more than the site of the city, and the spires of the churches.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE Rev. B. N. Turner, author of a humorous work, lately printed in London, entitled "*Infant Institutes*," and several other publications of merit, is about to publish a volume of poems, by subscription.

Mr. D'Israeli, one of the politest writers of the age, has published new editions of his "*Dissertation on Anecdotes*," his "*Literary Miscellanies*," and his *Romances*.

Weld's *Travels in Canada*, &c. have been translated into French, and adorned with charts and engravings. There are two editions; that on fine paper is charged at 30 livres.

Godwin's *St. Leon* has been translated into French, and, as might be naturally expected, spoken of, in *Paris*, in terms of commendation, except the character of Bethlem Gabor, who is justly decried, as unnatural and disgusting.

The *Young Philosopher*, a novel, by Charlotte Smith, is translated into French, and reviewed with applause.

LITERATURE.

To the honour of the scientific knowledge of Mr. Nathaniel Bowditch, of Salem, Massachusetts, we are informed, that *one copy* of his New American "*Practical Navigator*" was sold, in London, to two nautical booksellers, by Mr. Blunt of this town (proprietor of the work), for TWO HUNDRED GUINEAS, and an edition of 6,000 copies is now in the press; Moore's *Navigator* having depreciated very much in that country, owing to the numerous errors which have been produced, many of which have been fatal to mariners.

[*Newburyport Herald*.]

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IT is common with witlings and woman-haters to compare the *ladies* with the *feathered tribe*. This expression may, without the least impropriety, be applied to the females of Philadelphia, many of whom exhibit the beauty of the *peacock*, the melody of the *nightingale*, and the constancy of the *dove*.

St. Domingo may cost Buonaparte more trouble than he thinks of. It is not likely that the blacks will be so fond of slavery, as to return to it from a

state of liberty, merely from a desire of being equal to the free citizens of France, who have perfected their republican schemes, by a government one and indivisible.

Our republicans must feel proud on being subjected to a forced loan, but where is the money to be found? As the internal taxes are abolished, there is no other fund except one, which may be raised from the sale of the estates of aristocrats, which may be defended by the example of France. It is remarkable that this forced loan is not for the French republic, but solely for the emolument of the first consul, who is come in place of the *ci-devant* republic. The French seem to be a great nation of a very particular species. They are so great that they have not one farthing to buy their victuals, or pay their soldiers, but must bully other nations, like sturdy beggars. What is become of the plunder of Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, and Egypt? *Unus Cynæb Juveni non sufficit orbis*. Will he next plunder Saturn, or invade the Georgium Sidus?

A gentleman, who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, although he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time; whereupon a friend archly observed, that though he had a *habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding habit*.

Lord Brome, a member of parliament, once requesting leave of absence, on *particular private* business, just after his marriage, the wits immediately epigrammatized the simple excuse of the ardent bridegroom.

From the senate lord Brome wishes shortly to roam,
And the senate grants leave to the wishes of Brome,
Having business *delectably urgent* at home.

It is probable the French will not be long settled in Florida and Louisiana, before they will invade Mexico and Peru, and even the United States, if we are tardy in paying our tribute, or if we be averse to requisitions.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CHRISTIAN FORTITUDE.

The man, whom *Fortitude* sustains
To bear the frailties of his state,
To smile beneath a load of pains,
With soul above them all elate,
True hero-like, deserves the crown
Of merit and of bright renown.

He knows his *Great Commander's* will,
Who hath on trial fixt him here,
Where all is hostile, arm'd to kill,
And pois'nous objects good appear;
His dictates, therefore he'll obey,
Tho' all the world oppose his way.

Tho' fell *Temptation's* gilded shew
Attract his heart, his taste invite;
Tho' *Passion's* movements all should go
To prove the proffer'd fair delight;
Yet, trusting in his *Conqueror's* arm,
He stands unmov'd, secure from harm.

If *Syren-pleasure* spread her store,
Delicious to the wishing eyes;
And, ev'ry nerve unstrung of pow'r,
At ease he in her temple lies;
Sudden his monitor awakes,
He from her joys with horror breaks.

Now *Fortitude* is doubly strong :
 No more his eyes to ease incline ;
 No more his ears attend the song,
 That from Enchantment flows divine :
 But to his Object plac'd on high,
 He bends his soul....and dares to die.

What, tho' the thoughtless world should jeer
 And ridicule his lonely way,
 He smiles their grov'ling thoughts to hear,
 That never reach'd the source of day ;
 And while by impious ways they lose
 All bliss above....to that he goes.

PHILOMUSUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

JASPER,

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

The night was long, 'twas winter time,
 The moon shone pale and clearly ;
 The woods were bare, the nipping air
 Across the heath, as cold as death,
 Blew shrilly and severely.

And awful was the midnight scene
 The silent river flowing ;
 The dappled sky, the screech-owl's cry,
 The black'ning tow'r, the haunted bower,
 Where pois'nous weeds were growing.

An iron window in the tower,
 Slow creek'd as it was swinging ;
 And a gibbet stood, beside the wood,
 And the blast did blow it, to and fro,
 And the rusty chains were ringing !

With footstep quick, and feverish heat,
 One tatter'd garment wearing,
 Poor Jasper, sad, alone, and mad !
 Now chanted wild, and now he smil'd,
 With eyes wide-fixed and glaring.

His cheek was wan, his lip was blue,
 His head was bare and shaggy ;
 His limbs were torn, with many a thorn,
 For he had paced the pathless waste,
 And climb'd the steep-rock craggy.

His voice was hollow as the tone
 Of cavern'd winds, and mournful ;
 No tears could flow to calm his woe,
 Yet, on his face, sate manly grace,
 And grief, sublimely scornful !

Twelve freezing nights poor Jasper's breast
 Had brav'd the tempests' yelling ;
 For misery keen his lot had been
 Since he had left, of sense bereft,
 His tyrant father's dwelling.

That father, who, with lordly pride,
 Saw him from Mary sever ;
 Saw her pale cheek in silence speak,
 Her eye's blue light, so heavenly bright !
 Grow dim and fade forever !

"How hot yon sun begins to shine,
 The maniac cried, loud laughing,
 "I feel the pain that burns my brain,
 Thy sulphur beam, bids ocean steam,
 Where all the fiends are quaffing !

"Soft, soft, the dew begins to rise,
 I'll drink it while 'tis flowing ;
 Down every tree the bright rills see,
 Quick let me sip, they'll cool my lip,
 For now my blood is glowing.

"Hark ! 'tis the she-wolf howling by !
 Poor Jasper smiles to hear thee !
 For he can hide by the hedge-row's side,
 While storms shall sweep the mountain's steep,
 Then, she-wolf, can he fear thee ?

"Pale moon ! thou spectre of the sky !
 I see thy white shroud waving :
 And now, behold thy bosom cold....
 Oh ! memory sad ! it made me mad !
 Then wherefore mock my raving ?

"Yes ; on my Mary's bosom cold
 Death laid his bony fingers !
 Hark ! how the wave begins to lave
 The rocky shore, I hear it roar !
 The whistling pilot lingers.

"Oh ! bear me, bear me o'er the main,
 See the white sails are flying ;
 Yon glittering star shall be my car,
 And by my side shall Mary glide,
 Mild as the south-wind, sighing !

"My bare-foot way is mark'd with blood,
 Well ! what care I for sorrow ?
 The sun shall rise to cheer the skies,
 The wintry day shall pass away,
 And summer smile, to-morrow !

"The frosted heath is wide and drear,
 And rugged is my pillow ;
 Soon shall I sleep, beneath the deep,
 How calm to me that sleep will be,
 Rock'd by the bounding billow.

"The village clock strikes mournfully,
 It is my death-bell tolling !
 But, though yon cloud begins to shroud
 The gliding moon....the day stream soon
 Shall down yon steep come rolling.

"Roll down yon steep, broad flood of light ;
 Drive hence that spectre !...Jasper
 Remembers now her snowy brow,
 'Tis Mary ! see ! she beckons me....
 Oh ! let me, let me clasp her !

"She fades away, I feel her not !
 She's gone, 'tis dark and dreary :
 The drizzling rain now chills my brain,
 The bell for me rings mournfully....
 Come Death ! for I am weary.

"I'll steal beneath yon haunted tower,
 And wait the day star's coming....
 The bat shall flee at sight of me,
 The ivied wall shall be my hall,
 My priest, the night-fly humming.

"Yon spectre's iron shroud I'll wear
 With frozen spots bespangled :
 The night-shade too, besprent with dew,
 With many a flower of healing power,
 Shall cool my bare feet, mangled.

"Is it the storm that Jasper feels ?
 Ah no ! 'tis passion blighted !
 The owl's shriek makes white my cheek,
 The dark toads stray across my way,
 And sorely am I frightened.

"Amid the broom my bed I'll make,
 Dry fern shall be my pillow ;
 And Mary dear ! wert thou but here,
 Blest should I be, sweet maid, with thee,
 To weave a crown of willow.

"The church-yard path is wet with dew....
 Hence, screech-owls ! for I fear ye !
 Fall gentle showers, revive the flowers
 That feebly wave on Mary's grave....
 But whisper....she will hear ye.

"Beneath the yew-tree's shadow long
 I'll hide me and be wary ;
 But I shall weep when others sleep !
 Is it the dove that calls its love ?
 No ! 'tis the voice of Mary !

"How merrily the lark is heard !
 The ruddy dawn advancing :
 Jasper is gay ! his wedding day
 The envious sun shall see begun,
 With music and with dancing.

"How sullen moans the midnight main !
 How wide the dim scene stretches !
 The moony light, all silvery white,
 Across the wave illumines the grave
 Of Heaven-deserted wretches.

"The dead lights gleam, the signal sounds !
 Poor bark ! the storm will beat thee !
 What spectre stands upon the sands ?
 'Tis Mary dear ! Oh ! do not fear,
 Thy Jasper flies to meet thee !"

Now to the silent river's side
 Poor Jasper rush'd unwary :
 With frantic haste the green bank paced,
 Plunged in the wave....no friend to save,
 And sinking....call'd on MARY !

STANZAS

ADAPTED TO THE TUNE OF
 "My Friend and Pitcher."

.....Licet mihi paupere cultu
 Securo cara conjuge posse frui.

TIBULL.

IN search of bliss I'd never roam
 From clime to clime, tho' I had leisure ;
 More rapture yields my peaceful home,
 Where lives my love, my only treasure.

CHORUS.

My girl so blest, by all carest,
 What transport 'tis at eve to meet her !
 My words are not with fiction drest,
 When I with praises fondly greet her.

Not all the gifts that fortune brings,
 Of titles, power, or sparkling treasure,
 If Laura soar'd on falsehood's wings,
 Would yield my soul a moment's pleasure.

With her, beneath some lowly cot,
 I wish to spend each hour of leisure !
 Then should life's cares be all forgot
 That might infringe my heart-felt pleasure.

Then hear, ye gods ! my fervent prayer !
 I ask but her !....not golden treasure !
 Her smiles can sooth the brow of care !
 Her charms bestow unequal'd pleasure !

ALBERT T.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED"
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 17.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 1st, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XVI.

Mr. SAUNTER,

THE very respectable female correspondent, who appears in the front page of No. 15, under the signature of the letter *M*, and whose address to you is avowedly designed to draw your attention to a certain *anonymous club*, which, she informs you, has, for some time past existed in this city, has a claim to some further notice from you, than the mere insertion of her speculation in the Port Folio. Not knowing the extent of your information on the subject of her inquiry, and being myself possessed of some facts in relation to it, I presume to make a tender of them for your use, whenever you may think fit to profit by them.... Had a single epithet in this lady's essay been suppressed, it is highly probable that I should have spared myself the trouble of the relation I am about to lay before you; but, as a member of the club, which I shall take it for granted is the same to which your correspondent alludes, I could not tamely endure, that so harmless, inoffensive, and I will add *modest* an association, should be christened with the appellation of "*intolerable*."

You have heard, Mr. Saunter, of the *immunity of invisibility*, and can readily appreciate its value, when applied to an association of young gentlemen, be the object of their meeting what it may; for, considering the censorious temper of the times, we may say with Hamlet, "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny." This "fixed decree, which not all heaven can move," was so powerfully impressed upon the minds of the projectors of our club, that they purposely avoided the assumption of a name; nor did they, with less caution, or less reason, prescribe *secrecy as a standing rule upon the members*, as to the objects of the association; well aware that the prying, officious, and impertinent curiosity of the town would very soon disturb their harmony, by making them the theme of their conversation. Their own consciousness of propriety, they well knew, would be no standard for the rest of the world, and they, therefore, preferred obscurity rather than publicity, which must necessarily subject them to the malignant criticism of illiberal old men, and the frivolous title-tattle of idle women.

Having thus accounted for the motives which urged to the adoption of our plan, I proceed to an examination of some of the specific charges adduced by your correspondent against this club, which she has so good-humoredly baptized "*intolerable*."

We understand, that her favourite and only son has been a member of the club from the beginning, and that, since the first meeting, she has discovered a considerable alteration in his conduct towards his parents, as also an inattention to business, which excites in her mind great alarm and

anxiety for his future welfare. Moreover, that he has contracted an air of pedantry, as disgusting as it is unintelligible; that he is constantly humming a song, or scribbling verses; and that, instead of the language of the shop, in which he was educated, he substitutes quotations, and scraps from Latin authors, which, to her intellect, are perfect jargon and "nonsense all."

I can easily conceive, Mr. Saunter, how aptly all these odious habits may be ascribed to an intercourse with our club; for nothing could be more natural, than that a fond, affectionate, and tender mother, observing so sudden a change in the behaviour of her darling child, should diligently seek for some immediate cause, to which it might be attributed; and, in proportion as he was reserved in his communications on the subject of the club, would her suspicion be awakened respecting it; and a very short interval would elapse between doubt and conviction, that the "*intolerable club*" had occasioned all the mischief of which she complains.

From an intimate knowledge of the transactions of the club, since it had a being, I can venture to assure you, sir, and through you this aggrieved mother, that her son has not contracted a single habit which she enumerates, in consequence of his frequenting our meetings. We do nothing, in the first place, that could inspire filial ingratitude or disrespect, for implicit obedience to, and acquiescence in, the orders of our officers, is one of our fundamental regulations. In the next place, sir, the musical propensities of this youth could by no means have been acquired among us; for it is well known, that a greater scarcity of musical talents was never found, in so numerous an assembly of young men: singing of songs, therefore, has, with few exceptions, been exploded from among us, by general consent. I may venture to go further on this head, and say, that, whenever an exception from this rule has been made, it has annoyed more than it has gratified, the majority of the members. Against the charge of scribbling bad verses, which is another of the offences specified by your correspondent, I am at a loss in what way to reply; for, if her son has really grown poetical of late, it may be attributed to his having so liberally quaffed from the fountain of Helicon, which is the source that supplies our club with table drink, instead of small beer. Since, then, I cannot absolutely repel this charge, I will endeavour to suggest one consolation that may probably result from it, viz. that the longer this youth continues a member of our club, the greater will be his talent for poetry, which is a *genteel accomplishment*, that few mothers would not be proud of in their sons, for this plain reason, that the genius of a poet must be born with him, and native genius always reflects honour, not only on the possessor, but upon those, to whom it owes its birth. I should hope to escape the accusation of pedantry, were I to indulge a quotation or two, in confirmation of my remarks; and, of all others, the Latin adage of "*nascitur poeta*" seems most appropriate to the occasion. Friend Alexander Pope might be brought in to my aid, if the lines from him were not so trite and familiar to every body. A partial parody, however, may render

them still subservient to me, and thus you have them:

A slender poet is an odious thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the pierian spring;
For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

I hope that the objection on the score of scribbling verses is thus, in a degree, obviated, and that, hereafter, we shall hear no more charges of a similar nature against us, from the same quarter. Surely this lady does not know, that the poetical department of the Port Folio is chiefly supplied from the contributions of our members.

Pedantry, Mr. Saunter, is defined by the philologists to be awkward ostentation of *needless learning*. It would but ill become a person, so accomplished in belle lettres, and so classically correct, as your correspondent, to denounce the retailers of Latin lore as guilty of pedantry; whence could she have derived her scraps, but from her acquaintance with Roman authors? But it seems there is one phrase, which her son often utters, and which you are called upon to translate, as she professes not to understand it. With all due submission to your superior skill in the science of translation, I venture to offer one of my own, and, for *non decet rixari*, I would read, "*a common scold deserves to be decently ducked*." The reply, therefore, of this youth to his mother's expostulation, seems to imply an opinion, that what she is pleased to call *serious advice*, is nothing more nor less than downright scolding and brawling, which no ingenuous youth can bear. I confess, that I cannot but admire the moderation and the forbearance which this retort exhibits. Socrates himself, when assailed with a shower of filth, &c. from the hand of his termagant wife, did not reply with more temper or coolness, "*after thunder, usually follows rain*."

After this vindication of the habit of retailing Latin, I am nevertheless bound to declare, that, in my opinion, nothing of this kind could have been contracted in the society of our club. We are not all scholars, and politeness towards each other forbids the use of any language, that is not understood by all. Sociability, "the feast of reason, and the flow of soul," are the characteristics of our association, and none but the fastidious and the morose would complain of a meeting of youthful companions, for such objects. "How shall we beguile the time, if not with some delight?" For "the time mis-ordered, doth, in common sense, crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form, to hold our safety up."

You may venture to proclaim, Mr. Saunter, in behalf of the Tuesday club, that the mischiefs predicted by your correspondent, as likely to ensue from it, are rather the ravings of a distempered imagination, than the semblance of reality. That, instead of making it a subject of censure, the ladies ought, most especially, to be our ardent friends and patrons; for, in the name of my brethren and co-associates, I venture to affirm, that we are, individually and collectively, very warm admirers, and passionate lovers of their sex. A truce then with railing, for, persist in it as thou wilt, "thou shalt sooner rail us into wit than holiness."

ARISTIPPUS, JUNIOR.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE fate of the United States is at length determined. That constitution, which her wise and patriotic statesmen had formed for her, is now no more; and in its place a system is erected, with characters entirely different, productive of effects directly opposite to those of the former one. When we look back on the few years, which have rolled by since the establishment of our independence, and accompany the retrospective view with a recollection of the unhappy, inactive, and impoverished state of our country at that time, and then survey the flourishing and prosperous situation of our country at this time, can we withhold our gratitude from those, who favoured that constitution, under which this state of things was produced? or deny our admiration to the system itself? A system so wise, so perfect, so just, we might suppose would have ceased only when the nation, over which it prevailed, should be swept from the face of creation. Yet, sir, in this evil hour...in this time of the tribulation of our country, has the hand of the destroyer attacked it....and it has fallen.

That the form of our government is, by the late outrage on the judiciary, essentially changed, cannot be doubted. We had a government of three separate, independent, co-ordinate, and active departments: we have now but two, and indeed one of those, deprived of its shield, will soon receive a stab from the same inveterate foes to the interests of our country, who have prostrated the judiciary. Our judges heretofore have been answerable for their conduct, to their God and their country; a consciousness of right has been with them a proof of it, and their determinations have been the result of that consciousness. But now another tribunal is to determine the propriety of the conduct of the judges, a new authority is erected to ascertain the constitutionality of laws. Congress usurps this authority, and the government is destroyed.

It may, sir, be observed by the superficial, that it is out of the power of the legislature thus to inroad on the original compact of our citizens, thus to prostrate our government. But, sir, let us, for a moment, examine the result of an opposition by the judges to the will of a legislature, whose heads and hearts are so vicious as to have projected and perpetrated this outrage, and the weakness of their power proves the extent of the conduct of congress. The judges of the supreme court, for from them, opposition must first be derived, resist this law, they continue in the old system of holding the courts, and issue a *procedendo*, to the circuit judges under the "Act for the more convenient organization," &c. An impeachment is the consequence. The event of an impeachment is not doubtful: the senate is to decide on its propriety....that senate, which originated the blow, confirms the impeachment, and the judges lose their offices. The rest is easy. Judges are appointed by the present executive, whose opinions three thousand five hundred dollars per annum will purchase, or mould in any form, and the triumph of the legislature is complete.

GERION.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[Many having expressed an eager desire to peruse the speeches of Mr. WINDHAM, as a fair specimen of his principles, his logic, and his eloquence, we select the following argument against a fantastic project of Fox and his party, for rewarding the hypocrisy and treason of that concomb politician, La Fayette.]

MR. WINDHAM said, that, if he had not intended to speak, he must have risen on the irresistible invitation held out to him, in the latter part of the speech of the honourable gentleman, who spoke last but two. He rose, however, not as that honourable gentleman had so pleasantly surmised,

to reveal any thing that secretly lurked in the bosoms of ministers, but to tear the veil from the face of the honourable gentleman and his friends, and shew to the house and to the world what was the mysterious motive to their humanity....what it really was that put their feelings in motion.... what it was that suggested to them the extraordinary notion of selecting the marquis De La Fayette, and marking him out as an object, whose condition entitled him to the general feelings of humanity.

It was true, as the honourable gentleman had said, he had once or twice before risen from his seat, with a determination to state to the house reasons, which he thought would be found unanswerable....why the motion, as it stood in its original state, could not, with propriety, be granted. Other gentlemen, however, had caught the speaker's eye before him, and obliged him to sit down; a circumstance which, in the end, was rather favourable to his view, since it enabled him to state, with much greater force, and equal certainty of success, his reasons why the motion should not be granted, either in its original or amended state; as he, in his wish to state the question largely, would have found some difficulty in selecting the points, which it might have been necessary for him to press upon the consideration of the house, but which now lay in order before him, so that he should be able to compress them into a very narrow compass.

The house had been called upon by the honourable gentleman, in a speech of much ability, well calculated, from its style and delivery, to excite emotions of pity in their breasts, for a most extraordinary, unusual, and great interposition, on the plea of humanity. The questions that arose from this were....the weight of merit of the sufferer, the degree of humanity to which he was entitled, and the right he derived from them to be considered a fit subject for general humanity. Before he entered upon the discussion of these topics, he would say a word of the merit of this gentleman, who was the subject of the motion, as he stood with regard to this country. He had been one of the most active and irreconcilable enemies of England, in the American revolution. His visit to this country, immediately previous to that step, was, at best, not quite correct. It was hardly to be supposed, that he would designedly go there, fresh from the hospitality and civilities of this country, if he had not had some view injurious to it. He mentioned this merely to shew, that this gentleman, who had been held out as a mark for our particular favour and interposition, was, at best, a perfect stranger to us, and could be viewed by us in no other light, than as one of those, who rose and fell in the course of the French revolution.

Viewing him then only as a person bearing a share in that revolution, he conceived there was nothing to be seen in him different from those ambiguous, or worse men, who, in a spirit of perverted and unjustifiable ambition, introduced that fatal revolution into their country, and paused, when the ruin had been irretrievably done. To him, and those, who thought with him, that the authors of that revolution had been the bitterest enemies of mankind, M. De La Fayette was no object of esteem or favour; and if, as a stranger he was to be considered at all, must be considered to disadvantage. With the honourable gentleman, who made the motion, however, the marquis stood in a different situation: there were ties between them of a personal kind....for in early life a friendship subsisted between them, which the honourable general (much to his own credit, no doubt), would not suffer to be lost or obliterated, when his friend was in need and distress. While he bore this testimony to the honourable gentleman's heart, he must in justice bear testimony to his ability also; and particularly to the singular ad-

dress, which he displayed in urging, with all his force, those parts, which were most likely to kindle feelings of sympathy in his auditors, while he touched slightly upon that part, which was weak and untenable, namely, the fact of the seizure of M. De La Fayette, as contrary to the law of nations. This question had been before discussed, and from the first mention of it, it had been, and still continued to be, his unalterable opinion, that whether on the point of his having ceased to act with hostility, or on the point of his having been taken up upon neutral ground, the arrest was not contrary to the law of nations or of justice: For he was taken in the character of an enemy, which he could not lay aside at will, when it served his purposes. When two nations were at war, it did not depend upon one party only when the war was to cease; nor was it competent to one country, or any individual of either country, to divest himself of the character of an enemy, or claim the privileges of peace, without the concurrence of the other. It was certain, that the friend of our enemy was our enemy, but it did not at all follow that the reverse of that was true, and that the enemy of our enemy was our friend. However the demands of personal safety, or the ruin of his ambitious schemes, had made the marquis an enemy to the men, who at that time filled the usurpation of France, his hostility to Austria was not less than before, nor was he competent to divest himself of it all at once, for his own convenience. As to the question of his being taken on neutral ground, it was one, with which neither of the contending parties had any thing to do. To the third, or neutral power, on whose territory he was taken, and to it alone, it belonged to complain of the act, as an infraction of neutrality; so that neither France nor Austria, and still less England, had any thing to do with it. Viewing the transaction, therefore, in its own direct form, and in all its relations, there was no injustice in it, with regard to the infraction of neutrality....no violation of the law of nations.

The marquis De La Fayette was, therefore, to be considered by the house (since he was forced upon their deliberations) first, as a prisoner of war, under the ordinary law of nations, and next as a stranger to England....this last no one could deny. He was not a native, nor had he been naturalized; he had never been in our service, he had never been even our prisoner; this country had no share in him or his services....he was no inhabitant of any country, which had been conquered and delivered up to the king of Great Britain; he was not one of those, who embodied in the cause of their lawful monarch and government, or joined those, who ranged under the banners of England, and were murdered in cold blood by their enemies; he never had even constructively put himself under the protection of this country; he had never been friendly to her interests. So that he was as completely separate from this country, its interests, or its favours, as any other person whatsoever on the face of the globe.

On the subject of the marquis De La Fayette's merit in the revolution, he would say but little. It had, in fact, been so tenderly relied upon by the honourable gentleman, that it was unnecessary for him to enter much into it; but never, never should be forgotten his gross and criminal neglect in June, 1789....never his conduct on the memorable 5th and 6th of October, in which there was clear and evident matter for condemnation, which, with the fate that subsequently attended him, should be an eternal lesson to all those, who, actuated by similar motives of guilty ambition, would bring ruin on their country. When at the head of the national guards, did he lead them, as was his duty, to the relief of his king? If he had not done so, what excuse could be offered for him? Would it be said, that he acted under the impression of terror for himself? If so, would they insist upon that

as an excuse? or would they say, that he ought not to have risked his life? A soldier, honoured with such rank and favour, commanding the guards, could not have fallen in a nobler cause. He ought, even though certain of death, to have encountered it in discharge of his duty, and expiated, in some sort, the great calamities his ambition had occasioned. His own excuse was, that he had no command over the guards; but what could be said of a man, who, having declared that he had no command over troops, continued nevertheless along with them? He should have retired, and in repentance endeavoured to atone for the ruins he had made. But no....It was well understood what part he played, and what end he had in view. After having amused the king with a promise that there was no danger, which threw him off his guard: after the palace had been forced, and the royal family in danger, he appeared. Lulled into security by his promises, the king and queen had gone to rest....the mob burst so suddenly into the palace, that her majesty was obliged to escape undressed. La Fayette said that no farther violence would be offered; but when called for, was not in town. For how much mischief was he not answerable?

Having so far shewn the culpable conduct of M. De La Fayette, Mr. Windham said he would now go to the great act of merit, to which the friends of the marquis had been obliged to resort for want of better, and on which they seemed to lay so much reliance, as an act that was to redeem all that he had done before, viz. his merit in shaking and breaking down that constitution, which had for ages existed, and which, though abused, was yet capable of reformation. Appeal had been made to his conduct, in having saved the king from that very danger, into which his machinations had betrayed him. To all which he (Mr. W.) gave no credit, nor, he believed, would the house, or any unprejudiced, rational person....no, not an iota of credit farther than this, that his ambitious strides had brought him to a period, at which he was obliged to stop; and that he refrained from his own factious proceedings, only when a more furious faction threatened to overpower him. He would not say, for he did not believe that La Fayette wished entirely to destroy the king, or to erect a republic in the place of the monarchy, but that he wished to lower the king to a state of dependence on himself, and to be like Trinculo in the Tempest, *viceroy over him*. To encounter such evidence of guilt, stronger proofs than any which had been adduced were necessary. Considering the temper and opinions of the honourable gentlemen opposite to him, it appeared somewhat extraordinary that they should be advocates for La Fayette. They might be supposed to forgive him for his *treachery to his sovereign the king*, but how could they pardon him for the more abominable crime of *treason to the sovereign people*. This was one of the monstrous inconsistencies, in which the conductors of revolutions necessarily involved themselves. If La Fayette was fallen into misery, he had fallen the victim of his own act, and his own principles. He had brought himself into that state, into which all fomenters of great and ruinous revolutions must necessarily fall. He had betrayed and ruined his country and his king, and took refuge for his character and conscience in his own defeat; and claimed merit for stopping just at that point, beyond which it was out of his power to go; and then he became the enemy of those, whom he had made the instrument of his designs upon the king. He was the first to bring destruction upon the supreme power, and the first that turned against the jacobins. That he was the author of infinite calamities, no one would deny: of what his motives had been, there was no proof; but there was no more presumption in favour of his innocence, than there was in favour of any of the other

persons, who were concerned in that horrible transaction.

M. La Fayette then being thus proved to be as to England a total stranger, the question, to which Mr. Windham proposed next to advert, was that of humanity, which, in point of fact, was the whole question of the night. With respect to the rigour, with which that gentleman was described to have been treated, Mr. Windham declared he believed that there was much of exaggeration in it; but, taken as a subject of humanity to work upon, he did not see how or why it should be separated as it were, and selected from all others. As the mere suffering of an individual, it must certainly excite pity; there was no case of calamity whatever, which, if seen abstracted from other considerations, but must excite the feelings of every one deserving the name of man. In this view, all cases of suffering had a right to be considered; but was every case, public or private, to draw interposition in its behalf? Did gentlemen look round, and consider the innumerable calamities that, by the wise disposition of Providence, beset human nature on every side, and offered so many subjects of appeal to our commiseration? Did they recollect how many, without crime or fault of magnitude, but merely under the influence of error, were drinking of the bitterest cup of life, to which it was impossible to extend interposition? Did they consider how many there were besides La Fayette, pining in confinement for debt or for crime? To see or think of a human creature enduring the rigours of imprisonment, or being carried to the execution of that punishment, which the laws award for the expiation of crime, *abstractedly*, must wring the heart of any man with sympathy and commiseration; but men should not, in such cases, consider the suffering separate from the causes and the circumstances, which occasioned it; their humanity would kindle compassion; but reason must over-rule that feeling, in consideration of the cause.

This was the reigning practical fallacy, with which questions of a very simple nature were attempted to be confounded. In the number of those, who had produced the French revolution, and followed it up with those enormities, which had surpassed all that poets had ever fancied, there were many, who, viewing their sufferings in naked abstraction, would excite compassion. For instance, that gentleman named Collot D'Herbois....he was condemned to Guiana, to which place vast numbers of the most learned and venerable men existing, the clergy of France, had also been condemned, for no other reason but because they refused to abjure their religion, deny their God, and swear and act in contradiction to their consciences. The place was chosen as that, in which human nature would most suffer, and every thing was done to render the hostility of the country more dreadful and destructive. If we were to abstract the suffering of the wretch, from the crimes that led to it, we could not but wish him rescued from such misery....We would say, perhaps, as others may say on nearly similar cases, " 'Tis true, Collot D'Herbois killed many thousand people; 'tis true, that when the guillotines were insufficient, and the executioners were fatigued with putting them to death, he ordered them, for more speedy dispatch, into a great square, where he fired upon them with cannon, and ordered in a party of cavalry to cut and trample to death the few, who had escaped the guns; but 'tis also true, that the thing is passed; and that the men are in their graves, and cannot be brought to life again. Poor Collot! he is not the better for being in Guiana....What is the use of it....Let us send for him, and bring him home....How can men of feeling think of prolonging the punishment of poor Collot D'Herbois!"

This, Mr. Windham said, was a perfect exemplification of that false humanity, by which gentlemen wished the house now to be guided; but he

would tell them, that true humanity taught a different lesson, and forbid the practise of that spurious imposture under the name of it, which they advised. Mankind were not formed to pity at once the oppressed and the oppressor; the choice of the honourable gentleman opposite, was to take up and espouse the cause of the oppressor, but for his part, he would take up and espouse that of the oppressed.

He could not separate the idea of M. La Fayette from the millions who were suffering by his crimes. Did gentlemen doubt it?.....Let them look into our streets, and see men equal to La Fayette in honour, in rank, in talents, in courage, in every valuable quality of which his warmest advocates boasted his possession, exiled from home, ruined by the revolution, of which he was the leader and instigator, and involved in misery, in wretchedness, and beggary, by his crimes. Did gentlemen, who urged this measure know, or rather was it possible they should not know, that the opinion of all the best informed men in France was, that M. La Fayette's conduct to the king was cruel, fierce, and unmanly? And was it not universally known, from those, who were in the confidence of the queen of France, that that august and magnanimous personage often declared, he was the only man she could never forgive? She was often heard to say, she could forgive Barnave, nay, would interpose between him and the stroke of the executioner....but never could or would forgive La Fayette.

Having, with inconceivable ability, discussed these points, Mr. Windham said, he would now apply himself to a part, which would bring the house nearer to the consideration of the propriety of interference.

Would the house, he asked, believe, that the emperor was insensible of his consanguinity with the royal sufferers under this man's plans? Could they suppose, that that monarch, knowing all that had just been stated to be true, could fail of harbouring a just indignation against the author of his near relation's calamities and death? And were we, without knowing what his designs were, or what his actual treatment of La Fayette, to interpose and prevent his mode of treating the personal author of such crimes? Surely not;....it would be not only impolitic and impertinent as respecting ourselves, but extremely indecent and improper, as regarding his imperial majesty, to interpose in a case that lay so very near him.

In answer to an honourable gentleman on the bench behind him (Mr. Wilberforce), who had countenanced the motion by a speech and an amendment, and whose opinion it was, that it was our duty to go about Europe to dictate rules of policy, he would say, that his sentiments had overleaped the distinction made by the honourable gentleman opposite to him, for the same pitiable representation and relief which they confined to one, he would extend to all....so that, where was the work of the house in interference to stop?

While scenes of misery, in gross and in detail, surrounded us, and pressed upon our senses, whichever way we looked, how was it that gentlemen were so cold and so callous, as never to be quickened into feeling, but by the solitary case of Mons. La Fayette? In the greater instances, when the worst horrors were going forward, when our ears were constantly assailed with the cries of one half of France murdering the other, did the house forget, that the very suspicion that those sufferings were the motives to our interference, was sufficient to illegitimate all other causes of war....that this so vitiated it in gentlemen's estimation, that the whole formula of their objections construed into plainer language was, that the war was unjust and detestable, because excited by feelings for such misery and destruction!

If gentlemen wished for proper objects for the exercise of their humane feelings, let them look to 30,000 priests, pining in the prisons of France. They, however, thought more of that one man in the prison of Olmutz. There was, indeed, he said, something capricious and fanciful in their taste in objects of humanity. But of this it might be said, as of taste in other respects, to use an old Latin adage....*De Gustibus non disputandum.*

Gentlemen boasted pretty largely of humanity and feeling, at the expense of others. Nothing was more mean or dishonest, than to endeavour to catch reputation by a display of virtue, at another person's cost....to be courageous on other men's valour....to be generous on other men's money....to be charitable and magnanimous, at the expense of the feelings of others. Thus displayed, instead of virtues, they were vices. Dean Swift says "All men could bear the misfortunes of others, with christian-like spirit." So these gentlemen opposite were very liberal in forgiving injuries done to Austria and the queen of France. The merit of this, however, was not very striking.

Exclusive of all this, did gentlemen suppose, that M. De La Fayette was, if released, to sit down quietly, and not move in revolutions? Were there no countries besides his own in which he might display his skill in that way? Were there none caballing, that would be glad of the addition of such a clever hand? If there was a set of men, who were to be excluded from humanity, it would be the beginners of revolutions: the men for whom there should be the least tenderness were those, who first disturbed, and not those, who followed in lower ranks, at humble distance....those latter were not the greatest objects of resentment. The most just vengeance was due chiefly to those, who, abounding in all good things, and filled with spleen and impatience, drawn from the excessive enjoyments of life, with no haste to privation of their own comforts, with not one bit of nun's flesh about them, would, for their own vile purposes, sport with the happiness of mankind, and play the deep and damnable game of ambition. He would not be sorry....indeed he would rejoice, to see such men drink deep of the cup of calamity, which they had prepared for the lips of others.

On the whole, this was not a question of sentiment, but of prudence, policy, and general morality. If there were any grounds separate from those mentioned to sanction interference, he had no objections to its being done....but he would never consent, nor would the house, he hoped, in the absence of other reasons, to do an act, which would put a premium on revolution, give the sanction of example to treason, and reward rebellion.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LORD KAIMES happily observes, that the elegance and end of female dress is better obtained by a delicate and graceful concealment of the form, than by that bold and voluptuous display, which the Parisian ladies affect. The imagination, unrestrained by reality, pictures a thousand concealed beauties, and revels in their supposed existence.

Rousseau has beautifully described these sensations, in one of St. Preux's letters to Julia.

"Be not surprised to find me so knowing in mysteries, which you so carefully conceal; this hath happened in spite of all your caution; for one sense instructs another, and, notwithstanding the most jealous vigilance, there will always remain some friendly interstice or other, through which the sight performs the office of the touch. The curious eye busily insinuates itself with impunity under the flowers of a nosegay, wanders beneath

the spreading gauze, and conveys that elastic resistance to the hand, which it dares not experience.

Parte appar delle mamme acerbe e crude,
Parte altrui ne ricopre invida vesta;
Invida ma s' agli occhi il vacco chiudo,
L' amoroso pensier già non arresta.

In vain is half conceal'd the tender breast,
That gently heaves beneath th' invidious vest;
Swift through the covering darts the am'rous sight,
And the fond lover riots in delight.

G.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Sed turpem putat in scriptis, metuitque lituram.

.....I but forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.....

THERE are few instances of imperfection more mortifying to human pride, than those incidental ones, which occur in the most illustrious and distinguished characters. The traces of occasional oversight are most frequently discovered in those figures, whose outlines have been dashed with a gigantic sublimity; of the masterpieces of the most celebrated painters few will remain, which we can declare faultless; after those are excepted, in which some trivial oversight has been discovered, and published with all the efforts of industrious petulance. The errors of Hannibal and Charles the twelfth are such, as an inferior genius would have been preserved from, by the mere frigidity of cautious consideration, however superior the noble daring of a great mind may be to that cold and faultless mediocrity, which is approved without admiration. Though the puns of *Paradise Lost*, the incidental nodding of the *Iliad*, and the parties quarries of Somerset-place vanish before the collected splendour of the whole design, they must be regarded as infinitely more mortifying, than a series of continued dullness, or a collection of united deformity.

In such a train of reflections, I was interrupted, by an unexpected summons from my editor, who informed me, that a stranger, of a very extraordinary appearance, had, of late, made very frequent inquiries for me, and was now at his house, waiting my arrival with considerable impatience. As I am not by nature either incurious or discourteous, I followed my editor, who, after a walk of about a quarter of an hour, introduced me to a little parlour, and a little elderly man, with a very serious countenance, and exceeding foul linen.

After smoothing his approaches to my acquaintance, by some introductory compliments, he informed me, as indeed I might have guessed, that he was, by profession, an author; that he had been, for many years, a literary projector; that, owing to a kind of fatality, which had hitherto attended his attempts, and a firm resolution, on his own side, never to indulge the trivial taste of an ill-judging age, in which it was his misfortune to be born,....but he would not trouble me with a detail of the open hostilities committed on his works, by avowed criticism, or the more secret and dangerous attempts of tacit malevolence, and pretended contempt,....that he had lately hit upon a project, which, by its nature, must secure to itself the attention of the public, and which, if he had not formed a very wrong estimate of its merit, would draw his former efforts from the dust of unmerited oblivion, into general notice, and universal approbation.

"It could not have escaped an exact observer, and such a one he might, without hazarding the imputation of flattery, pronounce Mr. Griffin (whereupon Mr. Griffin bowed), that the reputation of our great tragic poet was sinking apace; and that, not so much from any radical or intrinsic defect in his writings, as from some venial

errors, and incidental omissions. Our more refined neighbours had never been able to relish the low humour which pervades every scene, or the frequent violation of those unities, which they observe with so religious a regard. Mr. Voltaire, with that philosophic candour which so strongly characterized his life and writings, had abandoned his defence; and though, in some instances, he had deigned to borrow from him, had condemned him as the poet of a barbarous age, and the favourite of an unenlightened people. Even among a national audience, the most admired of his dramas were received at least without that enthusiastic applause, they had formerly excited; and we must expect, that, in another century, the partiality for our favourite poet will vanish, together with our national antipathies against popery and wooden shoes, and frogs and slavery, and that a taste for French criticism would immediately follow a relish for their cookery.

"Something must be done, Mr. Griffin, and that shortly. The commentators have done little or nothing. Indeed what could be expected from such a plan? Could any thing be more ridiculous? They have absolutely confined themselves to what Shakspeare might possibly have written! I am fully sensible, that the task of reducing to poetic rules, and critical exactness, what was written in ignorance and contempt of both, requires a genius and ability little inferior to that of the original composer; yet this is my project, which, however arduous in the undertaking, however difficult in execution, I am persuaded to attempt; and to whom can I with greater propriety.....Mr. Griffin, who himself.....so early an age.....in so extraordinary a manner.....&c. &c.

My friend continued by remarking, 'that the people of Athens allowed to the judicious critic, who should adapt a tragedy of *Æschylus* to the stage, an equal proportion of credit and copy-money, with the author of an original drama. Yet he desired me to observe, that the author of Grecian tragedy was far more strictly observant of poetic discipline, than the father of the English stage. In all his tragedies, there is only one, in which he has ventured to break the unity of place; an essential point, and, as my friend declared, highly necessary; though it is very natural for the spectator to mistake the stage for a palace, actresses for virgin princesses, &c. yet it is impossible for him to imagine that he is in Bohemia, when, but the act before, he was fully convinced that he was in Sicily.'

He at length concluded, by drawing out of a tin box some "proposals for publication," which he desired might be communicated to the public, through the medium of my paper; at the same time presenting me with a very copious specimen of the work he had undertaken. He reflected on the honour of such a distinction, 'but he was naturally partial to rising merit; and Gregory Griffin might see a period when he himself should exist only in his writings.'

In the course of conversation, my new acquaintance became extremely communicative; desired my opinion of a preface and dedication, and whether he should prefix to it an improved edition of *Sleidan de quatuor imperiis*, or *Girton's Complete Pigeon Fancier*; but upon recollection, resolved upon an ode which he had lately composed, On the use of Acorns in Consumptive cases.

Having occasion, in the course of conversation, to remark the number of classical scholars produced in our public seminaries, and the comparative paucity of those, who have directed their attention to the cultivation of their native language, my friend regarded the cause as extremely evident; there were several assistances which the classical composer enjoyed, which....but all these difficulties I should see obviated in his New Dictionary

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF EDMUND BURKE.

(CONCLUDED.)

MR. BURKE's principles were supposed so favourable to liberty, that, in 1774, he was chosen member for Bristol, by the zealous and spontaneous efforts of the whigs and dissenters of that opulent city. It does not appear, however, that, even in the great American contest, he ever explicitly declared himself concerning the fundamental rights of men in society. He was accustomed expressly to shun all such abstract questions, which he seemed to think dangerous, and incapable of positive decision; and his attacks upon the measures of ministers were chiefly directed against their inexpediency, severity, and partial injustice.

He very early proposed conciliation on the ground of renouncing future taxation, without discussing the question of right; though, indeed, he argued strongly against the assumed right of taxing *British subjects*, who were unrepresented. It is needless here to say, that all the efforts of Burke and his friends were ineffectual. The war even became popular, and Burke seemed to lose ground in the public esteem by his opposition to it. He further gave offence to many, particularly his Bristol constituents, by his support of the Irish petitions for a free trade, and of a bill for taking off some hardships and penalties, to which the Roman-catholics were exposed. He, however, recovered a large share of popularity by his famous bill of reform in the national expenditure, introduced in February, 1780. In the framing of this bill, it was wonderful what minute accuracy of research he had employed; thus usefully proving, as he also did by the general tenor of his life, that the most brilliant imagination is not in the least incompatible with plodding industry. His speech on the bill was likewise remarkable by an extraordinary mixture of wit and humour with financial detail; an alliance no one but himself could or would have made. But though the idea of retrenchment was very grateful to the nation, it was not likely to be so to ministers and courtiers; and Burke's proposed bills were rejected.

In March, 1782, an end was put to the ministry of lord North, which was succeeded by the return of the marquis of Rockingham and his party to power. Burke, in this change, obtained the lucrative post of paymaster to the forces, and a seat at the council-board. One of the first measures was the re-introduction of his reform bill, which passed, though not without considerable modifications. The death of the marquis, however, very soon put a period to this ministry; for upon the appointment of lord Shelburne to succeed him as head of the treasury, instead of the duke of Portland, several of the duke's friends resigned, and among them Mr. Burke.

The Shelburne administration did not long survive the peace; and it was succeeded by that known by the name of the *coalition*, as being composed in part of those former ministers, who had been the objects of such a long and violent opposition, and in part of that opposition itself. The coalition was projected by Burke, who appears little to have calculated the effect upon the public mind of such a violent shock to all ideas of sincerity and consistency. It was, however, conformable enough to his old notion of governing by *great families*, and certainly still further absolves him from the charge of democratical principles. This association of power was dissolved by Mr. Fox's India bill, which had the warm support of Burke, but united against it both king and people. Mr. Pitt succeeded to the helm, and dissolved the parliament. This measure was attacked by Burke with great acrimony, and he moved a set of representations to the crown on the subject, one of which seems to go

further in asserting the right of innovating upon established constitutions, than his usual latitude. He says "Necessary reformatations may hereafter require, as they have frequently done in former times, limitations and abridgments, and, in some cases, an entire extinction of some branch of prerogative." The grand desideratum of so many friends of freedom, parliamentary reform, was not, however a species of alteration, which he approved; and he opposed the plan for that purpose introduced by Mr. Pitt in 1785. Such a conduct was consistent enough with the partizan of an aristocracy of borough-holding nobles.

The impeachment of the celebrated East India governor, Mr. Hastings, was one of the great events of Burke's public life. He was the original promoter of it; and private motives of resentment were thought to have united with a regard to public justice in his pursuit of that national cause. He employed uncommon industry in collecting and arranging the materials of the charge, and followed it up with distinguished perseverance and ardour. His principal speech in support of the charge, was remarkable for violence and exaggeration; and, upon the whole, he was no gainer in the public estimation by this memorable impeachment, though perhaps the enormous length of the proceedings contributed more to render it unpopular, than any well-grounded conviction of the innocence of the culprit.

The settling of the regency on the king's malady, in 1788, was another subject, in which Burke took a warm and active part. He contended vigorously against the minister's purpose of limiting the powers of the regent (the prince of Wales) and his principle that the regency was elective and not hereditary. It is well known that the efforts of the opposition on this occasion were neither successful nor popular; and Burke exposed himself to particular censure, in consequence of some very unfeeling and irreverent expressions concerning the king, which escaped him in the vehemence of debate.

The last great act of Burke's political life was the part he took with respect to that mighty event, the French revolution. Though it might be supposed that one, who had so long acted with the avowed friends of liberty at home, and had shewn such countenance to subjects, whom oppression had driven into actual rebellion, would applaud the efforts of a great nation to found a free constitution out of the wrecks of absolute monarchy; yet, on the other hand, his constant unwillingness to resort to first principles, his reverence for established forms, and all the honours and splendours of civilized society, his contempt for the vulgar, and, it may be fairly added, his strong feelings of justice and humanity, might reasonably be expected to cause him to regard first with suspicion, and then with detestation, a revolution, which soon betrayed symptoms of violence and a profligate spirit. He early manifested his dislike to it; and, in February, 1790, on a debate in the house of commons concerning the reduction of the army, in which Mr. Fox recommended a generous confidence of this country towards the new rulers of France, he broke out into a virulent declamation against the original principles and the conduct of the French revolutionists, renounced personal friendship with Mr. Fox and those, who supported the same opinions, and took his decided stand of hostility against every thing connected with the new order of things.

From that time he sat down to the composition of his famous "Reflections on the Revolution in France;" on which he bent the utmost powers of his mind. It appeared in October, and no work perhaps ever excited more attention, or produced more effect. It is, in reality, a performance of wonderful vigour, displaying every characteristic excellence of the writer, and not a few of his de-

of Rhimes; it was a work, which had cost him considerable labour and study. Those of his predecessors,....Bysshe, Gent, and others, were mere farragos, in which the sound only was consulted, without any nicety of taste, or accuracy of selection. This chaos, this rude and undigested mass, he had reduced to order, by selecting the rhimes proper for every possible subject, and reducing them to systematical arrangement. However, as this scheme must be unavoidably retarded by the prosecution of his former project, he should be peculiarly happy to see his system familiarly explained and illustrated in some of my future lucubrations.' This request, from an earnest desire I entertained of assisting young practitioners in the pleasing art of poetry, I immediately complied with: however, as I did not fully comprehend his system, I took the liberty of transcribing the following passages from my author's manuscript.

"For the eclogue, or pastoral dialogue, let the student conclude his lines with the rhimes underwritten, always taking care to finish his sense with the second rhyme, and at no time to suffer his verse to exceed the just measure of ten syllables. The rhimes for this purpose be these:

_____shady brake,
_____Licidas awake.
_____careless rove,
_____leafy grove.
_____fruitful field,
_____harvest yield.
_____tuneful measures,
_____harmless pleasures.
_____nymphs and swains,
_____flowery plains.
_____&c.

"Should our student turn his thoughts to panegyric, we would advise that he adhere to the endings we have here prescribed:

_____the muse,
_____a tributary—refuse.
_____good and great,
_____ordained by fate.
_____noble line,
_____race divine.
_____great—heir,
_____peculiar care.
_____&c.

"If the practitioner should perchance be possessed of a great fund of humour, and be inclined to employ his wicked wit in ridiculing the clergy, we would admonish him to adhere to the following terminations, in order as they are appointed, being careful only to confine his line to eight syllables:

_____musty,
_____rusty.
_____college,
_____knowledge.
_____farce on,
_____parson.
_____vicar,
_____liquor.
_____ease,
_____fees.
_____fire,
_____squire.
_____tale,
_____ale.
_____spouse,
_____carouse.
_____breed,
_____feed."

Should the public approve of this specimen of my friend's abilities, I may perhaps, in some future paper, present them with a sample of his projected publication.

sects. A liberal antagonist will not deny that it contains much justness of argument, much profundity of observation, with extraordinary beauties of language; while a judicious advocate will confess that it is not free from sophism and misrepresentation, and betrays a heated and ungoverned imagination. The most reprehensible circumstance is, that the writer, in his zeal to deviate as far as possible from principles, which he thinks hurtful, uses arguments, which would be applicable to the defence of the most tyrannical establishment, and to the condemnation of every struggle in favour of liberty. This work had a sale almost unprecedented; and its author received the most unbounded praise from all, who were engaged in the support of establishments, and from many others, who were convinced by his arguments, and with him were shocked by the character the French revolution was daily assuming. On the other hand, it met with severe and formidable critics, and affixed, in the opinion of a numerous party, the stain of *apostacy* on the writer. It produced, among other replies, Paine's celebrated Rights of Man, which, for a time, seemed fully to balance its effects; but in the end, events, and the efforts of power and property, threw the preponderance in the scale of Burke; and it is not doubted that the turn he gave to the national opinions was an efficacious preparative to the ensuing war.

He followed up his attack on the French principles, with "A Letter to a Member of the National Assembly," in 1791; "An appeal from the New Whigs to the Old;" "Letter to a noble Lord on the Subject in Discussion with the Duke of Bedford;" and "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace;" with several memorials, &c. privately circulated; in all of which he displayed unabated powers of mind, together with such an earnest and inflamed zeal in the cause, as must remove all doubts of his sincerity. Indeed, enmity to the French revolution became the leading passion of his soul. He could not hear it named without violent irritation, and its successes certainly embittered and disquieted all the concluding years of his life.

Yet it must be allowed that his zeal was also invigorated by emolument. His hospitable disposition, and carelessness with regard to expence, had always rendered him a needy man; and the large pensions, which were conferred upon him by the crown, doubtless animated his love of royalty. These pensions were made a subject of severe animadversion in parliament, but he defended himself on their account with great vigour and spirit, in his "Letter to a noble Lord," above mentioned. The only other political object, which occupied him during this period, was the emancipation of the Roman-catholics in Ireland, from the disabilities they lay under, which he urged in "A Letter to sir Hercules Langrishe on the Propriety of admitting the Roman-catholics to the Elective Franchise," 1792.

He withdrew from parliament in 1794, and his seat for New Malton was occupied by his only son, a rising young man, whom his father viewed with the highest admiration as well as affection. The death of that son soon after, was a most severe stroke upon him, and hastened the decline of nature he was beginning to feel. This, by gradual approaches, brought on a tranquil termination of his life, on July 8, 1797, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He preserved his senses to the last, and a few hours before his death caused to be read to him Addison's paper in the Spectator, on the immortality of the soul.

Mr. Burke was a very amiable man in private life, exemplary in his domestic and social relations, and greatly beloved by his friends, from several of whom he received substantial tokens of regard. His conversation was delightful, when not exasperated by inflammatory topics. He loved praise to

a degree of weakness, and was not sparing in returning it. He had a very elegant taste for the fine arts, and was much attached to rural improvements, and the pursuits of agriculture. He was highly charitable and benevolent in his private capacity, and promoted many beneficent plans in his neighbourhood. The stream of his bounty latterly was directed to the relief of the sufferers from the French revolution, and he founded a school for the children of emigrants, the permanent support of which seems to have been one of his latest cares.

In addition to his literary exertions, it should be mentioned, that one of his biographers has asserted with the greatest confidence, that he was the real writer of sir Joshua Reynolds's Academical Discourses, that great artist having only contributed the general plan, and the professional observations; and indeed the finished excellence of the composition, together with the great pecuniary favours he received from this friend, might render the supposition probable; yet it is as strenuously denied by other authority. It is more certain that he had a great share in the composition of an admired account of the European settlements in America, undertaken by his cousin, William Burke. The celebrated Letters of Junius were by many ascribed to Edmund Burke, at least as a leading associate in the design, and plausible arguments have been adduced for the opinion: but this literary mystery is yet unravelled. Other anonymous pieces of the political kind are known to have employed the masterly pen of Burke, as a principal or an auxiliary.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following well-weighed remarks will be readily assented to, by the whole tribe of *old fashioned* politicians:

A brave people will certainly prefer liberty, accompanied by a virtuous poverty, to a depraved and wealthy servitude. But, before the price of comfort and opulence is paid, one ought to be sure that it is real liberty which is purchased, and that she is to be purchased at no other price. That liberty is very equivocal in her appearance, which has not wisdom and justice for her companions, and does not lead prosperity and plenty in her train.

Good order is the foundation of all good things. To be enabled to acquire it, the *people*, without being servile, *must be tractable and obedient*. The magistrate must have his reverence, the laws their authority. The body of the people must not find the principles of natural subordination by art rooted out of their minds. They must respect that property, of which they cannot partake. To tell the people that they are relieved by the dilapidation of the public estate, is a cruel and an insolent imposition.

We learn that Mr. WINDHAM, soon after his acquaintance with Mr. BURKE, became the most confidential friend of that great man. Like him, Mr. Windham loves a "manly, moral, regulated freedom," as the means of happiness, and therefore venerates the British constitution, as the best preserver of Freedom thus qualified. Thoroughly acquainted with the human mind, he has perceived, that the surest ratiocinative guide is *Experience*; and therefore Mr. Windham, like Edmund Burke, is a gallant, obstinate, determined, and persevering foe to speculative innovations. His speeches are less those of an orator, who wishes to impress your feelings, than of a philosopher, who seeks to inform, convince, and expand your understanding.

His orations are less frequent than those of many very inferior speakers, at least very inferior reasoners. He seldom speaks much, unless on important subjects; but the knowledge, the argumentation, the philosophy exhibited by him, when he does speak, renders his character very high. He is in great estimation, both by the party of which he is a member, and among those of the opposite side. From the beginning, he has always judged unfavourably of the French system, and the expanded philosophy of his friend, Burke, confirmed the conclusions of his own mind. He has uniformly reprobated the new order of France, and dreads it when practically held up as a model for Britain. On this topic, his powers fully unfold themselves; and in all the discussions on the internal state of the country, as affected by the dissemination of levelling doctrines, on a subject so momentous, he has displayed an energetic eloquence, that few could equal.

The following honourable and just testimony of the worth of the ex-secretary of state, Colonel PICKERING, we extract with chearful alacrity from the Baltimore ANTI DEMOCRAT. In this respectable journal we find many an admirable defence of upright men, and of correct measures; and the Editor of the Port Folio, both from personal and political attachment, is eager to give the widest currency to the well-earned praise of a *sagacious, spirited, and steadfast statesman*.

COLONEL PICKERING.

One of the most distinguished and leading traits in the character of democracy, is that of calumniating the federalists, the only true republicans of this country. Colonel Timothy Pickering, to his honour, has been one of their principal victims. It certainly redounds to his honour, for his most inveterate and bitter enemies, the hungry democrats now in power, unanimously confess that his office throughout the whole was administered with the most scrupulous honesty, and with a single eye, not to his own, but to the good of his country. Timothy Pickering was born an American patriot, and discovered this exalted feeling of the mind early in manhood. In March, 1777, the day of trial, congress resolved that an adjutant general should be appointed to the continental army, leaving the selection of the character to general Washington. Colonel Pickering was the object of Washington's choice....in the 2d volume of his official letters, page 77, we find the eulogy of Pickering: "He is," says Washington, "a gentleman of great military genius, cultivated by an industrious attention to the study of war; he possesses a liberal education, distinguished zeal, unsuspected attachment to our cause, with all, great method and activity in business." As Colonel Pickering did not enter into the service of his country a wealthy man, it was rather a misfortune to him, in a pecuniary point of view, to have been a patriot. In a service of near twenty years, he has laid up nothing, and like the rest of Washington's early friends, who stood by him in the day of battle, he is now forsaken, deserted, and traduced. Let us look round and see what description of men fill the public offices; the most prominent that offers himself to our view is, ALBERT GALLATIN, an imported patriot, half French, half Swiss, the reputed but secret leader of the western insurrection. Mr. Jefferson must either have believed there was not to be found in the United States a country-born citizen fit for the office, or was a matter of bargain between them. Give me the treasury, let me take care of your money, says Gallatin, and you shall have my interest in making you president of the United States. If Mr. Gallatin was indebted for his election to either of these considerations, how effectually must it wound the pride of a true American!

But most happily for the welfare of our common country, the evil carries with it an effectual remedy. The objects and views of these insidious characters are daily becoming more apparent to the well-intentioned part of the community, and we despair not to see in a very short period every deceitful, noisy, boasting democrat dismissed with disgrace from the service of his injured country.

An author, from whom the Editor does not often quote, has, among many false, the following just sentiments:

There is such a thing as honourable poverty.... The poverty of Cincinnatus was honourable; who impoverished himself by paying the fine which was factiously imposed on his son, and then was contented to pass his time alternately between the highest situations, and the most rigid simplicity. The poverty of a man of genius, such as Rabelais, if not honourable is interesting, when we compare his merits and worth, with that of many of those persons, upon whom Fortune has blindly lavished her favours. It is honourable, if he have declined the means of enriching himself, by the sacrifice of his INDEPENDENCE AND PRINCIPLES.

Possibly the French will demand our mammoth cheese for the first consul; and, should this be the case, how could Mr. Jefferson make it appear that he is the greatest man in America, when he is no longer in possession of the greatest cheese? It would never be believed, even in Cheshire.

As we are positive that many of our readers are partial to puns, and never look more queer than when they hearken to a quibble, we insert the following:

Mr. Wharton, an Oxonian wit, when once told that the duke of M. had disposed of a large quantity of *carp* and *tench*, at so much per pound, replied, I am not surprised at it, for I always thought him a d——nd sel-fish fellow.

How to make sentences.

A cavalcade of sentences is most striking, when a row of nouns is drawn up in the front and rear; and a period moves with a pretty ambling pace, when its several substantives are mounted on stately adjectives. To change the metaphor, words are an excellent screen to ideas. Luxuriance of branches diverts the attention from slenderness of stem; and to thicken the foliage, will be found the best method of concealing scarcity of fruit.

A drummer, executing his duty on an Irish recruit, who was to receive a certain number of lashes, the fellow, as is customary, cried out "strike high." The drummer, who was also an Irishman, desirous of obliging his countryman, did as he was requested; but the sufferer still continuing to roar out with pain, the drummer was offended. The devil burn you, quoth he, there is no pleasing you, strike where one will.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in the country, to his friend here.

"Amid domestic afflictions, I sometimes try to comfort myself, by considering the misfortunes of others, and of the world in general. Great-Britain, the glory of kingdoms, and the seat of liberty, learning, religion, and happiness, has bowed to the power of France, and left the greatest part of Europe in possession of the Corsican chief. The United States have attained the honour of being subject to French requisitions. Buonaparte has been chosen president of the Cisalpine republic, and will, when he pleases, be chosen stadtholder of Holland and Belgium, king of Etruria,

president of the Helvetian and Ligurian republics, and, perhaps, of the Iberian and Lusitanian, when these countries are revolutionized."

The burning of Princeton college is a glaring proof of the progress of revolutionary principles among us; and the late insurrection of the students at Williamsburgh may convince the most incredulous, that Citizens Giles, Munro, and the other heroes of democracy, have not preached the French doctrines in vain. It is feared that, by and by, we shall have no colleges, but that the house of representatives in congress will become the national institute, in which our youth will study republicanism, liberty, and equality.

In England, from a variety of happy accidents, their constitution is just strong enough, or, if you will, monarchical enough to permit a relaxation of the severity of laws, and yet those laws still to remain sufficiently strong to govern the people. This is the most perfect state of civil liberty, of which we can form an idea. Here we see a greater number of laws, than in any other country, while the people, at the same time, obey only such as are immediately conducive to the interests of society; several are unnoticed, many unknown, some kept to be revived and enforced upon proper occasions; others left to grow obsolete, without the necessity of abrogation.

Scarcely an Englishman, who does not almost every day of his life offend with impunity against some express law, and for which, in a certain conjuncture, he would not receive punishment. Gaming houses, preaching at prohibited places, assembled crowds, nocturnal amusements, public shows, and a hundred other instances, are forbid and frequented. These prohibitions are useful, though it be prudent in the magistrate, and happy for the people, that they are not enforced.

The law, in this case, still keeps the rod, though the child is seldom corrected. Were those pardoned offences to rise into enormity, were they likely to obstruct the happiness of society, or endanger the state, then justice would resume her terrors, and punish those faults, she had so often forgiven. It is to this ductility of the laws, that an Englishman owes the freedom he enjoys, in a manner superior to others in a more popular government. Every step, therefore, the constitution takes toward a democratic form; every diminution of the legal authority is, in fact, a diminution of the subject's freedom; and every attempt to render the government more popular, not only impairs natural liberty, but would, at last, dissolve the political constitution.

Nothing affords the Editor more pleasure, than an opportunity to quote and apply the doctrines of EDMUND BURKE, whenever they bear hard against the political visionaries of this country, as well as of France.

The new discipline of government has not the air of coming from those of many years tear and wear among mankind. They seem rather such as ought to be expected from those grand compounders in politics, who shorten the road to their degrees in the state; and have a certain inward fanatical assurance and illumination upon all subjects. One of your French doctors has thought fit, with great applause and greater success, to caution the national assembly not to attend to old men, or to any persons, who valued themselves upon their experience. I suppose all your ministers of state must qualify and take this test; wholly abjuring the errors and heresies of experience and observation.

As we are told that the right of a man is to be his own governor, and that he is to be ruled only by those, to whom he delegates that self-government,

it is astonishing that we do not hear something of the rights of infants to wander from the cradle into the wide world, and the rights of boys utterly to condemn their parents and masters, and read Rochester's Poems instead of Lilly's Grammar.

Dr. Bisset, the accurate and industrious biographer of EDMUND BURKE, thus delineates the character of WILLIAM WINDHAM, Esq. a great statesman, who, it is expected, will be soon called to the councils of his country, "to dictate and to decide."

"Great minds only can derive great accessions of intellectual riches from intellectual treasures. There is a gentleman of the first talents, cultivated by literature, and disciplined by science, who has profited, beyond most men, from the examples and lessons of Burke, as his mind was more peculiarly fitted for receiving the advantages, not by nature only, but by a similar course of previous study. Mr. WINDHAM, before he entered parliament, had bestowed very great attention on letters and philosophy, and had attained uncommon excellence in logical closeness, acute reasoning, and profound investigation. Intimately acquainted with other men of letters, and a most favourite companion of the Litchfield sage, he had a mind well fitted by nature, and prepared by pursuit and habit, for receiving the wisdom of Burke."

We remember that Mr. Duane published a defence of the Princeton students, at the time of their first revolution; and we anticipate a vindication of the burning of Princeton college, and of the destruction of the college and church at Williamsburgh. In these blessed times of this revolutionary country, as changeable as the flimsy lutestring of summer wear, we have a right to expect the daily defence of whatever is atrocious, of whatever is flagitious, of whatever is scandalously conspicuous, or sordidly mean. We learn that several books are preparing, in defence of highway robbery; A Vindication of the right of being a Rascal in this free country, is in the press; and "Killing no Murder" is in a state of very great forwardness.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

MANY of our subscribers are wholly regardless of the conditions of payment, to which a paper, like the Port Folio, free of advertisements, and conducted with great trouble and expense, must be subjected. It is not the extent of subscription, but very general and prompt payments, that must support this paper. It is presumed, that every gentleman, conscious of delinquency, either for the past or present year, will keep his original promise to the Editor.

TO READERS.

TO-DAY, we conclude the biography of BURKE. This is not the first life, which the Editor has published of that great statesman. One can never tire of the exhibition of genius, wit, and wisdom. The Editor thinks proper to add, that this well written article is entirely new, is from the pen of Dr. Aikin, and, coming from that quarter, is not without a tinge of prejudice against the just and salutary prejudices of the eloquent foe to the French revolution.

In our next, we shall present much new matter to the attention of the public.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Norfolk, 19th April, 1802.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOU will herewith find an attempt to translate the stanzas, of M. de Pils in your 13th Port Folio. If you approve you may give them a place in the next.

Yours, &c.

J. D.

LIFE's tedious journey....though the road
With cypress dark be overcast,
Yet still with passengers 'tis strew'd;
Having four inns for food and rest.

An ample stage-coach figures Fate;
Mankind, the passengers within;
Time is the coachman; to the gate
To drive them, of their farthest inn.

On this long journey, we suppose,
Man enters when he is but young,
And breakfasts at the inn with those,
With whom he yet has gone along.

About mid-day him Venus spies,
And begs that he will with her dine,
His hostess fair won't let him rise,
Till late he finds his loss of time.

Repentant for what did befall,
Ere yet the day be three-fourths spent,
He hies to Learning's famous hall,
Th'abode, he hopes, of mild Content.

Unnumber'd votaries there does view,
Who at each other's merit grieve,
Contending each with serious brow,
For two or three of Laurel's leaves.

Touch'd with commiseration just,
At the pursuits of such a groupe,
He mounts; and ere 'tis night he posts
To Friendship's cottage, there to sup.

But ere he has at this repast
Well found a solace to his heart,
The stern postillion's voice, aghast,
Him once more urges to depart.

It must be done; his soul succumbs
At the remembrance of his woes;
Arriv'dhe finds his goal the tomb,
Wherein at last he finds repose.

SELECTED POETRY.

RETROSPECTION,

AN ODE.

AS downward on the stream of years
With constant lapse I glide,
How dark the low'ring sky appears!
How turbid rolls the tide!
Each hour the rough'ning billows flow
Involv'd in thicker clouds of woe,
On which, a sadly pensive form,
With drooping head, Dejection sits;
While gusts of passion rave by fits,
And blow a dreadful storm.

In vain with aching sight I try
The future to pervade;
No straggling beam of Hope is nigh
To light me through its shade.
Ah! then, permit me to review
The peace my youthful moments knew,
The peace I ne'er must know again;
The peace, which, too refin'd to cloy,
Possession calls consummate joy,
And Mem'ry joyful pain.

To Retrospection's piercing eyes,
In sunshine painted gay,
The scenes of former times now rise,
And now in mists decay.

My native cottage there I see,
Where in thy lap, Simplicity!
My guiltless childhood slept or play'd
In yonder fields, of thought devoid,
Or else with pleasing thoughts employ'd,
How often have I stray'd!

My parent brook I next behold,
To which I oft have run,
To view the fish their robes of gold
Shew glancing to the sun.
The copse and lawn to these succeed,
Where from my steps of eager speed
The infant linnets trembling flew:
Where, charm'd with beauty's brightest dyes,
I wont the gaudy butterflies
Unwearied to pursue.

But neither copse nor lawn delight
So much as yonder glade,
Which oft, from early morn to night,
My residence I made.
There, hid from each profaner eye,
My mimic toil I lov'd to ply,
While spires of pebbles round me rose:
E'en now methinks I busy stand,
E'en now, constructed by my hand,
The tiny turret grows.

Ah! happy view of happy years!
When Hope upon me smil'd,
Attended by her gay compeers,
Young Health, and Vigour wild:
When Fancy wav'd her magic wand,
And, instant, at her high command,
In all the rainbow's colours drest,
A thousand Pleasures o'er my head
Their variegated plumage spread,
Or flutter'd on my breast.

But Fancy now, deceitful queen!
Has from me stretch'd her flight,
And all the joyous fairy scene
Decays at Reason's light.
If Reason then can only show
My riper manhood sights of woe,
And give it o'er to sharpest pain,
Me, while the sons of Sense and Truth
Are wretched, may thy follies, Youth,
And falsehoods bless again.

THE RUSTICATED CANTAB.

I.

DREAD worthies, I bow at your shrine,
And, kneeling submissive, petition
You'll pardon this false step of mine,
And pity my dismal condition.
When ye met altogether of late,
In the room, which we term combination,
To fix your petitioner's fate,
Alas! Why did you choose rustication?

II.

That my conduct was wrong I must own,
And your justice am forc'd to acknowledge;
But can I, in no wise, atone
For my fault, without leaving the college?
Consider how strange 'twill appear,
In the mind of each fine jolly fellow,
That a cantab was banish'd a year,
Just for rousing a little when mellow.

III.

You have precedents, no one denies,
To prove it but just that I went hence;
But, surely, no harm could arise
If ye were to relax in your sentence.

No! trust me, much good would proceed
From granting this very great favour,
For, imprest with a sense of the deed,
I'd carefully mend my behaviour.

IV.

You will then have on me a fast hold,
For gratitude's stronger than any tie:
Then pray do not think me too bold
In thus begging hard for some lenity!....
But why should I humbly implore,
Since to you all my sorrow's a farce?
I'll supplicate fellows no more!
So ye reverend dons....caret pars.

V.

The lad, who good drinking enjoys,
I'll cheerfully pledge in a full can,
Rustication's quite common, my boys,
Remember Apollo and Vulcan:
These two heroes were hurl'd from the skies,
Neither forges nor music could save them,
For heartily d—ning their eyes,
Jove, a travelling fellowship gave them.

VI.

Then no longer let mortals repine,
If to grass sent from Oxon or Granja,
But stick to the blessings divine,
Which flow from a well-fill'd decanter.
When our goblets with nectar are crown'd,
And our spirits rise faster and faster,
Whilst good-humour smiles gaily around,
A fig for the fellows and master.

LIFE LET US CHERISH.

LIFE let us cherish
While yet the taper glows,
And the fresh flowret
Pluck ere it close.

Why are we fond of toil and care,
Why choose the rankling thorn to wear,
And heedless by the lily stray,
Which blossoms in our way.

When clouds obscure the atmosphere,
And forked lightnings rend the air,
The sun resumes his silver vest,
And smiles a-down the west.

Why are we fond &c.

The genial seasons soon are o'er,
Then let us, ere we quit this shore,
Contentment seek, it is life's real,
The sunshine of the breast.

Away with every toil and care,
And cease the rankling thorn to wear,
With manful hearts life's conflict meet,
Till death sound the retreat.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 18.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 8th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XVII.

THE ensuing letter was some time since received from an indignant fair one, who, by many a sly allusion to the prospectus of the Port Folio, and by many a sharp sarcasm upon the woman hater, appears to be of opinion, that the good-humoured Samuel Saunter is an enemy in disguise. Although I am reflected on with much asperity, yet, as my petticoated punisher evidently inflicts her chastisement like an upright British judge, not in malignity, but in mercy to the criminal, I have resolved, with that frank facility, which is a part of my character, to publish her ironical epistle; and, this week, suffer my numerous adversaries to partake in a general laugh, at the expense of their humble servant. At the execution of the earl of Ferrers, the London populace were of opinion, that, in the mind of the noble sufferer, the bitterness of death would be assuaged, should he be strangled with a *silken cord*. In like manner, if I *must* be a public spectacle of poetical justice, let "Constantia" be the sheriff's officer to lead me forth, and I shall fancy that her thong is of silk, and each blow as soft as her own bosom.

MR. SAUNTER,

YOUR very useful predecessors, the writers of periodical papers, have, at all times, devoted much of their talents to the reformation of women. Volumes upon volumes have been written, exclusively for our edification; essays upon essays have satirized our follies, and still we are no better than we were a thousand years ago: remonstrance and intreaty have been in vain, and even "the world's dread laugh" has been lost upon us; for we are yet in the practice of the most abominable vices, and incorrigible beings that we are! we still require "the chastisement" of your "gentle" pen. Some wholesome advice we have long expected from you, who would not depart from the good old track of your ancestors, and, in "a paper devoted principally to moral instruction," we were conscious we were entitled to very liberal notice; for, as "the influence of female principles on the character of men" is acknowledged to be "wide and powerful," it becomes the *duty* of every man, who can write at all, to incite us to virtue, by representing the frailties (or, if they please, the vices too) of *human nature*, in *female forms*, that we may be disgusted by their deformity.

Nor have we any right to require of superior man an example of the virtue to which he would train us; our state in society is a dependent one, and it is ours to be good and amiable, whatever may be the conduct of the men, to whom we are subjected. No doubt these scandal-loving ladies, of whom your suffering correspondents so piteously complain, have taken it into their wise heads to imagine that it might be incumbent on the dignity of that

virtue, to the practice of which they have been so loudly exhorted, to condemn, perhaps in terms a little harsh, the vices of those injured gentlemen; but let them know, sir, how much they are deceived. Their presumption is a departure from that modest *silence*, so grateful in a woman, so enchanting to man! Hopeless, however, I fear, will be the task to persuade women, that *silence* is becoming; for so dearly do they love to be heard, that they would much rather talk nonsense, than not talk at all. Our curiosity too, which you have so delicately touched upon, I think you will find it difficult to suppress. Indeed, Mr. Saunter, we have heard so much, and so often, of our grandmother Eve, that I verily believe many women are become tenacious of this enormity, as their birth-right, and practice it as a filial compliment to her memory. They seem too to have picked up a foolish notion, that vice is vice, whether it wears petticoats or pantaloons: but here again how sadly are their limited understandings imposed on. Simple ones! will ye never learn to discriminate? Will you never know, that to ask questions, and to betray an anxious desire to learn the circumstances of any event, is, in *man*, a commendable endeavour to acquire knowledge, but, in *woman*, it is a mischievous and impertinent curiosity, for which they are justly reproached by the moralist, and deserve the "pointed finger of scorn?"

For these and all other faults, to which we are, as *women*, liable, it is very kind in you to add your mite of "gentle chastisement." Nor will you find it very laborious, if you should promise us a column or two every week for this benevolent purpose. You will receive very liberal assistance (as your correspondents seem to testify); because it is by no means necessary that your satires should be appropriate to this country; a fragment picked up by a friend in the streets of London, or even of Constantinople, would do just as well for a libel on the *American women*, as if it had been fabricated in the metropolis of our own follies. Our moralists, I observe, are never very nice in this particular: they think, I suppose, if the remarks, which they have culled from European writers, on the wickedness or the folly of their females, are not applicable to us now, why, they will be, an hundred years hence, when overgrown wealth and luxury shall as naturally have produced them here, as they have arisen in those countries, where these evils have abounded; therefore, in the hope of longevity to their labours, they trust they shall do good in their day, when it comes.

Go on then, sir, in your very acceptable undertaking; be not dismayed by the angry frowns of ladies, who may "smart with their wounds;" it is easy to compromise with them, by a little seasonable flattery and coaxing about their charms, and their merits, and their "influence on the characters of men." Tell them, that you do not mean to "calumniate the female character," but that it is your "duty to scourge impostors;" to make them what Nature intended they should be, all very good; and when you can persuade them to believe you, be assured they will be satisfied.

CONSTANTIA.

INTERESTING TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜLOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

..... Non de illis domibus alienis
..... Sed quod MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, et nescire malum est, agitamus.
HORACE.

IT may be remembered, that, in some late numbers of this paper, a friend and classical correspondent of the Editor communicated a review of a series of letters, relative to the United States, originally written in German, by Mr. Bülow, a disbanded Prussian officer. This "Review" first appeared in the *Spectator of the North*, a literary journal, published at Hamburg. The American translator of this article very justly remarks, that, as a *literary* article, connected with the history and character of the United States, it is peculiarly entitled to notice. The picture, which this Prussian delineator, or dauber, has drawn, is, in many respects, a frightful caricature; but, as it is often eminently useful to hear distinctly the reproaches of our enemies, the Editor of the Port Folio was of opinion, that to know even the unfavourable sentiments, which a foreigner entertained of America, might interest some, and instruct others. The article, amounting nearly to a libel upon the country, was accordingly published. Meanwhile, a translation of the entire work has been faithfully made, and kindly sent to the Editor, by a man of letters, whom Learning vindicates, as a favourite, and whom the Editor is proud to call his friend. It is proposed to publish a portion; and perhaps the whole of the journal of our Prussian traveller. Amid much partiality, malignity, and misrepresentation, it contains some wholesome, though perhaps unpalatable truth, and much interesting description, conveyed in a style, far from phlegmatic. Of the translation, it only remains for the Editor to add, that, being close and literal, something of the German idiom will strike the eye, and, occasionally something of harshness in construction and sound may offend the ear. Of the opinions of this prejudiced Prussian, it is unnecessary for the Editor to express his frequent disapprobation. By publishing them in his journal, he invites the public attention, in the sure and lively hope, that many a scrutinizing eye will detect, and many an ingenious hand describe, the fallacies of an insolent and presumptuous writer. It cannot be presumed, that a mere soldier, subordinate to the

severity of Prussian discipline, could correctly appreciate the blessings of republican freedom.

PREFACE.

I NOW deliver to the public the result of my observations, concerning America. I was twice there: from September, 1791, to the 23d July, 1792; and from 30th September, 1795, to 7th October, 1796.

When I returned to Europe the first time, I brought away not unfavourable ideas of America. A moral atmosphere, little agitated by the wind of passions, left me the impression of more good-nature, and more innocent manners, than we remark in the corruption of Europe. I did not consider the Americans, to be sure, as heroic republicans, but they appeared to me less selfish and malignant than the Europeans. All this was illusion, occasioned by that apparent calm in the passions. For, immediately upon my second arrival there, I found every thing altogether changed. Circumstances had brought into action that moral depravity, which existed before, without being put into motion.

Still, however, I defended, for some time, the virtue of the Americans, against the *unanimous* testimony of all foreigners; but at length, I too yielded to the force of evidence, and the official letters of General Washington gave me a full and clear insight into the national character of the people.

These gradations of opinion will be very easily remarked in my letters from America, which were published in the *Minerva* of Archenholz. The tenor of the first is far more advantageous to the Americans, than that of the following ones; and the last are by far the most to their disadvantage. However trifling, in other respects, the merit of these letters may be, it will be easy to recognize in them a sincere love of truth, which discards all other considerations, and whose only object is the information of the German public, concerning a subject, which interested or prejudiced writers have attempted to represent in so false a light.

Perhaps, however, the impression of present immorality was too lively to be described with cold impartiality; perhaps, after things have been seen close at hand, they should be considered likewise at a certain distance; and, therefore, the first months after my return to Europe, when the impressions received in America were yet fresh in my mind, were the fittest time to paint the Americans, such as, in my opinion, they are. In this work is, therefore, contained all that I can say to their advantage. That my judgments were not dictated by offended egotism; that I have never been personally deceived, or otherwise injured, by any American, is what will, perhaps, be questioned; for, at this day, no man is credited for a pure, disinterested love of truth. It will be likewise scarcely believed, that I write exempt from hatred; for truth has often the appearance of satire. I am indeed animated with hatred; but it is hatred against vice, not against individuals, only inasmuch as they are vicious.

March 27, 1797.

THE REPUBLIC OF NORTH-AMERICA,

IN ITS PRESENT CONDITION.

VOL. I. PART I.

THE PEOPLE. CHAP. I.

Insufficiency of published travels, with respect to the knowledge of national character.... Doctor Schöpf
....Brissot....Chatellux....Wangenheim....Bartram, &c....*History the principal test of character....* Origin.

IN order to form a correct judgment concerning a people, the impartial observer allows no great weight to the private accounts of travellers.

For, when we consider the influence which egotism generally has upon their opinions, we must acknowledge, that we are not authorized to adopt them for oracles. The circle of observation of one or a few travellers is, besides, so limited, that they cannot properly draw from it any general conclusions. And finally, how many travellers are there, guided by an accurate spirit of observation, and thereby capable of abstracting general truths? How many, impelled by a criminal self-interest, spread abroad relations wilfully false?....A concurrence of many travellers would indeed bring us near the truth; but as they so often contradict each other, there is little to be learnt from their journals.

There have indeed certainly been some travellers, gifted with genius and a spirit of observation, who have published faithful pictures of the nations which they visited. But, as even so many admirable faculties of the mind were not sufficient to procure for us true characterizing travels, unless when conducted by a rigorous love of truth, and a contempt of all personal considerations, I think I may, without offence, maintain, that they are rare phenomena, and that far the greater number must be reckoned among the class, which I have just mentioned.

Among the travellers, who have gone through the United States, and have published their remarks, Doctor Schöpf deserves to be mentioned as the man, who has painted things with the greatest likeness to the truth; and thus, in this instance too, the German nation has the merit of having done the most. *Brissot*, in his rapid journey through the country, either judged the people inaccurately, or purposely imputed to them other properties than those which he remarked. For one of his friends in America assured me, that, according to his own expression, he described the quakers as a model of virtue, in order to hold up to the French, at the beginning of their revolution, the image of a perfect republican for imitation. It was, forsooth, a singular idea, to consider the *Pennsylvanian* quakers as models for a lively and warlike nation like the French. *Chatellux*, who marched with the French army through part of the country, was not in a situation to make himself sufficiently acquainted with the character of the people. The remarks of a certain Italian count, and of Wangenheim, relate chiefly to inanimate nature; and those of an English officer, who settles, for instance, in the country town of Lancaster, ten thousand inhabitants, whereas it contains, even at this day, only three thousand five hundred, are equally trivial and inaccurate. The letters of an American farmer paint, with a *naïveté*, which forms the intermediate point between rusticity and civilization, the happy rural condition of a period, which ceased with the revolution. Finally, the writings of Americans themselves, such as *Imlay* and *Bartram*, are partially in favour of their country, at once heavy, declamatory, and ambitious to display unseasonable flowers of style. There is reason, therefore, to maintain, that what has hitherto been written of America, with respect to the character of the people, is insufficient.

We must, therefore, turn towards other sources than printed travels, for instructive information concerning the national character, and the principal of these sources can be no other than history. For as the assemblage of actions, or the life of an individual unfolds his character, so the actions of a people, which its history relates, are the best and most explicit commentary upon the national character. Are we not, for instance, sufficiently acquainted with the national character of the Greeks, Romans, and Carthaginians, by means of the history of these renowned ancient nations?

The political constitution of a people is another criterion of character, which is, however, comprized in their history. The laws, or civil constitution, come next under consideration. These,

however, for the most part, pourtray the government more than the people, because, by the political institutions of most nations, their governments possess the power of legislation, and, of course, laws can characterize the people, as expressions of the general will, only where the people themselves possess the rights of sovereignty, or the legislative power. In representative constitutions, this will be, to a certain degree, the case. General usages and manners, opinions and sentiments, the modes of social intercourse, the general taste and public amusements, the judicial proceedings and characteristic anecdotes, are lastly the features, which strongly distinguish the peculiarities of national individuality.

The climate, the organization of the country, in a word, its natural constitution, are also things which are generally allowed to have a very considerable influence upon the national character. When, therefore, it can be proved, by conclusions drawn from these circumstances, that a people must have such and such properties, unless other weighty causes should counteract them, and when history supplies a confirmation *a priori* of this reasoning, so that the nature of the country appears in preconcerted harmony with the people dwelling in it, every one will, as I believe, readily acknowledge, that a strong presumption arises, that the conclusions could not be far remote from the truth. The origin of a people, I mean the character of their ancestors, must, for reasons which I shall set forth, be taken largely into consideration, in inquiries concerning the national character; and I shall endeavour hereafter to show why, contrary to the general opinion at this day, I venture to ascribe likewise a great influence to religion.

These are, therefore, as I believe, the data, by collecting and comparing which, a pretty accurate judgment concerning a nation may be extracted from them. These are generally the facts, upon which I shall ground my inquiries concerning the people of the United States of America. I shall begin with some general considerations; and, in order to ascend to the first sources, pay my first attentions to the forefathers of the present Americans.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS,

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

I DO not always, especially in my vacant hours, neglect a novel, merely because I am told by a dull searcher for matters of fact, that it is not *legitimate* history. Of the ordinary trash of a circulating library my friends will easily acquit me of the suspicion of being studious. But I have read, even for the tenth time, the pages of Fielding, the Quixote of Cervantes, and the Crippled Devil of Le Sage, as well as the record of a Mary's sufferings, and an Elizabeth's glory, by Robertson and Hume. I have seen real life, and found pregnant instruction in the Roderick Random of Smollet, the Cecilia of Miss Burney, and the "Tale of the Times," by Mrs. West. If I pick up a volume, elegantly written, sparkling with wit, true to nature, and a copy from life, what does it import me whether it was composed from monkish annals, preserved in the library of the "Faculty of Advocates," or from the hints in an Addison's pocket-book. A good story is the same, let it issue either from "*knighly castles, or from ladies' bowers.*"

The latest Gentleman's Magazine, which my eager curiosity has obtained from London, con-

tains the following admirable parody of the soliloquy in *HAMLET*. He, who remembers the lively ode of *BURNS*, or who adverts to the torment of a throbbing tooth, will smile at the poetical doubts suggested below.

To have it out or not? that is the question;
Whether 'tis easier for a man to suffer
The throbs and shootings of a raging tooth,
Or take up courage to sit down at once,
And by extraction end them;—a touch, no more,
And with a single shock to feel we end
The tedious aches and head-distracting pangs
That we are subject to: 'tis a relief
Most wisely to be used; perchance wrench out
A sound deep-rooted fang: aye, there's the risk;
For, from a bungler's hands what mischief follows,
When once the horrid instrument is fix'd,
Allows no pause; there's the respect
That makes our patience of so long endurance:
For who would ever be applying tinctures,
Specific opiates, poppy, mandragora,
Magnets, metallic tractors, anodynes,
The poisonous drugs of mountebanks, or charms,
That fond credulity of old women takes;
When he himself might his quietus get
For a bare two-pence in a barber's shop?
Who'd sweat and groan whole sleepless nights in pain,
But that the thought of torture worse than all,
A broken jaw! (which any mortal suffering
Would straight fall frantic) harrows up the soul,
And make us rather bear our present torments,
Than fly to others, that we never felt:
Resolution thus doth make men cowards;
And heroes, of great enterprize and valour,
Turn pale and sickly at bare sight of physic,
Whilst women, weak and delicate of frame,
Shrink not at operations slow and dreadful.
Nor fear the keenest knife.

HAMLET, III. I.

As the writer of this article has frequent occasion in the way of business to drudge through the heaviness of the modern pastoral, to laugh at elegies upon *faded beauty*, and to sneer at your Philanders and your Corydons, nothing can more pleasantly describe this woeful style of poetry, than the following passage from one of the gayest of the British writers.

"There are several ways of being poetically sorrowful on such occasions. The bard is now some pensive youth of science, who sits deploring among the tombs. Again, he is Thyrsis complaining in a circle of harmless sheep. Now, Britannia sits upon her own shore, and gives loose to maternal tenderness; at another time, Parnassus, even the mountain Parnassus gives way to sorrow.

"But the most useful manner is this: Damon meets Menalcas, who has a most gloomy countenance. The shepherd asks his friend, whence that look of distress? to which the other replies that Pollio is no more. If that be the case, then, Damon, let us retire to yonder bower, at some distance off, where the cypress and the jessamine add fragrance to the breeze; and let us weep alternately for Pollio, the friend of shepherds, and the patron of every muse. Ah, returns his fellow-shepherd, what think you rather of that grotto by the fountain side; the murmuring stream will help to assist our complaints, and a nightingale on a neighbouring tree will join her voice to the concert. When the place is thus settled, they begin. The brook stands still to hear their lamentation, the cows forget to graze, and the very tigers start from the forest with sympathetic concern.... By the tombs of our ancestors, my dear Fum, I am quite unaffected in all this distress; the whole is liquid laudanum to my spirits; and a tyger of common sensibility has twenty times more tenderness than I.

The Sonnets of Charlotte Smith are too monotonously mournful. They are like the ill-boding croak of the sinister raven, or like the sullen ding-dong of funeral bells. I dislike this pungent style of grief, which, like an acid onion, compels the

irritated eye to weep. In America, the sources of Chagrin are sufficiently multiplied, without the fictitious sorrows of the muse. One need not be "alone and pensive" by the light of the moon to see much political and moral evil. Our "*pestilence*" does not content itself with "*walking in darkness*," but "*rageth at noon day*."

A discontented Englishman, migrating to America, and journalizing his voyage, thus introduces, after the manner of Brissot, Godwin, and the rest of that herd, the following commendation of a negro:

"The best seaman we had on board was a black, who discovered, in no respect, any mark of inferiority to men of a lighter complexion. His grandfather was kidnapped, when a child, upon the coast of Africa, but his father is become an independent man, and is the cultivator of thirty acres of his own property upon Long-Island, in the state of New-York, &c."

We are astonished that this writer, who is one Mr. Toulmin, a fugitive from the episcopal church, did not declare, that this sable worthy, now "an independent man," was not fully competent to any service in our church, or any office in our state. As "we are all federalists, all republicans;" as we are all negroes, all white men, this African, the favourite of Mr. Toulmin, and the new philosophy, is certainly eligible to the first stations in a commonwealth. The usual course of Nature, and a uniform train of facts are, however, militant both with the theory and the wishes of Mr. Joshua Toulmin. He may violently push up a weak man into the seat of judgment, or, with his ordaining hands, make a negro independent, but he cannot keep him so. In the turbid agitation of factious times, base and ignorant men, like the scum of the reeking cauldron, are frequently uppermost. But the laws of nature, though they may be disturbed, are never abrogated. In the hocus pocus tricks of a revolution, the merry-andrews of the show may, by their dim light, cause Plausibility to appear like right Reason, and degraded Genius and Virtue to seem "*shorn of their beams*." But the season of deception is short, and the phantoms of imposition flee away. Briefly to show the grossness of this Toulmin theory, we will only require this reverend friend to the rights of negroes to examine into the present history of his *eleve*. Mr. Toulmin describes this sooty independent as cultivating thirty acres of his own property, &c. I think the date of this possession was 1797, or 1798. I will hazard a conjecture that the negro may now be surnamed *Lackland*, and that, if he has not already grown weary of his galling freedom, he will, in no long time, seek the protection of a master. If this be not actually the case, it forms the first exception, of which the writer of this article has ever heard. After the character of an Ethiopian is once deteriorated by his being stolen by a Guinea captain from the shade of the palm-tree, and broiled in a rice plantation, by that worshipper of liberty, a Virginia slave holder, it is not all the Condorcets, the Brissots, the Joshua Toulmins, or the abolition societies that ever were deluded by the glare of false philosophy, who can make him free and equal like those, who have immemorially lived under another condition of society. A sober man, who remembers history and consults Experience, whose sentiments are old-fashioned, and who respects most those forms of government, which are strong and durable, cannot but deride the monstrous theories, so much in vogue, which, in the chace of visionary perfection, have wholly lost sight of truth and utility. "You think," said EDMUND BURKE* to the mountebanks of the French

national assembly; "you think you are combating prejudice, while you are actually AT WAR WITH NATURE."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

[The life of CHATTERTON, one of the most brilliant and unfortunate of mankind, will attract the attention of all, who have a heart to be touched by human miseries, or imaginations to be captivated by what is most exquisite in poetry. To the fame of this hapless youth, a crowd of judges have borne the amplest testimony. For a wonderful prematurity of talents; for an invincible industry, and a boundless invention, he has been justly considered as a dazzling miracle in the history of literature. He was a magician; and the potency of his poetical spells has confounded the reasonings, even of veteran incredulity. With the "wild wit" of SHAKESPEARE, with the sublime conceptions of MILTON, and the "long resounding march" of DRYDEN, this boy bard rushed *naked into the amphitheatre of life*, and sustained a brilliant part, though his spectators were contemptuous and cold. His misfortunes and his errors were manifold. Let the first be deeply deplored, and the last charitably forgiven. In the splendour of his endowments, men have nearly lost sight of all but his last indiscretion. Even the austere moralist has wept over the early grave of ill-starred genius. Like a plausible critic, Dr. KNOX has recounted his talents, and has lamented his eccentricities, like a candid friend. Dr. GREGORY has almost become his apologist; and Dr. JOHNSON, who visited Bristol to investigate his history, declared, that he was "the most extraordinary young man he had ever encountered."]

THOMAS CHATTERTON, a youth, whose early and extraordinary talents, and tragical end, have rendered him an object of much interest and curiosity, was the posthumous son of a person in humble life at Bristol, in which city he was born, in November, 1752. He was slow in attaining the first rudiments of learning; and it was not till he had been delighted with the illuminated capitals of an old manuscript, that he took to learning his letters. This circumstance, and his being taught to read out of a black-letter bible, will doubtless be thought, by the partizans of the theory of association, to have had a great share in the peculiar turn to the imitation of antiquities, which he afterwards displayed.

All the scholastic education he received was at a charity-school, where no language was taught but the mother-tongue. Here he remained some time undistinguished, except that a pensive gravity of demeanour assimilated him rather to the man than the boy. About his tenth year, a taste for reading disclosed itself, which thenceforth became a kind of ruling passion. He hired and borrowed books as he had opportunity; and, between his eleventh and twelfth year, he drew up a catalogue of those he had read, amounting to seventy, which chiefly consisted of history and divinity. It is not

of the Roman republic, of the Swiss republic, and of the English republic, when the experiment was, after a long course of kingly government, fairly tried by Cromwell and fully refuted by a whole people, who joyfully received back the most dissolute of the Stuarts, had no great confidence in the magnificent promises of the prattlers about the *rights of man*. At the commencement of the French revolution, he saw the instability of a popular government, and he prophesied its downfall. In the nervous words of the most venerable of volumes, "He that saw it bare witness, and his witness is true." The French republic is no more, and it is not only dead, but damned, without even the chance of a requiem from the most jocund among the soldiers of Buonaparte. It was all in vain to talk to Mr. BURKE of the peculiar advantages, which the French republic, or any other republic possessed of trying the experiment upon a great scale. He was no more disposed to compliment the wisdom of a statesman, who on this idea should predict durability to the commonwealth, than to extol the delicacy and cleanliness of one, who being urged by the most humiliating of nature's necessities, should congratulate himself that he had chosen a wide and open plain as the theatre of his offensive exhibition.

* This great and good man, after reading the history of the decline and fall of the Athenian and Spartan republic;

absolutely certain how soon he began to write verses, but he had certainly composed some at twelve years of age; and he now began to show that ardour of mind, and versatility of parts, by which he was afterwards so strongly characterized. In his fifteenth year, he left school, and was articulated to a scrivener at Bristol, in the lowest form of apprenticeship. Though, in this situation, he underwent much confinement, yet his leisure was great, and he employed a large portion of it in literary pursuits. It was in the year 1768, that he first began to attract notice from the fruits of his studies, but, on this subject, it is necessary to enter into some preliminary explanations.

In the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, which was founded or rebuilt by W. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the reign of Edward IV (the 15th century), there is a room, in which were deposited six or seven chests, one of which was called Mr. Canynge's coffer. This chest had formerly been secured by six keys, entrusted to different persons; but, in process of time, the keys were lost; and when, about 1727, in consequence of a notion that the chest contained some title-deeds, an order was made for its examination, the locks were broken open. The deeds found in it were taken away, but a number of other manuscripts were left exposed to casual depredation. Many of them were carried off; but the father of Chatterton, whose uncle was sexton to the church, was insatiable in his plunder, and removed baskets full of parchments, of which, however, he made no better use, than as covers to books. Young Chatterton is said, soon after the commencement of his clerkship, to have been accidentally struck with one of these parchments, converted into his mother's thread-paper, and, on inquiry, to have obtained a remaining hoard of them yet unused. Whatever were the fact of his first knowledge of them, he appears early to have formed the design of converting the circumstance into a system of literary forgery. In the variety of his studies, antiquities had occupied a favourite place. He dabbled in heraldry, and made collections of old English words from glossaries.

Upon the opening of the new bridge at Bristol, in October, 1768, a paper appeared in Farley's Bristol Journal, entitled, "A Description of the Fryars first passing over the Old Bridge, taken from an ancient Manuscript." This was traced to Chatterton; and, on being interrogated about its origin, after some variation of account, he at length asserted, that it came from the chest above mentioned, in Redcliffe church. He next propagated a rumour, that certain ancient pieces of poetry had been found in the same place, the authors of which were Thomas Canynge, and an intimate friend of his, one Thomas Rowley, a priest. Mr. Catcott, an inhabitant of Bristol, of an inquiring turn, hearing of this report, was directed to Chatterton, from whom he readily obtained, without reward, various poetical pieces, under the name of Rowley. These were communicated to Mr. Barret, surgeon, who was then writing a history of Bristol. They met with credit, and acquired for Chatterton the patronage and friendship of Barret and Catcott. These pieces were all written upon small pieces of vellum, and passed for the original MSS. Chatterton was occasionally gratified with money for his presents, and books were lent him for the prosecution of his studies, which began to be very multifarious. About this time, his intimate companions observed in him extraordinary fits of poetic enthusiasm, particularly when walking in the meadows near Redcliffe, and talking about, or reading the pretended productions of his Rowley. No doubt he was then labouring with that inspiration of the muse, which is scarcely a fiction in the breast of real genius.

In 1769, he made a still bolder effort to raise himself to public notice. He wrote a letter to the

honourable Horace Walpole, well known for his curious researches in literature and the arts, offering to furnish him with some accounts of a series of eminent painters, who had flourished at Bristol, at the same time mentioning the discovery of the old poems, and enclosing two small pieces as a specimen. To a very polite reply, requesting farther information, Chatterton returned an answer, stating his condition in life, and hinting a wish to be freed from an arduous and servile profession, and placed in a situation more favourable to the pursuit of elegant studies. Mr. Walpole communicated the papers to Gray and Mason, who, without hesitation, pronounced them forgeries. This occasioned a cold and monitory letter from him to Chatterton, which so offended the high-spirited youth, that he immediately demanded back the manuscripts, alleging that they were the property of another. Walpole, then about to depart for Paris, neglected to send them back; and, on his return, found a very resentful letter from Chatterton, peremptorily requiring the papers, and telling Walpole, "that he would not have dared to use him so, had he not been acquainted with the narrowness of his circumstances." Walpole then enclosed them in a blank cover, and thus the correspondence ended.

His conduct on this occasion has subjected him to much obloquy, and he has been charged with suffering this flower of genius to be blighted by neglect, and even has been made remotely accessory to Chatterton's unhappy end. But to this he has very properly replied, that Chatterton could appear to him in no other light, than that of a young man, disgusted with his proper profession, and attempting to obtain his notice, by passing a forgery upon him. Whatever were the merit of the pieces, as he himself imputed them to another, they implied no singular abilities in him. The neglect of returning them was, however, a fault, though one apparently of no great consequence.

Chatterton had, before this time, commenced a correspondence with the Town and Country Magazine, and various communications from him are printed in the numbers for that work in 1769, consisting of matters relative to antiquity, of extracts from the pretended Rowley, and of pieces entitled, "Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian.".... He also became a very prolific writer in satire, particularly of the political kind. In March, 1770, he composed a satirical poem of 1300 lines, entitled, "Kew Gardens," the object of which was to abuse the princess-dowager of Wales and lord Bute, together with the principal partisans of ministry in Bristol; nor did he spare some of his own friends and patrons. His character, indeed, upon developing itself, did not appear in the most favourable light. His confidence in his powers rendered him proud and imperious; and some of his productions show great laxity of principle, though it is affirmed that his conduct was sufficiently regular. He had openly renounced his belief in the christian religion, one effect of which was to render the idea of suicide no longer an object of horror to him. A declared intention of this kind was the immediate cause of his leaving the service of Mr. Lambert, the person to whom he was apprenticed. Upon his desk was found a paper, entitled, "the last will and testament of Thomas Chatterton," in which he avowed his intention to put an end to his life on the following day, which was Easter Sunday, 1770. On discovering it, Mr. Lambert immediately dismissed him from his house and service, in which he had lived two years and upwards of nine months. As he did not then put his threat into execution, it is probable that it was an artifice to obtain his dismissal; especially as he had frequently before terrified Mr. Lambert's mother and the servants with similar intimations. He had acquired so little law in

this situation, that he was unable to draw up a legal discharge from his apprenticeship.

London was now the great object of his views, as the only proper mart for his abilities; and an intimate friend of Chatterton has furnished us with his own account of his plans for the metropolis. "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way: the promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt: but should I, contrary to expectation, find myself deceived, I will in that case turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too should fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." This is certainly not the language of a simple ingenuous youth, "smit with the love of sacred song".... a Beattie's minstrel, as some of Chatterton's sentimental admirers have chosen to paint him. On his arrival in London, he applied to the booksellers, his former correspondents, and immediately engaged in a variety of literary labours, which required equal industry and versatility of parts. A history of England, a history of London, a magazine, essays in the daily papers, and songs for the public gardens, were among his actual or projected tasks. Above all, party politics were his darling pursuit. He connected himself as intimately as he could with the patriots of the day; and was extravagantly elated with an introduction to the celebrated city magistrate, Mr. Beckford. Soon finding, however, that money was scarce on the opposition side, he observed to a friend, that "he was a poor author, who could write on both sides;" and he was not long in adopting this prudential maxim. For a time, it appears that he indulged himself in the most sanguine hopes of attaining distinction and affluence by the exertions of his pen; and his letters to his friends were filled with visionary projects of this sort, excusable in a youth not eighteen. It is right to mention, as a proof of the tenderness of his social affections, that the prospect of being able to subsist his family, and raise them from their humble sphere, appears to have given him peculiar pleasure; nor did he omit to send them little presents out of his first gains. His taste for dissipation, however, kept pace with his hopes; and he asserts, that "to frequent places of public amusement is as necessary to him as food." Yet it would seem, that with respect to the grosser pleasures of sense, he still preserved a temperate restriction. What occasioned the very sudden change in his expectations, does not clearly appear. He probably found that he had nothing to hope from the patronage of the great, and that he must henceforth depend upon the booksellers for a scanty and hard-earned support. This severely mortified his pride, and seems to have disgusted him with his literary labours. He even wished to quit the scene of his disappointment, and made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain the very undesirable post of surgeon's-mate to the coast of Africa. The remainder of his history is short and melancholy. Falling into a state of indigence, which is not easily accounted for, supposing him to have continued his exertions even in a moderate degree, he was reduced to the want of necessary food. Yet such was his pride, that he refused, as a sort of insult, an invitation to a dinner with his hostess, on the day preceding his death, assuring her he was not hungry. This was on August 24, 1770; and he soon after swallowed arsenic in water, the consequences of which proved fatal on the ensuing day. He was then in lodgings in Brooke-street, Holborn. His remains were interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane work-house. Thus, a prey to all the horrors of despair, friendless, and forlorn, poor Chatterton terminated a life, which he had not enjoyed above eighteen complete years.

To enter into more minute particulars concerning the moral character of Chatterton seems unnecessary.

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Fabula nullius veneris, sine pondere, et arte.....NON.

A silly story, without weight or art.

NOVEL-WRITING has, by some late authors, been aptly enough stiled the younger sister of Romance. A family likeness, indeed, is very evident; and in their leading features, though in the one in a more enlarged, and in the other on a more contracted scale, a strong resemblance is easily discoverable between them.

An eminent characteristic of each is fiction; a quality, which they possess, however, in very different degrees. The fiction of romance is restricted by no fetters of reason, or of truth; but gives a loose to lawless imagination, and transgresses, at will, the bounds of time and place, of nature and possibility. The fiction of the other, on the contrary, is shackled with a thousand restraints; is checked in her most rapid progress by the barriers of reason; and bounded in her most excursive flights by the limits of probability.

To drop our metaphors: we shall not indeed find in novels, as in romances, the hero sighing respectfully at the feet of his mistress, during a ten years courtship in a wilderness; nor shall we be entertained with the history of such a tour, as that of saint George; who, mounting his horse one morning in Cappadocia, takes his way through Mesopotamia, then turns to his right into Illyria, and so by way of Grecia and Thracia, arrives in the afternoon in England. To such glorious violations as these of time and place, romance writers have an exclusive claim. Novelists usually find it more convenient to change the scene of courtship from a desert to a drawing-room; and far from thinking it necessary to lay a ten years siege to the affections of their heroine, they contrive to carry their point in an hour or two; as well for the sake of enhancing the character of their hero, as for establishing their favourite maxim of *love at first sight*: and their hero, who seldom extends his travels beyond the turnpike road, is commonly content to chuse the safer, though less expeditious, conveyance of a post-chaise, in preference to such a horse as that of saint George.

But these peculiarities of absurdity alone excepted, we shall find, that the novel is but a more modern modification of the same ingredients, which constitute the romance; and that a *recipe* for the one may be equally serviceable for the composition of the other.

A romance (generally speaking), consists of a number of strange events, with a hero in the middle of them; who, being an adventurous knight, wades through them to one grand design, namely, the emancipation of some captive princess, from the oppression of a merciless giant; for the accomplishment of which purpose, he must set at nought all the incantations of the catiff magician; must scale the ramparts of his castle; and baffle the vigilance of the female dragon, to whose custody his heroine is committed.

Foreign as they may at first sight seem from the purposes of a novel, we shall find, upon a little examination, that these are in fact the very circumstances, upon which the generality of them are built; modernized indeed, in some degree, by the trifling transformations of merciless giants into austere guardians, and of she-dragons into maiden aunts. We must be contented also that the heroine, though retaining her tenderness, be divested of her royalty; and in the hero, we must give up the knight-errant for the accomplished fine gentleman.

Still, however, though the performers are changed, the characters themselves remain nearly the same. In the guardian we trace all the qualities, which distinguish his ferocious predecessor; sub-

stituting only, in the room of magical incantations, a little plain cursing and swearing; and the maiden aunt retains all the prying vigilance, and suspicious malignity; in short every endowment but the claws, which characterize her romantic counterpart. The hero of a novel has not indeed any opportunity of displaying his courage in the scaling of a rampart, or his generosity in the deliverance of enthralled multitudes; but as it is necessary that a hero should signalize himself by both these qualifications, it is usual to manifest the one by climbing the garden wall, or leaping the park paling, in defiance of "*steel traps and spring guns*;" and the other, by flinging a crown to each of the post-boys, on alighting from his chaise and four.

In the article of *interviews*, the two species of composition are pretty much on an equality, provided only, that they are supplied with a "*quantum sufficit*" of moonlight, which is an indispensable requisite; it being the etiquette for the moon to appear particularly conscious on these occasions. For the adorer, when permitted to pay his vows at the shrine of his Divinity, custom has established in both cases a pretty universal form of prayer.

Thus far the writers of novel and romance seem to be on a very equal footing; to enjoy similar advantages, and to merit equal admiration. We are now come to a very material point, in which romance has but slender claims to comparative excellence; I mean the choice of *names* and *titles*. However lofty and sonorous the names of Amadis and Orlando; however tender and delicate may be those of Zorayda and Roxana, are they to be compared with the attractive alliteration, the seducing softness of Lydia Lovemore, and Sir Harry Harlowe; of Frederic Freeloove, and Clarissa Clearstarch? Or can the simple "*Don Belianis of Greece*," or the "*Seven Champions of Christendom*," trick out so enticing a title page, and awaken such pleasing expectations, as the "*Innocent Adultery*," the "*Tears of Sensibility*," or the "*Amours of the Count de D*****," and *L....y*.....?"

It occurs to me, while I am writing this, that as there has been, of late years, so considerable a consumption of *names* and *titles*, as to have exhausted all the efforts of invention, and ransacked all the alliterations of the alphabet, it may not be amiss to inform all novelists, male and female, who, under these circumstances, must necessarily wish, with Falstaff, to know "*where a commodity of good names may be bought*," that, at my Warehouse for Wit, I have laid in a great number of the above articles, of the most fashionable and approved patterns. Ladies may suit themselves with a vast variety, adapted to every composition of the kind; whether they may chuse them to consist of two adjectives only, as the "*Generous Inconstant*,".... the "*Fair Fugitive*,"....or the name of a place, as "*Grogam Grove*,".... "*Gander Green*,"....or whether they prefer the still newer method, of coupling persons and things with an "*or*," as "*Louisa; or, the Purling Stream*,".... "*Estifania; or, the Abbey in the Dale*,".... "*Eliza; or, the Little House on the Hill*." Added to these, I have a complete assortment of names, for every individual that can find a place in a novel; from the Belvilles and Beverleys of high life, to the Humphreyses and Gubbinses of low; suited to all ages, ranks, and professions; to persons of every stamp, and characters of every denomination.

In painting the scenes of *low life*, the novel again enjoys the most decisive superiority. Romance indeed sometimes makes use of the grosser sentiments, and less refined affections of the squire and confidante, as a foil to the delicate adoration, the platonic purity, which marks the love of the hero, and suits the sensibility of his mistress. But where shall we find such a thorough knowledge of nature, such an insight into the human heart, as is dis-

cessary; but the character of his genius demands a further discussion. It seems agreed that its measure should be taken from the poems published under the name of Rowley; for that they are really the product of the age and person, to whom he attributed them, is a supposition now abandoned by all, who pretend to literary discernment. Their authenticity, it is true, was at first defended by great names, especially of the antiquarian class, who too often have proved the dupes to their fondness for the wonders of antiquity. But, exclusive of strong external marks of suspicion, internal evidence is abundantly sufficient to decide the question. That an unknown writer of the fifteenth century should, in productions never heard of, but made to be locked up in a chest, so far surpass the taste and attainments of his age, as to write pieces of uniform correctness, free from all vulgarity and puerility, requiring nothing but a change of spelling to become harmonious to a modern ear, and even containing measures peculiar to the present age of English poetry, may safely be pronounced a *moral impossibility*; that such could be produced by a boy of fifteen or sixteen is only *extraordinary*. "*Rowley's Poems*" were first collected in an octavo volume by Mr. Tyrwhit, and afterwards splendidly published in quarto by Dean Milles, president of the society of antiquaries. They consist of pieces of all the principal classes of poetical composition; tragedies, lyric and heroic poems, pastorals, epistles, ballads, &c. Many of them abound in sublimity and beauty, and display wonderful powers of imagination and facility of composition; yet there is also much of the commonplace flatness and extravagance, that might be expected from a juvenile writer, whose fertility was greater than his judgment, and who had fed his mind upon stores collected with more avidity than choice. The spelling is designedly uncouth; and strange words are copiously besprinkled, which good judges say were never the diction of any one age of English literature, but are culled from glossaries. There is no doubt that these peculiarities have thrown a veil over the defects of the poems, and have aggrandized their beauties, by referring the imagination, even of those, who were disbelievers of their genuineness, to a remote age, when they would have been really wonders. Yet they must ever be looked upon as very extraordinary productions of a boy, and will perpetuate the name of Chatterton among those of the most remarkable examples of premature genius. Of his avowed writings a miscellaneous volume was published in 1778, followed by a supplement in 1786. These, though upon the whole inferior to his Rowley, display the same versatility and quickness of parts, and are not without some passages of striking merit. It has been concluded by many of the warm admirers of Chatterton, that had he been born under happier auspices, and lived to the maturity of his faculties, he would have risen to the very first rank of English poetry. But this may be a mistaken opinion. The history of literature affords many instances of the promise of youth remaining unfulfilled in mature years; and it is not unlikely that his imagination would early have exhausted itself, without being succeeded by any other quality of the mind in an equal measure. His disposition appears likewise to have been too volatile to have allowed him steadily to have pursued perfection in any one walk. The uncommon talents and melancholy fate of Chatterton have caused many tributes to be paid to his memory, some of them in strains highly animated and pathetic. That in these poetical commemorations his merits should have been exaggerated, his faults extenuated, and his catastrophe represented rather as a stain upon his countrymen than himself, is perhaps excusable; but a deviation from truth in the sober narration of a biographer admits of no apology.

played by our novelists, when, as an agreeable relief from the insipid sameness of polite insincerity, they condescend to pourtray, in coarse colours, the workings of more genuine passions in the bosom of Dolly, the dairy-maid, or Hannah, the house-maid?

When, on such grounds, and on a plan usually very similar to the one I have here endeavoured to sketch, are founded by far the greater number of those novels, which crowd the teeming catalogue of a circulating library, is it to be wondered at, that they are sought out with such avidity, and run through with such delight, by all those (a considerable part of my fellow-citizens), who cannot resist the impulse of curiosity, or withstand the allurements of a title page? Can we be surprised, that they look forward, with expecting eagerness, to that inundation of delicious nonsense, with which the press annually overflows, replete as it is with stories without invention, anecdotes without novelty, observations without aptness, and reflections without morality?

Under this description come the generality of these performances. There are, no doubt, a multitude of exceptions. The paths, which a Fielding and a Richardson have trodden, must be sacred. Were I to prophane these by impertinent criticism, I might with justice be accused of avowed enmity to wit; of open apostacy from true feeling and true taste.

But let me hope to stand excused from the charge of presumption, if even here I venture some observations, which I am confident must have occurred to many; and to which almost everybody, when reminded of them, will be ready to give a hearty concurrence.

Is not the novel of Tom Jones, however excellent a work in itself, generally put too early into our hands, and proposed too soon to the imitation of children? That it is a character drawn faithfully from nature, by the hand of a master, most accurately delineated, and most exquisitely finished, is indeed indisputable. But is it not also a character, in whose shades the lines of right and wrong, of propriety and misconduct, are so intimately blended, and softened into each other, as to render it too difficult for the indiscriminating eye of childhood to distinguish between rectitude and error? Are not its imperfections so nearly allied to excellence, and does not the excess of its good qualities bear so strong an affinity to imperfection, as to require a more matured judgment, a more accurate penetration, to point out the line where virtue ends and vice begins? The arguments urged in opposition to this are, that it is a faithful copy of nature. Undoubtedly it is....but is nature to be held up to the view of childhood in every light, however unamiable; to be exhibited in every attitude, however unbecoming? The hero's connection with miss Seagrim, for instance, and the supposed consequences of it are very natural, no doubt: are they therefore objects worthy of imitation? But that a child must admire the character, is certain; that he should wish to imitate what he admires, follows of course; and that it is much more easy to imitate faults than excellencies, is an observation too trite, I fear, not to be well founded. A character virtuous and amiable in the aggregate, but vicious in particular parts, is much more dangerous to a mind, prone to imitation, as that of youth naturally is, than one wicked and vicious in the extreme. The one is an open assault of an avowed enemy, which every one has judgment to see, and consequently fortitude to resist; the other is the treacherous attack of an insidious invader; who makes the passions his agents to blind the judgment, and bribes the understanding to betray the heart. Such is the character of Jones. He interests our affections at the moment that his actions revolt against our ideas of propriety; nor can even his infidelity to Sophia, however

ungrateful, nor his connection with lady Bellaston, though perhaps the most degrading situation, in which human nature can be viewed, materially lessen him in our esteem and admiration. On these grounds, therefore, though there cannot be a more partial admirer of the work itself, I cannot hesitate a moment to consider that "faultless monster," sir Charles Grandison, whose insipid uniformity of goodness it is so fashionable to decry, far the more preferable to be held up to a child as an object of imitation. The only objection urged to this is, that Grandison is too perfect to be imitated with success. And to what does this argument amount? truly this, it tends to prove, that an imitator cannot come up to his original; consequently the surest way to become a Jones, is to aim at being a Grandison; for according to that argument, let a man rate his virtue at the highest price, and the natural bias of his passions will make him abate something of his valuation. Hence therefore the character of Grandison is assuredly the properer pattern of the two. An attempt at the imitation of that, must necessarily be productive of some attainment in virtue. The character of Jones can neither operate as an incitement to virtue nor a discouragement from vice. He is too faulty for the one, and too excellent for the other. Even his good qualities must, on an undiscerning mind, have a bad effect; since, by fascinating its affections, they render it blind to its foibles; and the character becomes the more dangerous, in proportion as it is the more amiable.

But to return from this long digression, to the consideration of novels in general. Some of my fellow-citizens may perhaps conjecture, that I have affected to undervalue them from interested motives; and that I would wean them from their study of them, for the purpose only of increasing the demand for my own lucubrations. To wipe off any suspicions of the kind, and to prove to them that my only motives are a view to their advantage, I promise, in the course of a few numbers, to point out to the observation, and recommend to the perusal of professed novel readers, a set of books, which they now treat with undeserved contempt; but from which I will prove, that they may derive, at least, as much entertainment, and certainly much more useful instruction, than from the dull details of unmeaning sentiment, and insipid conversation; of incidents the most highly unnatural, and events the most uninteresting.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

The following, I have been assured by a friend, is an exact copy of a hand-bill, which circulated in this city, about fifteen years ago, I think you will agree with me that it is a curiosity worth preserving.

I am, &c.

A. B.

I Jean le Merian bein trou necessite oblige to teach la langue francais to de peuple, I be glad you send your childs a moi. Je demeure toder ind Second street.

All my liesure hour I make sausage a vende.... O! I forgit to tell how mush I ave for teach de school....4 dollars quarter and 4d. entrance for teach de plus polite langue d'Europe.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FDMALE FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FULL DRESS.

I. The train and body of white satin, with a short robe of fine muslin over it. Full sleeves also of

muslin. The whole trimmed with satin, and steel or silver beads, turban of crape and satin trimmed the same as the dress, the hair very long, hanging in light curls over the face.

II. The body and train of yellow satin or silk, trimmed with swansdown, the sleeves and petticoat of white crape, and the former ornamented with gold trimming. A turban of white muslin with a yellow feather in front, and a fancy flower on the left side. Yellow shoes.

III. A robe of silk with full sleeves of white crape, the body made very low before, with full fronts of white crape drawn over the bosom. A turban of crape and satin, the hair dressed very long in curls hanging over the face.

MORNING DRESS.

I. A plain muslin dress, drawn round the body. A large handkerchief-shaped veil, thrown carelessly over the head.

II. A bonnet of yellow or buff velvet, ornamented with three ostrich feathers. A large shawl.

III. A bonnet of blue velvet with a short lace veil, a cloak of figured velvet or satin, trimmed all round with a very deep lace.

IV. A pelise of velvet, with a large velvet bonnet, ornamented with a feather and flower.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

The prevailing colours are straw, yellow, and rose. Ostrich feathers and fancy flowers are the prevailing ornaments for the head. Silver and steel beads are very much used for the head, and for trimming dresses. White satin Spanish hats are much worn for dress.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MR. JOHN MORGAN, bookseller, of this city, has just published MACKENZIE'S *Voyages from Montreal, across the continent of North-America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans*. It is with very great pleasure we are enabled to announce so early a correct American edition of this invaluable work. This edition is illustrated by maps, recommended by the well known name of Arrowsmith, and with a spirited portrait of the author, in whose expressive features may be discerned all the enterprize, intrepidity, and genius of the Scottish character. His indefatigable labour, and his useful researches, have been already rewarded, by a title from his munificent prince, and by the liberal applause of a discerning nation, quick to observe, and eager to remunerate, talents and virtue. Of this interesting traveller, the brother to Henry Mackenzie, the Addison of Edinburgh, we shall say more in our next paper, in which we shall take occasion to introduce some passages of his journal, which will amuse and edify our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IT is confidently asserted, that Mr. WINDHAM, the late secretary of war, is a favourite of his sovereign, and it is anticipated, that he will soon take a very leading part in the direction of the state.

The following anecdotes we read in the *Boston Commercial Gazette*, a paper variegated, occasionally, with literary ornament.

Two brush-makers, who were *thieving*, and contriving to undersell each other, one day met, and thus accosted one the other, who had still the upper hand:

I steals the stuff to save my pelf,
And then, I makes them up myself,
So cannot think, though oft I try,
How you can cheaper sell than I.
I'll tell you, friend, the other said,
I steals my brushes ready made.

Dr. Johnson, though a profest enemy to actors yet could not refrain addressing Mrs. Siddons (when she called upon him at Bolt-court) with great politeness, and said to her, when his servant Frank could not readily get a chair, "You see, madam, wherever you go, there are no SEATS to be had."

A servant came to his master to be discharged "Why?" "Because, sir, your temper is so violent." "But," said the wit, "it is soon off." "But then it is soon on again."

ANTIQUITY OF SPENCERS.

It is not generally known, that this fashionable dress owes its origin to an ignominious punishment of great antiquity. Plutarch, in his life of Cicero, mentions, that "he never caused any man to be beaten with rods, or to have his garments rent." But we have a higher authority. "Wherefore Hanan took David's servants, and shaved one half of their beards, and cut off their garments to their middle, and sent them away." 2d Samuel, x. 4. Of late years, a branch of the Spencer family, in England, introduced this short garment, as a kind of hoax upon the bloods of Bond-street, who, as might well be supposed, were entirely ignorant of its disgraceful origin. The whim succeeded, and "spencers" became a necessary appendage to the wardrobe of every beau. With an eye to their origin, perhaps they might with greater propriety be called *David's*.

In page 323 of Dodsley's tenth edition of Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution*, we find the following memorable passage. The prescience of this sagacious statesman has been frequently extolled, but he never had a longer or clearer view of what has come to pass than when he thus predicted the fortunes of that military adventurer, who has completely abrogated every trace of republicanism in France.

"In the weakness of one kind of authority, and in the fluctuation of all, the officers of your army will remain for some time mutinous, and full of faction, until some popular general, who understands the art of conciliating the soldiery, and who possesses the true spirit of command, shall draw the eyes of all men upon himself. Armies will obey him on his personal account. There is no other way of securing military obedience in this state of things. But the moment, in which that event shall happen, the person, who really commands your army is your master, the master of your king, the master of your assembly, the master of your whole republic."

Many grumble at the paucity of our political topics, but as all possible changes have been already rung on the mammoth chief, and the mammoth cheese, the greatest subjects America affords, nothing is now left to the editor of a periodical publication, but to extol public opinion as paramount to good government, and to copy paragraphs from Mr. Duane, who gives the *ton* to public opinion.

Many Loungers delight when they read SHAKSPEARE to make applications of favourite passages to modern events or characters. An idler, whom I know to be the "veriest varlet, that ever chewed," has had the audacity to send me the following, and to aver they have their archetypes in America.

A Juvenile Chairman of a Committee of Ways and Means.

..... "If I know
How or which way to order these affairs,
Thus disorderly thrust into my hands,
Never believe me."

KING RICHARD II.

MILITIA SOLDIERS.

These hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.

JULIUS CAESAR.

A POLITICAL BRAG PLAYER.

How comes it, Cassio, you are thus forgot,
That you unlance your reputation thus,
And spend your rich opinion for the name
Of a night brawler! Give me answer to it.

O IHELLO.

The subsequent remark bears hard upon the disciples of the new school of politicians.

Those, whose principle it is to despise the ancient permanent sense of mankind, and to set up a scheme of society on new principles, must naturally expect that such of us, who think better of the judgment of the human race than of theirs, should consider both them and their devices, as men and schemes upon their trial. They must take it for granted, that we attend much to their reason, but not at all to their authority. They have not one of the great influencing prejudices of mankind in their favour. They avow their hostility to opinion. Of course they must expect no support from that influence, which, with other authority, they have deposed from the seat of its jurisdiction.

In the recent debate of the 5th March, in the imperial parliament of Great Britain, the erect and invincible spirit of Mr. WINDHAM was again fully displayed against that morbid desire for peace, which has of late glowed so intensely in the British bosom. After conceding that the arguments of lord Hawkesbury had been forcibly urged, Mr. Windham feared they were fallacious, and calculated to lull the nation into a fatal security. If the identical people had prophesied destruction to our commerce from the war, who now expressed their apprehensions of the effects of peace, then indeed they would have laid themselves open to an *argumentum ad hominem*, and their predictions would now be received with distrust. But it was a strange mode of reasoning to say, that because one had been deceived, another should, whose views were quite contrary. If our commerce had flourished in war, instead of being a proof that it would now continue to flourish, appeared to him a strong presumption that peace would destroy it. All the cause had ceased, to which its prosperity was to be ascribed, and though it might not necessarily decline, this was certainly no very strong ground of confidence. As a general principle, he allowed that commerce would find its level; but in times like these, the practise of reasoning from generals to universals was certain ruin. Nothing in history resembled the present æra; the state of the world was completely novel, and what from the beginning of time might have held true, would often now be found fallacious. One great power seemed about to rule the globe. Instead of being called upon to show why France will quickly subdue the whole of Europe, he would be justified in calling upon others to state their reasons for thinking that she will not. Of her intentions there could be no doubt. She had declared so herself an hundred times, and when her acts agreed so well with her professions, to disbelieve her was comical extravagance. She boldly and undisguisedly says she will crush you to atoms, and you reply, while her preparations are going on under your nose, "She must be joking....she's not in earnest....we know that she means us well." Such language Mr. W. declared only fit to be put into the mouth of a character in a farce. Since the time of the Romans, he maintained that no such power had existed in Europe. He did not by any means except Charlemagne, whom the person, at present at the

head of the French government, seemed fondly to regard as his model. That great conqueror did not extend his dominion over more than one quarter of the globe. He allowed that, *if we were true to ourselves*, we might yet be saved. But he thought we would be most false to ourselves if we trusted merely to our wealth, our punctuality, and good faith, in commercial dealings. We should nourish a proud spirit of independence; we should shew the superiority in which we hold honour and glory to riches and ease; we should distinguish ourselves by a noble military ardour. Before capital and commerce were known, our ancestors thus held the first rank among the nations of Europe, and, notwithstanding the favourite doctrine of the times, it is only by arms we can regain our situation. But basely hugging our money bags, we think we may dismiss the military virtues of our forefathers, like scaffolding, although it was by these that this adored wealth was acquired, and without these we must speedily be robbed of it. He would be the last to preach despondency, but he considered it his duty, if possible, to rouse his countrymen from the ill-timed indifference, into which they had fallen, and to call upon them to resist usurpation, insolence, and perfidy. He conjured those, who talked so much of the capital of wealth, to think for a little of the capital of dominion. The latter would be found to have always prevailed. The right honourable gentleman concluded by again entering his protest against reasoning from antecedent cases, at a time when little was to be learned from experience, and things daily occurred, which it had not entered into the imagination of the most daring speculator to conceive.

The following description of a courtesan, is extracted from a very old and quaint book:

He, that keeps her company, is in the highway to the devil. To look upon her with desire begins the voyage; to talk with her mends his pace; and to possess her is to be at the journey's end. Her body is only the lees of delight; for, when you taste her, she's dead, and palls upon the palate. Her trade is opposite to that of any other, for she sets up without credit, and too much custom breaks her. She is ever moored in sin, and yet is always sailing about. At fifteen, she is the companion of brave sparks, and at thirty, she is the surgeon's creature.

It is reported of ADDISON, that, after spending the evening with Steele, Budgell, and the other contemporary wits, he would drink so much claret, as to become intoxicated and unable to speak. On one of these jovial occasions, the mellow moralist reclined his head on the table, and fell into a profound sleep: on which a bystander remarked, that, at present, Mr. Addison was neither a *Tatler* nor a *Spectator*, though he might speedily want a *Guardian*.

In Lilly's Grammar, every school-boy may remember to have read

"Sine Baccho et Cerere frigescit Venus."

A jovial poet of the present day has thus expanded this sentiment:

If Bacchus and Ceres were urg'd from Love's court,
Desire must frozen depart;
Roast beef quantum suff. and take tantum red port,
They steel the mainspring of the heart.

The Anacreontic bards employ a very ingenious sophistry to recomment the joys of the grape. Even the rigid may admire the brilliancy of their thought, though of their propriety, doubts may be entertained. The following is sparkling, if not solid:

When the lamp is brimful, how the taper flame shines,
Which, when moisture is wanting, decays;
Replenish the lamp of my life with rich wines,
Or else there's an end of my blaze.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO:

ODE TO HAPPINESS.

● HAPPINESS! thou precious flow'r,
Whose leaves the choicest fragrance pour,
Whose fruit is all divine;
Where is thy residence below?
In what blest region dost thou grow?
And what thy lovely sign?

Dost thou within the splendid dome
Of Wealth forever keep thy home,
And bloom and flourish there?
If so, methinks, thou lov'st to be
With painful Fear, Anxiety,
And all-corroding Care.

Or, dost thou rather take delight
To climb aloft Ambition's height,
To Honour, Pomp, and Fame?
Whence far may shoot thy brilliant rays,
Commanding universal praise,
Proud Title's sounding name.

Or shall I make a true resort,
And meet thee in sweet Pleasure's court,
(Laid in the lap of Ease)
Where half the human race are found
Dancing in every giddy round
That can the senses please?

Perhaps I more success may find,
Where graceful Beauty sits entwin'd
With radiance from above;
Where, too, proud Insolence takes stand,
With others of the haughty band,
And servile dying love?

No, HAPPINESS! it cannot be....
So little they accord with thee,
Thou could'st not dwell with them:
Thy source of life too diff'rent is
From honour, wealth, or sensual bliss,
Or love, the Satyr's flame.

But thy calm peaceful residence,
Is in the virtuous moral sense,
And rectitude of mind:
Thou may'st be found in any state,
The humbly low, the idly great,
Or nowhere by mankind.

Yet there's no certain state on earth,
Can boast thy residence and birth,
Like that, where kindred souls
In wedlock's pleasing bands unite;
And live content, in love, delight,
And peace, while nature rolls.

PHILOMUSUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

This punning epigram in the Port Folio, on the marriage
of the celebrated Hannah More

Alas! ye Muses, I your loss deplore,
Since now your favourite Hannah is no More,
occasioned the following

IMPROMPTU.

WHEN statesmen, heroes, patriots are no more,
They sleep in dust, and all their deeds are o'er.
Though Hannah is no More, she still survives,
And from the matrimonial trance revives,
Still charms the aged and informs the youth,
The friend of wit, of virtue, and of truth.
Long may wise MORE with steady footsteps tread
The flow'ry paths of Love, by Wisdom led,
And for their favourite may the auspicious nine
Hymen's soft bands with their own wreaths en-
twine,

On seraph's wings let her rapt spirit soar,
And her fame spread till Time himself's no more.

SENEX.

SELECTED POETRY.

TRANSLATION

OF A GREEK ODE ON ASTRONOMY.

Written for the prize at Cambridge, 1793.

HAIL, venerable Night!
O thou, the first created, hail!
Thou, who art doom'd in thy dark breast to hide
The dying beam of light,
The eldest and the latest thou;
Hail venerable Night! O Goddess, hail!
Around thine ebony brow,
Glittering plays with lightning rays
A wreath of flow'rs of fire;
The varying clouds with many a hue attire
Thy many tinted veil.
Holy are the blue graces of thy zone!
But who is he, whose tongue could tell
The dewy lustres that thine eyes adorn?
Lovely to some the blushes of the morn!
To some the glitter of the day,
When blazing in meridian ray
The gorgeous Sun ascends his highest throne;
But I with solemn and severe delight
Still watch thy constant car, immortal Night!

For then to the celestial palaces
Urania leads, Urania, she
The goddess, who alone
Stands by the blazing throne
Effulgent with the light of deity.
Whom Wisdom, the creatress, by her side
Plac'd on the heights of yonder sky,
And, smiling with ambrosial love, unlock'd
The depths of Nature to her piercing eye.
Angelic myriads struck their harps around,
And with triumphant song
The host of stars, a beauteous throng,
Around the Ever-living Mind,
In jubilee their mystic dance begun,
When at thy leaping forth, O Sun,
The morning started in affright,
Astonish'd at thy birth, her Child of Light!

Hail, O Urania, hail!
Queen of the Muses! mistress of the song!
Forthou did'st deign to leave the heav'nly throng.
As earthward thou thy steps wert bending,
A ray went forth and harbinger'd thy way.
All ether laugh'd with thy descending,
Thou had'st wreath'd thy hair with roses,
The flower that in the immortal bower
Its deathless bloom discloses.
Before thine awful mien compell'd to shrink,
Fled Ignorance abash'd, and all her brood,
Dragons and hags, of baleful breath,
Fierce dreams that wont to drink
The sepulchre's black blood,
Or on the wings of storms,
Riding in fury forms,
Shriek'd to the mariner the shriek of Death.

I boast, O goddess, to thy name
That I have rais'd the pile of fame!
Therefore to me be giv'n
To roam the starry path of heav'n,
To charioteer with wings on high,
And to rein in the tempests of the sky.

Chariots of happy gods! fountains of light!
Ye angel temples bright;
May I, unblam'd, your flaming threshold tread?
I leave Earth's lovely scene,
I leave the Moon serene,

The lovely Queen of Night,
I leave the wide domains,
Beyond where Mars his fiercer light can fling,
And Jupiter's vast plains
(The many-belted king),
Even to the solitude where Saturn reigns,
Like some stern tyrant to just exile driv'n:
Dim seen the sullen pow'r appears,
In that cold solitude of Heav'n,
And slow he drags along
The mighty circle of long ling'ring years.

Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
Art trembling, youngest daughter of the Night!
And ye....ye fiery-tressed strangers! ye
Comets who wander wide,
Will I along your pathless way pursue,
Whence bending, I may view
The worlds, whom elder Suns have vivified.

For Hope with leveliest visions soothes my mind,
That even in man, life's winged pow'r,
When comes anew the natal hour,
Shall, on heaven-wandering feet,
Spring to the blessed seat,
In undecaying youth;
Where round the fields of truth,
The fiery essences forever feed,
And o'er th' ambrosial mead,
The gales of calm serenity,
Silent and soothing glide forever by.

There, hireless priest of Nature, dost thou shine
Newton! a king among the kings divine,
Whether with harmony's mild force,
He guides along its course
The axle of some beauteous star on high,
Or gazing in the spring,
Ebullient with creative energy,
Feels his pure breast with rapt'rous joy possess'd,
Inebriate in the holy ecstasy!

I may not call thee mortal then, my soul!
Immortal longings lift thee to the skies,
Love of thy native home inflames thee now
With pious madness wise.
Know then thyself, expand thy plumes divine,
Soon mingled with thy fathers thou shalt shine,
A star amid the starry throng,
A God the Gods among!

EPIGRAM.

Archbishop KING, at a very advanced age, declared to Dr. HALLEY his intention to wed a young wife. The doctor made a facetious reply, and expressed a natural wish; all which is comprized in merry metre, by some wicked wag.

WITH age exhausted, and his vigour fled,
Says King to Halley, "I've a mind to wed:"
Arch Halley answer'd, with sarcastic face,
"I hope you'll make me chaplain to your grace."

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 19.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 15th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XVIII.

MR. SAUNTER,

WHEN I addressed you, on the subject of my son's conduct, it was only the hope that your remarks, on the particular object of my complaint, would effect a reform in his manners, and not, I assure you, with any design to draw your attention to a "certain anonymous club," which, without my previous information, you must have known existed in this city.

After this assurance, permit me, sir, through the medium of your paper, to offer any apology, which the club, as a body, or its members individually, may think necessary, for the improper epithet, which I so injudiciously applied to this association. It was never my wish to hold a controversy with any one, more especially with a gentleman, whose superior literature will undoubtedly place me in a ridiculous point of view; but my pride, as a mother, not as a writer, calls for some kind of reply to your "very respectable male correspondent, who appears in the front page of No. 17," to reproach me with having brought to public notice the Tuesday's club, of which he is a worthy member.

To the first charge of this *anonymous* defender of the *anonymous* excellence of the *anonymous club*, I can truly answer, that my letter did not arise from the malignant desire of introducing to public criticism a secret association. This club has been known for some months past; and it appears to me childish to have imagined it could have remained otherwise, when it was composed of giddy, gay, gallant, young men, and assembled at the same place, to which "illiberal old men" have so long been in the habit of resorting at midnight, to seek their "erring sons." With these advantages, the "frivolous tittle tattle of idle women" was not necessary to give it publicity, and no one will reasonably imagine this could have been the object of my letter, which their own imprudence long since effected. "Secrecy is a standing rule upon the members," but, vice versa, the members cannot all stand upon it, for it has frequently been broken, with the greatest caution.

Having thus explained the real causes of this club's being known, I hope that, in the mind of every candid member, I may be exempt from a suspicion of malice, towards a set of "harmless, inoffensive, modest" creatures, who are strictly so I believe; for, amidst the conviviality of their meetings, when the strength of their arm shall be overcome by long watching and feasting, whom can they harm? Shut up in a retired club-room, whom can they offend? When they so carefully conceal the benevolent purposes of their association from the scrutiny of the world, and doom their virtues to obscurity, who will say they are

not modest? And will it be treason to add, that, with the attributes which their honourable member claims, they must be *pretty boys*? I recal the epithet "intolerable." It was not applied with propriety, inasmuch as this age is particularly prone to tolerating all associations of this kind, where the feast supplies the place of reason, the soul plays *leo*, the brightest genius swims in claret, and the worthiest fellow is he, who hails the first blush of Aurora with another bumper.

In spite of the facts, which your correspondent brings to prove, that my son did not contract any of his bad habits at that club, I will, upon the following grounds, maintain my first assertion. That a change has taken place is evident, beyond controversy; and to what can it so reasonably be imputed, as to his intercourse with young men, whose fortunes give them an elevation in life, far beyond that to which the savings of my economy could entitle him? It is not extraordinary, that, being flattered by the notice of his superiors, his vanity should be excited, and suddenly become the prominent feature in his character. This is the grand source from which flows the abundance of my son's failings, and this he never possessed to so censurable a degree, until he was enrolled a member of the *anonymous club*. I am, therefore, excusable for annexing some blame to this body, whose honourable attentions have made my poor boy think himself as much above his parents in mental qualifications, as some of his associates are superior to him, in other respects.

He has undoubtedly acquired all his independence and fastidiousness from that association, but how far the club has enforced rules to promote such worthiness, I am not at liberty to say; they are qualities, however, with which I would dispense in the character of my son. To be treated with reserve, is doubly mortifying from a child, with whom I have hitherto enjoyed that enviable freedom of communication, "where thought's unfetter'd, and where fancy's free." It was my

"Delightful task, to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
And fix the generous purpose in the glowing breast."

It was my sublimer satisfaction to reap the fruits of my labour, in an attachment, which was of a more exalted kind than merely filial gratitude. I was his chosen friend; my bosom was the sanctuary, wherein his care and pain were a sacred deposit. It has also been my misfortune, Mr. Saunter, to outlive my son's confidence in my affection.

But to return to the club. My son has mentioned his desire to introduce a taste for music into their association, and vainly imagines, by practice, to attain to that degree of excellence in singing, which will ensure to him great encomiums, for adding so agreeable an amusement to their present lists. As to the scribbling of verses, it was only mentioned in order to give you a more perfect idea of the manner in which he trifled away his time, and not as a just and sole cause of complaint. Therefore I shall say nothing further on the subject of this

gentle accomplishment, only that I did not think the *anonymous club* wrote poetry for the Port Folio.

Having now arrived at that part of your last paper, which most particularly appears to refer to my life and writings, I shall take the liberty to observe upon the injustice of your correspondent's satire. The "ostentation of needless learning," I cannot be charged with, for I never pretended to classical correctness, or any acquaintance with Greek or Roman authors. The mere transcribing Latin sentences, which I frequently hear repeated, is no proof that I am a scholar. My not being so is a deficiency, for which the governors of my education are responsible, but which, at the same time, should shield me from sarcastic animadversion. For the very elegant and liberal translation of *non decet te rixari*, which your correspondent has given us, I ought to be very much obliged, as it is very much in point to prove, that it is a fundamental regulation of the club, to do nothing to inspire filial ingratitude or disrespect. If the assurance, that the "serious advice of parents is downright scolding and brawling," and that young gentlemen, who do not "retort the tart reply," are admirable for moderation and forbearance, is publicly and respectfully made, give me leave to ask, what is the standard of filial disrespect?

I am happy to find, Mr. Saunter, that you do not intend to proclaim in behalf of the Tuesday's club. And I do not know what could possibly justify our vindication of their meetings, since their sociability never extends beyond their club-room, and all female parties of every kind must yield to this association, where our "warm admirers and passionate lovers, individually and collectively," lampoon us in heavy prose or duller poetry, and every gazette in town teems with our failings, which are exaggerated by the ravings of disappointed passion. Our *anonymous* friends, therefore, need not arrogate to themselves greater praise, on account of excessive admiration of our sex, for they have all exclaimed,

If to their share some noble virtues fall,
Within this club-room we forget them all.

M.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. II.

Importance of the origin, proved by reasoning a priori.

FROM whom then do the Americans descend? But perhaps it will be asked, why inferences of the qualities of the children are drawn from the character of the fathers? Has not Helvetius proved, that education, that is to say circumstances, in the most extensive sense of the word, form entirely the character of the man? Is not the opinion, that the qualities of the parent are propagated, an unphilosophic idea, which would sanc-

tion, for instance, the vain pretensions of the nobility? I beg to be allowed here to explain my ideas.

That, in general, children resemble their parents, no one, who considers the usual resemblance between them in external appearance, can deny. Whence would else proceed the characteristic features, which distinguish every people from other nations? Who cannot easily recognize a Jew? Who could mistake a Frenchman for an Englishman? And, from the resemblance of external organization, is there no analogical inference of the internal structure or composition of the mind to be drawn? Very strong reasons might be urged to prove, that the organization, or the configuration of parts, proceeding from each other, fixes the internal elements of the human form, or the character of what is called the soul. Even the idea of a breath, a wind, a thin cloud, or an airy form, containing a living being, in which the fancy forms an image of a simple soul, has extension, be that form ever so incomplete; and, therefore, souls without form, or beings altogether simple, of which no image can be conceived, are a modern discovery, and were wholly unknown to the ancients*. This opinion is grounded upon the pre-supposition, that every extended thing consists of parts, and that every thing, consisting of parts, is subject to destruction, or will be annihilated by a dissolution of the parts†. But, as the soul is immortal, it must be a simple being. It is likewise indebted for its existence, for the following

* "Thales, the Milesian, said, that water was the principle of all things, and God the intelligence, who formed every thing with water. But why unite the one with the other, if mind can exist without a body? Anaximander believed the gods were innumerable worlds; but how can we believe in any other than an eternal God? Anaximenes maintained, that air is god: but, as air has no form, how can it be God, since God must have a very beautiful form? Anaxagoras was the first, who maintained, that the order of the universe must be ascribed to the wisdom and power of an infinite spirit. This philosopher would not admit, that the spirit could be clothed with a body. But it appears to me (Cicero), that our understanding can form no idea of a pure and simple spirit, unless we add something to make it a sensible being. Pythagoras believes God to be a soul, spread over every being in nature, and that human souls are parts extracted from it; so that when these souls are severed from him, God must be torn to pieces; and when they suffer, as is the case with most of them, God must suffer in a part of him too. Besides, if the mind of man were God, why should it not be omniscient? Lastly, if this God were nothing but a soul, in what manner could he unite himself to the world? Xenophon says, that God is an infinite whole, and he adds, an intelligence. As to the intelligence, it is an error, which he commits in common with the others; but he is yet more censurable, when he maintains, that infinity is capable of sensation, and that any thing can be added to it. Parmenides has imagined something like a crown; a radiant circle, which he calls God. But where can he find the divine form in his circle? and what probability is there that it should contain life? Democritus assigns the divine attributes to the images, which make an impression upon us, and to nature, which imparts these images to us. Plato says, in his *Timæus*, that the father of the world cannot be named; and, in his book concerning the laws, that it is not proper to inquire what God is. When he says that God has no body, he talks of a being not to be conceived; a being without sensation, without wisdom, without enjoyment, all which are essential attributes of the Gods. He likewise says, in the *Timæus*, and in the treatise concerning the laws, that the world, the heavens, the stars, the earth, are God. These opinions, collectively considered, are contradictory; and separately examined, are evidently false."..... Thus we see, that Cicero holds the idea of a soul, without form, for an absurdity. (Cicero de natura Deorum.)

† Nothing is more evident, than that every thought and every propensity is infinitely divisible, as much as every line or every point of matter; and it is evident, that a man is wise, in proportion as his thoughts are divisible. The botanist sees an infinite variety of things in a plant, which, to a common eye, appears only as a single obscure object. Whence proceeds the superiority of the profoundly learned over the superficial, but from this,....that the latter deal in generalities, and the former in particulars; for the generality contains an infinity of particulars: profound thinkers, therefore, have innumerable ideas, where the superficial

short way of coming to a conclusion:....Matter is extended, and, therefore, every thing extended is matter; the soul is not matter, therefore is not extended. Without further remarks upon such conclusions, I may be permitted to request the partizans of the doctrine of thinking Monades, or simple souls without form, to make it intelligible to us, by means of what points of operation, a simple soul can affect an extended body? and, consequently, how the Deity, who, according to their system, must be a simple soul too, can act upon matter? further, how, it happens, that this simple substance without form, can only think ideas that have forms? for the understanding can exhibit abstractions only under the image of a subjective form; and lastly, what becomes of this being without form (for all predicates are grounded upon the modification of forms) in the future life? It has a continued consciousness of thinking, answer the moralists. How! It thinks without the organs of thought? It were really to be wished that these gentlemen would render intelligible to us the secret of thinking without brains? Has this simple soul sensation too, without the organs of sense? does it hear without ears, see without eyes, &c.? The thing has indeed not been carried to such a pitch of nonsense. The poor, unfortunate, simple soul has been deprived, for a whole tedious eternity, of all sensation, and doomed to everlasting plodding,.... forsooth, no enviable condition! I believe the most of these poor simple souls, would prefer annihilation. These same gentlemen urge lastly, that the soul is more perfect than the body; but to possess organs is more perfect than to be deprived of them. Nay, without form, there can be no perfection, since it consists in unity and variety, or the concurrence of separate co-existing parts to the same purpose.

This absurd and senseless existence of a being without form, through all eternity, and, on the other hand, the incapacity of sensitive men to comprehend an existence in any other than the material body, which we have in this world, has introduced among Christians the monstrous doctrine, for which we can never sufficiently blush, and of which there is not a word in the holy scriptures, of the resurrection and re-union of this dust-reduced body with the soul, which, in the interval, has been no one knows where! and continued to exist, no one knows how! of a ridiculous last day, for which we wait, probably as much in vain as the Jews for their Messiah! However, heaven be praised, I have no occasion to contend against such a shameful aberration of the human mind, since, in this enlightened age, orthodox christianity so called, is either altogether annihilated, or at least so modified in the heads of men, that it may be said no longer to exist.

The same causes have produced among the pure deists so called, or natural spiritualists, an opinion, which might also furnish us some merriment; but as the followers of natural religion are philosophers, such a jest would be highly presumptuous. And as we can here make a very proper application of a common proverb, which tells us of the danger, which attends the disturbance of an hornet's nest, I shall only, with an holy fear of offending the glory of such great men, venture, with deep humility to express some timid doubts against the oracular sentences of such exalted intelligences. The deists then believe partly in a transmigration of souls from one planet to another. Thus a soul, which death has delivered from the shackles of the body here on earth, travels to Jupiter, or to another planet, where a greater

have but one. Every divided thing is not, on that account, more simple, but by so much the more divisible, or complicated, as the thing divided and again divided, in the same proportion approaches to infinity.

degree of perfection prevails, there to animate another body. This is the lot of good souls; the bad therefore must, I suppose, be degraded to still more imperfect stations than our earth. It might, indeed, be questioned, why all those pleasant excursions through the universe happen exactly to begin from our earth? for no one here, as far as I know, remembers having dwelt in another planet, at least I have not yet met with a man pretending to have been a burgomaster in the moon, or an ensign in Jupiter. The excursive gentlemen will perhaps answer, it is because our planet is at the lowest station; the very worst of all bad planets. I must here honestly acknowledge, that they have substantial grounds to maintain this opinion; that such are really the appearances, and that probably the result of my researches concerning the Americans will not contradict them. But then we should not know where to banish the wicked souls; for if they should be transported to more perfect planets, they would be rewarded instead of the punishment which they deserve. Where then is our poetical justice? And that worse planets than our earth should exist, is truly hard to believe. Why then cannot these souls animate other souls in their own planet? Are not those worlds, after all, material as well as the earth? But in that case the ascension of matter to higher steps of perfection falls to the ground. And if a soul cannot exist without a material body, what body has the Deity? This pilgrimage of souls, therefore, is liable to numerous objections.

These absurdities, all which originate in the idea of souls without form, have very much increased the numbers of the materialists. But an hypothesis, which should represent the soul as an existing spirit in a perfect human form pervading the body, which internal man acts upon the external man or body, as a cause upon its effect; would, as I believe, after an impartial consideration of the arguments for and against it, perhaps withstand all the attacks of the materialists. The inference of causes from their effects, makes it necessary to ascribe to this spiritual substance such a velocity, as not to admit of space, but that it exists in space without space: the materialists themselves must allow this; since for thoughts and desires there is no such thing as space. Lastly, the tenuity of this spiritual matter may qualify it peculiarly for eternal duration. I make use of the word matter, because I speak of something formed, which at this day can be conceived only of matter. But it is by no means a contradiction to consider spiritual matter as formed, and of course extended, and yet to say it is without space; for every difficulty disappears, if we assume that the volatility or inherent activity of this matter is the cause that there exists for it no measurable extension, but only an immeasurable one, or the appearance of space, which may be expressed by saying it is a space without space.

Further, these appearances of proximity and distance among spiritual substances, must be determined by other causes than the distances in the material world, which I will call the natural world: and these causes can be no other than the affinity of inclinations and thoughts, or sympathetic attractions, which, like the attractive or repulsive power proceeding from the sun, in the natural world, probably preserve all things in the spiritual world in order.

This spiritual man dwelling in the body could itself only be a sheltering form of the life flowing from the single self-existent being, and this source of all life is the Deity. Who can be so mad as to maintain that the souls of men have life in themselves? In that case they would be God. The difference between one mind and another can be explained only by the variety of their sheltering forms. The light of the sun is unchangeable. The different organization of the thorn-bush and

the vine-shrub is the occasion whence the warmth and the light of the sun produces upon the two plants such different effects.

Who can then well deny that the minds of children, that is, their understanding and will, must resemble those of their parents, and especially of the father, since the organization of the internal man determines the character of the understanding, and the tendency of the will? For the most probable theory of generation, and the most congenial to an enlightened understanding teaches us, that the soul, that is, the innermost rudiments of the human form, is wholly contained in the seed of the father, and that this soul clothes itself in the mother's womb with a body resembling him. In truth, the man is the active, and the woman the passive cause of propagation, and the active principle can alone reasonably be supposed to have the seed in itself.

This innate property of children, descending from the parents, which is sufficiently corroborated by the generally prevailing resemblance of inclinations between them, is the true idea of original sin. This doctrine of original sin, which has hitherto been an object of derision to all thinking men, because it has been wholly disfigured by the christians, is like other dogmas contained in their holy books, not only perfectly adapted to an understanding enlightened by philosophy, but it is absolutely necessary to adopt it. That by a certain Adam's having eaten an apple, all his posterity were damned, is nonsense; and who can avoid perceiving here an allegory? But that the faults and ill desires of their parents descend to the children, and that this evil, if not broken down, increases continually to the third and fourth generation, and of course that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, as the bible says, is what all experience confirms, and what I think I have brought strong proofs to demonstrate.

To the objection above-mentioned; that the idle pride of nobility, and the unjust prejudices against the children of vicious parents, would be confirmed by this doctrine of the propagation of qualities, this system of pure and impure races, it is necessary, so far as relates to the nobility, to say only a few words. What sort of men were the first nobles? who confers nobility? and by what means is it preserved? and if there are families, which descend from great men, and have produced a long series of them, it would still be necessary to prove that the mothers all possessed the virtue of chastity, which, as is well known, has long since grown to be a rather scarce article. Now for the unjust prejudices against the children of vicious parents.

The inclinations of the children resemble those of the parents: but man is endowed with liberty; that is, he has in himself the power, to constitute, to change, and altogether to transform into their opposites, these inclinations, which are called the character. This operation is performed by the understanding, or by truths, which have their seat in it. This, in the holy books of the christians, is called the new birth, of which however those, who at this day are called orthodox christians, carry about with them very extravagant ideas, and which the others therefore totally reject. This new birth takes place by means of a struggle of the understanding or internal man, against the evil propensities or desires, against the external sensuality or the external man, in which external principle the hereditary evil, or original sin exists; or rather it consists properly in the dominion of the sensual over the rational principle.

This struggle between truth and error, between virtue and vice, between reason and sensuality, between the internal and the external man: is what the christian system calls temptation. He that sinks in the contest becomes the slave of vice or of his desires; he that conquers, obtains dominion

over the inherited evil, and over the active evil proceeding from this inherited tendency of the soul, and attains first thereby moral liberty. This internal warfare against evil is not indeed maintained by our own weapons. The goodness, which by truth contends against error and evil, flows from the source of all truth and goodness, from the moral sun, or the Godhead, as light and heat flows from the material sun upon the sheltering forms; and man is such a receiving form.

The necessity of such an influence maintained at first, as I think, by Descartes, but now generally denied, might be supported by strong proofs; but this is not the place for them. It may be seen, however, that the doctrines of the christian religion are susceptible of a rational explanation, of which, what is here said of original sin, the new birth, and temptation, may serve as an example.

This transformation of the natural man (I call the hereditary inclinations the natural man) into a spiritual man (reason, or the wisdom and knowledge flowing from it I call the spiritual man), or this new birth, can only be effected by the intervention of circumstances so various, that they cannot all be here mentioned. As therefore the circumstances, in which a man has been placed cannot possibly be known, a prejudice against the son of vicious parents is unjust, though certainly an higher degree of suspicion and distrust against him, at least until a close knowledge of his character be obtained, than against a descendant from a good family, is perfectly conformable to the dictates of prudence.

Among the circumstances, which contribute to the formation of the moral man, education and example are certainly of the highest importance. But what an education, if it be at home, and what an example do bad parents give to their children? The importance of this effective cause is, however, so generally acknowledged, and so fully appreciated, that I have occasion barely to mention it, whereas the internal organization of man, its propagation from father to son, and its importance in deciding the character, is either controverted, or altogether unknown, and therefore the subject of which I am to treat, required that I should support it by argument.

As, therefore, in the case of an individual, whose father is known, the next question would be, whether he is regenerated, inquiries concerning a nation, after their forefathers have been the subject of consideration, must have for their object the illustration of circumstances, inasmuch as they may have tended or not to effect the regeneration of succeeding generations; in order to ascertain the result of which, the confirmation or refutation is afterwards to be drawn from history.

CHAP. III.

Origin of the Americans.....New-England men..... Irishmen.

AFTER this introductory discussion, which, on account of the importance, in my estimation, of descent, though somewhat long, was, in my opinion, to the purpose, I now repeat the question, from whom do the Americans descend?

The New-England-men, who, with their colonies in Pennsylvania, on the Ohio, and in the southern states (North-Carolina), comprize perhaps a fourth part of the whole population, are, as is well-known, the descendants of those rigorous presbyterians, puritans, independents, quakers, and other fanatical sects, who, under the government of the Stuarts, as oppressed non-conformists, carried with them, to those cold and barren shores of that part of America, which they called New-England, that hatred against kingly power, as the government by which they had been persecuted, which, though

weakened, continued among their posterity, and was perhaps, in our days, the cause of the American revolution. Toleration was not the virtue of these splenetic enthusiasts, although themselves the victims of intolerance; for the reigning presbyterians in the colony of Massachusetts banished the weaker quakers and anabaptists, who, therefore, fled to Rhode-Island, and there founded a colony. There could be nothing amiable in these crabbed hypocrites, for they doomed to capital punishment those, who should dance on a Sunday. Stern, hypocritical manners, calculated to gratify, under the cloak of rigour, the ruling passion of cold hearts, self-interest, and even deceit, if necessary, seems to have been a characteristic feature of these men, and indeed followed from their religious principles. It is well ascertained, that they belonged, for the most part, to the lower class of the people in England and Scotland, and probably a great number of them were tradesmen. Every one, who knows that mankind most vehemently desire what they do not possess, will acknowledge, that, in general, the external splendour of wealth dazzles the poor, more than those, who are rendered, by the enjoyment of riches, more indifferent to them. Yet the New-Englanders may boast of the most honourable descent of any among the Americans; for they maintain, that they never admitted among them transported malefactors. They have likewise always possessed the most political information. Without them, no revolution could have taken place; and they make more account of education than the other Americans. It will, however, be seen in the sequel, that they have more degenerated from the energy of their fathers than might be expected.

As for the virtuous ladies from Bridewell, and the gentlemen from Newgate, and other prisons, with whom the shores of Virginia, Maryland, Carolina, &c. were endowed, no very respectable progeny can be expected from them. The pretence that it became necessary to hang almost all those felons, thus transported from England, is scarcely credible, when we consider how large their numbers were; and that, when the means of subsistence become easier, the practice of the crimes, which are punished with hanging, grows less frequent, even when they remain lurking in the mind; and further, that, in America, hanging, and in general the punishment of offenders is extremely rare, whether from mutual indulgence, or from the principle of the common proverb, "live, and let others live." But, perhaps, in those times, the laws were more severe, and the art of living in society, in such an accommodating manner, was not so well understood*.

The lower classes of people have always poured forth in streams from Ireland to America, and I believe half of all the colonists are either Irishmen, or descendants from them. What the character of these people is, is well known in Europe. They are coarse barbarians, of whom a degree of cruelty seems to be an innate property, and whom a superstitious religion, whose priests absolve crimes, renders yet more wicked. Their poverty, which is indescribable, proceeds chiefly from the oppression of the feudal system, and is the most effective cause of the absence among them of that, which might, in an extensive sense, be called a moral education. Notwithstanding the gross ignorance of these barbarians, they are cunning enough for deception, and ingenious to the utmost, for knavish tricks. It seems to be a faculty born with them. They are especially addicted to two vices....filthiness and drunkenness. Their fair sex

* An American will here accuse me of being dissatisfied with judicial proceedings in America, because they do not, upon all occasions, hang and break on the wheel. But I write only for those, who can read.

add to all these cleanly habits, the agreeable practice of smoking tobacco, which the men do not follow. That they are dirty, follows of course. They are also given to prostitution. An Englishman gave orders, in his will, that his Irish boors should have, at his funeral, as much corn-brandy, which they call whisky or usquebahr, as they could drink; and that knives should, at the same time, be distributed among them, as he was sure that these creatures, in the rage of drunkenness, would cut one another's throats, which he thought a desirable circumstance. Such then is the character, befitting the major part of the progenitors of the North-American republicans.

Of the well educated class of Irishmen, a nation which has recently made such glorious progress, shewn such admirable talents, and furnished their neighbour, Britain, with great men, whom she has appropriated to herself, here and there one has likewise found his way to America. One of them has made the Americans acquainted with their own country, by a geographical dictionary, intitled, *The Gazetteer of the United States*. His name is Scott; and there is no doubt but the American nation will have, in Germany, the credit of his celebrated work. In general, however, it is only the dregs of the Irish people, who emigrate to America, and what I have said above is unfortunately but too applicable to them. It must, however, be observed, that they cannot, in general, be accused of coarse manners; I have found them, on the contrary, for the most part civil: it is, in truth, the civility of a knave, willing to over-reach you.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS,

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

IMITATORES SERVUM PECUA.

I SOMETIMES relax among books, as well as men. After reading my accustomed portion of the sacred scriptures the last evening, I caught up a volume of Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son. The venerable volume I had laid by, is generally the last I take in hand, previous to my repose; but the courtly pages lay so temptingly by me, and...perhaps I had better confess the truth.... some passages in the divine writings demanded so serious a consideration, that I resolved to think on those things, at some more "convenient season," and to amuse and divert myself from the melancholy which was pervading me, by the elegant instructions of his lordship. HERE I was sure, at least, that if my heart was not cheered, my conscience would not be wounded.

Perusing the sacred and profane writers, in the same hours of retirement, gave rise to the following reflections

UPON PROVERBS.

It is astonishing to reflect, how those pithy adages and brief sentences, which convey instruction to all conditions of men, in all circumstances of life, with such force and precision, which were so long the boast of the ancient sages, and the glory of men of wit and learning, should have so undeservedly fallen into disuse, been restrained to the pulpit, or degraded into the conversation of the illiterate. But, alas! even learning has its fashions, and, like other fashions of this world, they pass suddenly away; for those excellent wise sayings, which were the perfection of eastern literature, and the pride of the Grecian porticoes, of which kings were emulous to be esteemed authors, and which philosophers viewed as their brightest

wreaths of immortality, are become like a garment, which is "waxen old."

The misfortune of proverbs has been, that, from their obvious utility, they have been rendered common, and being once common, they have become contemptible. The wisest of the moderns, however, for many centuries, imitated, although they have never equalled, the more nervous ancients, in the use of adages and maxims. We find them scattered profusely in the writings of the christian fathers, and every where adorning the pages of the philosopher; nor is it indeed until near a century past, that they have fallen so generally into disrepute. At present, the polite and learned, of all countries, seem combined against them; and the late earl of Chesterfield, who has analyzed politeness, and reduced good manners to a system, it is supposed has given them their fatal stroke, by noticing the entire disuse of them, as one principal criterion of polite conversation. But, if we of this age have indeed polished our style, by their disuse, I fear we have purchased the ornamental, at the expense of the useful; and I am apprehensive the noble author has, in this sentiment, evidenced rather a sickly than a refined taste.

If to express much in the fewest words, and those the most happily chosen, be the perfection, as indeed it is the modern definition of fine writing, what literary composition shall compare with the proverbial? It is not a little curious to observe, that the whole of this graceful writer's directions for his son's conduct in life, which are truly valuable, is but a commentary upon the proverbial sayings of the inspired writers. His modish disciple does not consider, that, whilst he is assiduously pursuing his lordship's directions, he is often rigidly obeying the wise admonitions of the son of Sirach. I contend, that the wisdom of Lord Chesterfield is the wisdom of Solomon, and his sententious associates. Let his admirers seek a better origin for his follies, his frivolities, and duplicity. The only difference between the inspired penmen and his lordship, as to the truly valuable, is, that they give us at once, in their proverbial saying, the very essence of those sweets, which he presents us, diffused in copious baskets of flowers.

Does his lordship recommend a strict attention to instruction, and enforce his advice with examples of the uncourtly carriage of those, who neglect it? Does he spend pages to elucidate this? With what brevity has the proverb said, ages before, *Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge, but he that hateth reproof is brutish.*

Does he recommend the *Suaviter in modo*, the gentle way of effecting a purpose, or procuring friends? Has not the wise man taught us, that *"Sweet language will multiply friends, and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings;"* and in the more familiar adage, *"Soft words turn away wrath?"*

Has he advised his son to associate with persons, older than himself? *"Stand in the multitude of the elders,"* says the proverb, *"and cleave unto him, who is wise."* Does he recommend reserve and secrecy, in matters of importance, necessary to be concealed? The Solomon of ancient times has said, *"Open not thy heart to every man, lest he requite thee with a shrewd turn;"* and *"A fool uttereth all his mind, but a wise man keepeth in till after-wards."*

Does his lordship caution his son against trusting a man, with whom he has once been at variance? The proverb has before cautioned us, *"Never trust thine enemy, for, like as iron rusteth, so is his wickedness."*

Has he at large recommended a certain regular, systematic mode of doing business to effect, and instanced very great men, who, with a life of fatigue, for want of attention to this mode, have brought little to pass? We read that *"There is*

one that laboureth, and taketh pains, and maketh haste, but is so much more behind."

Does he impose upon his son diligence in his political concerns, as a sure step to court preferment? The proverb says, *"Seest thou a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings."*

Nor are the proverbs less the text of his lordship's directions, in those things, which more particularly concern the welfare of the body. Does he warn him of intemperance, as the sure destroyer of health? Are we not warned in the Proverbs, that *"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise?"* and *"Be not insatiable in any dainty things, nor too greedy upon meats, for excess of meat bringeth forth sickness, and surfeiting will turn into choler?"* Nor these lesser instructions, which relate to his son's conduct in company. Is the youth cautioned of the folly of tedious and unseasonable stories? The proverb says, *"An unseasonable tale shall always be in the mouth of fools."*

Is the young gentleman guarded against boisterous laughter? is he directed by the courtly parent merely to dimple his features into a smile of complacency? Even for this he is indebted to the proverb, which says, *"A fool lifteth up his voice with laughter, but a wise man doth scarce smile."* And even an attention to those "graces," which we meet with, almost as frequently as with the beauties of style in the letters of this elegant writer; even the minute attention to dress, address, and to the numberless decencies of carriage, feature, and person, which we are told mark the real gentleman with such precision, are recommended in these uncourtly proverbs, for the preacher saith, *"A man's dress, laughter, and gait, shew what he is."* And as this polished instructor drew so much knowledge himself from these ungraceful adages, it would have been well if he had commented upon one more proverb, in his letters to his son: *"Why wilt thou, my son, be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger?"*

Much more might be added, but the printer's boy calls, and I much fear, by tracing the sentiments of this polite writer to so unfashionable a source, I may destroy that relish for his works, which gives the true zest to most of his readers.

T.

MACKENZIE'S TRAVELS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM our eagerness to promote the knowledge and popularity of the journal of this very intelligent traveller, we copy the following very curious article, respecting the traditions of a rude tribe:

"The notion, which the Chepewyans entertain of the creation, is of a very singular nature. They believe, that, at the first, the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no living creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire, whose glances were lightning, and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On his descent to the ocean, and touching it, the earth instantly arose, and remained on the surface of the waters. This omnipotent bird then called forth all the variety of animals from the earth, except the Chepewyans, who were produced from a dog; and this circumstance occasions their aversion to the flesh of that animal, as well as the people who eat it. This extraordinary tradition proceeds to relate, that the great bird, having finished his work, made an arrow, which was to be preserved with great care, and to remain untouched; but that the Chepewyans were so devoid of understanding, as to carry it away, and the sacrifice so enraged the great bird, that he has never since appeared.

"They have also a tradition among them, that they originally came from another country, inhab-

bited by very wicked people, and had traversed a great lake, which was narrow, shallow, and full of islands, where they had suffered great misery, it being always winter, with ice and snow. They believe also, that, in ancient times, their ancestors lived till their feet were worn out with walking, and their throats with eating. They describe a deluge, when the waters spread over the whole earth, except the highest mountains, on the tops of which they preserved themselves.

"They believe, that, immediately after their death, they pass into another world, where they arrive at a large river, on which they embark in a stone canoe, and that a gentle current bears them on to an extensive lake, in the centre of which is a most beautiful island; and that, in the view of this delightful abode, they receive that judgment for their conduct during life, which terminates their final state, and unalterable allotment. If their good actions are declared to predominate, they are landed upon the island, where there is to be no end to their happiness, which, however, according to their notions, consists in an eternal enjoyment of sensual pleasure, and carnal gratifications.... But, if their bad actions weigh down the balance, the stone canoe sinks at once, and leaves them up to their chins in the water, to behold and regret the reward enjoyed by the good, and eternally struggling, but with unavailing endeavours, to reach the blissful island from which they are excluded forever."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.

[After some time, devoted to this particular object, we are at length able to give a new, copious, and minute life of Mr. WINDHAM, the disciple of BURKE, the darling of Dr. JOHNSON, and "a shield and buckler" to his country. It is delightful to preserve any memorial of one, who has such friendships and such enemies; who, to the "prisca fides" of an ancient Englishman, adds the liberal spirit of learning, and the valiant heart of a soldier; whose motto is "Odi profanum vulgus;" and who, in the dusky twilight of the political sky, urges an undaunted and right onward course; who always acts as becomes a generous spirit, in factious times; who despises the dictates of a false and reptile prudence; who remembers there is a courage of the cabinet, far more useful, and not less brilliant than that of the field; and, when enemies and conspirators are in array, would plan with the decisive spirit of an EARL OF STAFFORD, and execute with the sword of a MARQUIS MONTROSE. In fine, we may read the character of this intrepid and liberal statesman, in the following lines:

"One, who, warm and zealous for his friend,
Spite of opposing thousands will commend;
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst his foes,
In spite of railing thousands will oppose."

It is necessary to add, that, from the penury of biography in this country, the Editor has been obliged to publish a garbled and prejudiced history of Mr. Windham. It is derived from a work entitled "Public Characters for 1802," a work which, though in the main tolerably well conducted, is often diluted with lukewarmness, or tainted with Jacobinism. Its publisher is one R. Phillips, who has more than once incurred the displeasure of government, and felt the gripe of the laws; and many of its writers, though they affect the sweetest spirit of candour and impartiality, are well known to be disaffected to the ruling power. These malecontents can never forgive, in Mr. WINDHAM, his defection from their leader, Fox; and hence their absurd charge of his inconsistency, and hence their abhorrence of his strenuous and vigorous support of a war with France. His inconsistency, if it ever existed, was like that, so often urged against Burke; as such it has often been attacked, and as such it may easily be defended. The *benefits* of both, respecting popular governments, were effectually destroyed, by contemplating the effects of the French revolution. If Mr. Windham ever were a *whig*, in the vulgar sense of that word, is a problem not worth the solution. A transition from torism is rare. He, who has once supported hereditary right, seldom becomes a lawler for the rights of the mob. But, as the generous and unsuspecting confidence of youth gradually changes to caution and doubt in age, so those liberty dreams, with which boys delight themselves at

school, are often forgotten, or derided, when they arrive at man's estate. Sir THOMAS WENTWORTH, whose history may be read in HUME, was, for a short time, opposed to the court of the first Charles; but, when he became the supporter of the king's prerogative, neither the "lures and ogings" of *partisans*, nor the terrors of a scaffold, erected by *levelers*, induced him to change again.]

THE lives of our contemporaries are undoubtedly interesting, but those of the statesmen, who live during the same period with ourselves, must be allowed to be edifying in no common degree. It is to them we are indebted for the prosperity or the misfortunes of our country; for the extension or diminution of our territories; for the adoption or rejection of odious imposts....in short, for all that can endear, or render life miserable. Of these men we are proud when they support the fame, the dignity, the glory of our nation; when they repress arbitrary power; when they vindicate expiring liberty; when they die with, or only live to restore the lost freedom of their native land. To such we give a generous latitude, and a liberal interpretation, in respect to their conduct; they may pause during an awful crisis; they may oppose their former friends; they may even league with their former enemies, and yet still possess the esteem of their countrymen. Of this, indeed, they can be deprived only by the most flagrant inconsistency; for they may change their opinions without losing our confidence, provided they do not *profit* by the change. It is then, and not until then, that the pseudo-patriot incurs our suspicions, and we begin to consider his conduct at least equivocal.

Mr. Windham was born in, and is descended from ancestors, who have been long settled in the county of Norfolk, in which he possesses a small patrimony. His family appears to have sided with the whigs, and to have given its aid in forwarding one of the darling schemes of that party....the establishment of a national militia*. One of his near relatives accepted a commission as colonel of the battalion of his native district, and seems to have been particularly anxious to establish such a system of discipline as should render the corps respectable. In order to achieve this, he actually published a treatise on the subject, in 1759, and in the preface has given a curious and interesting account of the improvements made in the fire arms used by the moderns.

After receiving the usual preliminary education at a public school, young Windham was sent to Oxford, and entered, we believe, of Brazen-nose-college, the very name of which has doubtless put many a modest youth to the blush. He had the good fortune, while there, to be placed under the care of a most excellent scholar....Winstanley, now provost of Alban-hall, and much to the credit of the pupil, he himself had no sooner risen in the world, and obtained some degree of consideration, than he procured preferment for him also, by means of his friend, the duke of Portland, the present chancellor, whose fortunes he is supposed to have followed, and whose defection from the ranks

* This appears to be either a wilful falshood, or a strange misapprehension in the biographer. Mr. Windham's ancestors, there is good reason to believe, were loyal friends to the exiled family. My Lord BOLINGBROKE, when intriguing at Bar-le-duc, in favour of prince Charles Edward, addressed a confidential letter to Sir William Windham, containing a full development of the designs of those, who, in the language of the time, were denominated the *Jacobite* party. Sir William Windham appears to be one of the founders of Mr. Windham's family; a gentleman, who, as the reader will perceive, by consulting Dr. SMOLLET's continuation of HUME's history, would have done any work, rather than act with whigs, or repose confidence in a militia! He is described, with wonderful fervour, by Smollet, as one of the most active, undaunted, and eloquent members of the house of commons.——Note by the Editor of the Port Folio.

of opposition he has in some degree countenanced, by means of a similar conduct.

No sooner was Mr. W. released from the trammels of colleges and tutors, than he repaired to the metropolis, and soon after visited the continent....not in the splendid, gaudy, and expensive style, to which our nobility and gentry are usually accustomed....but in a manner better suited to his fortune, which was but scanty, and his future hopes in life, which were not of a nature to warrant any ridiculous pageantry.

It was not until the epoch of the American war, that Mr. Windham found means of distinguishing himself, and then only by his zeal in opposition to the existing government, as some of his late associates would affect to term it....but far more properly....in opposition to the unworthy ministers of that period. His bosom glowed with no uncommon share of indignation against those, whom he accused as the subverters of our rights, and the spoilers of our wealth....men battenning on corruption, and eager for despotism and military execution. These sentiments were uttered by him both in public and private; at county meetings, dinner parties, in the metropolis, and the country; from the tops of carts, and of waggons, to the freeholders, the mob, &c. &c.

The cause, in which he then embarked, has been long since consecrated by success, and the overflowings of a youthful bosom will of course be pardoned, nay praised, as evincing a heart exulting in the darling theme of liberty! At the period we allude to, the ex-secretary was less metaphysical than he has become since; his arguments and his language therefore, were better calculated to captivate his audience; in short, he became a popular orator....a whig....a whig too of the most determined kind....one of those capable of spending both life and fortune in the "glorious cause," in which he was engaged, and of going any lengths in support of his principles.

We ought not here to omit the mention of an incident honourable to the laudable ambition of Mr. Windham.

The reign of his present majesty has been distinguished by nautical enterprises of all kinds; and, if we have failed in other matters of importance, it must be allowed by every candid observer, that we have acted no mean part in respect to our maritime exertions. In 1773, a new voyage of discovery was projected, and entrusted to the care of the hon. commodore Phipps, afterwards lord Mulgrave. This expedition, by far the most regular and scientific of any of a similar design and tendency undertaken before that period, was first conceived by the Royal Society, and afterwards adopted by the king, with that due regard to science, which it ought ever to be the object of a great and enlightened nation to cultivate and promote. The principal object of the expedition was to investigate, whether it was practicable to navigate to the north pole, or rather to a latitude very near to it. To this were superadded certain secondary considerations....such as to ascertain the accuracy of time-keepers and pendulums....to make philosophical and astronomical observations....and to determine the practicability of a north-east passage to the East Indies: that philosopher's-stone of modern navigators!

The ships sent out on this occasion, were the *Race-Horse*, commanded by the officer already alluded to; and the *Carcass Bomb*, captain Lutwidge. Besides the necessary complement of officers and seamen, a number of scientific men, or, as the French term them, *savans*, were employed; and they took with them a valuable apparatus for mathematical and astronomical experiments. Two persons, both of whom have since become eminent, embarked, as we have been informed, on this occasion. The first was lord Nelson, whom we have been given to understand acted as a naval

officer, and the second Mr. Windham, who was doubtless incited by curiosity alone.

Unluckily, however, for the cause of eloquence, if not of science, the future minister at war became so sea-sick as to be dangerously indisposed, and the commodore was actually under the necessity, as we are told, of setting him on shore in Norway, when he was obliged to find his way back to England in the *odoriferous* cabin of a Greenlandman.

Were we disposed to be jocular, we might exclaim—What have not the audience of St. Stephen's Chapel lost by this discomfited project! How many *practical* tropes and figures have been omitted, that might otherwise have adorned the metaphysical disquisitions of the future secretary and orator. Like Lutterel, he would have "handled the oar," and "spliced the rope," and "steered the wheel," and "taken an observation;" or like Burke, he would have harpooned a "loose fish," in the house of commons; or he would have aimed a deadly blow at the "huge Leviathan" of Bloomsbury-square; or literally pursuing the monsters of the main with the spirit of a Kentucky sailor, "he would have run down the degrees of latitude, undaunted by the rigours of either pole, in search of the grampus and the whale, and pursued his monstrous game with a zeal unabated by the scorching heats of the equator."

Mr. Windham now aspired to a seat in the legislature of his country; and it must be confessed, that in point of education, talents, and research, he was well qualified for that situation. True to his original opinions, on his entrance into St. Stephen's chapel, he sided in general with those, who had voted against the American war; but he adhered to the person, and followed the opinions of Mr. Fox with a marked predilection, and appeared to have formed so inseparable an union with that great orator and statesman, that it was supposed death alone could have dissolved the attachment.

The practical talents of Mr. Windham were not suddenly called forth, nor have they, at any one time, been employed during a period of great duration. He was deemed qualified, however, to superintend the interests of England in the sister kingdom*, and he resided there during one of those *ephemeral* administrations, produced by the sudden ascendancy of one party in England, and as speedily dissolved by the alternate preponderance of another.

Hopes, however, were entertained by his friends, that a more permanent and conspicuous situation might be obtained for him at home; and it was not unfair to augur, amidst the vibrations of public opinion, and the many unexpected changes that have taken place during the latter part of the present reign, that the party, which he had so warmly espoused, was likely to attain that superiority, to which it was so justly entitled, from the acknowledged capacity of its leaders.

At one period, indeed, a fair prospect of power disclosed itself to the opposition; and in case their hopes had been realized, there can be no doubt that the subject of the present memoirs would have enjoyed some high and honourable post in the new administration. But the cunning, in conjunction with the talents of Mr. Pitt, fairly outwitted his adversaries, and they were left to lament their cre-

dulity* in having trusted to the professions of a *beardless statesman*.

The mode, in which that gentleman came into power, has often been considered as *unconstitutional*, and by no one was it condemned with greater bitterness than by Mr. Windham, who seized every opportunity to censure the conduct of the premier, and render him odious to the nation.

During the unhappy illness, with which his majesty was afflicted, Mr. Windham, as usual, sided with Mr. Fox and his party; and as he always *feels warmly*, doubtless expressed himself on the subject of the regency, with a fervour that his enemies were tempted to stigmatise with the appellation of intemperance. Here again the minority failed in the attainment of their object, after their leader had been brought from Italy, and the nation had beheld a most extraordinary change in the deportment of the two contending parties: that headed by Mr. Pitt having boldly, and what would not have occurred had it not suited their interests.... having *constitutionally* insisted on an appeal in the new case of a regency, during the *malady* of the reigning prince, to the representatives of the people: while the opposition, notwithstanding their boasted regard for the rights and liberties of the country, took up the subject on high prerogative notions, and seemed to have changed arguments, before they had changed places with their adversaries.

In 1790, when the affair of Nootka Sound, and the armament that soon after ensued, engaged the attention of parliament and the nation, Mr. Windham expressed his opposition and abhorrence to the measures of Mr. Pitt upon that occasion. He talked loudly† of "the insulted honour of the country," "the heavy expences we were put to," the "weight of taxes we were doomed to bear," and the "certain losses we incurred for uncertain profits." He also ridiculed "the humble minions of ministerial will, phalanxed under the haughty banners of ministerial influence," and added satirically, "that it was not necessary for the people to inquire into the motives of administration for their conduct; they were supposed to be defended by the barriers of truth, and the ramparts of honour; their acts dreaded not the light, and their deeds challenged investigation....then they defy your curiosity, if you call it curiosity....but they shrink from the touch, if you but mention inquiry."

When a temporary misunderstanding with Russia took place in 1791, the subject of these memoirs once more accused the minister and his friends of conceiving too lofty notions of prerogative, and of infringing on the rights and privileges of that house. He congratulated Mr. Pitt "on his ability in seeking remote wars: Nootka and Jacotta were at no small distance, and Oczakow was very well known to be not at our doors." "War," added he "is a question of great importance to the lives of thousands; and no man or member of an assembly, who decided on it rashly, could think himself free from guilt. The general sense of the country is against the war, and the manufacturers in many places are alarmed. Of the city of Norwich I can speak more particularly," adds he, "and I know that they there dread the utter ruin of their trade." While speaking‡ on the same subject some time after, "he attacked the *consistency* and *confidence* of the minister; he accused him of having opposed the majorities of that house in an unconstitutional manner, and he replied to the question put by Mr. Pitt of 'Who is his accuser?' that he himself was both *criminal* and *accuser*."

On another occasion* he attacked his late colleagues with a vein of happy ridicule, too keen not to be felt, but, perhaps, too fine not to evaporate in a parliamentary report. After combating the attempt to preclude an inquiry, he is said to have spoken as follows:....

"This administration, which it has been the fashion to paint as a perfect paragon of purity and virtue, will now stand unmasked and exposed in their true and natural colours. The gay and embroidered suit of pretence, in which they have decked themselves, and under which they have strutted in magnificent disguise, is torn off, and they behold them in the tattered rags of their genuine deformity. They stand, like the uncased French, which the licentiousness of our stage is too apt to exhibit to ridicule....in ruffles without a shirt....in tinsel and lace on the outside....in dirt or dowlas within. They stand before their confiding majority, convicted of shrinking from trial; and when a man does not dare to stand trial, the world has a right to believe him guilty: and in this condition stand his majesty's ministers in the eyes of their majority. Let me add, sir, one word more on this serious subject. We have before us two pregnant instances of the use, which is made of these summary and shameful proceedings, which are introduced into practice for the sake of our darling revenue....that revenue, for which every thing is to be sacrificed....the citizen to be oppressed and ruined....the constitution to be violated. We see that these summary modes of conviction may be dexterously perverted into instruments of favour or of fear, as it may be the political and corrupt motive of office, for the moment, to gratify or to intimidate."

Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained concerning the recent conduct of Mr. Windham, no degree of obliquity can attach to his behaviour on that occasion, and every good man must dwell with pleasure on it. Nor ought it to be forgotten, that in a debate on the lottery-bill of 1792, he argued against lotteries in general, the disadvantages attendant on which were so great, that in his opinion they could not be compensated for by any advantage whatever in point of revenue. He remarked very justly, that the money produced could not be called *clear gain*, because in consequence of lotteries many individuals were rendered incapable of paying their taxes. By acquiescing in the plan, "government avowed themselves the bankers....the partners....of all the rogues and vagabonds now described†. They made war upon the morals of the people; and the progress of the unfortunate criminal might be easily traced, step by step, from the *insurance office* to the *Old Bailey*! The mischief had extended to every class. Were a committee appointed to inquire into the operations of it, they would trace it to the first floor, from that to the second....to the garret....to the pawnbroker's shop....to the *Old Bailey*....to the gallows....to *Bedlam*....or to the *workhouse*!"

Nor ought it to be forgotten, that Mr. Windham ably and eloquently combated the slave trade, and attacked all those base and interested motives, that would steel the heart of man against the common principles of humanity. He asserted‡ "that, independent of the solid reasoning, the eloquence, and the ability, which had been exerted in favour of the abolition of the slave trade, the bare statement of facts so enormous and atrocious, as appeared by the evidence ever to have been inseparable from that trade, was sufficient to have convinced the most obdurate supporters of African

* When Mr. Windham was about to visit Ireland, in a department (that of secretary) which was supposed to have an *ex officio* intimacy with corruption, he went to the *Colosseum of English literature*, and lamented that he should be under the necessity of sanctioning practices, of which he could not approve! The memorable reply made by Dr. Johnson, upon this occasion, has been often quoted since Mr. W. has been supposed to have changed his politics.

* This alludes to Mr. Pitt's promise relative to a dissolution of parliament.

† Debate on Monday, December 15th, when an inquiry was moved for by Mr. Grey.

‡ Monday, February 20, 1792. See *Parl. Deb.*

* Tuesday, March 13, on the motion "relative to the conduct of Mr. Rose during the Westminster election.

† Mr. Mainwaring had just stated the increase of abuses practised this year.

‡ Wednesday, April 25, 1792.

slavery, that the continuation of so iniquitous and abominable a traffic for a moment longer, was unjust, inhuman, and not to be defended on any principle whatever." He maintained "that the slave trade *ought to be abolished*." "When they were told of the justice due to the West India planters, were they to forget the vast debt of justice due to their slaves? When they were offering up so much to the interest of the West India islands, were they not to recollect the sufferings, which they were entailing on the Africans for some years to come, in comparison with the sufferings of those, who had been transported long since? What relief was it for future sufferers, that so many before them had suffered? It was like one, who, being reproved for skinning eels alive, said, 'they had been always used to it.'

After much pointed reasoning, he concluded by observing, "that in comparison between the possible consequences of the abolition, he saw doubtful contingencies, evils, or disadvantages, on one side.....certain gross and scandalous injustice, shame, and disgrace on the other."

On this great question Mr. Windham was in earnest; indeed, had some others, who only pretended to support it, evinced the same warmth of conviction and the same energy of conduct, there can be no doubt but that this odious traffic would long since have been annihilated, and the plighted faith of parliament rescued from dishonour.

(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AFTER a considerable, but unavoidable delay, both volumes of the very beautiful edition of Tooke's *Russia*, published by William Fry of this city, have made their appearance. This is incomparably the best history of an interesting epoch in the Muscovite annals; and its popularity here has been tested, by eight hundred subscribers, obtained in a very short time, and principally in the southern states. As it has been suggested, that "Secret Memoirs of the Court of St. Petersburg" is a more interesting work, nay, that even Tooke is less copious than the author of Secret Memoirs, it is proper to state, that it has long been a settled fashion among the jacobins, both of French and American birth, to vilify and falsify the character of Catharine. The motive is obvious. By exaggerating the faults of the Russian princess, they mean to inspire into their deluded votaries, the miserable populace, a blind, furious, and fanatical rage against monarchical power, and, indeed, against all power, but the brutal force of the multitude. No means are left unessayed to accomplish this darling project, which, from the commencement of the French revolution, they have cherished with parental solicitude, and which they will continue to cherish, until, by the councils of such men as BURKE and WINDHAM, followed up by the sword, and by the besom of destruction, they are no longer permitted to vex mankind.

We have been inundated with a tide of scandal against the empress of the north, and this "water of bitterness" has been variously directed, by jacobin conductors. Sometimes, as a purling falshood, it glides into our ears from the Morning Chronicle rills of poetry, and sometimes it rushes roughly on from the ditch of St. Antoine, and the filthiest common sewers of Paris. Among other lies and libels, affecting the Russian government, the anonymous author of "Secret Memoirs" proffers his detraction, and there are not wanting those, who will tell the public, that his unsubstantiated assertions are more legitimate than Tooke's elaborate history, and there are not wanting American fools, who will believe it. But, among discerning and well principled men, the reputation of Mr.

Fry's edition of an *authentic* work will not be depreciated by arts like these. A nameless and shameless Frenchman, of the *revolutionary* tribe, with his execrable jacobinism, with his lewdness of fancy, and audacity of falshood, will not supersede the well-digested and temperate work of an English gentleman, studious of the verity of his facts, as well as of the correctness of his composition. Mr. TOOKE will not be oppressed by a skulking jacobin, unless the prodigy of SHAKSPEARE be realized; unless

"The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Be by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd."

The faults and foibles of the imperial Kate were numerous, and we require no party rage to make them appear larger than life. Strict justice has been rendered to her character by Mr. TOOKE, and many other British writers. But all fanatic Frenchmen, of the *new* school, have described her as a prodigy of vice; and they have depicted her thus, not because she was sometimes *wanton*, sometimes *capricious*, and sometimes *cruel*, for Frenchmen, from *sympathy*, might forgive all this, but because this prodigy wore an *imperial crown*, and sometimes waged war, in support of her authority. Now, had she worn a *bonnet rouge*, and provoked rebellion against government, she would have been hailed as a *Madame Montmore*, or as a glorious *fishwoman* of the 10th of August.

It remains only to add, that this well printed edition of a first rate performance, is from the press of Mr. Maxwell, and that to its deserving publisher the writer of this article wishes all that success, which meritorious Enterprize should challenge from the public.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A VERY new and humorous essayist, after remarking, in the trite way, that the love of fame impels many great and glorious actions, declares vivaciously: "It animates the labour of the philosopher, the heroism of the warrior, the eloquence of the senator, the ingenuity of the mechanic, and the dissipation of the fine lady. It has razed towns, produced epic poems, composed sonnets, made speeches, and *invented violet soap*."

The pretensions of a literary adventurer, are thus stated in a new periodical work:

I stand forth unabashed a candidate for the name of author. I can shew three indisputable claims to the honour demanded; either of them sufficient to enable me to strive for the laurel crown. I am an idle man, a valetudinarian, and a humorist. Volumes might be written on each of these texts, to prove them due qualifications, to enable a man to sit at the common council board of literature.

In London, it is said by a late writer, a man may be idle without fatigue, valetudinarian without contempt, and a humorist without controul. In London, idleness may, without exertion, assume the garb of philosophy. No man is watched by his attentive neighbours, nor are his actions exposed to the critical examination of the piercing eye of curiosity.

What a late correspondent playfully alluded to, it seems is actually contemplated by the republican party. In the "National Egis," there is a proposal for the establishment of a "National Institute."

The gallantries and matrimonial connections of plants have been generally supposed to have been

first applied to poetical purposes by Dr. Darwin: a writer in a late London paper has probably gone back to the oldest authority, to deprive Dr. Darwin of this credit, and notices the following passage in Claudian, as translated in the "Guardian."

Branches in branches twin'd compose the grove,
And shoot, and spread, and blossom into time:
The trembling palms their mutual sways repeat,
And bending poplars, bending poplars meet;
The distant planes seem to press more sigh,
And to the sighing alders, alders sigh.

In the Aurora of the 11th current, we read the following sentence, "Which is death, or confinement for life, the more exemplary punishment?" This is a faithful transcript, and we suppose this extraordinary combination of words to be either the new language of the new administration, or else that it is a specimen of the celebrated Columbian Dictionary.

Inscription on a monument, under the statue of Sir Thomas Parkyns, a celebrated wrestler.

Here, thrown by Time, old Parkyn's laid,
The first fair fall he ever had;
Nor Time, without the aid of Death,
Could put this wrestler out of breath.
All else he threw, and with these twain,
As soon as he gets up again.

THE SUBLIME IN DANCING.

The following is literal from a London paper.

A gentleman of merit, well educated, and properly qualified by seven of the best masters that ever trod on English ground, teaches minuets to noblemen, and real ladies only, for the sum of five guineas paid down, with all the excelled graces of the head, body, arms, wrists, hands, fingers, toes, sinks, risings, bounds, rebounds, twirls, twists, fourfold mercuries, couplees, borees, flourishes, demi corpus, curtsies à la mode, hat on, off, giving hands and feet in an advanced octagon adorned style, and divided into one, two, three, or four steps, exact to time, or bars; introducing at the same moment, the à la mode form, chassas, springs, five and nine orders of the graces, and annexed with the rigadon, Louvre, cotillion, and ancient and modern hornpipe steps, and elegant country dance positions. The said gentleman is no common dancing master, has some character to lose, THEREFORE ladies of a common capacity may soon attain to dance equal to the best French or Italian dancer in the kingdom, only for five guineas, on applying to No. 79, in the Haymarket, between ten and eleven in the morning, and four and six in the afternoon, and they will be seen only by the aforesaid gentleman himself.

BURKE presents a curious picture of the blessedness of revolutionary times, when speaking of a French statesman, who went into voluntary exile, after monarchy was destroyed.

"He was a man of honour, and virtue, and talents, and therefore a fugitive."

It is sincerely, though dubiously hoped, we may never have just occasion to suppose that the following passage is, in the remotest degree, descriptive, either of our love of change, or its disgraceful consequences:

When learning and the arts are lost in an experiment to try how well a state may stand, without old, fundamental principles, what sort of thing must be a nation of gross, stupid, ferocious, and, at the same time, sordid barbarians, destitute of religion, honour, or manly pride?

Mr. WINDHAM, the bold opposer of a French peace, is of that undaunted spirit, and of that rapid decision, which render a statesman so eminently useful in all great emergencies. His bold and

generous character is drawn by a Roman poet in two lines.

Qui motus omnes et inexorabile fatum
Subiecit pedibus, strepitumque Acherontis avari.

In a late political meeting at New York, general HAMILTON, we understand, took occasion to make some remarks upon the imbecility of administration, and the portentous signs of the times. In a spirit of the clearest discernment, and in his wonted tones of eloquence and energy, he made a brief speech on the above interesting topics. His address, says the accurate editor of the New York Evening Post, was of a general nature. He took a very summary view of the leading measures and disposition of our present administration; as being excessively weak, impolitic, disorganizing, and unconstitutional, tending to expose the country to intestine discord and open invasion. It was his opinion that the peace in Europe, even if completed, could not be of long continuance, and that, in the event of a war, this country would be likely to get involved; and he then asked, what must be our situation without money in the treasury, and without a revenue? He spoke of the additional exposure, to which we should now be liable, from the French in possession of Louisiana. On the whole, he thought the present state of things, both at home and abroad, such as to justify the most alarming apprehensions. He therefore called upon the friends to good order, to stable government, to that system of measures, which had brought us to what we were, to rally on this occasion, and express their opinion by voting for a man of correct principles and sound judgment.

The celebrated Fuseli, who is endowed with the imagination of a poet, as well as the genius of a painter, thus describes one of the greatest masters of his art.

In the dawn of modern art, LIOMARDO da VINCI broke forth with a splendour, which distanced former excellence. Made up of all the elements, that constitute the essence of genius, favoured by education and circumstances, all ear, all eye, all grasp; painter, poet, sculptor, anatomist, architect, engineer, chymist, machinist, musician, man of science, and sometimes empiric, he laid hold of every beauty in the enchanted circle, but without exclusive attachment to one, dismissed in her turn each. Fitter to scatter hints, than to teach by example, he wasted life, insatiate in experiment. To a capacity, which at once penetrated the principle and real aim of the art, he joined an inequality of fancy, that, at one moment, lent him wings for the pursuit of beauty, and the next flung him on the ground to crawl after deformity: we owe him chiaro oscuro, with all its magic, we owe him caricature, with all its incongruities. His notions of the most elaborate finish, and his want of perseverance were at least equal. In his Last Supper, in the refectory of the Dominicans, he abandoned, without finishing, the head of Christ, exhausted by a wild chase after models for the heads and hands of the apostles. Had he been able to conceive the centre, the radii must have followed of course.

The Editor recollects to have nowhere read a finer picture of the magical powers of Genius, than what is exhibited in the above sketch. The curious reader, who is solicitous to read an original and bold writer, distinguished for his taste and power of execution in one of the fine arts, is referred to Lectures on Painting, delivered before the royal academy, by H. Fuseli.

REMBRANDT possessed the full empire of light and shade, and of all the tints that float between them. He tinged his pencil with equal success in the cool of dawn, in the noon-day ray, in the livid flash, in evanescent twilight, and rendered darkness visible.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Nothing, however exquisite or faultless in writing, but may be ludicrously parodied, or burlesqued. The following very characteristic lines seem to sneer at the charming simplicity of Wordsworth's "Lyrical Ballads." Whether this species of sarcasm, applied to the elegant work in question, be fair or not, the Editor will not now stay to settle; but will only add that the subsequent stanzas are very faithfully descriptive of rustic love in New-England; and though such a passion may be derided by the refinement of the city, yet it will cause no scornful smile in

"Many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the cbequer'd shade."]

JONATHAN TO JEMIMA.

JEMIMA, won't you let me sing

A little song I have for you?

I love you so like any thing,

I vow I don't know what to do.

And yet I hate to let you know,

It makes me feel all over so.

Don't you remember t'other day,

When you was milking in the piggin,

You had a straw hat on your head,

But on your neck there was no rigging.

And yet, &c.

Well, by a tree close to the fence

I stood, and while you pull'd the teats,

I peep'd through a small knot hole there,

Till I went almost into fits.

And when you twisted round your head,

And turn'd your eyes towards the tree,

It made me feel amazing sham'd,

So plaguy 'fraid that you would see.

I look'd right at your cheek and chin,

And all from where your gown had fell,

It made me think of fifty things....

But you won't like if I tell.

And when you fill'd your piggin full,

And to the house away had run,

It almost made me cry with grief,

I was so sorry when you'd done.

I wish that I had been a weed,

That almost to your bosom grew;

Or if the cow's teat I had been,

Then should I have been press'd by you.

When I went home, oh how I felt,

So bad that I could almost cry;

I was not sorry....yet I thought

That I most certainly should die.

I did not go to bed till twelve,

I felt so droll about my honey,

And there I lay till broad day-light,

But could not sleep for thinking on ye.

I thought you would not marry me,

You're so much prettier than I;

So I resolv'd to hang myself,

For still I thought that I should die.

I took a rope and went away....

My heart was sorer than a bile....

But when I got it round my neck,

I says, thinks I, it an't worth while.

Then home I went, good Lord,

I vum I never felt so bad,

I had a nation deal of grief,

And folks all thought that I was mad.

Says mother, says she, Jonathan,
Pray what the deuce can ail you now?
Mother, says I, if you was I,
You'd feel as bad as me, I vow.

Now sister says, and mother says,
And so do all the neighbours say,
That I am sartinly in love,
'Tis every bit as plain as day.

And father yesterday declared....
Oh how it makes me blush to tell....
If somehow we could make a match,
He thinks that we might do right well.

He'll let me have a lot of ground,
A gander, goose, the brindled cow,
A pair of oxen, th' old grey mare,
Two pigs, a barrow, and a sow.

And fifty other things like them.
He'll let us have to get along:
And you can get some plates, some chairs...
And now I'm almost done my song.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IMITATION OF HORACE.

ODE IX. BOOK I.

BEHOLD, my friend, *Aschutney's mound
No more its top is white with snow;
No more with frost the woods are crown'd,
Nor streams, congeal'd, forget to flow.

No need of fire....it is not cold...
But ope your case with liberal hand;
Bring generous wine, of four years old,
And near the cheering glasses stand.

Trust to the gods all cares but these,
Let joy and pleasure now prevail;
They smooth the rough tempestuous seas,
Their fat lulls the stormy gale.

Life's common lot account as gain;
Perhaps the morrow is not thine;
Indulge no idle anxious pain,
Nor at the ills of life repine.

While hoary Age, morose and sour,
Is distant from the present scene,
Acknowledge life's triumphant power,
And court the tasses round the green.

The rural field, or gay parterre,
Where whispering lovers nightly stray,
Now call thee forth to meet the fair,
Whose social converse crowns the day.

* A lofty eminence in Vermont.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 20.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 22d, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XIX.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

ATTACHED as I am to the female sex, and habituated, as I have been, to devote my hours, and assiduously to toil for their amusement; prompted to this line of conduct, as well by ardent feelings, as by the enthusiastic veneration I bear to the age of chivalry, the pride of gallantry in me has been wounded, by my permitting "*Aristippus, junior*" to notice, before me, the pathetic but elegant communication of "*Mrs. M.*" in No 15. I might, however, have found a balm for this wound, if she had been treated, by *Aristippus*, with that politeness and respect, which are due to a married female, who, "*by her economy*," has verified the maxim of a philosopher and a patriot, that "a penny saved is a penny gained." I expect confidently her pardon, however, when she finds that I shall atone, by my zeal in her defence, for the crime of delaying my attention to her heart-breaking communication.

I am, Mr. Saunter, a member of "the *Tuesday club*." It was early my opinion, that an association for the attainment of objects, honourable in their nature, and useful in their tendencies, should have "*a name*." I was fully aware, that, *not in novels alone*, "*ORLANDO*" always gained more female hearts than *Peter or Sam*; and believing that this just discrimination extended beyond the period of "*sweet fifteen*," I was anxious that our club, by its title, should gain favourable prepossessions in the public mind. My associates in the club will testify that this was strenuously urged by me. At our first meeting, I expatiated at length on the importance of a sounding name. I proved to demonstration, that the name of a certain meeting of legislators in this state, was the only barrier to public contempt; that the utility of sounding names was clearly exemplified in the "*Vicar of Wakefield*." I believe that my eloquence would have been successful, but, just as we were about taking the sense of the company, a merry member rose, and, in a voice, which is better known at the club than at tea-parties, loudly vociferated,

"What virtue in a name? That, which we call a rose, by any other name, would smell as sweet." Finding that Shakspeare was against me, my opposition ceased, and the "*club*" was nameless.

Disappointed in this important preliminary step, I resolved to exert myself to procure a secretary to the club, who should faithfully minute our proceedings. I had been too much among republicans to be ignorant, that, in a free country, there should be no closed doors, and that it would be not less unpolite than aristocratic, to keep our proceedings secret, especially from the ladies. I was the more prompted to exertion for this object, as we had no married men in the club, and as I knew that, with

the ladies, a knowledge of our measures alone would secure their applause. I believed, with the ladies, that they had a right to be informed of all our proceedings; that, although wits might call it curiosity in them, it was a laudable thirst for information; and that to avoid an interference with the ladies, on their tea-party evenings, they should be consulted as to the nights, on which the members of the club might be spared. I wished also to make a virtue of necessity; for, believing that one of the members *might* be married before the close of the season, and knowing the frailty and wavering of a bridegroom, during the honey-moon, I wished the club to have that merit, which results from openness and candour. I therefore moved, that a secretary should be appointed, who should be ordered to present the proceedings of the club at each monthly or other meeting of the "*Philadelphia Female Association*." Here, I believe, I should have succeeded, but the jovial member, to whom I have before alluded, marred my schemes. He thought, that some parts of our proceedings should not be made public, and exclaimed aloud, in allusion to women,

"Constant you are,
But yet a woman, and for secrecy
No lady closer; for I will believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know,
And so far will I trust ye, gentle dame."

I have too high a veneration for Shakspeare, to oppose his doctrines; and, although it may be possible he may be wrong, I did not choose to appear vain, by opposing my judgment to his, in a public club. I yielded, and the doors were closed to all but the waiter.

As this was the result of our proceedings, I am, of course, bound to secrecy, with regard to the meetings of the club. I know well, that, as the interests of women are so intimately connected with those of our sex, they have an indisputable right to be informed of our actions. It is certainly an ordination of nature, and, in pursuance of this ordination, the ladies, by some means or other, always do find out the haunts of men. I know well too, that, like *Tilburina*, they sometimes "*do see what is not in sight*." But, if they can thus see things, which are not to be seen, they certainly can see, with much greater ease, all that is to be seen.

I regret that, by the rules of the club, I cannot be the medium of information to the ladies; but, although restricted from telling what does pass, I am at liberty to say what *does not* pass; particularly as our reputations suffer, in the opinions of females, from the unfortunate suspicion, that one of our members learned among us more Latin than he could from his parents, who wisely "*avoided sending him to school, where his learning was to be acquired at the expense of his morals*!"

I must then, Mr. Saunter, pray you to persuade "*Mrs. M.*" that her son did not learn his Latin among us. I am sure, that the nature of our whole conversation was totally unknown at Rome. We have gained but little indeed, if eighteen centuries have not given to us new terms, and new ideas; and, although the son of *Mrs. M.* may tell his mother "*non decet te rixari*," I appeal to the can-

dour of the ladies, whether this expression could have been learned at a male club, or whether it could ever be properly applied but *at home*. *Mrs. M.* may have reason to believe that "*heu! ignave mentes*" was called forth at the "*Tuesday club*," and I shall not contradict her, but it was certainly indecorous in her son to apply it *at home*. If he had heard of another maxim, he would certainly have been silent.... "*Veritas non est omnibus horis loquendum*."

I pray you now, Mr. Saunter, to tender to *Mrs. M.* the homage of my high consideration; to tell her, that I lament that the wise, but uncommon, mode of her son's education failed of its object; that, if it be possible to persuade him to associate with the ladies entirely, after his initiation in the "*Tuesday club*," it shall be done. Tell her, I pray you, that her laudable thirst for information ought, in my opinion, to be gratified, and that my exertions shall be used for that purpose. Tell her also, that I shall attempt to persuade my associates (what I fear will be impossible to convince *them*) that their evenings should be devoted to the ladies, in order that their manners may be polished, and their minds strengthened. These things shall be attempted, without fee or reward; and, in return, we will not ask, or even wish, to be admitted at the meetings of the "*Philadelphia Female Association*."

QUIXOTE.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. IV.

Germans....Hollanders, &c.

I NOW turn to the Germans, as the least numerous among the principal classes of Europeans, who peopled America. These Germans were from the most unenlightened and oppressed provinces of the German empire. In their country, the Palatinate, Hesse, and other parts bordering upon the Rhine, they belonged to the poorest class of the common people, for the prospering peasant never emigrates from Germany nor any other European country. Though among these people there was much vicious rabble, they distinguished themselves greatly by their industry above their Irish fellow-colonists, and the exports of the middle colonies might have remained, but for these wheat-producing German machines, very trifling. The only sentiment of these uneducated people was self-interest, which, always connected with frugality, their descendants inherited, excepting when they were infected by the luxury of the other colonists, or corrupted by the licentiousness of the Irish rabble. In the last case they exhibit to the eye of the European observer, astonished at such incongruities, the lamentable and disgusting spectacle of a lewd and vicious barbarian; in the former, the ridiculous one of a man rapidly risen from no-

thing, whose coarse outside and awkward behaviour laughably contrasts with the elegance that surrounds him. The Hollanders, Swedes, French, and others, have been too few in number to deserve a place among the principal classes of ancestors of the Americans. I say nothing of the emigrations since the revolution, because they are too recent to have given national ancestors to the Americans, of whom I am now speaking. Since that period, a very different class of men have begun to emigrate thither, and I shall speak of them hereafter in the proper place. It is however certain, that the emigrations, which gave existence to the American people, consisted of the dregs of several European nations, and consequently that no high degree of virtue and political heroism can be expected from their descendants, unless they, by the force of circumstances, have been born again and ennobled; and even if it were not allowable to call these emigrants an abominable medley. Nor do I deny, that many virtuous and respectable families likewise emigrated to America; but as they constituted only a very feeble minority, such exceptions can by no means affect the accuracy of a general result. We shall now examine whether circumstances have occurred calculated to operate a new birth upon the character of the people.

CHAP. V.

The organisation of the Country gave rise to a trading influence. Its pernicious operation upon the morals.

"IF you inhabit," says Rousseau, in the *Contrat Social*, "an extensive sea coast, intersected by bays and harbours, cover the ocean with your ships, and your existence will be splendid, but short." Upon such a coast were those emigrants, of whom I have just spoken, cast. What a temptation to trade by sea! especially as the soil, upon which they had to labour, was, on account of its bad quality, ill fitted for agriculture. As the bad grounds in the southern colonies were found competent to produce rice, indigo, and tobacco, the exportation of these valuable articles gave nourishment to this commerce. The hilly regions of the middle, and in part of the northern colonies, were soon wrested from the Indians, and cultivated; they gave good harvests of wheat and other grain, which, from the proximity of the West India colonies in America, which consumed without producing these articles, of course became excellent objects of export trade. But the imports, as the colonists could not possibly themselves raise the European goods, which they wanted, and the mother country carefully prevented their attempting what would have been diametrically opposite to her object in settling the colonies, of course far exceeded the exports, and principally gave life to this trade, necessarily making the planters, who were always forced to sell beforehand their harvests, the slaves of the merchant. Hence arose the predominancy of the trading interest, which has continued to this day. A general spirit of trade spread itself throughout the country, and the planters were rather sellers of raw produce than farmers. Consider how largely the organization of the country contributed to produce this mercantile spirit. For as the English colonies properly formed only a long, and proportionably small valley, between the Apalachian mountains and the ocean, while the French possessed all the lands west of the Alleghany mountains, the settlers were obliged to stretch themselves along the coast, and of course to remain always in the vortex of the commercial interest, especially as several navigable rivers facilitated the communication with the sea.

An opposite effect would have been produced if the country had extended far in land, and had possessed a fruitful soil; if it had been watered only

by a single large river, the rapidity of which should have rendered the navigation inward extremely difficult, and have presented to the European settlers a small coast. Such is the nature of the country on the Mississippi, and hence the first agricultural and manufacturing states will arise there, and by the peopling of those extensive regions the commercial interest must, in case the Atlantic and western states should remain united, cease to predominate, and yield to the farming and manufacturing influence that pre-eminence, which is so conformable to the public welfare.

Every circumstance contributed, however, to invite the English colonies to speculative commerce. On the one hand, the sea gave occasion to exportations and importations, and, on the other, the Indians, from whom, as inexperienced men of nature, it was very easy to filch large tracts of land, dwelt to the westward. It may be maintained, that the colonists floating thus between Scylla and Charybdis, could hardly withstand such strong temptations to grow suddenly rich, and that their virtue necessarily went to wreck upon one of these two rocks.

Export and import trade should always rest upon the basis not only of agriculture, that is the raising of raw produce, but of manufactures, or the working up of this raw produce. In the opposite case, an order of things arises, which, as the mean proportion, or manufacture, is wanting, can furnish no solid foundation for commerce. A people without manufactures and with luxury, must always take from foreigners more than they can give in return. Hence their merchants, as debtors, are always dependent upon foreigners, and the people always dependent upon their merchants. This must, of course, make these last masters of the legislative and administrative authorities? They are however themselves compelled to prefer the interest of that nation, to which most of their creditors belong, to that of their own country, or to break off at once all connection, and thus put an end to their own commercial existence. In this situation of things, can the laws of the country be adapted to the general welfare? will not this external commerce, by inflaming the desire for superfluities, give to sensuality a preponderance, pernicious to the morals, over the rational faculties? and will not, of course, covetousness be the ruling passion of such a people? will it not be morally degraded by envy, and the whole train of selfish passions, to which the fear of concurrence necessarily connected with trade gives birth? In agriculture alone the advantage of the farmer is not injured by concurrence, but, on the contrary, prospers in the same proportion with it. It is a warning of Providence to point out the employment the most beneficial to individuals, and, of course, to states*.

Such a country was therefore not calculated to enoble the European colonists. It remains now to be examined, whether history teaches that they really were ennobled, or proves their character to be the genuine production of their origin and of their country.

CHAP. VI.

Characteristic historical Sketch.

I SHALL not at all concern myself with the insignificant history of the English colonies, until their separation from the mother country, though the progress of mechanical labours, in certain respects, would be very interesting. But the charac-

* This is likewise confirmed by the consideration, that a numerous family of children is wealth to a labouring freeholder, though an unfavourable circumstance to the welfare of a man in any other class of society.

ter of the colonists, considered as a nation, is unfolded only by the events of the revolution, and the annals of the United States until this time. The obscure period when these colonies originated (I call it obscure, not because it is unknown, but because its events, being unimportant, have little interest for us) exhibits the European emigrants too much occupied with the labours necessary for the sustenance of mere animal life; their minds were too much shackled by the acquisition of absolute necessities, interesting only to themselves, to unfold their moral nature in such a mere animal mode of life. Hence arose an ungenue simplicity, a compulsive absence of luxury, which deceived the author of the *Cultivateur Americain*, who saw the end of this period. I call it an ungenue simplicity, because, like counterfeit precious stones, they had only the external appearance of this property, and not its substance grounded in the mind, as the innocence of children is barely external, and real innocence, the fruit of wisdom, attendant upon age.

Yet even this early period, this infancy of the colonies, is sullied with unheard of cruelties, and shameful deceptions practised upon the Indians. I will only mention the murder of so many Indians by a pack of banditti, calling themselves *Paxton boys* in the court-house of Lancaster, where these wild men, as they are called, fled for refuge from the tame ones, bent upon murdering them, and where they were most unhumanly butchered, in the very sanctuary of justice. So that even this kind of animal harmlessness vanished at once, whenever the gross interests of the colonists appeared to require it should be set aside. But no sooner had the colonists become sufficiently numerous to be called a people, than their character unfolded itself by their breaking away from the mother country. I am very far from disapproving this salutary revolution; it will be seen hereafter how much I am persuaded of its necessity, and how favourable to humanity its consequences appear to be; but its first motive was self-interest. The British parliament undertook to tax: and thus attacked the colonists in their tenderest part. Had the parliament prescribed to them moral laws, they would have been content to take them, for their idea of representation extended only to the right of being taxed by their representatives alone; an idea imported from England, where it is held to constitute almost exclusively political liberty. The parliament passed indeed a declaratory act, asserting a right to bind the Americans in all cases whatsoever, which rendered resistance necessary. But the troubles existed already, before this law was made, and while the only controversy was about taxation. The foundation of the disturbances was however deeper laid than in the contested right of taxation: but still in self-interest, and of a commercial nature. For England restrained the trade of her colonies, whose trade of exports and imports was carried on by the intervention of Englishmen. The merchants of the colonies could not carry their produce immediately to foreign countries, whose productions in return they were likewise obliged to purchase in England. The prospect of an unlimited freedom of trade, as the necessary consequence of a separation from the mother country, must have irresistible charms for people, whose eagerness for gain is unbounded. The measures of the British parliament furnished them with an excellent pretext to bring about a change, which they so much desired; and thus was this celebrated revolution of liberty, little more, in its embryo, than a commercial speculation of rapacious traders, whose influence in their country was predominant.

On the other hand, it is difficult to believe that the measures of the British ministry had no other object in view than to draw money from a country, which possessed little of it. It seems as if

the ministers hoped that in case the American colonists should resist, their country would be very easy to conquer; and we shall soon see that this hope was very well founded. After this conquest, they would have deprived those adjudged rebels of all their laws, which they had carried with them from England, and would have set the example in America of that despotism, which they meant afterwards to introduce into England, and which, in our days, another minister has introduced there. This subjection of America would furthermore have increased their power to an irresistible degree, by the numerous distributions of lands and offices, which it would have occasioned. Thus, abominable as the motives, which men in power assign for their conduct, appear, their concealed intentions are commonly still more detestable.

The conduct of the American people during the revolutionary war, will be the principal test of their character, and this will be found accurately delineated in the official letters of general Washington; a document, of which the subtlest law-quibbler cannot deny the competency. The facts contained in these remarkable letters shall be the polar star of my inquiries.

CHAP. VII.

Continuation of the characteristic historical sketch.

AT the breaking out of the war, in the year 1776, it was very easy to collect a considerable number of armed men; for they thought it would be easy to drive away the English from the country, that is, from Boston, and that would put an end to the whole business. The general sentiment was, "Let us drive away these Englishmen, who come to demand taxes." The New-England militia too behaved with great bravery before Boston. But this transient energy was very soon evaporated; for as the winter season drew near, no one would serve any longer, and general Washington found himself in the unexampled embarrassment, of having to levy a new army, at two paces distant from the enemy, and he could scarcely, with inexpressible pains, prevent his own troops from deserting him altogether. The English had the complaisance to suffer this before their eyes, without attacking him, though they might at one stroke have destroyed the whole military power of the Americans. They had even the complaisance to leave Boston, which shews in no advantageous point of view the military sagacity of that nation. The Americans were totally destitute of powder, arms, and all the necessities of war. At the beginning of the war, this was in some measure excusable, but these same articles, and magazines, were equally wanting the next year, which is by no means to the honour of a government and people, who would fain have worked out their liberty without making any sacrifices. In the same next year, considerable numbers of the militia were again prevailed upon, by the promise of large pay, to devote themselves for a short time to the service of their threatened country: but after being everywhere beaten near New York, as soon as it began to be cold they immediately returned to their homes. They came without arms, though they had muskets at home. Half the troops of the army were unarmed; yet it was necessary to furnish arms to these militia men. There was a want of powder; yet it was necessary to supply the militia with some of the little there was; and when the time of service of these patriots had expired, they carried home with them to shoot squirrels this powder, and these muskets, which belonged to their deeply distressed country. It was thus that the North American soldiers of liberty behaved.

General Washington thought he could defend with only a land force, New York, against a force

both by sea and land, which, on the part of so well informed a commander, is scarcely credible. He would infallibly, with all his militia, have been made prisoner in New York, had the English general with more activity made himself master of the post of Kingsbridge. General Lee, who, from enthusiasm for the American cause, had abandoned the prospect of splendid advancement, and an income of 1000*l.* sterling in England, arrived just in time to make general Washington see the danger of his situation, and to draw the troops away from New York island. This general Lee rendered other services to the Americans; but he must have starved with hunger, or begged his bread without obtaining it, as he says in his Memoirs, if a certain Mr. Morris had not assisted him. That he had caballed against general Washington, to deprive him of the chief command, was an offence against general Washington, which your men in power, who love the possession of authority, never forgive; but it was no offence against the state, which he believed himself able to serve better than general Washington; a question, which still remains undetermined. Besides, a rotation in the supreme command followed of course from his republican principles. His offence at the skirmish of Monmouth is yet very problematical; at least he justifies it, as it seems, completely in his letters, and it is indeed astonishing how it could give occasion to a court-martial, and yet more wonderful how this court-martial decided. That the congress ratified the sentence is less surprizing; for this congress, which bore little resemblance to a Roman senate, consisted of the humble servants of general Washington. It is therefore ascertained that general Lee, happily for himself, died early enough to escape indigence, but late enough to exhibit the ingratitude of the Americans in an odious light. I hold it indeed for certain, that all intelligent military men, who read his justification, contained in the Memoirs of General Lee, will be of opinion, that his conduct at the distant cannonade and light skirmish of Monmouth, which all the Americans call a battle, was not only free from faults, but altogether worthy of an able general, well endowed with the talent of the military *coup d'ail*.

I return to the campaign of 1776. General Washington, notwithstanding all the representations of general Lee, could not prevail upon himself to abandon Fort Washington, situated upon New-York island. The Hessians took this fort by storm, and made two thousand prisoners; besides a great deal of artillery and warlike stores. This shews what would have been general Washington's fate, had not his guardian angel Lee persuaded him to withdraw from New-York. Indecision, with such a mass of information as general Washington possesses, can only proceed from a disagreement between the light of the understanding and the energy of the will, or from a clearer perception of the disadvantages of every resolution, than of its advantages.

It was contrary to all military evidence that general Washington believed he could maintain himself in New-York, and even upon Long-Island. Of the detachment upon Long-Island he lost 3000 men; the rest ran away. It must be imputed to the English generals as a fault, not to have taken them all. It was believed that the members of congress with the army, being ignorant of military affairs, were the causes of the resolution to defend New-York. But from the official letters of general Washington, now published, it appears to have been his own idea.

In the retreat from New-York to beyond the Delaware, the whole American army, excepting about three thousand men, dispersed themselves. These three thousand men deserved, like the three hundred Spartans, statues to their honour, while the shameful dereliction of their standards at the

moment of the greatest danger, brands the American people with shame. The surprise of Trenton was for the Americans, what the Thermopylae were to Greece. This surprise is one of the most skilful and boldest enterprizes of our century. It is, however, surpassed by the undertaking at Princeton, and both events are sufficient to raise a general to the temple of immortality; especially when, as in this case, he is contending for the welfare of his country. General Washington confesses himself, that the war would have been at an end, if he had had only six hundred men fit for action, to march with him to Brunswick, where the magazine and warlike chest of the English army lay, without a guard. But his men were too much exhausted; and besides, adds he, in his letter, which marks his excessively cautious character, always finding obstacles, the success would have been uncertain. What a coldness of character must that be, which can resist the temptation to destroy an army of nearly thirty thousand men, with a couple of thousand, by a march of a few miles, and a blow, which could not fail! The destruction of the English army was inevitable; for they would have been hemmed in upon the sea-coast, destitute of every necessary, in the barrenest part of New-Jersey, and must either have laid down their arms, or taken to their ships! What an immortal glory would not general Washington have acquired!.... Was it really impossible to prevail upon his troops, by holding up before them such a splendid prospect, to march a few miles further? Did general Washington not remember Cæsar's maxim, that "nothing is done while ought remains to do"? Or were his troops utterly incapable of proceeding two steps further? A supposition not easily to be imagined.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AFTER finishing a long scientific octavo, one must be sometimes less surprized by the gin-horse assiduity of the author, than plagued by his fantastic ingenuity, in contriving the ramifications of his subject. I devoutly hope, however, that such may not be deemed the ingenuity of a gentleman, who was a passionate architect of systems, an imitator of Sterne, and has left me a specimen of his passion and imitation, in the two hundred and seventieth page of a manuscript on *courting*. I am the more solicitous on this head, because I shall keep back every other page of this excellent and rare treatise, in which many descriptions of people are interested, unless the following passage gain high and continued laud, for its philosophy, its truth, and its *Latin*, all of which are humbly submitted by

MOLLIS.

"I give you my word, madam, there is nothing, in the whole vocabulary of ventriloquism, half so expressive as a *sigh*. Now, it has always been my way of thinking, that a man might look any thing out of his eyes, and a woman too, saving your ladyship, without the least counsel of the heart. All above the thorax has so little commerce with the arteries and veins, that lead in and out of that great repository of feeling, that, nine times out of ten, they play you false: nay, it is the province of education to strike out the residue, and to deny honesty even its solitary *tythe*. I wouldn't, by the golden thigh of Pythagoras, I wouldn't believe you the sooner, because you look'd and talk'd fair, than I would.....no matter what. But, when a man swears that he loves you, and brings a deep, long-drawn sigh for his voucher, I defy Pyrrho, and Berkley, and the whole court of king's bench, with

Lloyd, lord Kenyon, at its head, to say it is not evidence. It stands to reason, madam, and has, ever since Abelard lost his Eloisa, which, according to the best chronologies, was about the year 1142. "And pray what has Abelard to do with the subject?" I could have sworn you would have asked the question. Nothing, madam, upon my honour, more than you or I have.

"Your ladyship will please to observe, that a sigh may be considered historically or geographically, physically or technically; any way, in fact, but politically. A political sigh is nothing more than a grunt; I could tell it as far as I could hear it. In the third chapter of Genesis, it is demonstrated historically, if it be not an interpolation, which God forbid, that Adam was the very first sigher; and, in geography and physics, we might speak of the island of Chios, of a high and dry soil, that sublimates the affections, and opens all the avenues for their expression. But technicallyoh! what a feast for Linnæus or; technically, there is the sigh of Love, the sigh of Hope, the sigh of Despair, the sigh of Regret, of Remorse, and lastly of a full stomach, as you may find in Dr. Willich's Lectures on Diet and Regimen, passim.

"Now, madam, I hold that the sigh of Love, not being the sigh of Despair, is the gentlest, sweetest, easiest sigh, that a christian can expectorate. I answer not for a mahometan, whose love is quotidian; nor for a Jew, whose love is mercenary; nor for an Indian, who, according to the best authorities, has no love at all; but, for the christian sigh, I call the eighth Harry to witness, that there is nothing so heart-easing to the lover, nor any thing in the *argumentum ad faminam* that so completely shuts up the valve of controversy. The traits of this sigh, sir, are remarkable,.....*Caput proclinationum, oculi firmiter intenti, distensio pulmonum et contractio foveolis, miraque titillatio præcordiorum*..... 'Tis as plain, in fact, as Diego's nose.

"The sigh of Hope. Oh! how well do I know its characters! When I have wiped away the cold death-drops that chased each other down the forehead of my friend; when I have composed the features of his cherished face, distorted by the last agony; when I have turned to his desolate little flock, clinging in mute terror round their mother Almighty Father! with what a full suspiration have I ejaculated, "We shall meet again!"

"The sigh of Despair, madam, is of no particular character; and, with all my skill, I have been very grossly cheated in it. It is but two nights since, as I am told, that I saw it slipping out between the labials of a young swain, who, from his emotions, I concluded had only taken his coffee too hot; and I could be sworn that the despair of that tall statesman, who has looked to preferment for the last lustre, is deemed, by half the company, nothing deeper than a touch of the cholice. The general description of it might be "*Frons corrugata, oculorumque sclerotica denudata, os apertum, amplificationis thoracis cordisque palpitatio convellens*." But of this, may it please your worships, I am not well convinced.

"The sigh of Regret is a pitiful little thing, that most commonly debarks against the fan of a faded coquette, and is not of course, easily analyzed.

"But worse than plague, pestilence, or famine, battle, murder, or sudden death, is the sigh of Remorse. It twists the whole pulmonary chest, ma'am, to so villainous a degree, that my father has often said, that he knew nobody, who could bear it, but Powell the fire-eater. It is as legible too as the hand writing on the wall. Your ladyship saw it. I wish the congregated hosts of earth had seen it struggling in that wretch, who could plant a prostitute in the seat of his wife, and throw her, with her helpless orphans, to the street.

"The last sigh, as an author, I have not had much opportunity to study; but, for its genius, I

can recommend the curious to the superintendants of any poor-house in the country. I believe it to be, however, *suspiratio crebra, per dentes oclusos, omnivoresque ejecta, vino ferinaque penitus saturata*."

[The Editor omits no pains, or eagerness of research, to obtain whatever is rare and precious from the cabinet of Genius; and he is more especially curious to preserve, in his Port Folio, those works of the great masters, which are correct in their design, as well as brilliant in their colours. Whatever has been executed by EDMUND BURKE is of this description; and, in the following letter, the reader will discern both the true and the beautiful.]

AN ORIGINAL LETTER

FROM EDMUND BURKE TO MR. RIVAROL.

Not published in any edition of his works.

SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for your very polite and flattering attention to me, and to the piece, which you are pleased to regard with so much indulgence. It is an endeavour very well intended; but, I am conscious, very inadequate to the great interests of this kingdom and of mankind, which it proposes to assert.

I have seen, though too late to profit of them, your brother's admirable Annals, which may rank with those of Tacitus. There is, indeed, a strong coincidence in our way of thinking. I ought to be very proud of that circumstance. If I had seen his performance before I had written on the same subject, I should rather have chosen to enrich my pamphlet with quotations from thence, than have ventured to express the thoughts, in which we agreed, in worse words of my own.

I thank you too for the elegant poems, which you have done me the honour to transmit to me with your letter. So far as I am capable of forming any judgment upon French poetry, the verses are spirited and well-turned; and the author possesses the art of interesting the passions, which is the triumph of that kind of eloquence.

I wish, without disguising my real sentiments, I could go as far in my approbation of the general tendency of one of these pieces, and of the policy of such publications at such a time as this. Forgive me, sir, if I take the liberty of suggesting to your superior judgment, as well as to that of the emperor's advisers, that it is not very easy to suppress (by the methods lately used) what you call "the monkish fury," without exciting fury of another kind; a sort of fury, which will, perhaps, be found more untractable than the other, and which may be carried to much greater lengths. In such a dilemma, it would not misbecome a great statesman seriously to consider, which (of these furies) he has it in charge to support, and which is more fatal to the country, which it is his duty to preserve in peace and prosperity. That fury, which arises in the minds of men on being stripped of their goods, and turned out of their houses by acts of power, and our sympathy with them under such wrongs, are feelings implanted in us by our Creator to be (under the direction of his laws) the means of our preservation. Such fury and such sympathy are things very different from men's imaginary political systems concerning governments. They arise out of instinctive principles of self-defence, and are executive powers under the legislation of nature, enforcing its first law. This principle princes and commonwealths (whatever they may think their rights), cannot always attack with perfect impunity.

If princes will, in cold blood, and from mistaken ideas of policy, excite the passions of the multitude against particular descriptions of men, whether they be priests or nobility, in order to avail themselves of the assistance of that multitude in their enterprizes against these classes, let them recollect, that they call in the aid of an ally more

dangerous to themselves, than to those, whom they are desirous of oppressing.

The Netherlands have been but newly recovered to the emperor. He owes that recovery to a concurrence of very extraordinary circumstances; and he has made great sacrifices to his object. Is it really his interest to have it understood, that he means to repeat the very proceedings, which have excited all the late troubles in his territories? Can it be true that he means to draw up the very same flood gates, which have let loose the deluge that has overwhelmed the great monarchy in his neighbourhood? Does he think, if he means to encourage the spirit, which prevails in France, that it will be exerted in his favour, or to answer his purposes? Whilst he is destroying prejudices, which, under good management, may become the surest support of his government; is he not afraid that the discussion may go farther than he wishes? If he excites men to enquire too scrupulously, into the foundation of all old opinion, may he not have reason to apprehend, that several will see as little use in monarchs as in monks? The question is not, whether they will argue logically or not, but whether the turn of mind, which leads to such discussion, may not become as fatal to the former as to the latter. He may trust in the fine army he has assembled; but fine armies have been seduced from their allegiance, and the seducers are not far from him. He may fortify his frontier; but fortresses have been betrayed by their garrisons, and garrisons overpowered by the burghers. Those of the democratic faction in the Netherlands have always an armed ally more conveniently situated to assist them, than the emperor is conveniently situated to assist himself. Would not prudence rather dictate to that great sovereign, the surest mode of fortification; would not prudence direct him, I say, to fortify himself in the hearts of his people, by repairing, rather than by destroying, those dykes and barriers, which prejudice might raise in his favour, and which cost nothing to his treasury, either in the construction or the reparation.

It were better to forget, once for all, the Encyclopædia, and the whole body of the economists, and to resort to those old rules and principles, which have hitherto made princes great, and nations happy. Let not a prince, circumstanced like him, weakly fall in love either with monks or nobles; still less let him violently hate them. In his Netherlands he possesses the most populous, the best cultivated, and the most flourishing country in Europe; a country, from which, at this day, and even in England, we are to learn the perfect practice of the best of arts, that of agriculture. If he has a people like the Flemings, industrious, frugal, easy, and obedient, what is it to him, whether they are fond of monks, or love ringing of bells, and lighting of candles, or not? A wise prince, as I hope the emperor is, will study the genius of his people. He will indulge them in their humours; he will preserve them in their privileges; he will act upon the circumstances of his states as he finds them; and whilst thus acting upon the practical principles of a practical policy, he is the happy prince of an happy people. He will not care what the Condorcets and the Raynals, and the whole flight of the magpies and jays of philosophy may fancy and chatter concerning his conduct or his character.

Well it is for the Emperor, that the late rebellion of the Netherlands was a rebellion against innovation. When, therefore, he returned to the possession of his estates, an event, which no man wished more sincerely than I did, he found none of the ancient landmarks removed. He found every thing except the natural effects of a transient storm, exactly as it was on the day of the revolt. Would the king of France, supposing his restoration probable, find his kingdom in the same

condition? Oh! no, sir. Many long, long labours would be required to restore that country to any sort of good order. Why? because their rebellion is the direct contrary to that of Flanders. It is a *revolt of innovation*, and thereby the very elements of society have been confounded and dissipated. Small politicians will certainly recommend to him to nourish a democratic party, in order to curb the aristocratic and the clerical. In general, all policy founded on discord, is perilous to the prince and fatal to the country. The support of the permanent orders in their places, and the reconciling them all to his government, will be his best security, either for governing quietly in his own person, or for leaving any sure succession to his posterity. Corporations, which have a perpetual succession, and hereditary nobles, who themselves exist by succession, are the true guardians of monarchical succession. On such orders and institutions alone, an hereditary monarchy can stand. What they call the *democratic royale* in France, is laughed at by the very authors, as an absurd chimera. Where all things else are elective, you may call a king hereditary; but he is, for the present only a cypher; and the succession is not supported by any analogy in the state, nor combined with any sentiment whatsoever, existing in the minds of the people. It is a solitary, unsupported, anomalous king.

The story you tell of the Chartreux, in the time of Charles V may be true for any thing I know to the contrary. But what inference can be drawn from it? Why should it be necessary to influence the people, at such a time as this, to rob the Chartreux, who had no hand in that murder? Were the Chartreux, that I have seen at Paris, employed in committing or meditating murders? Are they so at *Latrappe*, or at the *grande Chartreuse*, or any where else? Inferences will be made from such a story. I don't mean logical, but practical inferences, which will harden the hearts of men, in this age of spoil, not only against them, but against a considerable portion of the human race. Some of these monks, in a sudden transport of fury, murdered somebody in the time of Charles V. What then? I am certain that, not in the time of Charles V, but now, and at all times, and in all countries, and in the bosom of the dearest relations of life, the most dreadful tragedies have been, and are daily acted. Is it right to bring forth these examples, to make us abhor those relations?

You observe, that a sequestration from the connexions of society makes the heart cold and unfeeling, I believe it may have that tendency.... though this is more than I find to be the fact, from the result of my own observations and inquiries; but, to the theory, it seems probable: however, as the greatest crimes do not arise so much from a want of feeling for others, as from an over sensibility for ourselves, and an over indulgence to our own desires, very sequestered people (such as the Chartreux), as they are less touched with the sympathies which soften the manners, are less engaged in the passions which agitate the mind. The best virtues can hardly be found among them, but crimes must be more rare in that form of society, than in the active world. If I were to trust to my own observation, and give a verdict on it, I must depose, that, in my experience, I have found that those, who were most indulgent to themselves, were (in the mass) less kind to others, than those, who have lived a life nearer to self-denial. I go further. In my experience, I have observed, that a luxurious softness of manners hardens the heart, at least as much as an overdone abstinence. I question much, whether moral policy will justify us in an endeavour to interest the heart in favour of immoral, irregular, and illegal actions, on account of particular touching circumstances, that may happen to attend the commission or the punishment of them. I know poets are apt enough

to choose such subjects, in order to excite the high relish arising from the mixed sensations which will arise in that anxious embarrassment of the mind, whenever it finds itself in a locality, where vices and virtue meet near their confines....where

Mire sagaces falleret hospites
Discrimen obscurum.....

I think, of late, that the Parisian philosophers have done, upon a meditated system, what the poets are naturally led to, by a desiring of flattering the passions. To you, as a poet, this is to be allowed. To philosophers, one cannot be so indulgent; for, perhaps, ladies ought not "to love too well," like the *Phedras* and *Myrthas* of old, or the ancient or modern *Eloises*. They had better not pursue their lovers into convents of Carthusians, nor follow them in disguise to camps and slaughter-houses. But I have observed, that the philosophers, in order to insinuate their polluted atheism into young minds, have systematically flattered all their passions, natural and unnatural. They explode, or render odious, or contemptible, that class of virtues, which restrain the appetite. These are, at least, nine out of ten of the virtues. In the place of all these, they substitute a virtue, which they call humanity or benevolence. By this means, their morality has no idea in it of restraint, or indeed of a distinct, settled principle, of any kind. When their disciples are thus left free, and guided only by present feeling, they are no longer to be depended on for good or evil. The men who, to-day, snatch the worst criminals from justice, will surrender the most innocent persons to-morrow.

I assure you, sir, that this letter has been written six weeks ago, given to be copied, and I really thought sent to you. Looking on my papers, I found my memory had betrayed me, and that you have an apparent reason to complain of my neglect. You have, in the late events, done yourself great honour, as I hear. Do not be discouraged. The value of such services will, one day, be known and acknowledged. I have the honour to be, with most sincere respect,

Your most obedient and humble servant,

EDMUND BURKE.

June, 1791.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.

(CONCLUDED.)

A GREAT event....no less than that of the French revolution....contributed not a little, about this period, to make an entire change in the politics of the nation. But no body of men experienced a greater shock than the opposition. They had been lessened indeed, by a few occasional desertions; but the crisis alluded to thinned their ranks, dispelled their consequence, and spread terror and dismay among their adherents.

So early as 1790, Mr. Burke had declared, "that his honourable friend (Mr. Fox) and he were separated in politics forever." He even withdrew his name from the "Whig Club;" and, after exclaiming, "I quit the camp! I quit the camp!" passed over to the enemy! This gentleman became the precursor of many others, not a few of whom, it is to be hoped, were actuated by honourable motives, and not attracted by the wealth, the splendour, the titles and the power, which were now within their grasp.

Mr. Windham did not declare himself so early as Mr. Burke; he however evinced a marked hostility to Mr. Grey's efforts for a reform, in 1792, and made a solemn declaration, "that whenever, and in whatever shape, the motion for a parliamentary reform was brought forward, he must oppose it." He, at the same time, said, "he would unite with those, who were determined to

set their faces against every endeavour to subvert the true principles of the constitution;" he however explained, "that he did not mean to make any improper allusion to the motives of his honourable friends."

On the motion for an address on his majesty's speech, at the commencement of the session of 1792, the subject of these memoirs observed, "that, strange as it might appear, he should vote this night with them, whose measures he had uniformly and conscientiously reprobated, in opposition to those, whose political sentiments, on almost every other occasion, were in unison with his own." He then added, "there was a well founded alarm gone abroad, not, as has been alleged, from the conduct of the officers of government, but from those, who were sworn enemies of all government. The whole was a well arranged plan for overturning the British constitution; and, with regard to the combined armies that marched towards the capital of France, he believed their motives were "good," and therefore he wished them success, and so he should, "had their motives been ever so bad; that, which they opposed, was worse than any consequence that could have resulted from their success."

It may now be fairly assumed, that Mr. Windham had chosen his side in this grand contest; and it must be allowed, that he spoke out, and, by so doing, acted far more honourably than many of his new friends. Accordingly, in June, 1793, when Mr. Fox made a motion respecting the war, the purport of which was, to present an humble address to his majesty, "to restore the blessings of peace," Mr. W. remarked, that he had yet to learn any rule, by which a country was to be called upon, at the beginning of a war, to state definitively, what are the precise objects of that war, or what the precise situation in which it ought to desist from it. He observed, with great nicety of distinction, that there had been a disavowal of any intention, on our part, to interfere, for the purpose of establishing in France any particular form of government; but he, at the same time, conceived it to have been the avowed purpose of the contest, to bring about the establishment of such a government in that country, as we might safely treat with; and we were "to prosecute the war, until we could make peace with safety."

It is to be remarked, however, with regret, that, in proportion as the scene thickened, his enmity against his ancient friends became greater; we accordingly find that, in a debate, or rather conversation about the *voluntary subscriptions**, which were considered as unconstitutional by the members of opposition, he professed to dread "the proffered services of those late coming, and self-called champions, who now come forward in defence of that constitution, which they have attempted to deliver over without remorse, to the savage knife of every audacious reformer." He, at the same time, added, "that their conduct was at least equivocal, and that their past actions gave no weight to their present professions."

When the session of 1794 was opened, by a speech from the throne, an amendment was moved by the opposition, and a respectable, if not a numerous minority, voted against the continuance of the war. It now began to be perceived, that, in the contest with France, little was to be expected, and that the golden hopes of conquest, entertained both by ourselves and allies, must end in disappointment. The new secretary at war, however, saw things in a different point of view. He heard, with surprise and grief, the arguments in support of the amendment.

* March 28, 1794. It is to be observed, that, on this and all other occasions, the speeches are either extracted or copied from the published debates.

"What was their obvious tendency? Submission, humiliation, degradation, before an inveterate and insolent enemy! The war, it is true, had been unsuccessful, but it had been so only compared with the wishes, the hopes, and the force of the confederacy. All that could be said with truth was, that the war, hitherto, had only been a *negative success*.

"..... A right honourable gentleman, in a book, which he would advise all, who heard him, once more to read, had predicted the evils that must necessarily ensue from the doctrines of liberty, equality, and the rights of man. It was his fate not to be believed at the time, and afterwards to be found completely right. Thence came the opinions of those, who, having favoured the French revolution at its commencement, could not, so soon as others, detach their affections from a system, that led to massacre and ruin. The imaginations of the people at large, as he and those, with whom he had *now* the happiness to act, contended, were still amused by a numerous and active party, infected to the bone with French principles, and intent on the subversion of the British constitution. Societies, formed by this party, had propagated doctrines, the most hostile to the interests of this country. But it was said, the members of these societies had been acquitted by the verdict of a jury; and gentlemen talked of their innocence, in a tone of exultation. He wished them joy of the innocence of an *acquitted felon*!

"He maintained, that our interference in the internal affairs of France was wise and just. The advantages of war or peace were not to be estimated by the territory or the trade we might gain or lose. No nation could say, 'Let us be disgraced, provided we grow rich.' Peace was not more likely to be obtained for our asking for it. If it were, what would then be the situation of the country? A situation so awful, that he durst hardly contemplate it. The intercourse between the two countries must then be opened; the French would pour in their emissaries; and all the English, infected with French principles, whom we had now the means of excluding, would return, to disseminate their abominable tenets among our people. A jacobinical club would be erected at every one's door, and a convention might even be established in the neighbourhood of that house. In this situation of danger then, shall we send a submissive commission to them? If the aggression of the Spaniards at Nootka Sound, a place scarce marked in our maps, called forth the threatening vengeance of this country; if our own territories are not dismembered, our resources almost untouched, and those of our unprincipled enemy absolutely exhausted, should we give up a war, in comparison of which, all former wars were as children's play, while all peace must be our ruin? The moment peace was concluded, they would go among our poor, among our labourers, among our manufacturers, and teach them the doctrine of liberty and equality. They would point out the gilded palaces of the rich, and tell them, that these ought to be plundered and demolished, for the benefit of the poor.

"Such a peace would be worse than any probable effect of war. But of the future events of war, we had no reason to despond. Exertions, greater than the country could make at any former period, were now so lightly borne, as hardly to be felt. Who could say he had felt them? Had the poor felt them, except in a few particular and local instances? What member of that house had deprived himself of any of his wonted gratifications?

"The cause for which they were fighting, it had been said, would animate the French, and render them invincible. Where had this invincible courage appeared? In what instance, in what quarter had the courage of our soldiers and seamen been inferior to theirs? Sorry he should be, if

we could not do, for the best of all causes, what the French could do, in support of every thing the most flagitious. The French emigrants in our service had, in every instance, displayed a valour and perseverance, not surely to be exceeded by their infatuated countrymen, against whom they were reduced to the necessity of taking up arms.

"He dwelt on the unimpaired resources of this country, compared with the unnatural and unsound resources of France; whence he inferred, that, whatever present appearances might indicate, we must be ultimately successful in what the speech from the throne had so truly denominated the *deliverance of Europe*.

"It was not the character of Englishmen," he added, "to despond; they had met France single-handed in her proudest day; what then can hinder us, unimpaired, and assisted by the greatest part of Europe, to go on with the war against a nation, whose capital is with accelerating velocity wasting away, and its debt increasing to a height, which it is impossible it can bear? With such a *pandemonium*, is it possible for us, for a moment, to think of treating? They were bleeding to death, we were scarcely scratched."

It must be frankly confessed that Mr. W. at this period was very unpopular, and that the hatred evinced to him now led many into extremes. He was not only accused of having deserted a barren opposition, for the sake of the *productive* emoluments of office, but he was, at the same time, considered by some as utterly devoid of any principle. The manly manner, in which he expressed, or at least hinted, his generous sympathy towards the house of Bourbon, and the zeal, which both Mr. Burke and himself had evinced, to affix a determinate principle to the war, by a bold and unequivocal declaration on this subject, was supposed to give umbrage even to his *new* associates in the ministry, who preferred an undefined system of hostility, and lavished both blood and treasure without any fixed object, on which the public mind could rest. Nor were the opponents of the secretary at war content with the openings, which he sometimes afforded them, amidst the sallies of indignation, or the surmises, which they deduced from the warmth of his temper, and the violence of his zeal: they went still further, and attached sayings and maxims to his name, which he never uttered, and which, had they been suffered to remain uncontradicted, might have blackened his character with the world in general, and hurt him greatly in the opinion of his constituents.

We accordingly find that, in the debate for the suspension of the *habeas corpus* (a measure, to which he was of course friendly), Mr. Windham found it necessary to vindicate his character from a falsehood, everywhere circulated, purporting that he had exclaimed in the house of commons, "Perish our commerce!" On this Mr. Hardinge rose in his place, and *fathered* the expression. He observed that, in justice both to the right honourable gentleman and himself, he was anxious to declare, "that the sentiment alluded to, relating to the commerce and constitution of the country, had come from him, and not from Mr. Windham: nor was he ashamed now to repeat, that if the unfortunate difficulty should ever arrive, when he must sacrifice either the one or the other, he would again say, '*Perish commerce....live the constitution!*'"

About this time occurred the equally famous and unfortunate expedition to Quiberon, and while it tended to damp the exertions of ministry, was supposed by some to reflect but little lustre on the discernment of those, who planned and counteracted the attempt. It was said that the emigrants had always been kept in the *back ground*, while there was a possibility of their acting with energy and effect; that they were now brought forward merely by way of making what, in the military phrase, is termed a *diversion*, that De Puisaye, who

headed them, was utterly unacquainted with military affairs; and, in addition to this, was not to be trusted, having before acted a *double part*, and carried arms on *both sides of the question*, during the revolutionary disputes in his native country. Certain it is that the conduct of this chief was equivocal, and that he was preferred to better, abler, and more gallant men, such as the brave and unfortunate Sombreuil; but, on the other hand, it was never urged that this preference amounted to any thing more than an error of judgment, and every one acquainted with the subject of these memoirs will readily allow that he must have felt the unhappy fate of the slaughtered nobility, with a poignancy inferior to no man in the kingdom.

It so happened, however, that Mr. W. on this occasion, once more afforded an *opening* to the asperity of his enemies; for when the house sat in a committee on the *army extraordinaries**, after explaining that the emigrant *corps* had been raised during the marches and counter-marches of the armies on the continent, and that therefore regular returns were not to be expected; he unfortunately added, "that the deficiency of men in proportion to the officers arose from this, that being formed during the heat of the campaign, no provision was made for filling up those, who were *killed off*!"

The same idea might surely have been expressed in a less objectionable manner; but in its present garb it appeared too gross even for those bred up to war, and fleshed in manslaughter. General Tarleton seized this opportunity to express his abhorrence of the whole transaction. He also objected to the late expeditions to the coast of France as ill-timed:

"While France was distracted by insurrections in various parts of the republic, and Toulon in the hands of this country, the expedition alone could have been plausible. The troops employed were prisoners of war taken out of confinement, and little affected to the cause. The sacrifice of such men might perhaps by some be thought even meritorious. The officers were men of honour; but the commander, Mr. Puisaye, was a person neither of experience in war, nor of a military character. The event of this expedition was equally calamitous to those engaged in it, and fatal to the reputation of this country; but in justice to the individuals, who had thus perished, from the reliance on the British nation, he could not mention without respect and compassion the dignified resignation of the bishop of Dol, and the premature fate of the gallant Sombreuil and his brave companions.... But why talk of pity to men callous to every feeling of humanity; to men, who, with all the coolness of philosophy, could talk of the emigrants *killed off*; who seemed to delight in blood, and glory in devastation?"

When the opposition found themselves baffled and frustrated upon all occasions by large majorities, they determined for a while to avert their attacks from the war itself, but to fasten on the means, by which the ministry were supposed to be able to carry it on. Mr. Harrison having moved, in the house of commons, on March 13, 1797, "That the extent of supplies, voted to government since the commencement of the present war, having caused so heavy an increase of taxes, it is the duty of this house to enquire whether some relief to the burdens of the people, or provision for further expence, may not be obtained by the reduction of useless places, sinecure offices, exorbitant fees, and other modes of retrenchment in the expenditure

* Dec. 2, 1795

† It ought to be mentioned to the honour of Mr. Windham, that notwithstanding the above *philippic*, this very general was sent soon afterwards to Portugal, in a military capacity! It at least serves to prove, that if Mr. Windham be at times warm he is not rancorous.

of public monies." Mr. Windham spoke against the motion, which had also been objected to by Mr. Pitt and Mr. Rose, both of whom possessed *sinecures*!

He considered it as "calculated only to attract the notice of certain descriptions of persons out of doors, by raising an idle and empty clamour against sinecure places. Gentlemen ought to recollect where they were; that they were sitting as statesmen in parliament, and not haranguers at a public-house. Let them learn to suit their opinions to their situation, and not cut off all rewards. It had been said, that since Mr. Burke's retrenching regulation, a great deal of fresh patronage had been growing up. Well, what then? Is it not necessary to inquire whether there be not a better regulation of business by the increase of expense, than could be balanced by the diminution?"

"Then came in its turn before the house the subject of the calamity of this country. He agreed with gentlemen that this country was in a state of calamity, though he differed from them about the cause, and as much about the remedy. The calamity was felt; it was felt by all Europe; it was a calamity, which the pernicious doctrines prevalent in France had occasioned all over Europe, and which it became all Europe to repel, but to which the speeches of some gentlemen, who favoured this and the like motions too much contributed; the effects of which were, the enormous acquisitions and arrogant pretensions of our enemies, to be conquered by manful exertions, and not by the mean and miserable savings of the ends of candles, and the parings of bits of cheese*."

"If there was any waste in any public department, the house should meet it fairly; but they should not practise so mean and shabby a delusion on the public, as to hold up the savings of a few sinecure places as a resource to lessen the public burdens; for he verily believed that the fee-simple of all such savings would not amount to a farthing a head to all the inhabitants of London."

"If ministers had conducted the war improperly, let the house say so, and impeach them at once; but this is not the way. By attacking the property of a placeman, you attack all species of property. Let men of property be cautious how they act in giving such opinions, for there is a close connection between the clamour against public offices, and the confiscation of private property."

Few, it is apprehended, are willing to go so far in behalf of sinecure places, and Mr. W.'s best friends will perhaps differ with him on this question. Indeed the opposition papers took care to ring the changes upon it, as well as upon another expression that occurred soon after, when he asserted, "that the restoration of monarchy was wished for by the enlightened majority of the French nation, whose opinion was smothered by tyranny and oppression, and the debates of whose councils could assume no tone of freedom but under the protection of field-marshal Suwarrow."

It has already been observed that the secretary at war's conduct has been far more candid than any of his late coadjutors, and he continued to evince the same sentiments, so long as he remained in office.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that although the cabinet did not act up to the full extent of his sentiments, yet that all their active operations experienced his support. The expedition to Quiberon was supposed to have originated with him, and the invasion of Holland could not fail to obtain his un-

qualified assent. Indeed about that period, he spoke out more than usual; and when the bill was debating, which enabled his majesty to accept of the services of an additional number of militia, he asked

"If we could be safe while such a republic as that established in France continued to exist? It had ever been his opinion," he added, "that there was no safety for this country or for Europe, with such a power in the midst of it. If France, animated by principles, which distinguish her republican government, was suffered to retain the dominions she lately possessed, all the means of defence, which we could boast, would be imperfect for our safety. He would repeat, and state fairly, that both the reduction of France, and the total overthrow and destruction of the French government were his object, and the object of those, with whom he acted."

We have thus given a pretty regular detail of Mr. W.'s public conduct. On all occasions, in which party zeal is not called forth, he appears in a very amiable point of view; but neither as a politician nor a patriot, hath he of late years (at least according to the *oppositionists*) added much to his celebrity. Like a certain bishop, he has engendered a host of enemies, in consequence of the occasional irritability of his temper, and, like all men in a similar situation, each of them has at times been either mistaken or misrepresented. The right reverend father in God, after a severe rebuke from the head of the house of Bedford, explained away the odious proposition, "that the people had nothing to do with the laws but to obey them!" The right honourable ex-secretary, who represents a large manufacturing city, which has been scratched by the war, was far more successful, however, in refuting the impudent accusation about "perish our commerce!"

They are both equally detestable in the eyes of the "jacobins," who, by way of punishing their supposed ambition, earnestly wish that the former may never become the apostolic successor of Thomas à Becket, although they would have no manner of objection, perhaps, to his experiencing a similar fate; while, in respect to the latter, they hope, that after beholding a number of his countrymen "killed off" by the war, and many "acquitted felons" set at liberty by the verdict of a jury, he may remain forever in the vale of oblivion, and only be permitted to dream of the "cheese-parings" of office!

But irony apart, if Mr. W. has failings like other men, it must at the same time be allowed, that he has virtues peculiar to himself. He possesses great learning, much general knowledge, a happy choice of words, and is capable of giving a luminous classification to his arguments. In addition to this, he is warm in behalf of those, whose interest he espouses, and steady and sincere in his private friendships.

He has lived in habits of intimacy with many men of great eminence in the literary world, and his attachment to Mr. Burke, during the latter part of his life, had something filial in it. He also cultivated the regard of Dr. Johnson, consoled him in his disappointments, visited him in his illness, had his own servant constantly in attendance upon him, during the malady that terminated his life, and we have been given to understand, it was in the arms of this person, that the great lexicographer of the English language resigned his breath†!

* Sept. 26, 1799.

† As secretary at war, Mr. Windham is entitled to great praise. He was daily to be met with at a fixed hour, when every military man, or any other individual whatsoever, who had business at his office, was sure of obtaining an interview, and of experiencing the utmost attention and politeness.

The clerks in his department (more especially the inferior ones) enjoyed repeated marks of his regard, he having twice

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

IN former times, says a French journal, it was the practice in France to excommunicate moles, field-mice, and other vermin that did injury to the crops. Before they were excommunicated, they had an advocate assigned to plead their cause. There still is extant a sentence of the official of Troyes, in Champagne, dated 9th July, 1516, in proof of this singular superstition. It is as follows: "Parties being heard on the complaint of the inhabitants of Villenose, we admonish the moles to be gone within six days, and in case of their failing so to do, we declare them cursed and excommunicated."

The general in his proper place....When general Bernadotte was in the camp at Dijon, a person asked him if it was true that his health would not allow him to follow the army? "What do you call following the army?" replied the general, "I never followed the army; I always marched at the head of it!"

When the princess of Hesse D'Armstadt brought her three daughters to the empress of Russia in order that she might chuse one of them for the wife of the grand duke, the empress decided instantly in favour of the second. When her majesty was asked the reason of this sudden preference, she replied, "I observed the three princesses from my window, as they descended from their carriage. The eldest made a false step; the second stepped down in an easy and natural manner; the third leaped out." Though this was a very singular manner of forming an opinion, it so happened, that the first was awkward, and the younger too forward.

Extra Time Match....Cornet Sampson, of the 11th light dragoons, has engaged to walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half, for 1000 guineas. He has fixed upon the same ground, on which Mr. Barclay performed his match, and is to walk before the 24th instant. He is a gentleman of low stature, very light made, and about 22 years of age....*York Herald*.

Dignum, the singer, was talking in jest of setting up his carriage, and pleasantly asked a friend for a suitable motto, which should indicate that he made his fortune by singing. His friend gave him, out of Horace,

DIGNUM laude virum
Musa vetat mori.

The change in the female dress of late must contribute very much to domestic quiet. No man can surely now complain of petticoat government!

French Anecdotes.....We extract the following from the "Nouveaux Melanges" of madame Necker.

Mons. Dufour was one of those men, who were to be found in all places. Darboulle said one day,

increased their salaries during his short administration, and thus exempted them from many pecuniary difficulties resulting from the late unexampled rise of provisions.

In consequence of his official arrangements, business was transacted with greater expedition than before, and two hours saved daily: the officers and soldiers of the army have also experienced many benefits that have ensued in consequence of his regulations.

It was formerly impossible to receive any intelligence at the master-marshal-general's office, respecting the fate of a poor soldier, without a fee being extorted from his wretched relatives; this odious custom was abolished by him.

It has been lately asserted in the French papers, that Mr. Windham countenanced and even employed the assassins, who attempted the life of Bonaparte: but however violent his zeal may have been, no Englishman can ever believe him to have been capable of so base, treacherous, and immoral an action.....EDITOR.

* From the report of the commissioners of public accounts, some time after presented to the house, it appeared that one clerk in Mr. Windham's office, from these candle ends and cheese parings, had an income of eighteen thousand pounds sterling a year.

† June 7, 1799.

"I cannot tell what the d—l is become of Dufour...I have met him but three times to-day."

Count D'Argenson, the minister of Louis XV, after he had been turned out of office about an hour, wrote to Jeamel, the intendant of posts, to which place he had himself appointed him, "My dear Jeamel, if you *still* remember there is such a person in the world as D'Argenson," &c.

Madame De Maintenon, when at Fontainebleau, observed some carps in clear water, "Poor creatures," said she "they are very thin; but it is a dreadful thing to be taken out of one's primitive mud."

The great advantage derived from crossing the breed of *cattle*, has induced a similar experiment upon *oysters*. A gentleman has imported several of the Carlingford, and other famous Irish oysters, which he has laid down in the beds of the English *natives* and *meltons*. The produce of this *Union* is said to be of superior taste and flavour. This fact strongly proves the truth of *Tilburina's* observation in *The Critic*, that "an oyster may be *crossed* in love."

ANOTHER WALKING MATCH.

On Sunday, Marshall, a butcher, of the age of 60, undertook to walk thirty miles in six hours, for a considerable wager, and very large sums were depending. The place he chose for deciding the bet, was a mile of the road on the other side of Lea bridge. He started at seven o'clock in the morning, walking one mile in and one mile out, till he performed the task, which he did with ease in eleven minutes less than the time allowed.

[London paper.]

GENERAL ORDERS.

Camp of Venus, May 1, 1802.

Whereas the province of Fashion, belonging to our royal denesne, being at this time invaded by our mortal enemies, the Wantons, who, having stormed the fort of Modesty, and trodden under foot the standard of Shame, have erected on its ruins the banners of Impudence....and fearing our holy temple of Chastity may be razed to the level of Lewdness, and understanding that General Nakedness has broken his neutrality, and gone over to the enemy, and that he has erected, in many parts of the country such enormous Breast-works as was never before seen....we command all our forces to parade immediately, properly armed and accoutred, with squibs, pasquinades, &c. and to cut, fell, root out, and destroy said Breast-works, and to annoy the enemy as much as possible.

Should that immodest general sound a retreat, we command our band, called the Bashfuls, to pursue him to capitulation, and that he be banished to the desert of Darkness, and be kept confined to the chamber of Matrimony.

CUPID, Generalissimo.

SANCHO, Secretary.

[Salem Register.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following, at once loyal, poetical, and just, is the production of an American clergyman.]

OCCASIONED BY

LORD NELSON'S VICTORY AT THE NILE.

O'ER the ocean triumphant, see Britain's flag fly,
To the nations around bearing mandates of joy:
She bids them still hope, soon their fears shall be
o'er,
And the tyrants they dread shall be heard of no
more.

Tho' cruelty, pride, and rebellion advance,
With the engines of hell, and the demons of
France,

To Religion and Virtue, oppress'd in despair,
Her thunders proclaim their redemption is near.

At the sound, honest *Loyalty* raises his crest,
And *Truth* her broad shield braces firm to her
breast;

While *Liberty*, grasping her spear with a smile,
Feels her *fetters* unlock'd, by the *heroes of Nile*.

O Britain! no period thy deeds shall efface,
While the moon rolls her orb, or the sun holds his
place;

Father Time, while his scythe sweeps o'er earth,
air, and sea,

But gathers a harvest of laurels for thee.

As he passes along, his loud accents proclaim
Thy long streaming glories, thy wisdom, and fame:
When *Chaos*, he cries, shall all order confound,
And *Anarchy* swell her dark deluge around,

Great-Britain's the ark, high o'erbraving the flood,
Bearing all that is *glorious*, and *precious*, and *good*;
To the light of her, *Liberty*, *Piety*, *Fame*,
All *nations* shall come to rekindle their flame.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE VARIETIES OF MELANCHOLY.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown;
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
The time, methinks, runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie waking all alone,
Recounting all the ills I've done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise.
Whether I tarry still or go,
The time, methinks, moves very slow;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as Melancholy.

When to myself I talk and smile,
And time with pleasing thoughts beguile,
By brawling brook, or hedgerow green,
Unheard, unsought for, and unseen,
A thousand joys my soul possess,
And crown my heart with happiness;
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
And sigh aloud with grievous moan,
In some dark grove or dismal den,
With discontent and fairies, then
A thousand miseries at once
My heavy heart and soul ensconce;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as Melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music's wond'rous minstrelsy;
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Now here, now there, the world is mine.
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine;
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as Melancholy.

But when, methinks, I hear and see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends; my phantasy
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, dreadful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so DAMN'D AS MELANCHOLY.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
With glowing warmth, my fair mistress.
O, blessed days! O, sweet content!
In Paradise my hours are spent.
Still may such thoughts my fancy move,
And fill my ardent soul with love;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

But when I feel love's various frights,
Deep sighs, sad tears, and sleepless nights,
My jealous fits, my cruel fate,
I then repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
Nought bitterer to my soul can prove;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as Melancholy.

Friends and companions, get ye gone,
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as Melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone;
I am a beast, a monster grown;
I shun all light and company,
I find them now my misery:
The scene is chang'd, my joys are gone,
Fears, discontent, and sorrows come;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as Melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king;
I ravish'd am; can the world bring
More joy than still to laugh and smile,
And time in pleasant toys beguile?
Do not, oh! do not trouble me!
So sweet content, I feel and see
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as Melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from goal or dunghill fetch;
My pain's past cure, another hell
I cannot in this torment dwell.
Now desperate, I hate my life,
And seek a halter or a knife;
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as Melancholy.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 21.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XX.

MY ardent love of miscellany is to-day abundantly gratified, by having an opportunity to variegate my paper with poetry and prose. It is the determination of my correspondents to give celebrity to our city clubs, and I have no doubt that, by future ages, they will be compared to the symposia of the Greeks, the revel of the Romans, or the *petite soupers* of Madame Tallien.

SIR,

As I find your correspondents are determined to pursue me with great severity, on account of my complaints against a certain club, of which my son is a member; and as one seems to doubt my assertion, with respect to his *acquired* talent for poetry, I take the liberty of offering to you some lines, which he dropped from his pocket, and which, with my usual "thirst for information," I read over. From its many imperfections, I conclude it is his first attempt, and should not expose it to you, but I earnestly hope you will discourage any similar exertions.

As strolling one day, alone in the park,
There chanc'd to pass by a wit, and a spark.
I follow'd behind them, and heard the spark say,
Dearest joker, how brilliant you are ev'ry day!
I wish in my soul to possess such a spirit,
And feel that I've wit, unexcited by claret.
Now why, my good friend, can you not impart
Some thought to my head, some warmth to my heart?
The other stopp'd shortly and gaz'd on the youth,
Then clasping his hands, exclaim'd. "On my truth,
Thy head ne'er was form'd for wisdom's great weight:
Your eye is too light, your nose is too straight;
But come, never mind, I've a plan now in view,
Shall yield you some learning, some gaiety too.
We'll hie to the inn, and make an appeal
To all the young men, who think or who feel."
Accordingly then they ended their walk,
In order, they said, to have a "good talk."
In silence, produc'd by very deep thought,
Now onward they march to their place of resort:
They beckon all young men they meet on the way,
To follow them in, and hear what they'll say.
Now round the great tap room, all seated in state,
Much joy in each heart, some sense in each pate,
Most fondly expecting high bliss to create;
When loud the wit hems, and opens his soul,
Harranguing awhile, sans any controul.
"And now, as I have you for once in a meeting,
I pray ye consider my wishes here greeting;
That as the young men of this famous city
Are not very learn'd, and few of them witty,
That we (precious few) who sometimes can think,
Should teach the young dogs...to smoke and to drink;
To feel the great bliss sociability gives,
And teach them 'tis pleasure for which a man lives.
Now least the fond fair, who always will rule,
Should try to molest and break up our school,
Let's swear by our faith to meet here together
One night in the week, in all sorts of weather."
Then he calls on them all as lovers and men,
The folly of women to try to restrain.

"There's a paper," says he "set up in this place,
For which we will write, to keep from disgrace."

So charming a thought, so worthy a plan,
Soon won the accordance of every man.
Another rose up with "Damme, I swear
If a lady offends me, I'll publish it there."
Then gravely arose a youth of more mind,
In whose honest heart no malice we find,
And pulling his cravat, and shaking his head,
Prepar'd for debate, and thus wisely he said:
"I'll offer some rules to govern your club,
But I won't stoutly swear like yonder young scrub.
To one steady union we all must agree;
For who blames the club, as a member blames me:
If each individual by this will abide,
No lady or writer our club will deride.
Agreed then, agreed...come here, take my hand,
"Divided we fall...united we stand."

Great joy overflow'd every heart at the sound,
And constancy, honour, they vow'd all around.
But next arose one, more anxious for fame,
And wish'd that their club should boast a great name.
"A name, my good man? I ne'er before spoke,
But surely you mean what you say for a joke.
Imprudent and rash you certainly are,
Our system of virtue to wish to declare.
Should the women discover our club has a name,
They'll make it a point our club to defame;
Our actions once known, be they ever so good,
Their envy and malice we ne'er can elude:
Let's then in the moonshine most guardedly keep,
And riot in joy while all the world sleep.
Forbear then, forbear, nor wish for a name,
We'd best to oblivion resign our fair fame."

They all were exceedingly pleas'd with the plan,
And swore to much secrecy, every man.
When, yet still in order, their feasting begins,
All smoke, eat and drink; some talk, and one sings.
And now for a winter they often renew
The laugh of the giddy, the wit of the few.
One night in the week they dissipate care,
And wine flows in bumpers; they toast to the fair,
Whose dress and whose follies they well may reprove,
Since claret now blinds them, and supersedes love.
But while they thus riot in bacchanal joy,
A letter is brought their peace to destroy.
Its tenour is rudely complaining of them,
For spoiling the son of one Mrs. M.
At once they arise, their vengeance to swear,
In very harsh words, on th' insolent fair,
Who gay clubs and grave clubs has rudely revild,
And charg'd upon them the faults of her child.
The president orders each into his seat,
And begs that more gently a mother they'll treat.
One roars for a pen to answer her letters,
To teach the respect she owes to her betters.
Aristippus now rises, with very grave air,
Bids he may be suffer'd to answer "that there."
The answer accordingly forthwith is written,
And handed around to see if it's fitting:
One puts in a word...another a line,
"Till all swear at once" that paper is mine."
The Lounger is call'd, the letter to print,
And vows on his honour he'll ne'er give a hint,
That a club of full twenty, and full grown young men,
Their talents unite in the answers to

M.

MR. SAUNTER,

The encouragement, which you have given us poor females to make known our grievances, and the very respectable example of your correspondent, M. emboldens a forlorn fair one to paint her situation, which is a truly delicate one; arising from the same source as M's, that vile barrier to all so-

cial intercourse, the *Tuesday club*. You must know Mr. Saunter, I had, or imagined I had, a lover...a young man, whose society I prized above all others, and whose time and attentions were wholly devoted to me. On a sudden, he became neglectful and assumed a manner remote from that modest simplicity of character, which had been his greatest recommendation. I do not say I should have married the dear creature, had he continued his attentions, but possessing many of those agreeable qualities, which constitute the beau, I wished to have retained him in my suit. I fear I have injured my cause by this acknowledgement, and shall incur the censure of coquetry. But with the hope that I shall escape the imputation, I will proceed. I traced this favourite youth in his wanderings, in expectation of meeting with a rival, whom I was prepared to attack with all the woman's vengeance.

By a most singular and fortunate accident, I discovered he had *not* fallen in love, but what is worse for himself, I fear, he had fallen in with the Tuesday club, and had actually become an *anonymous* member.

I am happy they have had the consideration to become an *anonymous* club, as it is most probable they will stand in need of "a good name" at the period of the dissolution of their partnership. After I had discovered where my rambler had withdrawn himself, I imagined he would devote to me the rest of the week; but, alas! I find the Tuesday club have *adjourned* meetings for the other six days. For, as their favourite and appropriate song says,

"Which is the properest day to drink,
Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" &c. &c.

So they, in adopting it for the motto of the society, declare

"Each is the properest day we think,
Why should we name but *one* day?"

As my lover has never been made a mason, he has not been much in the habit of secret-keeping. I have therefore drawn from him some important facts, relative to this *hardy club*. Although I have perceived a sensible alteration in my beau, I have not the same faults to combat like those M. complains of, as I never could accuse him of having too much learning, he has neither "drank deep" or even "tasted the Pierian spring." The most striking difference I have discovered since my swain's admission into this *new school* is an intolerable *ease of manners*, which amounts to rudeness. When I chide him for neglect of me, he tosses up his glove, whistles a tune, or replies with a fragment from Shakspeare, "If it were so, it were a grievous fault."

I sympathise sincerely with your exemplary correspondent, M. I think her situation much more deserving serious consideration than mine, as I by no means despair of replacing my lost Strephon; but the alienation of such a son as she describes is truly a misfortune. I beseech you, dear Mr. Saunter, as you go your rounds "with *measured* steps and slow," to meditate for a moment on what I have here related; and, as I have still some regard for the "dear perfidious," drop a timely hint, and I may reclaim the truant.

DIDO.

....."Revenge is sweet."

MR. SAUNTER,

The numerous letters and communications you have received from ladies, breathing a spirit of animosity to those social and convivial institutions called "clubs," have at length provoked to revenge a number of hearty old fellows, who have for many years enjoyed the pleasures of such an establishment. As long as the ladies employ their literary talents in "weaving delicate ditties," and love sonnets, they may, uninterrupted, interest the sympathetic, and amuse the love-lorn with their compositions. Sometimes, indeed, with impunity, they may indulge themselves by giving to the world "in fine-spun verse," their upbraidings of an inattentive or neglectful lover; or, "in numbers smooth invite to love" those, whom they wish, to enslave. But when they assume a right to scrutinize the conduct of the gentlemen in general, when they venture to scrutinize their converse around the social board, and even to question the propriety of forming convivial associations, they must not expect to pass unnoticed.

At the last meeting of the "Gay club," Will. Whattle appeared for the first time with a clouded countenance. With folded arms, he sat silent for some minutes, and we all felt the deprivation of his jests, "which were wont to set the table in a roar." The sombre humour of Will. diffused itself over us all, and the sparkling glass went round sub silentio. At length Will. rose from his chair, and taking from his pocket a Port Folio, and some manuscripts, addressed the president.

In a solemn and sensible manner, he contended for the propriety of jovial associations. He alluded to their antiquity; and informed us of the clubs, of which sir Roger de COVERLEY and Dr. JOHNSON were members. He detailed the motives, which induced the formation of the "gay club," and eloquently enlarged on the harmony and enjoyments of its members. The eye of Will. now kindled with anger, and "determined revenge" sat on his brow. He took up two or three late numbers of the Port Folio, and with suitable emphasis read the papers addressed to you by ladies, containing abuse and misrepresentations of the various clubs, which exist in this city. "The cause of this calumny," said Will. "may readily be discovered; the objects of these female scribblers are known to me. They arise from a wish to have our constant attendance at their tea-parties, and altogether to debar us the enjoyments of the festive board and social gaiety. To prevent the continuance and repetition of these attacks, and effectually to punish their authors, I have digested a plan, which I submit to the consideration of the "gay club."

"PLAN.

"For the purpose of inflicting punishment on the female detractors of convivial associations, and fully to establish their superiority over tea-parties, &c. let two members of the "gay club," to be called the *tea-party committee* be charged with the following duties. Let them regularly attend every "tea-party," and be mindful of the conversation, which circulates among the members. Having, at the expense of the club, provided memorandum books, let them note down every sentence, every word they hear, and carefully describe, by copious annotations, the attitude and air of all who speak or smile. Let them deliver monthly to the president their memoranda and observations.

"Let two members be appointed, in the same manner, to note the conversations and conduct of each member of the club at its meetings, and deliver monthly to the president their memoranda and observations. Let these reports be enclosed to Mr. Samuel Saunter.

"By these means," continued Will. "every one will be in possession of the necessary materials for

comparing the merits, and deciding the superiority of either of the associations. The tongue of slander will thus be silenced, the effusions of the envious will be seen no more, and our convivial enjoyments will cease only with ourselves."

An unanimous resolve took place, approving of Will.'s propositions, the tea-party and club committees were appointed, and I was directed to communicate our proceedings to you.

TOM TICKLE.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. VIII.

Continuation of the historical sketch.

The successes of Trenton and Princeton, with their consequences, made no favourable alteration in the state of American affairs; on the contrary, the danger became greater than ever. General Washington remained, as appears by the above-mentioned official letters, the whole winter of 1777 through, with about seven or eight hundred ill-armed, ill-fed, half-naked men, opposed to the whole British army, which undertook nothing against him. Warlike talents are here out of the question; for, with so great an inequality of means, no skill can avail. No! it is a miracle, an immediate operation of providence, which carried through this revolution, so beneficial to the rest of the world, and especially to Europe. How is it possible otherwise to account for the fact that the English undertook nothing at all? for they had only to march forward, and the war was at an end. It looks like the history of Senaccherib's army acted over anew. General Washington sent out officers to raise recruits; they went home to their relations, topped away for a while upon their pay, and when the time for returning to the army drew near, resigned their commissions without raising a single soldier. What a want, not only of patriotism, but of all human feeling! These people must have been mere animal bodies, without souls.

The men, who enlisted, were mostly Europeans, especially Irishmen; and perhaps, upon examination, it will be found that incomparably the greatest part of the handful of men, who fought at Trenton and Princeton, and stood it out the winter through, were Europeans. Here you have then a nation, whose liberties were vindicated by the arms of foreigners; for are we not authorized so to judge, when we see how averse the American militia were to use their arms? they never did use them, until they had stipulated enormous pay for a short time of service; so that they seem to have intended, instead of serving the state, to enrich themselves at its expense. There is no doubt but that they applauded, with perfect self-complacency, their own address in making their private interest of the distressed condition of the republic, and in lining well their purses at the cost of their unhappy country.

When the danger was distant and the weather fine, they were more easily persuaded to march into the field. But the difficulty increased in proportion to the unfortunate situation of affairs, so that the American people seem to have taken the resolution to declare in favour of the strongest party, and to side with the best luck; and this upon an occasion, in which they were so deeply interested. No magnanimous sentiment! no provident wisdom! and what was their conduct at the army? at sight of the enemy, they almost always took to

flight; they seemed to be there only for the purpose of giving to the regular troops the example of the most extravagant want of discipline. They squandered the powder, which was so much wanted. They destroyed the tents, and all the warlike implements put into their hands. They deserted by multitudes; that is, they went home when they pleased. It must be observed, that those, who in time of peace had been captains, colonels, &c. in the militia, often hired others to take their places, when the time to go into the field came. But the hired colonels, captains, &c. generally ran away, on the march to the army. Add to this, that these national militia-men received a threefold higher pay than the regular troops. All this taken together constitutes an order of things truly singular. General Washington writes, that even among the regular troops many officers left the camp without leave, went home, or elsewhere, very coolly received their pay at their places of abode, and vegetated in their usual animal stupidity, without a thought of returning to their standards, and without the smallest punishment. The New-England militia, who fought general Burgoyne, constitute, however, an honourable exception. At the beginning of the campaign, indeed, they always ran away before the English and German troops; they deserted forts and entrenched positions, and left magazines in the lurch; but as the danger grew, they all flew to arms. They fought the enemy with great bravery, and at length compelled an army of European warriors to lay down their arms. This splendid campaign is indeed chiefly to be ascribed to the activity, the valour, and skill of general Arnold; and Kosciuszko, afterwards famous in Poland, is said to have had, as an engineer officer, a large share in the contrivance and execution of the operations.

CHAP. IX.

In Continuation.

This capture of general Burgoyne rendered America independent; for, without that event, France would hardly have declared herself in favour of America; and without the support of France, this independence would probably not have ensued, considering the nerveless languor, into which, during the last years of the war, the Americans sunk. Religious enthusiasm contributed likewise to make these militia-men from the northern parts of New-England braver than the rest of the Americans; for they were often heard in the midst of battle to sing psalms. This confirms what I have said above, that among the Americans, the New-Englandmen have shewn the most energy; but Washington's letters furnish proofs of what I added, namely, that they had lost much of the energy of their fore-fathers. For all that I have said of the American militia, applies likewise to those from the southern parts of New-England; and Burgoyne was vanquished only by the northern inhabitants of that country. Yet even these, after the capture of the English, fell back into their usual apathy, in which they have remained to this day. It cannot, therefore properly be maintained, that general Washington's military operations liberated America, if those in connection with the French army are excepted: for those of the northern army, under general Gates, contributed most to that event. Yet, probably, without Washington, and had not this sharp-sighted man incessantly led the congress by the hand, the cause of the Americans would have failed. This congress were continually committing the grossest blunders; and then Washington was obliged, in his letters, to show those senators the right way. But he always did it with great prudence; for

these rulers, unused and ignorant how to command, still cherished their authority. Washington therefore cautiously avoided all appearance of ascendancy, which proves his knowledge of mankind. He appears a greater commander in his letters to congress, than in his warlike operations. Here he had to struggle against astonishing obstacles, and an unbounded weakness of means. Why did he not incessantly harass the English camp? Why not take refuge in inaccessible posts, whenever the enemy attempted to attack him? Why not then appear suddenly like a Sertorius, upon the flanks or in the rear of the enemy, to cut off his provisions and intercept his convoys? Why not employ his whole force with great activity as light troops? The answer to all this is easy, when you read, that his soldiers having no shoes, though accustomed to wear them, would all have run away, if he had marched much; that the government and the people, for whom these unhappy soldiers fought, suffered them to be in want of the most necessary clothing and provisions; that the Americans, not to let slip such a fine opportunity to enrich themselves, sold them strong liquors, and even necessities, at enormous prices; that they refused those warriors, fighting for their liberties, in the coldest winters, even a shelter in their houses; that most of the troops were Europeans, who were therefore not impelled by the love of their country to take arms; that they had only to go over to the English, to put an end to their misery, and enjoy a much better condition; and that, consequently, general Washington was obliged to spare his troops, who were thus overloaded with vexations, as many difficulties as possible, in order to keep together a number sufficient to delude the enemy with the appearance of an army.

CHAP. X.

In Continuation.

We must add further, that from the want of a military hospital, the wounded had before them the prospect of a certain death; and it will be readily conceived how much general Washington was obliged to spare his soldiers. The inactivity of general Washington was therefore grounded upon the circumstances, and when they permitted, he was immediately active, as the affairs of Trenton, Princeton, and Germantown prove. In this last action, the extraordinary circumstance must be mentioned, that the Americans took to flight, just as the English began to give way. He did not, indeed, create a new mode of warfare adopted to unexperienced troops and the nature of the country. He adhered closely to the modern practice; but I believe he had to do with people, and was under circumstances, which did not admit of invention. He peculiarly possessed all the qualities requisite to command Americans; for a hundred others in his situation, amid so many obstacles, and so much ignorance in congress, would have lost both patience and courage. He was master of the art, not of guiding the general opinions of the people, which perhaps was not practicable, but of discovering and following them. His military knowledge is unfolded, as I have said above, more in his letters to the congress, than in his actions, for the reasons I have given. His reasoning, concerning the conquest of Canada, which the congress would foolishly have undertaken, without possessing the means to accomplish it, is admirable and worthy of a master.

He never was jealous of the merit of his subordinate officers, such as, for instance, Steuben, who introduced the discipline, baron de Kalb, another Prussian officer, the marquis de La Fayette, and others. The Americans were, however, always

jealous of the foreigners, who rendered them services. General Washington dared not give a command in the army to general Steuben, on account of the envy and dissatisfaction, which it would have excited among the American officers, who yet did not understand the business. They were perpetually caballing, and disputing about rank. The mismanagement of congress, which was continually raising new armies, was indeed the cause of this. This brings to mind the exclamation of the younger Cato, when the leaders of the wretched remnant of Scipio's army after its defeat, still contended for the command, before the very walls of Utica, "Is it surprising that the republic should be overthrown, when the rage for power divides us, even in death!" May the shade of Cato forgive me, for mentioning him upon this occasion! I shall further observe, that the struggles for rank among the Americans, proceeds more from the emoluments connected with it, than from the desire to command.

In all that I have said of the Americans, and their conduct during their war for liberty, the official letters of general Washington to congress shall be for me, what the bible was for Luther, who, whenever objections were made to him against his doctrines, held it up, and exclaimed, "there! there it is!" And I confidently believe, that neither Americans, nor men possessed of the Ameriko mania, can except against the accuracy of this authority. I am very much astonished that the Americans do not seem to notice that these letters are indeed no monument to their glory, and that they can mention them without blushing. Perhaps it is because every individual shares but a very small portion of the national shame. At the beginning of the revolution, Washington wrote to his friends, "our want of virtue is the only reason that makes me despair of the successful issue of our undertaking." See upon this subject "Letters of General Washington, to several of his Friends, in June and July, 1776," which were republished in Philadelphia, in 1795. The second volume, containing the co-operation of the French, or the history of the war, from the year 1779, has not yet come to my hands. Although a document of such importance as these letters is wanting to elucidate the history of those years, it may however be taken for granted, that the Americans were much indebted to the French; though, as we shall see hereafter, they were never very solicitous at a subsequent period, to discharge any tribute of gratitude.

The languid imbecility of the Americans, in the last years of the war, and their want of credit in Europe, would have made it impossible for them to obtain money by loans, without the guarantee of France. For the paper money, the only internal spring they had, to carry on the war, had so depreciated, that in the year 1780, sixty-five paper dollars were given for one in silver, and immediately after, the rate was at a thousand for one. This utter incapacity, amid such a want of all the means to carry on war, must finally have reduced America again under the yoke of an implacable British minister, if France had not hastened to her aid. Thus the Americans are indebted to this power for all that they possess.

I find in the history of Soulés, that Washington, in order to testify to count Rochambeau his veneration for France, and his gratitude for the benefits received from that kingdom, conducted the French commander through his troops drawn up in two lines, completely clothed, armed and accoutred, for the first time since the revolution, partly by the clothing and arms sent over from France, and partly by the magazines taken from the English army under Cornwallis, of which the French corps had generously given to the Americans their part of the booty, which belonged to them in common.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEL.

THE elaborate works of Sir WILLIAM JONES, another name for learning itself, are of late almost constantly in my hands. His extensive views into all the recesses of science, his felicity in taming Oriental wildness, by the rigid discipline of his classical versions, the stately march of his Ciceronian period, his technical accuracy, and musical diction, all challenge the profound attention of the delighted reader. In various parts of his work, he has amused himself with translating from the poets of Persia, who sing the praises of love and wine with no less felicity than ANACREON and HORACE. We copy the following stanzas, in the hope that "P. D." our ingenious correspondent, will render them still more melodious, by the charms of his poetry.

The rose is not sweet, without the cheek of my beloved;
the spring is not sweet, without wine.

The borders of the bower and the walks of the garden are
not pleasant, without the notes of the nightingale.

The motion of the dancing cypress and of the waving
flowers is not agreeable, without a mistress, whose cheeks
are like tulips.

The presence of a damsel with sweet lips and a rosy complexion
is not delightful, without kisses and dalliance.

The rose garden and the wine are sweet, but they are not
really charming, without the company of my beloved.

All the pictures, that the hand of art can devise, are not
agreeable, without the brighter hues of a beautiful girl.

The following is a description, in the highest style of Oriental luxuriance, and the curious reader will discern its alliance, both in imagery and expression, to the Song of Solomon:

It was the hour, when the Pleiads appeared in the firmament,
like the folds of a silken sash, variously decked with gems.

I gently drew Fatima towards me by her curled locks,
and she softly inclined to my embrace: her waist was gracefully slender; but sweetly swelled the part, encircled with ornaments of gold.

Delicate was her shape; fair her skin; and her body well proportioned: her bosom was as smooth as a mirror.

She turned aside, and displayed her soft cheek; she gave a timid glance with languishing eyes, like those of a roe in the groves, looking tenderly at her young.

Her neck was like that of a milk-white hind.

Her long, coal-black hair decorated her back, thick and diffused, like bunches of dates, clustering on the palm tree.

Her locks were elegantly turned above her head; and the riband, which bound them, was lost in her tresses.

She discovered a waist, taper as a well twisted cord; and a leg white and smooth as the stem of a young palm, or a fresh reed, bending over the rivulet.

She dispenses gifts with small delicate fingers, sweetly glowing at their tips, like the white and crimson worm of Dabia, or dentrifices, made of Esel wood.

The brightness of her face illumines the veil of night, like the evening taper of a recluse hermit.

On a girl like her, a girl of a moderate height, between those, who wear a frock, and those, who wear a gown, the most bashful man must look with an enamoured eye.

In the following, we discern the grosser philosophy of Bacchus, which is described and practised by most of his jovial votaries in Persia. In a voluptuous climate, and under fragrant bowers, the supine Asian has few ideas of enjoyment, beyond that narrow catalogue, which a sensual mind can conceive.

Were it not for three enjoyments, which youth affords, I swear by my prosperity, that I should not be solicitous how soon my friends visited me on my death bed.

First, to rise before the censurers awake, and to drink tawny wine, which sparkles and froths, when the clear stream is poured into it.

Next, when a warrior, encircled by foes, implores my aid, to bend towards him my pacing charger, fierce as a wolf among the Godha trees, whom the sound of human steps has awakened, and who runs to quench his thirst at the brook.

Thirdly, to shorten a cloudy day, a day astonishingly dark, by toying with a lovely delicate girl under a tent, supported by pillars.

A girl, whose bracelets and garters seem hung on the stems of osber trees, or of ricinus, not stripped of their soft leaves.

Suffer me, whilst I live, to drench my head with wine, lest, having drunk too little in my life time, I should be thirsty in another state.

A man of my generous spirit drinks his full draught to-day; and to-morrow, when we are dead, it will be known which of us has not quenched his thirst.

I am delighted to discover, that my partiality for Dr. ROBERTSON'S History of Scotland, in preference to either of his other historical labours, is confirmed by the opinion of the most respectable body of critics in England.

"Whether we consider our author with regard to the accurate order and disposition of his matter, the acuteness and penetration of his researches, the weight and solidity of his reflections, or the force and energy of his expression, we shall find him equally worthy of attention and applause. We may safely recommend this work, as THE MOST COMPLETE OF ALL MODERN HISTORIES. It is not a dry narrative of events, destitute of moment; nor is it a mere frothy relation, all glow and colouring."

Tumbling over the leaves of a new book, sent me by an European correspondent, I find the following observations upon the late rage for German plays:

The recent introduction of the German drama, may be considered as a phenomenon in the world of dissipation. That the good sense of the English nation should tamely submit to this revolution of taste, is altogether inexplicable.

When the *Stranger* was introduced to the public, many of our fair dames welcomed him to this hospitable metropolis. Their sympathy for the poor adulteress, so ably defended by Kotzebue, was a striking proof of their sensibility; and, from the recent instances of crim. con. it may be conjectured, that the system of our male and female marriage haters is daily obtaining new proselytes.

But the triumph of Kotzebue was incomplete, till the appearance of *Pizarro*. That renowned Spanish warrior was conjured up from the "pale nations of the dead," to conquer a country, which the armada had assailed in vain. The extraordinary effects of this melange of tragedy, farce, and *pantomime*, were indescribable. Multitudes crowded to the theatre, where they were amused by elegant scenery, thunder, and lightning; while the sonorous rant of Rolla, and the drawling whine of Cora, excited universal sympathy. Seized, as it were, with a general hysteric affection, the ladies blubbered, to the great detriment of their eyes; while the men*, animated by the bombast of Rolla, gazed with ardent sensations of heroism. So easy is it to be benevolent....when there is nothing to be given, and so undaunted is true valour....when there is no danger nigh! As Kotzebue eloquently pleaded the cause of the adulteress in the *Stranger*, so, in his *Natural Son*, or, as it has

been called by an English *playmonger*, his "*Lover's Vows*," he has placed a kind unwedded fair one in an equally affecting and amiable point of view. The *Noble Lie*, written by the same dramatist, is another proof of the felicity of his invention, in the extenuation of guilt.

LEVITY.

[The habit of minute analysis, so long in vogue among the German commentators, who, in their drowsy criticisms, are most prolix in the explication of trivial passages, is admirably ridiculed by a recent essayist. The following will largely contribute to the merriment of the reader, and we shall next week follow up this ludicrous criticism, with another of the same class of humour, from the pen of GEORGE CANNING, Esq.]

"Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pepper;
If Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pepper,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd?"

THIS elaborate composition, though not long, combines many extraordinary merits, and one may discover in it strong principles of elocution, deep inquiry, and accurate conclusion. The usual point in repeating it, is not to affix the true meaning to every word, or to observe the logical manner in which the inquiry and result are founded on the premises, but to rehearse it three times, without drawing breath. Undoubtedly, as an exercise of this kind, the difficulty of pronouncing the words with sufficient rapidity to perform it within the compass of time that a human being can exist, without repeating the act of respiration, renders it an useful lesson in the art of elocution. Had Demosthenes, at four years old, been accustomed to recite this composition thus, he would not have been necessitated, in his ripe years, to resort to the toilsome expedient of filling his mouth with stones, and declaiming to the angry billows.

The first circumstance, that strikes the eye or the ear of common observers in this charming composition, is the frequent occurrence of the letter P, a figure now well known by the name of alliteration, and thought to add no small beauty to the finest poems; but I doubt whether any modern poet ever had so full a command of this admirable figure, as this author. I know not whether it would be allowed to be a poem, yet I think it has all the inherent qualities of poetry. Break the lines as you please, the mutilated fragments are still "*disjuncta membra poetæ*." Nay, so perfect is the harmony, that even putting the last half of the line first does not injure it, as the author has shown in the last line, to prove his wonderful powers of arrangement, where the *peck of pepper* precedes *Peter Piper*! The two first lines evidently correspond in termination; and the close of the third line has that full, sonorous beauty, which leaves the ear and mind perfectly satisfied.

Let us now examine the art of the author in raising a strong interest in the mind of the reader. We are at first simply told the fact, according to a well known critical rule, that narrative should be clear and concise. To this rule the ingenious poet has well attended, and, in the circumstance related, we find such an air of historical truth and verisimilitude, and such unadorned conciseness and inimitable brevity in the relation, that we sit down contented, nor suffer a doubt to arise of the credibility of the information received...."*Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper.*" Good!....Here is the simple fact related; and though an inquiring mind may immediately busy itself in calculating how many pepper corns would go to fill a peck measure, or perhaps some malevolent cynic would ask, with a sneer, whether Peter Piper had employed himself upon pepper ground or whole, black or white, and so forth, the candid reader would recollect, that it is the business of an author to record the grand facts, and those, which put

you at once into possession of the hero's character, without descending to the minutiae. No one can retain even a momentary doubt of Peter Piper's diligence, industry, and application, and no one but must regret, that talents so conspicuous were devoted to the occupation of picking pepper, rather than writing commentaries upon Shakspeare.

Peter Piper thus introduced to our acquaintance, we set him down as an industrious picker of pepper, and feel satisfied with every thing, but the brevity of the apologue. Immediately, however, follows a line, which informs us there is yet more to come. The emphatical "*if*," at the beginning of the second line, or middle division of the poem, rouses all the inquiring faculties of the mind. A doubt is raised, a fact, so clear and indisputed, falls at once into uncertainty, by the magic virtue of this little "*if*." Touchstone, indeed, allows "great virtue in your *if*;" but the virtue he discovers was of the composing and healing kind; whereas, in this instance, the application of the word rouses all the tumultuous passions, and confidence is as severely shaken, as when a late ingenious and noble author promulgated his doubts, as to the personal and mental deformities of Richard the third.

"What!" exclaims the candid reader, "and is it then possible that Peter Piper did not pick the peck of pepper?"

"Possible," returns the cynic; "it was hardly possible he should have done it. I told you before, if the author wished to gain credit for so improbable an achievement, he should have specified the peculiarities of the pepper, whether black or white, whole or ground: that is the way to obtain belief. For my own part, this statement only confirms the doubt I before entertained, '*If Peter Piper picked a peck of pepper?*' Yes, yes, the author here wishes to come off handsomely; he knows he can bring no proof of his assertion."

Not so, however, feel the generality of mankind; only here and there a Zoilus, who dares to cavil at what gives universal pleasure. I must confess, on considering the third division of this little composition, that the author has shown more skill in touching the passions, than in distributing poetical justice. The mind is left in a melancholy mood, on reading the conclusion!

"Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd?"

"Aye, where indeed!" exclaims the insulting cynic: "I defy any one of you to produce it;....and now what becomes of your assertion?".... "Where indeed!" laments the candid reader.... "Oh that the belief of such industry should fall to the ground, when assailed by such a question!"

Be that as it may, this pathetic apostrophe appeals forcibly to the feelings, and leaves the mind impressed with that tender melancholy, which is so favourable to virtuous emotions, that I should not wonder, if many ardent individuals were to sally forth true knights errant in the cause, determined to find the peck of pepper, or to die. I should not be surprised, if the very identical peck of pepper, with the initials P. P. on the corner of the bag that holds it, were to be found in the same iron chest, that contained the Shakspeare papers. I was hinting this idea to a friend of mine the other day, a man of great critical acumen, and, after deliberating a long time, he replied, I should rather think it probable, that in that chest might be discovered the other half of this exquisite composition, for I have long been of opinion, that it is but a mutilated fragment. The author has displayed such admirable talents, that I cannot believe he would have left a piece of such merit so imperfect, as to end with a note of interrogation. I cannot help fancying that the other half has been destroyed, by the malevolence of some enemies to literature and good taste; though perhaps a copy

* The reviewers uniformly opposed this outrage against true taste;....but were their animadversions ineffectual.

may, by good fortune, be found in some of those repositories of ancient works of merit, whence, every now and then, some happy being has the privilege of selecting some to improve the world. Indeed, this little peice has before now employed my thoughts, and I once had an idea, that it originally ran as follows:

"A peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd;
If a peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd,
Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd?"

To say nothing of the beauty, which inverse construction bestows on poetry, the uniformity of endings for a long while induced me to think this the true reading; but, since the idea of a second part being somewhere to be met with, has occurred to my mind, I have abandoned this novel arrangement of the lines; for I cannot but acknowledge, that there is something inexpressibly melodious and pathetic in the double endings of the two first lines, according to the common reading.

Having thus critically considered this inimitable poem, as within all the rules of rhetoric and poesy, let us ascend to a higher grade of analysis, and exhibit it as a perfect model of a logical syllogism.

With good reason, the dialecticians of ancient times assimilated logic to a closed and firmly compacted hand. If the justness of this comparison be admitted, then it may be affirmed, that no proposition in Euclid ever more resembled the clenchedness of the fist than this poem,

Peter Piper pick'd a peck of pepper.

Now it is in vain to consider these memorable lines as tricked out with the delusive charms of eloquence. There is in them nothing gorgeous, nothing periphrastic; they relate a plain fact, in plain terms. The fact is simply the picking of a peck of pepper. A peck of pepper was picked, surely some one must have picked it; a peck of pepper picks not itself. Who then picked it?.... Plainly Peter Piper. In this, there is nothing but what is absolutely necessary for the elucidation of this important truth. A peck of pepper is pickedwho picked it? Not John Piper, nor Thomas Piper, but plainly Peter Piper.

Where's the peck of pepper Peter Piper pick'd!

Still argumentative, still logical. The middle term is indeed omitted; but what man does not at once perceive the nature of its syllogistic form? What mind does not feel, that, if a peck of pepper once be picked, to have been picked it must have been, and to have been, it must have had place to be in! Where is it then? Here, and here alone, is displayed some eloquence. To the question where, no answer is returned. Where is it?....Gone! No one is able to say whither! Gone, destroyed, hidden, perished! Gone with the years beyond the flood! It was once said, by a learned sergeant, who practised in other courts than those of Westminster, we mean the learned sergeant Kite, that the word *demonstration* came from *Demon*, the father of lies. With that personage probably remains the peck of pepper; and with you, ye courteous and critical readers, we trust remains a clear conviction of the logical skill demonstrated in this celebrated effort. At any rate, we shall say no more, for, as we have so fairly sent the peck of pepper to the devil, perhaps the vexed critics may be for sending us after it.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

[Under this head, we shall occasionally arrange whatever good-naturedly derides fashionable folly, no less than whatever describes faithfully fashionable dress.]

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

Turbans have taken the place of oblong caps, for full dress; they are made of gold and silver.

Brocaded Materials, for half dress, of plain muslin, sometimes ornamented with pearls.

Pearls are likewise worn through the hair.

Full-dressed hats are made of rose-colour satin, and marigold velvet.

Black crape and velvet hats are very common.

For undress, mob caps, with ends to tie under the chin, trimmed with lace, and round caps ornamented with fancy trimming, continue in vogue; sometimes a handkerchief, *en marmote*, to tie under the chin, is put on the latter.

Spencers are made of black cloth, with velvet collars.

Black crape robes are still in fashion for full dress, or late for half dress.

Robes are made of a slight India clouded silk.

Instead of long *Cachemire shawls*, silk or woollen shawls, seven quarters square, are worn.

It is extremely fashionable to wear the end of the shawls towards the left shoulder, instead of the middle of the back.

Gentlemen's coats are very short and loose, the collars are merely turned over; round concave middle-sized buttons of yellow metal are put on the facings at each side.

The Parisian ladies sport an arrow, studded and tipped with diamonds, as the ornament of their head-dresses. This arrow is, no doubt, directed against the hearts of their admirers; and indeed the contrivance is ingenious, for if the shaft should miss the aim, the diamonds, we should think, are likely to produce a very powerful impression!

The walking amusements of the present day deserve great encouragement. The training for a match may do a man good all his life. The grand pedestrian principles we see are the salutary ones of temperance and exercise!

THE PIN.

[FROM A PARIS JOURNAL.]

Our neighbours, the English, if we may judge from their marriage contracts, are, or at least were, the greatest consumers of pins in the world. Nothing is more usual than for a lady of fashion to be allowed a thousand pounds sterling a year (24,000 livres tournois) for the single article of pins. Historians relate, that in those days, when *pin-money* was first introduced, the English ladies consumed a vast number of pins to fasten their clothes. In process of time, however, the consumption of pins has decreased, and in the exact proportion with the diminution of drapery. At Paris, God knows, a husband will not be ruined by the expense of pins. Now-a-days, an *elegante* makes almost as little use of a pin as of a needle.

But yet allow me to tell your dames of fashion, for whom pins have become useless, that a pin in place may sometimes be of importance to the reputation of your charms! Little do you think how much even a beauty may be indebted to a pin! Little do you consider how many vows, how many addresses depend upon a single pin! Take out that solitary pin, which, strange to tell, has found its way into your robe; take out that pin, and the loves and desires, which hover round what it mysteriously conceals, disappear. The imagination droops its wing. The illusion vanishes. Pleasure is disappointed, and flies in search of new deceptions. Ah, madam! learn to conceal with grace! and remember that your charms soon lose their power, when you display their utmost force. Above all, know that there are some pins, which you should rarely unfasten!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"A MARVELLOUS Pleasant Love Story" has a very alluring title, and if it be constructed

upon the plans of Mrs. Ratcliffe it will be sufficiently marvellous, and may seem pleasant. Love stories, however, have nearly lost their interest in this stocial age, and our young men yawn over the delicate distresses of Damon and Delia.

The prolific muse of CUMBERLAND has brought forth another dramatic offspring, which is already named, and is to be ushered into the world by one of the managers of the London theatres.

Literary Leisure, or the recreations of Solomon Saunter, has just appeared in London. This is another addition to the copious catalogue of periodical works. It appears to be the work of a juvenile writer; but many of the essays will not disgust the veteran critic.

The criticisms on Miss Baillie's "Series of Plays" are liberal and accurate, and the humorous sketches are often hit off with the comic effect of a Bunbury's pencil.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The signing of the definitive treaty, is one of the most momentous incidents which has occurred for many years in European history. This specious semblance of peace on paper, will be quickly metamorphosed into a fury

With Ate by her side, come hot from hell.

A fury who will not only strive to deface whatever is fair and excellent in Great-Britain, but who will extend her baleful influence over the Atlantic, and taint and mildew our own country. Melancholy reflexions, naturally arising from such sure presages, founded on the *immensa cupido* of France and Buonaparte, and the NOTORIOUS IMBECILITY OF OUR OWN GOVERNMENT, might be extended through many a warning page of this paper; but the Editor abstains, for the present, from farther speculation on this eventful treaty, as he finds the subject so concisely, wisely and justly treated in an article in the New-York Evening Post, that it would be a wide departure from modesty in him to attempt the expansion of a subject at once succinctly and completely discussed by a sagacious politician.

DEFINITIVE TREATY OF PEACE.

As the ratified articles do not materially differ from the preliminary, all remarks which we deem material have been already anticipated in our former "Reflexions on the peace." The great *mountain of delay* has at length brought forth a mouse; and those among the English whose pride could not but expect an amelioration of the terms have been greatly disappointed. The French negotiators seem to have lost nothing of their usual dexterity. Perfect harmony and sincerity and good faith are promised in abundance on both sides, while, in effect, the embers of war are carefully kept alive in several articles of the treaty, which wants reciprocity, the chief basis of good faith and the only pledge of real harmony. To France, the Batavian republic has, in reality though not in form, been given up, bound hand and foot: The Cape of Good Hope being restored to that republic in full sovereignty as before the war, is substantially placed in the hands of Buonaparte. The possessions of Portugal are to be left entire; so says the preliminary, and so says the ratified article on that head; but it will be observed that the ratified article marks out new limits to Portuguese and French Guiana, in which it may be supposed the French negotiators have not forgotten themselves. Spain, as well as the Batavian republic, have been made use of as sponges in the great consul's hands, with which he has absorbed all the conquests of England, to be squeezed out again as it may suit his caprice or convenience. How far indemnity for the past has been obtained by this treaty, is a subject for Englishmen alone to discuss; but that of security for the future against the encroachments of France, belongs to every part of

the world, whose independent existence is threatened to be swallowed up by that enormous, ambitious, insatiable power. The seal of the great consul is already stamped on the fate of Europe; and it is an awful consideration for America that some of the mischievous broods of evils, moral and political, which, generated by the French, have insinuated themselves into every European nation, to propagate in turn, should have found their way into this country, as precursors to the arrival of our intended neighbors in Louisiana.

Americans! you have wept over the ashes of Washington, but your tears were those of pride, and sorrow at his loss. Is not the time fast hastening when those tears will stream afresh at beholding the sad, the deplorable consequences of departing from all his advice, and decrying all his measures, for the purpose of introducing a wretched, visionary, sickly system of politics, calculated to enervate the strength, and destroy the credit of the country? and to hold out a lure to the first bold adventurer who lands on our shores, or the first domestic demagogue whose ambition looks to avail itself of a civil war? Do you discredit this foreboding? God grant you may never have occasion to remember it.

The road to *Gretna-Green* is still passable, notwithstanding the immense fall of snow in that quarter. This is, no doubt, owing to the passengers, who are generally in a *melting* mood.

The progress of dramatic invention seems not to have been very rapid, for the last century. At the commencement of it, the wits were ridiculing those writers, who gained their bread by *barbarous* and *bloody murders*; and in our days, poets have taken to the same expedients, with the difference of having their murders acted on the stage, instead of being bawled in the streets.

A gentleman relating one night at a coffee-room in Oxford, that Dr. —, of Brazen Nose college, had put out his leg in crossing a kennel, five surgeons immediately set off for the doctor's apartments, but returned dismayed, saying no such thing had happened: "Why (replied the gentleman) how can a man cross a kennel without putting out his leg?"

A new fashion of visiting cards has appeared at Paris. Instead of the name, the card contains an engraved portrait of the visitor.

The new planet, discovered by Piazze, the astronomer, at Palermo, in January 1801, was first seen in England, on Thursday last, at two o'clock in the morning, by the astronomer royal, Dr. Maskelyne, at Greenwich.

A very fickle character being surprised in the act of hanging himself, was interrogated by the person, who discovered him concerning the cause of this rash action. Only from a *love of change*, he replied.

The London wits, alluding to the partiality of the town to *Cooke's* Iago, declared, on a late occasion, that it was impossible for John Bull to expect good entertainment at Covent Garden, when there was no *Cook* there.

A poor sweep travelling through Stretton, near Burton-upon-Trent, last week, being benighted, knocked at the door of a farmer, and begged he might sleep in the stable till the approach of day, but was refused. The labourer, however, hearing the answer, and having more humanity than his

master, suffered him to take his repose upon some straw in the barn. It happened about two o'clock in the morning, two villains came with a horse and cart, with an intent to rob the barn, and having nearly filled one bag, said, 'twas a pity they had not engaged another man to hold the candle; the poor sweep hearing this, and imagining the men belonged to the house, rushed from the straw, and exclaimed, "O, I'll hold the candle!" The villains, at this unexpected answer, and the appearance of his black face and white teeth, hastily decamped, leaving horse, cart, and bags, at the disposal of the supposed devil.

[Sun.]

Though liveries have not yet been formally restored by law in Paris, there is a dress, by which servants are obviously enough distinguished, and the first consul has now given the example of rendering this splendid. His liveries, or perhaps we should say, the *costume of his servants*, are sky-blue, with a plain gold lace; those of *Madam Bonaparte*, light green and gold.

The number of persons burned to death has greatly increased since the introduction of light clothing. Ladies are forced to a nearer enjoyment of the fire, and the thin muslin transparency is in a blaze in a moment.

The ladies, who were sold in Egypt, were Abyssinian women, to be employed as domestics. The price was very low, and every French soldier had his *domestique*. The discipline in the English army was too strict to allow such *amorous handmaids*.

The brewers of port wine in England seem not such skilful adepts, nor such extensive dealers in the home commodity, as was experienced about half a century since, at which period the following remarkable occurrence took place:—An information having been given to some excise officers, that a very large quantity of port, not having paid the duty, was deposited in a particular cellar, they repaired to the spot, and seized upwards of fifty pipes. The owner, who had made near a *plumb*, by what he hesitated not to stile *vinum supernaculum*, determined to stand suit with the officers. On the matter being brought to issue, he irrefutably proved, that there was not a single drop of *Oporto* wine in the whole quantity seized; but that his *supernaculum* was entirely composed of rough cider, and British spirits, coloured with the wood called red saunders, which gives a brisk and beautiful tinge, by being previously put into spirits. The excise officers were of course nonsuited.

A gentleman, who had been looking over some valuable rings the other day, at a fashionable jeweller's, literally walked away with one of the value of 100 guineas. The poor goldsmith vainly attempted to overtake him, on the full run, and calling out, "Stop thief!" as loudly as possible. A person, who heard the hue and cry, and was observing the amazing rate, at which our pedestrian kept moving, would have stopt him as the thief alluded to; but he was intimidated by the gentleman's appearance, and his vociferating "Keep off, sir, I am walking for a hundred."

An actor of some humour, whose name we shall not now mention, was lately pressed by his tailor for the payment of a large bill. The debtor declared himself to be, in the modern phrase, in a state of *impecuniosity*. The tailor very modestly asked for a bond, which the other expressed his readiness to grant, provided the matter was kept a secret! When the bond was brought, it was indignantly tore, and thrown in the tailor's face. "You

rascal," said the indignant comedian, "you promised to keep the secret, and now your paper begins, 'Be it known to all men by these presents!'"

The following article from a Paris paper, presents a vivid picture of the luxury of tepid bathing, a grateful and necessary practice, to which many of our dear countrymen, to the disgrace of their own purity, and to the scandal of the physician, are utter strangers. *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

Amongst the novelties of Paris are the *thermæ*, or hot baths. They are formed in a very long vessel, which floats upon the river near the second arch of the pont royal. In this structure there are one hundred and forty baths in two stories, each story being bounded by a gallery for promenade. In these baths, when you have sat as long as you please, you ring a bell, and whatever refreshment you desire, is floated to you upon a cork salver. If you desire perfumes, you have them, and you then retire to dress in a room, which pertains to each bath. The price for this indulgence, refreshments excepted, is 15d. English. The baths are open night and day.

Miss Baillie having written "A Series of Plays" intended to illustrate the progress of passion, is thus complimented in a late miscellany.

From the Blue Beards, the Pizarros, the Castle Spectres of the English stage, from the wild ravings of the German Drama, and the lax morality thence inculcated with our theatrical exhibitions, from the mummary of pageantry, the cant words of comedy, it is a welcome relief to turn to the page where the powers of the mind find real exercise, where the feeling heart subscribes to the truth of the portrait, where the powers of a Siddons will find adequate employment, and where the embellishments of poetry are made subservient to the noblest purposes.

A new writer thus justly describes the plays of Kotzebue.

To paint the wild ebullitions of high-wrought feeling, to represent passion as the grand sublimer of human nature, to throw beings of enthusiastic irritability into situations inconceivably agonizing, are among the favourite objects of the German muse. To accomplish an undertaking so gigantic, no expression can be too forcible, no language too glowing. Morality, principle, virtue, all fade before this new philosophy of the passions. The Germans, in these daring attempts, may be sublime; let us, whose judgment condemns as wild, these strange vagaries of the domination of feeling, beware, lest in endeavouring to emulate their sublimity, minds, which teach themselves to admire these representations of our strained passion, for it certainly is an acquired taste, will scarcely ever be able to feel any relish in the more simple beauties of just delineations of nature. Like those, who having vitiated their palates with high dishes and luxurious fare, find it extremely difficult to return to simple diet, and unsophisticated viands.

The following letter was actually written by an usher of a school, as a model for a young gentleman to inform his parents that he should be home at the Christmas vacation. It may well match with the pedagogue's well-known love letter in *Peregrine Pickle*:

"It is impossible to verbally declare the sublimity of satisfaction which I experience, in the fond anticipation of passing that period of temporal abstraction from scholastic attention, ordinarily cognominated the vacation, or, as marking the diurnal sanctimonious employment usually directed, emphatically appellated holidays: therefore, in simple and humble dictates I inform you, that the recess is fixed for the 23d of the present duo-

decimal division of the annual solar revolutions: then shall I hope to experience all those domiciliary delectations, usually attendant on that periodical festivity, conjuncted with the hilarities of those, with whom I am enfraternally connected. Then those viands, vaporially affecting our olfactory organs with their salubrious effluvia, and our stomachs, with their invigorating influence, will be abundantly devoured, whether consisting of terrefacted or bulliated quadrupedal carnosus substance, the more delicate fibres of the volant aerial inhabitants, or the submarine piscatory residents....concluding with those heterogeneous compositions, called puddings, aided by the exhilarating effects of vinous libations!"

A gentleman lately asked another, recent from the city of Washington, if he could give him any idea of Mr. Bacon's speeches. Yes, says he, this is the substance of one of them versified.

Good people all, both great and small,
And eke, and aye, and also;
Pray lend an ear, and you shall hear,
And then I need not bawl so.

There was a time, when times were good,
The ancient bard in rhyme sings,
So use time well, 'tis time we should,
We should so, did we time things.

So to conclude and make an end
Of my nice diction'd ditty,
Indeed 'tis time the times should mend,
In country and in city.

A humorous correspondent remarks, that now to call the city of Washington the *Federal City* is quite obsolete. As it is the head-quarters and favoured region of Mr. Jefferson and his myrmidons, it would be more accurate to call it the *Anti-Federal City*.

In his lectures on painting, the ingenious Fuseli remarks that

The desperate moan of Macbeth's queen on seeing the visionary spot still uneffaced, infect her hand, is an image snatched from the lap of terror.

After perusing the following description of Paul preaching at Athens, one need scarcely regret the absence of the picture:

"In the cartoon of Paul announcing his God from the height of the Areopagus, he appears the organ of superior power. The assembly, though selected with characteristic art for the purpose, are the natural offspring of place and moment. We perceive the involved meditation of the Stoic—the Cynic's ironic sneer—the incredulous smile of the elegant Epicurean—the eager disputants of the academy—the elevated attention of Plato's soul—the rankling malice of the Rabbi—and the Magician's mysterious glance.

Superior degrees of happiness are not to be expected solely from a skill in arts and sciences—from study and from retirement: but chiefly from those virtues and good qualities in which even the illiterate find it—from prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude and contentment. The boast of felicity without these, is but the rant of pride, and the rhapsody of inexperienced speculation.

Early old age and early dotage are introduced by an abject dereliction of our powers. We labour to increase our fortunes, and suffer our faculties to run to ruin without reluctance: but it is surely worth while to contend strenuously for their preservation. Of how little value are the enjoyments of life, when we come to vegetate in stupidity, in the midst of all that should delight our senses—inform our understanding—enrich our memory, and glitter on our imagination. It is worth while to pursue every

method which has a tendency to *prolong our mental existence*. Among these we may venture to enumerate a constant, yet moderate exercise of our abilities—a daily accumulation of new ideas—a recollection of the old—a rule over the passions and temperance in general. We often accuse time and nature for decays, which are caused by our own neglect. Instead of immersing ourselves in the pursuit of wealth, which we shall never enjoy, and honors, which are empty bubbles, let our desire be to preserve our faculties unimpaired to the last, and to shine, as the sun shines bright, through the whole of his progress; and though, with abated heat and effulgence at the close of it, yet with a lustre venerable and serene, till it descends to the other hemisphere.

In a climate capricious as our own, fine weather affords a great pleasure, and he who is not urged to exertion by his wants or passions, seems to acquiesce in it, and to require few other gratifications besides the enjoyment of it unmolested. The mind is gently lulled by it to a luxurious complacency, and finds contentment in the Epicurean pleasure of a perfect inactivity. To bask in the sunshine, or to breathe the balsamic gale of a zephyr in the shade, is a satisfaction of a sensual kind—no less delightful than pure.

Formerly as men journeyed through old authors elucidations in the margin attended your progress, like lamps by the road side; but now, it may be presumed, books shine like phosphorus or the glow worm, with inherent lustre, and require not the assistance of extrinsic illumination.

Fashionable *dashing* characters may be compared to a dashing torrent—all noise, all foam, all violence for a moment, and then spent or exhausted forever: or to a comet, attracting all eyes for a short time, but cheering no system, and perhaps endangering all: or to a kittle drum which owes its power of making a noise to brass and emptiness: or to some vile liquors—hot in the mouth, but without a body.

Madame Scudery, the authoress of *Clelia*, the Great Cyrus, and many other ponderous romances, was remarkably ugly. The following lines, written by her, and addressed to a painter, who had drawn her portrait, give a stronger proof of her wit and good-humour, than is to be found in her works.

Nanteuil, en faisant mon image,
A de son art divin signale le pouvoir;
Je hais mes traits dans mon miroir,
Je les aime dans son ouvrage.

A telescope, of the value of eleven thousand pounds sterling, has just been shipped in the river Thames, for the royal observatory at Madrid. It was made under the direction of Mr. Herschell, and it fills so many bulky packages as to freight the whole of a small ship. Another telescope is also about to be completed, under the same direction, for the academy of sciences at St. Petersburg, which will cost about five thousand pounds.

An eminent German physician has discovered a new valuable property in the cow-pox. Some of those, who had been inoculated with it, having been afterwards attacked by the scarlet fever, had it, it is stated, with circumstances of extraordinary mildness.

Travelling *aerial* vehicles may soon be expected to be reduced to as great perfection as in our mail coaches. An author has published a book at Vienna, shewing that *eagles* may be used in drawing air-balloons. He likewise lays down rules for

yoking and driving them together, with the whole system of their *manège*. This certainly is a step beyond building castles in the air.

STATE BED.

Ever since an account of the marquis of Exeter's grand state bed appeared in the fashionable world, grandeur in this article of furniture has become quite the rage. Among others, the lord mayor feeling for the dignity of the city of London, has petitioned the corporation for one of great splendour, to be placed in the mansion-house, at the city's expense.

We have been favoured with a description of this magnificent state bed, the choice of his lordship. The body is formed by the callipee, or under shell of a large turtle, carved in mahogany, and sufficiently capacious to receive two well-fed people. The callipash, or upper shell, forms the canopy. The posts are four gigantic figures, richly gilt; two of them accurate copies of Gog and Magog, the other two represent Sir William Walworth and the last man in armour. Cupids with custards are the supporters. The curtains are of mazarine purple, and curiously wrought with the series of the idle and industrious apprentice from Hogarth, in gold embroidery. But the vallens exceed description; there, the various incidents in the life of Whittington are painted. The mice in one of the compartments are done so much to the life, that his lordship's cat, who is an accurate judge of mice, was deceived. The quilt is of fashionable patch-work figures, the description of which we shall not anticipate, as we understand Mr. Birch has obtained a sketch of it, for his large twelfth cake. The whole is worthy of the taste of the first magistrate of the first city of the world.

[London paper.]

We find, in the weekly account of clerical promotions, that the rev. Mr. *Sheepshanks* succeeds Dr. *Mereweather*, in the rectory of *Bleating*.

[Morning Post.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A MODERN LOVE DITTY.

WHERE Schuykill oe'r his rocky bed,
Roars like a bull in battle,
In neat log cabin lives a maid,
Who tends her father's cattle;
She's every charm of mind and face,
Young, handsome, gay, and witty,
And then she rides with such a grace
With butter to the city.

Her churns and pails, scour'd white as snow,
Are plac'd upon the dresser,
And pewter plates, in many a row,
Where you might see your face, sir;
She'll raise the haycock on the mead,
Or toss it out so pretty,
Or, mounted on old Grey, will speed
With butter to the city.

To see her panting oe'r her churn,
With charms so flush'd and glowing,
Would make a hermit's bosom burn,
His frozen blood set flowing;
But all the lads their arts have tried
In vain, to move her pity,
She jeers, then mounts old Grey, to ride
With butter to the city.

Ah me! tho' us'd to stir my stumps,
My cart I scarce can follow,
And, sharing in his master's dumps,
Not Dobbin minds my holla.

O! could I make this lass my bride,
 Could I but marry Kitty,
 Together in my cart, we'd ride
 With butter to the city.

A.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[At a literary and social club, which occasionally meets in this city, two members generously offered a fine West-India turtle, with which the party was to be feasted, on some merry May day. The proffer was joyously received, and the charge of this amphibious gift was, with great solemnity, committed to *mine host of the garter*. A few evenings, prior to the anticipated banquet, a servant communicated to the club the dismal intelligence, that the *turtle was dead*. The consternation and chagrin of the company can be better imagined than described. A great poet of antiquity somewhere informs us, that

Curæ leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

This dumb sorrow seemed to close the watering mouth of each of our expecting epicures, till it was recollected, that the demise of the turtle, as it was sincerely felt, should be poetically deplored by

"The poor, distress'd, surviving few."

Accordingly our laureat was invoked, who forthwith produced the following.]

.....Æqua lege necessitas
 Sortitur insignes et imos.

ON A TURTLE.

Ye sons of mirth, your clamours quell,
 And cease that joyous roar,
 For lo *Sebastian** comes to tell
 Your turtle is no more.

And is he gone? ah! say not so!
 He look'd so green and sleek;
 Would he had died a month ago,
 Or liv'd another week.

For had he died a month before,
 In R—— and B——'s tub,
 They would alone his loss deplore,
 Unnoticed by the club.

Or, had he lived but seven days,
 We ne'er should look so blue;
 But festive anthems to his praise,
 Had sung in No. 2†.

Ah! did the fates like mortals feel,
Humanely would they say,
 "No turtle dies but by the steel!"
 For that's their *natural way*.

"But what," says Joe, "is in you all.
 You make so d—d a pother;
I guess† we'd better *Hardy* call,
 And make him get another."

* *Sebastian*, an obsequious German, one of the waiters, and the very counterpart of Shakspeare's Francis, always ready with his "anon, anon, sir." His haggard look and faultering tongue, when he essayed to speak of the untimely death of our hopes, and the regretted turtle, have been well described by the poet of nature.

.....The whiteness of his cheek
 Was apter than his tongue to tell his errand.
 E'en such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so woe begone,
 Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him half his Troy was burn'd;
 But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
 And we *Turtella's* death, ere he reported it.

† No. 2. This is that *domus interior*, with which, if Virgil had been acquainted, he would have assigned it a place in his own Olympus. It is a *sweet recess* in the hotel, order-ferous with segars, and vocal with wit and joy.

‡ *I guess*. This alludes to the provincial idiom of a certain New-England member, whose tongue is not filed for the purer para. of Philadelphia.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE

FOR THE NEW-YEAR, 1802.

BY HENRY JAMES FRY, ESQ. PORT LAUREAT.

LO from Bellona's crimson car,
 At length the panting steeds unbound,
 At length the thunder of the war
 In festive shouts of peace is drown'd:
 Yet as around her monarch's brow,
 Britannia twines the olive bough,
 Bold as her eagle eye is cast,
 On hours of recent tempest past:
 Through the rude wave and adverse gale,
 When free she spread her daring sail,
 Immortal glory's radiant form,
 Are guiding load-star through the storm;
 Directed by whose golden ray,
 Thro' rocks and shoals she kept her steady way;
 "My sons," she cries, "can Honour's guerdon
 claim,
 "Unsoil'd my parent worth, unstain'd their sove-
 reign's fame?"

Albion! though oft by dread alarms,
 Thy native valour has been tried,
 Ne'er did the lustre of thy arms
 Shine forth with more refulgent pride
 Than when, while Europe's sons dismay'd,
 Shrunk recreant from thy mighty aid;
 Alone, unfriended, firm you stood,
 A barrier 'gainst the foaming flood.
 When mild and soft the silken breeze
 Blows gently o'er the rippling seas;
 The pinnacle then may lightly sweep,
 With painted oar the halcyon deep;
 But when the howling whirlwinds rise,
 When mountain billows threat the skies,
 With ribs of oak the bark must brave
 The inroad of the furious wave;
 The hardy crew must to the raging wind
 Oppose the sinewy arm, th' unconquerable mind.

In every clime where Ocean roars,
 High tho' thy naval banners flew;
 From where by Hyperborean shores,
 The frozen gale ungenial blew,
 To sultry lands that Indian surges lave,
 Atlantic isles and fam'd Canopus' wave;
 Tho' from insulted Egypt's coast
 Thy armies swept the victor host,
 From veteran bands where British valour won
 The lofty wall's of Ammon's godlike son:
 Useless the danger and the toil,
 To free each self-devoted soil,
 Auxiliar legions from thy side
 Recede to swell the Gallic conqueror's pride;
 While on Marengo's fatal plain,
 Faithful to honour's tie, brave Austria bleeds in
 vain.

Not fir'd by fierce Ambition's flame,
 Did Albion's monarch urge his car,
 Impetuous thro' the bleeding ranks of war,
 To succour and protect his nobler aim.
 His guardian arm, while each Hesperian vale,
 While Lusitania's vine-clad mountains hail,
 Their ancient rights and laws restor'd,
 The royal patriot sheath'd th' avenging sword;
 By heaven-born Concord led, while Plenty smiles,
 And sheds her bounties wide to bless the sister
 isles.

DICK STRYPE,

OR THE FORCE OF HABIT.

A TALE...BY TIMOTHY BRAMBLE.

HABITS are stubborn things:
 And by the time a man is turn'd of forty,

His ruling passion's grown so haughty,
 There is no clipping of its wings.
 The truth will best be shewn,
 By a familiar instance of our own.
 Dick Strype
 Was a dear friend and lover of the pipe:
 He us'd to say, one pipe of Kirkman's best
 Gave life a zest.
 To him 'twas meat, and drink, and physic,
 To see the friendly vapour
 Curl round his midnight taper,
 And the black fume
 Clothe all the room
 In clouds as dark as science metaphysic.
 So still he smok'd, and drank, and crack'd his joke;
 And, had he single tarried,
 He might have smok'd, and still grown old in
 smoke;
 But Richard married.
 His wife was one, who carried
 The *cleanly virtues* almost to a vice,
 She was so nice:
 And thrice a week, above, below,
 The house was scour'd from top to toe,
 And all the floors were rubb'd so bright,
 You dar'd not walk upright.
 For fear of sliding;
 But that she took a pride in.

Of all things else Rebecca Strype
 Could least endure a pipe.
 She rail'd upon the filthy herb tobacco,
 Protested that the noisome vapour
 Had spoil'd the best chintz curtains and the pa-
 per,
 And cost her many a pound in stucco:
 And then, she quoted our king James, who saith,
 "Tobacco is the devil's breath."
 When wives *will* govern, husbands *must* obey;
 For many a day
 Dick mourn'd and miss'd his favourite tobacco,
 And curs'd Rebecca.
 At length the day approach'd, his wife must die:
 Imagine now the doleful cry
 Of female friends, old aunts, and cousins,
 Who to the funeral come by dozens.
 The undertaker's men and mutes
 Stood at the gate in sable suits,
 With doleful looks,
 Just like so many melancholy rooks.
 Now cakes and wine are handed round,
 Folks sigh, and drink, and drink, and sigh,
 For grief makes people dry;
 But Dick is missing nowhere to be found,
 Above, below, about,
 They search'd the house throughout,
 Each hole and secret entry,
 Quite from the garret to the pantry,
 In every corner, cupboard, nook and shelf,
 And all concluded he had hang'd himself.
 At last they found him....reader, guess you where?
 'Twill make you stare....
 Perch'd on Rebecca's *coffin*, at his rest,
Smoking a pipe of Kirkman's best!

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 22.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 5th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXI.

S. S. SAUNTER,

IN your 18th number, in the valuable essays from the *Microcosm*, I see a comparison or estimate of the merits of some of that class of writers, who leave the beaten track of narration and history, and whose endeavour it is to illustrate the apophthegm,....that there is not only an experience of fact, but also an experience of principle.

The preference which your friend, Mr. Griffin, gives to Richardson's Charles Grandison, and to that class of novels, occasions the present address; for having previously formed a different opinion, the perusal of that essay induced me to methodize my thoughts, which, if you think proper, you may give a place in your next.

The remarks on Fielding's Tom Jones, I admit are correct, and the exceptions apply, as relate to children; but, though I do not, by any means, admit that as the first of the class that may be contrasted with Richardson, yet I would not put either into the hands of youth, 'till they had attained some maturity of understanding: but whensoever it becomes proper to put works of imagination into the hands of the pupil, I consider those as preferable, who draw manners and characters from life; who represent their personages in situations, in which it is probable we may be placed ourselves; who do not make them behave always as the purest wisdom or prudence would dictate, but suffer them sometimes to act as under the influence of natural passions and desires, undisciplined and untutored, and upon whose conduct the reader is left to moralize. At the head of this class, we may place Le Sage, Smollet, Fielding, Miss Burney, &c.

I know that Mr. Griffin and other advocates for the sentimental and virtuous model, exclaim against the tendency of representing a mixture of virtue and vice in the same character; they will say it is dangerous to bring us into the society of vice, though introduced or accompanied by virtue; for that the hero of our novels, though found sometimes guilty of transgressions, of overleaping the boundaries of virtue and innocence, yet, from the beauty of some humane, or the brilliancy of some heroic action, we are instantly led to extend him our forgiveness, nay, almost to give him a place in our esteem, and consequently, that this must have a tendency to lessen our abhorrence of vice.

All this is plausible, Mr. Saunter, but all this is not cogent. Though there are characters of mingled virtue and vice represented in these novels I advocate, does it necessarily follow, that our abhorrence of vice must be diminished, or that our sense of the obligations of morality and religion are to be shaken, by these representations? They will not say, that the authors appear to have intended to make impressions unfavourable to virtue;

where then, let me ask, is the necessity of drawing the above inference? and as it cannot but be admitted, that we possess the faculty of discrimination, why should its proper use be decried in this instance only?

But before I represent the advantages of these writings I advocate, I shall exhibit an objection to the other class, which the sentimental advocates may answer.

If there is not an obvious association of virtue and vice in the characters drawn by Richardson and his imitators, there is a something more dangerous, because less obvious :....A contrast between one virtue or excellency and another; a war of duties, where those of the cardinal sort appear subordinate, because common, while the others are most likely to be preferred, because they come forward only on extraordinary occasions, and are represented so as to attract our admiration; the duty to parents is contrasted by the duties of friendship and love; the virtues of justice, of prudence, and æconomy, are put in competition with the exertion of generosity, of benevolence, and of compassion.

In the enthusiasm of sentiment (says a respectable author), there is as much danger as in the enthusiasm of religion, in substituting certain impulsive feelings in place of real practical duties; and the pupils of these refined sentimentalists are but too apt to talk of virtues they never practise; to pay in words what they owe in actions; and to open their minds to impressions, which have never any effect on their conduct, but are considered as something foreign to, and distinct from it.

This separation of conscience from feeling, I consider to have the most dangerous tendency: it eludes the strongest obligations to rectitude; it blunts the strongest excitements to virtue, when the ties of conscience bind the sentiment, and not the will, and the rewards of feeling crown not the heart, but the imagination.

But the creation of refined and subtle feeling, reared by the authors of the works to which I allude, has an ill effect, not only on our ideas of virtue, but also on our estimate of happiness. That sickly sort of refinement creates imaginary evils and distresses, and imaginary blessings and enjoyments, which embitter the common disappointments, and depreciate the common attainments of life. This affects the temper doubly, both with respect to ourselves and others: with regard to ourselves, from what we think ought to be our lot; with respect to others, from what we believe ought to be their sentiments. It inspires a certain childish pride of our own superior delicacy, and an unfortunate contempt for the plain worth, the ordinary, but useful occupations and ideas of those around us. Besides, the more highly charged the manners of these are, the more hold they take of the imagination, and consequently the more influential they become; but a novel hero or heroine thus described, though without a fault, may be a very unfit model for imitation.

But, sir, the novels of the other class possess an appropriate and considerable merit; they are employed for very useful purposes. By a judicious

imitation of manner and character, whose prototype is in nature, they exhibit one of the best modes of instruction; by introducing their personages into such interesting situations, as may actually occur in life, they afford the opportunity of placing in an useful light, whatever is laudable or defective in character or conduct. By these representations, they show the errors into which we may be betrayed by our passions, consequently tend to render virtue amiable, and vice odious. Whence I would infer, that this approximation to the exhibition of real life has a more salutary influence on the taste of society, as well as a greater tendency to promote moral improvement and useful instruction, than Richardson's "faultless monsters, which the world ne'er saw."

The effect of well contrived stories (upon the plan I advocate) towards accomplishing their purposes, is even stronger than any effect that can be produced by simple naked instruction; and hence we find, that the wisest men, in all ages, have more or less employed fiction and fable, as the vehicles of knowledge.

I shall only add, in the words of Dr. Johnson, "It is essential (says he, speaking of youth), it is essential to preserve the imagination sound, as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amidst the intricacies of sentiment, and the dreams of sensibility, the truths of reason, and the laws of principle." I am,

Your's, &c.

J. D.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XI.

In Continuation....Paper Money.

The paper money above-mentioned was the only engine they had to carry on the war, and was peculiarly characteristic of the Americans; especially when we take into consideration all that preceded, and what happened after its annihilation. In the history of Soulé's above-mentioned I find a passage upon this subject, which, on that account, I will here extract. "The Americans had no naval force, at least a very weak one; they defended themselves in their own country. The theatre of the war gave them innumerable advantages over the English....nothing more forcibly proves their exhausted state; and the obstinacy of the British ministry was not so foolish as has been maintained. Researches of this nature give a very correct idea of the character and manners of a nation, and posterity will, from these proceedings alone, judge with sufficient accuracy, that the inhabitants of the United States had no enthusiasm for the war; that they sold their services to the congress, and sold them very dear; that they were not warriors; that

if they for a moment took up arms to defend their neighbourhood, they very soon laid them down again; that their army consisted chiefly of mercenary soldiers; that the love of liberty never inspired them with that magnanimity, which never belies itself, and sacrifices vigour, life, and fortune; and, finally, that they must never be compared with those brave Swiss, and those proud Batavians, who, through the course of a long war, daily opposed their breasts to the spears of the Austrian and Spanish armies, and asked for no other reward, than to die, or to live free. For although we are not informed of the amount of the debt of the Swiss cantons, at the period when they obtained an armistice; and although the negligence of historians has alike left us unacquainted with that of the United Netherlands, at the time when they began to enjoy their independence; it is known, at least, that the debt of the Swiss was next to nothing, and that of the Hollanders, though somewhat more considerable, about two hundred times smaller than that of the United States."

These remarks appear to me evidently just and unanswerable, although in the same book an attempt is made in the paragraphs immediately succeeding to controvert them. "It must be known," will it be said, in justification of the Americans, "how much the independence of the new republics cost them; and in this account the nominal and the real price must not be confounded together. The mass of paper money, which the congress at different periods created, amounts indeed to two hundred millions of dollars, nominal value; but we must examine what was the true value of this paper money, at the time when it came out of the treasury. A soldier, who, at the end of 1779, received forty paper dollars, had in fact no more than he, who, in the years 1775 and 1776, had been paid one paper dollar for the same service, for during those two years the paper money was equal in value with silver. At the end of the year 1779, on the contrary, forty paper dollars were equivalent only to one in silver, and in purchase and sale would pay only for things of equal worth." After giving a scale of the gradual depreciation of the paper money, the author finds that the two hundred millions in paper, which the congress spent, did not exceed the value of thirty-six millions, to those, who received them, and then proceeds to say, "If we now estimate according to this rule, the real value of the two hundred million paper dollars, which the several states created; if we reckon the foreign and domestic debt of the union at about forty-three million dollars, and the debts of the several states at twenty-five millions, we shall find that all these sums together amount to one hundred and forty million of dollars, and of course that the war cost the inhabitants of the United States really not more than this sum. From the battle of Lexington until the termination of hostilities, eight years elapsed. The annual expense amounted to seventeen millions and three hundred thousand dollars, while England spent more than seventeen millions and three hundred thousand guineas every year." But the author does not bring into consideration the small effects which the Americans produced with their seventeen and a half yearly millions of dollars. He does not notice the unbounded weakness and the bad condition of their army. He had not read the letters of general Washington, where all this is painted in lively colours. In this point of view, therefore, the sums expended, in themselves large, become enormous. The author should further have reflected, that with the depreciation of the paper, their military exertions likewise declined, and that owing to the capture of Burgoyne's army, and to the support of France, during the last half of the war, the same exertions, as at first were no longer necessary.

We are therefore compelled to acknowledge that the Americans sold their services, and sold them

very dear; that further, they were as dear during the last years of the war, as before the depreciation of the paper money, because the services were likewise less; and finally, that the conclusions, which the author attempts to refute, appear to be perfectly correct. What comparison can then be made between England and America? England sent a large army, provided with every thing, across the Atlantic, and maintained at so great a distance; America had scarcely any army, and provided with nothing sufficiently, and carried on the war at home: England had a naval force, America none; England had besides to do with France, Spain, and Holland, and in the East Indies with Hyder-Ally; America, only with a part of the British forces, and had the support of England's enemies. Besides, the Americans must, it seems, be compared, not with rich, commercial, corrupted nations of Europe, who make no pretensions to republicanism, but with European nations, which have shaken off the yoke of slavery, and how stands the result of the comparison then?

The passage immediately following in my author, characterizes the measure of emitting paper money, and of course the American people, to perfection. "If it be inquired," says he, "in what manner the two masses of continental paper money, and that of the several states, which were given to the citizens of the union for the real worth of seventy-two millions of dollars, could be redeemed with about six millions of real dollars? We answer, that the holders of the paper gradually lost the difference of the sixty-six millions. Every individual contributed so much of the value as the paper money lost, while in his hands. This diminution of value, which they suffered, may be considered as a tax, which the circumstances laid upon them. The citizens of the United States paid thereby a tax of sixty-six million of dollars, and this tax was the most oppressive, because the most unequal." Egotism punishes itself. The Americans, who would make no sacrifices in their war for liberty, and would neither render service to the general interest, without being well paid, nor pay others for performing such service; these Americans, who would have had at once irreconcilable things, it was found necessary to defraud, in order to obtain from them the sums necessary for the common cause. Taxes, they never would have paid; but they had no objection to paper money, because they did not see that it was a bad, though concealed mode of taxation, according to the usual custom of sensual men, who never see beyond the external appearance of things. For these taxes were paid chiefly and almost solely by those, who, to give credit to the public paper, considered it in all their dealings as specie; who sold their real property for it, and consequently, when the paper melted away to nothing, were ruined. Here then is a revolution, which punishes its partizans, by robbing them of their property. The distrustful, the anti-patriots, the royalists, &c. who hastened to purchase lands with the paper which they despised, grew rich. This occasioned a revolution of property, always pernicious to morals, and which made the rich poor, and the poor rich; consequently many people were thrown into a condition for which they were not suited; for in general men are qualified only for that condition, in which they were bred.

CHAP. XII.

*Continuation of the historical Sketch....Peace of Paris.
Disbanding of the Army.*

Is not even the depreciation of the paper money to be imputed to the want of public spirit and patriotism? For if the inhabitants had bound themselves to

keep it always up to its original value, equal to that of silver, the Americans would not at this time have been burdened with so great a national debt. Had they been animated with virtuous patriotism, they would not have entrusted to mercenary soldiers, chiefly Europeans, the holy cause of freedom. They would have emulated with each other the honour of fighting for the common welfare, and their warriors satisfied, either with victory in the struggle of liberty, or with dying a glorious death, would have required of the state only food and clothing, but no pay; while their fields would have been tilled by those remaining behind, and whom age or sickness would have withheld from flying to arms.

Such examples of disinterested magnanimity have been seen among the ancient European nations, and, in modern times, among the Swiss. Even in the despotic monarchy of Frederic the second, during the seven years war, proofs of a disinterested, noble patriotism were displayed. The Americans have discovered very little of this way of thinking. A forced loan, like that, which is now taking place in France, would have proved either the patriotism of the people, or the energy of the government. But such a thing would have been so thoroughly impracticable in America, that the Americans abhor the whole French revolution, for this same operation. Had the country-people and the tradesmen furnished the army at the prices customary before the revolution; had they taken for them public promissory notes, bearing a moderate yearly interest until discharged, but which the holder should have been obliged to keep, or at least to endorse, and which according to their amount, as proofs of patriotism, should have entitled him to certain privileges; the paper money would have been unnecessary, and the national debt inconsiderable. Besides, the simplest fiscal operations are the best, and this had the merit of simplicity in the highest degree. But in that case there would have been nothing to be gained by speculators, and of course it could not suit the taste of the Americans. I now hasten to the period, when, by the peace of Paris, the Americans first entered into the list of independent nations. This peace itself would hardly have been obtained, without France and Spain, and had the Americans exerted themselves with more energy, would have been far more advantageous to them. For then, they would beyond all doubt have obtained possession of Canada, Nova Scotia, East and West Florida, and Louisiana, which, by this extension of their empire to its natural boundaries, would have given it a more self-supported security, and have freed them from the dangerous neighbourhood of the English; instead of which their limits, as they now stand, lead to an expectation that their territories will rather be narrowed than extended. The conduct of general Washington after the peace, in resigning his command, and inducing his army to disband themselves, although the public were indebted to them for large arrears of pay, deserves first a minuter inspection.

To thinking men, the question arises here, whether it were better thus to abandon the American people to their own egotism, or to seize, for a time, an unlimited power, in order to establish a competent institution, to ennoble the people, and make them happy? Institutions form, by the means of moral laws and moral arrangements, the character of a people. The legislators of antiquity, by the means of institutions, moulded the people to the constitution. The moderns, who busy themselves only with constitutions, which are but the external forms of governments, have no conception of an institution and its effects, and besides, deem them in our days impracticable. Yet no constitution can attain its purposes without institutions; they are the souls, of which the constitu-

tion is the body. But a legislator must be inspired with a genius of the highest order, and there are men of talents, who border upon this highest step without reaching it. Whether Washington belongs to that class, I have neither right nor capacity to decide. But if he really does possess the exalted genius of a legislator, it remains still to inquire whether his nation is capable of good institutions; whether they would not rather have returned to the yoke of England, than submit to a complete melting down of their manners, usages, and laws, and whether they are not in the same predicament as the Corinthians, to whom Plato refused to give laws, because they loved riches, and could not bear equality. Add to this, that the period when a state is forming itself, is the most favourable for an enemy to attack it, and the neighbourhood of the English in Canada, if they had a strong party in the country, was not to be left out of the account. If all these circumstances are considered, I believe general Washington will be readily excused for not having given laws, even if he were equal to the task.

But another question is, whether he ought not to have kept the army together? for a standing army in a republic where no effective national militia exists, would have given it more political importance in foreign countries, and of course more political independence. But this would have drawn upon him, to a degree beyond all description, the hatred of his countrymen, who would have panted again for the English domination, under which they had no army to maintain; and however conformable to the general welfare this measure might be, its consequences would have been unavoidably, that these Americans, who have no feeling for the honour of the state, would have thrown themselves back into the arms of the English.

The third supposition still remains to be considered; namely, that Washington should have kept the army together until the full payment of their arrears, and the fulfilment of the promises of rewards, which had been made to them. It seems as if justice would have required this measure. But if the weakness of the republic, and its incapacity to satisfy those demands were known to him, the case assumes again a different shape, and it is well to suspend our judgment concerning it.

The treatment of these warriors, who had secured by their arms the freedom of the Americans, is at this period, subsequent to the peace of Paris, one of those traits, which most strongly characterize that people. For the sacrifices of the soldiers, to the public, in arrears of pay, and in the promised gift of lands after the peace, certificates were given them. The disbanded soldier, oppressed by poverty, sold to travelling speculators, who easily perceived that they could make a fortune in this way, his certificate, for a trifle of money, which in a few days was drank up in rum; after which beggary was the inevitable destiny of the warrior, while the speculator, to whom afterwards the certificates were paid without deduction, lived in riotous superfluity, spurned from his door the starving soldier, at whose expense he had enriched himself, and rolled in the coach, while its wheels covered the soldier with dirt. This order of things is truly not republican! Could not the soldiers be protected by laws, from the artifices of the speculators? Was it not the duty of the public to provide for their support? Was it not genuine Carthaginian ingratitude, to cast off, as no longer of use, the instruments, which had worked out the American independence, as soon as they had obtained their object? Was it not a barefaced violation of all faith and honour, not to fulfil the promises of rewards so sacredly pledged to the soldiers? It certainly was. But what else could be expected, in a country, where the speculators themselves made the laws, for their own benefit.

CHAP. XIII.

Continuation of the historical Sketch.....The Federal Constitution.

The English and French armies had brought large sums of money during the war to America. A greater degree of national industry had arisen from the interruption of importation, and the Americans had learnt to make for themselves many articles, which they had previously drawn from Europe. At the peace would have been the properest period to apply those sums extant in the country, conformably to the general welfare, to animate these buds of industry, and, by raising manufactures, to give the state a more self-supported independence of other countries. This was the moment to organize America, and to lay the lasting foundation of a flourishing commonwealth. This was the time to give a direction to the sentiments of the people, conformable to a policy of evident importance in theory, and sufficiently proved useful by experience. Instead of this, what was the conduct of the American legislative powers? They set not the smallest limits to importation, or of course to luxury. The only use of the gold and silver in the country, was to clothe the women, with the most impudent extravagance of expense; and when the specie was run out, they continued for some time to purchase in Europe, upon credit, and ended with bankruptcy. Upon this, the whole nation sunk into a most shameful poverty; trade was at an end; distrust became universal. No one paid his debts, for none had money to pay; no one state discharged its quota for the support of the general government, and the interest of the public debt. Evils so great excited apprehensions of a total dissolution of the union, and occasioned, in the year 1787, a convention, to draw up a new plan of government. The want of virtue among the Americans, was, therefore, the cause why they were obliged to abolish a form of government, under which the Swiss have flourished for centuries. Here, then, the event was in direct opposition to the opinion of those politicians, who believe that a corrupted people can subsist better, divided into small republics, than united into one great one. How groundless this theory is, I propose to show in another work. We must blush to find that the luxury of the women was the cause of this revolution. Let that sex be reformed; let it be taught not to command, but to obey; let the connection between the two sexes be regulated, and the societies of mankind will be happy.

It is no sign of the political sagacity of the Americans, if they believed they could preserve a federal republic, under their new constitution. A legislative power extending over the whole, must very soon crush the powers, which give laws to the parts, or in case of resistance by the latter, a dissolution of the union, or a civil war must arise. Two supreme powers or sovereignties in one state are as impossible as two Deities, or two souls in one body. The several objects of legislation are too closely connected together to admit the drawing of a line, within which the several political authorities co-existent in one state, must confine themselves, and which they must not overstep. What a stimulus to anarchy! This is one of the capital failings of the federal constitution, so called, of the Americans, and if a dissolution has not yet taken place, the respect for Washington, whose influence has been hitherto predominant, is the reason of it.

It appears, therefore, that it would have been better, entirely to abolish the legislative powers of the states, and to have entrusted the whole to congress; at least in that case there would have been unity in the constitution. The distribution of the powers in the congress itself, which consists of two branches, a house of representatives and a senate,

appears not specially adapted to the general welfare; for treaties with foreign powers can only be concluded by the consent of two-thirds of the senate, and this same senate is the tribunal, which tries offences against the state. If, therefore, the house of representatives should find in a treaty cause for impeachment against those, who concluded it; the latter would be judges in their own cause, and would undoubtedly acquit themselves. This arrangement is contrary to every principle. In England, the upper house possesses a judicial, but no part of the executive power; and, in this respect, the constitution there is incomparably better; but the senate of congress is besides exclusively chosen among the wealthy class. But the richest of the Americans are not those, who possess the largest cultivated farms; they are those, who have contrived to obtain the most credit, who circulate the most paper, who display the greatest luxury, &c. even though they should not pay their debts, as indeed follows of course from such things. In a word the speculators, especially in lands, compose this class. Speculators have no interest in the welfare of the nation. On the other hand, freeholders, who cultivate their own lands, who might be called the class of producers of raw materials, are most interested in the general welfare, and in proportion to the extent of their possessions. There is, I believe, little to object against the aristocracy of this class; it is the best, if the aristocracy of the wise must be given up. But in America, the laws are so constituted, that commercial speculators necessarily possess the greatest influence; and as the senate is chosen out of this class, there is reason to believe that this body consists of monied aristocrats and usurers, who thus exclusively possess the power of making treaties and conferring public offices.

This monied aristocracy, the worst of all, is yet more striking among a people, whose veneration for wealth is unbounded, and almost exclusive; for, generally speaking, the Americans esteem nothing but money. The anti-chambers of the speculators are always filled with servile creditors, who come trembling to solicit payment of their dues, which, however, they very seldom obtain.

CHAP. XIV.

In Continuation.....The Federal Constitution.....Want of Republicanism in the Practice.....Election of a President.

If the constitution itself has great defects, the manner, in which the people conduct themselves in executing it, is by no means republican. Before the election, those, who possess the most influence assemble together at a tavern, call themselves a committee, and publish a list of candidates. At the election, the attendance of the inhabitants is far from being universal: many stay carelessly at home, and most of the others give their votes to persons, for whom men of influence solicit them. So that properly the American people make no decision at all; they suffer a few individuals to think and act for them. Such a people is not republican, not free, for it has no general will. It must, however, be observed, that all this applies less to New-England and the southern states, but is chiefly the case in Pennsylvania, and the other middle states.

For this reason, the transactions of the legislative representative assemblies cannot be considered as the expression of the general will. In England, where there is properly no representation, this is not surprising; nor is it to be expected in the senate of congress, which is not elected by the people. But even the houses of representatives of the several states, who are nearest to the people,

do what they please, without concerning themselves about their constituents; hence one set of representatives often throw down what their predecessors built up, which abuse is owing to a want of public spirit.

Representative constitutions, in general, bear an uncommon resemblance to aristocratic despotism; but they are, in their nature, less systematic in their measures than hereditary aristocracies.... Changes of things, according to the alternate domination of parties, is peculiar to them. Finally, a people, which should always choose none but the best of their fellow-citizens as representatives, would certainly be wise enough to practise themselves the legislative power without substitution. When this is not the case, the other will be alike unavailing, and all the expected good effects of representation nugatory.

That a president of the United States, not a president of congress, for there is no such officer under the new constitution, should be re-eligible at the expiration of his time, is certainly contrary to the acknowledged principles of republican constitutions, which consider a rotation of the highest offices as necessary, to prevent a concentration of power in the hands of one individual. But among a people inspired with no republican spirit, the choice of a new head to the administration, is a revolution: for the measures of the legislative power, among such a people, will always be those, of the president, or individual first magistrate. Sensual people have always an idol of the day, a physical centre of power, which they worship; sensual men cannot abstract; but the general good, the essence of the republic, is an abstraction; principles are abstractions; of course they can never be the central point of such men. This is the case with the Americans, and hence their constitution has the defects of a hereditary monarchy, in a still higher degree than monarchy itself. Inconsistency has been with justice imputed to monarchies, inasmuch as every successive prince usually does the contrary of what his predecessor did. But among the Americans, if a new president were chosen every four years, there would be as often a revolution in the measures of the government. In this respect, therefore, the rule that a president may always be re-chosen, though in itself a defect, is very salutary. A permanent system, and consistency of measures, are to be expected only in constitutions, where a senate, not chosen by the people, exists. This was the strength of ancient Rome: the senate made her the mistress of the world.

It must further be observed, that if the will of the president always prevails, it is only in so far as it does not counteract the egotism of the other men in power, and properly, that of the whole people; which would really happen, if he should make the general welfare his aim. On this point, the Americans will take no joke, and their resistance would be insuperable. This may be illustrated by the example of England. So long as a king of England leaves unhurt the representation in parliament, so called, that is, the right of the electors to sell their votes to the candidate, and that of the members of parliament to sell theirs to the crown, he may govern despotically; the difference between that and other despotisms is only, that he must buy the power of doing the wrong, which he intends, whereas others can practice without paying for their crimes. But no sooner is this right itself, so precious, for the profit connected with it, attacked, than a revolution arises, and the kings are beheaded or expelled.

For the reasons above-mentioned, I am of opinion, it would be best to choose the president for life. At least in that case there would be security for a longer period, from the dangerous crisis of an election, and from changes in the measures of government. In the choice itself, the people has

not the smallest share; the legislative assemblies of the states, consisting, for the most part, in a senate and a lower house, appoint from among themselves as many electors as the state has representatives and senators in congress. These persons elect the president of the United States. Such an election does not prove, then, that the person chosen is the man of the people, who had no co-operation whatever in the choice; it only shews what party happens at the time to have the upper hand in the majority of the state assemblies. I say happens, because even the immediate representatives, as I have before observed, do not express the will of the people. But such an election is dangerous, because if several state legislatures should choose different persons, a separation might easily be the consequence. This is now, after the retirement of general Washington, the case. Virginia and the southern states, in general, are French and democratic in sentiment, and their man is Mr. Jefferson. The northern states are English and aristocratic, and their choice may fall upon Jay or Adams*. The division into states, which is yet preserved, contributes most to this; for if the whole were one republic, no man could think of a separation, without being treated as a rebel. But the word state awakens the idea of an independent sovereignty, of which only certain branches have been surrendered to the union, which may be taken back, and a separation ensue, notwithstanding all the laws extant to the contrary. But if the people were to chuse immediately the president; were measures taken to oblige every individual to give his vote; party spirit would not be able to put itself in opposition against a choice, which then would be the indubitable expression of the will of an absolute majority of the people. The present arrangement, in this respect, is, in my judgment, most injudicious; and the monied aristocracy, who dictated this part of the constitution, discovered themselves in this point extremely short-sighted, a property, which generally, for the misfortune of egotism, accompanies everywhere its steps. It must, however, not be forgotten, that I deem the person, and the election of the president so important, not on account of his prerogatives, which are by no means too great, but on account of his influence, from the causes above-mentioned.

CHAPTER XV.

Continuation of the historical Sketch..... Establishments made under the Federal Constitution..... The Excise, &c.

This constitution, therefore, so cried up as a masterly work, is, as I believe I have shewn, by no means a master-piece of human wisdom. We will now proceed in our rapid historical sketch, which I confine to characteristic facts, and see whether the American history, since the introduction of this federal constitution so called, furnishes better proofs of the republican virtue and wisdom of the nation, than what has preceded; whether the internal administration of the state, and the morals, were regenerated; whether a formidable defensive system, and, founded upon it, a firm, generous, and morally good system of foreign policy, has been followed or not.

The excise upon brandy was one of the first operations of the new government. The drinking of brandy was not in the smallest degree diminished by this tax; for the lovers of that liquor are addicted to it, to their last gasp. Nor was morality at all contemplated as an object of the law, since it must have operated against the purpose of the tax, which

was the payment of interest upon the national debt. The distilling of brandy, since brandy will at any rate be drank, is a branch of internal industry; and it is better to make it at home, than to import it from abroad. Here we see at once the spirit of import and export speculation, among the rulers, endeavouring to stifle in their birth all inland manufactures. A tax upon uncultivated lands would have answered the purpose of this impolitic excise, and, besides, have promoted the general welfare. It would have put an end to corrupt land speculations, and very soon have converted the forests into fruitful fields; for then it would have been impossible to possess many millions of acres, producing nothing, and for which, at the same time, a tax must have been paid. The speculators, then, would have been obliged to sell their deserts, cheap and at once, in small portions to the poor, who would have cultivated them. But now, having nothing to pay for their extensive tracts of land, they can wait their own time, and sell none of them, until they have risen very high, and will pay back the money advanced upon them, with very large profits. Hence it is very difficult for the poor to obtain land cheap, in a part of the world, where such extensive ranges of woods only wait for the hand of the laborious planter, to be transformed from gloomy wilds into smiling fields, adorned with golden harvests. Hence the dispersed situation of the inhabitants on the boundaries, which dooms them to poverty beyond description, and exposes them to be surprised by the Indians; for they push forward to the inmost parts of the forest, in order there to clear some land, unknown to the proprietor, from whom they can purchase none; from which property, so honestly acquired, they are afterwards often expelled. The public good requires the utmost possible production of the useful fruits of the earth, which is hereby impeded. But the fault is in the people themselves, inasmuch as every one, who has money, prefers speculation to farming. These land-speculators create a very pernicious uncertainty and insecurity of property; for as land may pass, perhaps, through the hands of ten speculators in one day, and many of these gentlemen sell the same thing twice over, there is no security against earlier pretensions, and thus people are often expelled from lands, after clearing them at great expense; or else obliged to purchase them a second time. This is a thing universally known, against which the laws give no protection. A land-tax would put an end immediately to all these wrongs; but instead of that a pernicious excise was introduced.

Very high imposts were laid upon imported goods. The selfish stupidity of the country people made them imagine that they were not the people, who should pay any thing towards this tax, because by it nothing was directly levied upon them; though no proof can be necessary, that the consumer pays the whole, and the merchant no part of it. It seems, to be sure, as if the erection of manufactures would be thereby encouraged; but in truth it is not, since, far from making any advances, or giving any premiums for that object, no bounds whatsoever were set to the exportation of necessary productions. This exportation makes every thing, and of course labour, very dear; it is pernicious even to agriculture, by giving instability to the price of lands, so that at certain periods they rise enormously, and then again sink very low. Thus whoever purchases in dear times, is ruined when the prices fall. Besides labour rises still more than the value of produce; for the labourers, owing to their small numbers in proportion to those of Europe, have it in their power to prescribe their own prices, instead of submitting to those of the proprietors. I know that near Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, in the year 1796, a day labourer, during the harvest, demanded a rixdollar and sixteen groshen (a dollar and a quarter), a

* Adams was chosen.

pint of Madeira wine, and a half-pint of rum a day, and received it. The price of wheat, and of the other necessary productions of the earth, should be fixed, and their exportation prohibited, whenever they should rise beyond it (a dollar a bushel for wheat, for instance, and the rest in proportion); or magazines should be formed when corn is cheap, and then sold again, without profit, when it grows dear. It is altogether pernicious for agriculture to permit the exportation of horses, and especially of the cattle so necessary for farming. This should be entirely prohibited. There can never be too many of them.

Population increases in proportion with the superfluity of provisions. This may be demonstrated upon grounds both physical and moral; and mankind, like other animals, increase wherever there are plentiful means of subsistence. Hence all exportation is to be considered as weakening the state. Good articles are given, to receive adulterated things in return, and the raising of prices occasioned by the transportation, and which is always in proportion to its extent, is always a great loss for the mass of the people, though a gain for the merchant. Hence the general utility of foreign commerce is very questionable; for there is, in truth, no country, which, with improved cultivation, could not produce all its wants, even those of real comfort, and not founded alone upon opinion, and America, on account of its extent, and of its variety of climates, is peculiarly fitted for this. But commerce connects nations together, is perhaps the only means to promote the general improvement of human society, and even if we might live better without it, we are at least more enlightened by it; and the culture of mankind gains, even though the culture of the ground should lose by it. We must respect it as an instrument of Providence, to forward the perfection of the whole human race, upon this earthly ball.

(To be continued.)

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED, at Brunswick, New-Jersey, STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER, late lieutenant governor of New-York, to Miss CORNELIA PATERSON, daughter of the honourable William Paterson, one of the judges of the supreme court of the United States.

OBITUARY.

DIED, at Mount Vernon, on Saturday evening, the 22d ultimo, Mrs. MARTHA WASHINGTON, widow of the late illustrious general GEORGE WASHINGTON. To those amiable and Christian virtues, which adorn the female character, she added dignity of manners, superiority of understanding, a mind intelligent and elevated. The silence of respectful grief is our best eulogy.

[Washington Federalist.]

DIED, at Bedford, yesterday morning, after a short and severe illness, in the 45th year of her age, Mrs. SARAH JAY, the amiable and much respected wife of his excellency John Jay, late governor of this state, and one of the daughters of the late governor Livingston, deceased.

The language of eulogium on the dead is too common, and too indiscriminate to entitle it always to respect. The writer of this feeble tribute to the memory of departed worth, cannot, however, but indulge the hope that when it meets the eye of living recollection, it will be allowed to be neither feigned nor exaggerated. All, who had the happiness of an intimate acquaintance with Mrs. Jay, will bear testimony to the uncommon merits of the

woman....the amiableness of the friend....the cheerful, placid temper of the wife....the tenderness of the mother....the elegant accomplishments of the lady....the unaffected piety of the Christian.

"From an admiring world she chose to fly;
With Nature there retir'd and Nature's God,
The silent paths of wisdom trod,
And banish'd every passion from her breast,
But those, the gentlest and the best,
Whose holy flames with energy divine
The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
The conjugal and the maternal love."

[New-York Evening Post.]

DIED, at sea, on his return from the island of Trinidad, Mr. Jasper McCall, of this city; a respectful son, an affectionate brother, and a warm friend. If candour, liberality, and the highest sense of honour may claim regard, we shall deplore the loss, and revere the memory of this excellent young man.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

AMONG the newest and most delightful miscellanies, lately received from England, may be ranked a poetical work, entitled "*Tales of Terror*." This is partly intended as a burlesque of the various ballads in Lewis's celebrated romance, "*The Monk*." We well remember, that this member of the British parliament has amused himself, and alarmed his readers, by resorting to the cells of Gothic superstition, and invoking all the forms of German horror, to appal every timid heart. Hence, we have been haunted by ghosts of all complexions; and "*Cloud Kings*," and "*Water Kings*," and "*Fire Kings*," have been crowned by this poetical magician, to rule with despotism in the realms of Fancy. A lively satirist, endowed with the gifts of Genius, easy in versification, pleasant in his humour, and inimitably successful in parody, has, in some of his "*Tales of Terror*," undertaken to mock the doleful notes of Mr. Lewis's muse, or shall we rather say the hoarse caw of the German raven. The midnight hour has been beguiled, by transcribing the following sarcasm, founded on a well-known nursery story, and our readers will thank us for sitting up so late for their amusement.

THE WOLF KING;

OR

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

AN OLD WOMAN'S TALE.

Veteres avias tibi de pulmone revello.....PERSIUS.

Translated from the Danish of the author of the *Water King*, &c. and respectfully inscribed to M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. as an humble attempt to imitate his excellent version of that celebrated ballad.

The birds they sung, the morning smil'd
The mother kiss'd her darling child,
And said...."My dear, take custards three,
And carry to your grandmummie."

The pretty maid had on her head
A little riding hood of red,
And as she pass'd the lonely wood,
They call'd her small red riding hood.

Her basket on her arm she hung,
And as she went thus artless sung:
"A lady liv'd beneath a hill,
Who, if not gone, resides there still."

The wolf king saw her pass along,
He ey'd her custards heard her song,
And cried "That child and custards three
This evening shall my supper be!"

Now swift the maid pursu'd her way,
And heedless trill'd her plaintive lay;
Nor had she pass'd the murky wood,
When lo! the wolf king near her stood.

"Oh! stop my pretty child so gay!
Oh! whither do you bend your way?"
"My little self and custards three
Are going to my grandmummie."

"While you by yonder mountain go,
On which the azure blue bells grow,
I'll take this road; then haste thee, dear,
Or I before you will be there.

"And when our racing shall be done,
A kiss you forfeit, if I've won;
Your prize shall be, if first you come,
Some barley sugar and a plumb."

"Oh! thank you, good sir Wolf," said she,
And dropt a pretty courtesie:
The little maid then onward hied,
And sought the blue bell mountain side.

The wolf sped on o'er marsh and moor,
And faintly tapp'd at granny's door:
"Oh! let me in, grandmummy good,
For I am small red riding hood."

"The bobbin pull (the grandam cried),
The door will then fly open wide."
The crafty wolf the bobbin drew,
And straight the door wide open flew.

He pac'd the bed room eight times four,
And utter'd thrice a hideous roar;
He pac'd the bed room nine times three,
And then devour'd poor grandmummie.

He dash'd her brains out on the stones,
He gnaw'd her sinews, crack'd her bones;
He munch'd her heart, he quaff'd her gore,
And up her lights and liver tore!!!!

Grandmummy's bed he straight got in,
Her night-cap tied beneath his chin;
And, waiting for his destin'd prey,
All snug between the sheets he lay.

Now at the door a voice heard he,
Which cried...."I've brought you custards three;
Oh! let me in, grandmummy good,
For I am small red riding hood."

"The bobbin pull (the wolf king cried),
The door will then fly open wide."
The little dear the bobbin drew,
And straight the door wide open flew†.

She plac'd the custards on the floor,
And sigh'd...."I wish I'd brought you four."
I'm very tir'd, dear grandmummie;
Oh! may I come to bed to thee?"

"Oh come! (the wolf king softly cried),
And lie, my sweet one, by my side."
Ah! little thought the child so gay
The cruel wolf king near her lay!

"Oh! tell me, tell me, granny dear,
Why does your voice so gruff appear?"
"Oh! hush, sweetheart (the wolf king said),
I've got a small cold in my head!"

* This stanza is borrowed from an affecting and sanguinary description in a German ballad, by professor Von Splutzbach, called *Skulth den Balch*, or *Sour Mithltz*; in English, as far as translation can convey an idea of the horror of the original, "The Bloody Banquet, or the Gulph of Ghosts!!" a very terrible and meritorious production.

† Repetition is the soul of ballad writing.

‡ The reader will do my heroine the justice to remember, that she set out with only *three*, consequently her wish that another had been added, arose from a motive purely affectionate and characteristic. This benevolent trait, thus ingeniously insinuated, excites the interest of the reader for her, and adds horror to the catastrophe.

"Oh! tell me, grandmummie so kind,
Why you've a tail grows out behind?"
"Oh! hush thee, hush thee, pretty dear,
My pincushion I hang on here!"

"Why do your eyes so glare on me?"
"They are your pretty face to see."
"Why do your ears so long appear?"
"They are your pretty voice to hear."

"Oh! tell me, granny, why to-night
Your teeth appear so long and white?"
Then, growling, cried the wolf so grim,
"They are to tear you limb from limb!"

His hungry teeth the wolf king gnash'd,
His sparkling eyes with fury flash'd;
He op'd his jaws all sprent with blood,
And fell on small red riding hood.

He tore out bowels one and two,
"Little maid, I will eat you!"
But when he tore out three and four,
The little maid she was no more!

Take warning hence, ye children fair;
Of wolves' insidious arts beware;
And, as you pass each lonely wood,
Ah! think of small red riding hood!

With custards sent, nor loiter slow,
Nor gather blue bells as ye go;
Get not to bed with grandmummie,
Lest she a ravenous wolf should be!

MALLET, who wrote a life of Bacon, which even French philosophers might pronounce superficial, and some heavy plays and poems, which are no longer read, stole, or invented, a charming ballad, of the pathetic class, well known by the name of *William and Margaret*. He has been suspected, in the composition of this ballad, of borrowing a hint from Fletcher's "*Knights of the Burning Pestle*," and even of poaching among the English black-letter for the form of his stanza, and the cast of his sentiments. However, his lays, whether original or purloined, have always gained the meed of the critic, and often moistened the eye of the maiden. But the above merry zany of the muses will not spare the tender, more than the terrific style; and, with the wand of Travestie, he has thus ingeniously bewitched a far-famed legend.

THE SCULLION SPRITE;

OR

THE GARRET GOBLIN.

A ST. GILES'S TALE.

Written by a boot-catcher at "The Fig and Pepper Box," in imitation of Mallet's *William and Margaret*.

Ah! who can see, and seeing not admire,
Whene'er she sets the pot upon the fire!
Her hands outshine the fire and redder things;
Her eyes are blacker than the pot she brings.

SHESTONE.

'Twas at the hour when sober cits
Their eyes in slumber close;
In bound'd Bet Scullion's greasy ghost,
And pinch'd Tom Ostler's toes!

Her flesh was like a roasting pig's,
So deadly to the view,
And coal black was her smutty hand,
That held her apron blue.

So shall the reddest chops appear,
When life's last coal expires;
Such is the garb that cooks must wear,
When death has quench'd their fires.

Her face was like a raw beef steak,
Just ready to be fried;
Carrots had budded on her cheek,
And beet-root's crimson pride.

* Our heroine is here lost in double astonishment; not only the length, but the whiteness of her grandmother's teeth excites her wonder and suspicion.

But love had, like the flyblow's power,
Despoil'd her buxom hue;
The fading carrot left her cheek,
She died at twenty-two!

"Awake!" she cried, "Bet Scullion bawls!
Come from her garret high;
Now hear the maid for whom you scorn'd
A wedding ring to buy."

"This is the hour, when scullion ghosts
Their dish-clouts black resume,
And goblin cooks ascend the loft,
To haunt the faithless groom!"

"Bethink thee of thy tester broke,
Thy disregarded oath;
And give me back my mutton pies,
And give me back my broth,"

"How could you swear my sops were nice,
And yet those sops forsake?
How could you steal my earthen dish,
And dare that dish to break?"

"How could you promise lace to me
And give it all to Nan?
How could you swear my goods were safe,
Yet lose my dripping pan?"

"How could you say my pouting lip
With purl and Holland vies?
And why did I, sad silly fool,
Believe your cursed lies?"

"Those sops, alas! no more are nice!
Those lips no longer pout!
And dark and cold's the kitchen grate,
And every spark is out!"

"The hungry worm my master is,
His cook I now remain;
Cold lasts our night, till that last morn
Shall raise my crust again."

"The kitchen clock has warn'd me hence,
I've other fish to fry;
Low in her grave, thou sneaking cur,
Behold Bet Bouncer lie!"

The morning smiled, the stable boys
Their greasy nightcaps doff'd;
Tom Ostler scratch'd his greasy head,
And swearing, left the loft.

He hid him to the kitchen grate,
But ah! no Bet was there;
He stretch'd him on the hearth, where erst
Poor Betty plied her care:

And thrice he sobb'd Bet Bouncer's name,
And blew his nose quite sore;
Then laid his cheek on the cold hob,
And horse rubb'd never more.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

A SUDDEN and unexpected elevation naturally attracts the notice, and even the wonder, of mankind. We are eager to ask, what are the merits, the talents, and the qualifications that lead to unexampled success? We are desirous of being acquainted with the road that conducts her favourite votary to the shrine of Fortune; and we pant with expectation to become acquainted with the life, the education, the friendships, and the pursuits of such a man, hoping from these to deduce the motives by which his conduct has been actuated, and the secret by which he has been enabled to attain the summit of ambition.

Mr. Addington is the son of a physician of some eminence, who died about eleven years since*,

* Dr. Addington died March 21, 1790. He was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he took the degrees of M. A. May 13, 1740, B. M. February 5, 1740-41, and D. M. January 24, 1744. He was admitted of the college of phy-

after having practised with equal celebrity and success. That gentleman, during the whole of his life, appears to have been a great politician*, and to have studied, with equal attention, the constitution of a patient, and the constitution of the state.

Dr. Addington started originally at Reading, where he kept a private madhouse, and married a Miss Hiley, the daughter of an eminent schoolmaster of that place, with whom he obtained a fortune of 15,000l. On this he came to London, set up an equipage, and suddenly attained great practice, he and the late Dr. Heberden being then the two physicians most in vogue in the capital. Having obtained a considerable addition to his wealth, Dr. A. retired to Berkshire, and spent the remainder of his life there.

Henry Addington, the present chancellor of the exchequer, was born in or about the year 1756. He and his brother, John Hiley, were sent together, at a proper age, to Cheam school, where they remained for some time under the Rev. Mr. Gilpin*; and it is not a little remarkable, that, in all their future pursuits, whether in search of knowledge, in the mazes of politics, or in the career of preferment, they have never been once separated. The two brothers afterwards went to Winchester school, over which Dr. Wharton, at that period, presided; thence they repaired to Dr. Goodenough's at Ealing; and finally, they removed to Oxford, where their father himself had been bred.

In the mean time, the political tenets of Dr. Addington had led to a connexion with the family of the late earl of Chatham, whose friend and physician he was, which, in the end, produced the aggrandizement of his own.

The doctor entertained a high opinion of the abilities and integrity of the first Mr. Pitt, who, to an eloquence far more resplendent than that of his younger son, added great practical talents, a scorn of oppression, and a noble pride, which made him spurn at every thing that bore the semblance of corruption.

During the latter part of lord Chatham's life, he lived in great intimacy with that nobleman, and such was the confidence subsisting between them, that, when a negotiation was opened with the late earl of Bute, respecting his return to power, he acted as the plenipotentiary of the ex-minister.††

sicians in London 1756, wrote a pamphlet on the *scurvy*, and another concerning a negotiation with lord Bute.

* Dr. Addington was sent for by a gentleman, whose son was supposed to be at the point of death. While the doctor was in the sick room, the family assembled below, in anxious expectation, and, after a long and painful pause, a near relation of the patient hurried out of the room, to inquire the reason of his delay. On the stairs, he found the physician and apothecary, who was a Foxite, involved in a dispute about the India bill. "Dear sir," said the young man, labouring with fraternal affection, and angry with the physician, "there is no one, in this house, denies the transcendent merits of the heroes of *Burton-Pynsent* (alluding to lord Chatham's family), but my poor brother will, I fear, be dead before you get through the India bill." The medical practitioner felt the hint, went in, and prescribed..... *Anecd. and Biog.* p. 5.

† The Reverend Haviland John Hiley, M. A. of Balliol College, Oxford.

† He is said to have retired with 100,000 pounds.

‡ This gentleman, so called after his maternal grandfather, was left a considerable fortune by a relation, while an infant in the cradle.

§ Mr. Gilpin entertained a high notion of Mr. Henry Addington's abilities, in consequence of which, he very candidly advised his father to finish his education at some great public school.

†† "In the very week of this transaction (a negotiation concerning France) an extraordinary affair happened relative to our hero, which afterwards furnished a subject of much disquisition. It was a transaction between the earl of Bute and lord Chatham. As the affair is involved in considerable obscurity, I will first simply state the facts, as they appear upon the face of the evidence.

"Sir James Wright, an intimate friend of lord Bute, and Dr. Addington, an eminent physician, who attended the

It may be naturally supposed, that this, of course, led to an intimacy between their families, and we accordingly find, that the young Pitts and the young Addingtons, early in life, cultivated a friendship with each other, which received a fresh increase, when Mr. William Pitt became a member of the society of Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Henry Addington entered his name as a student, and *eat commons* at the same hall.

Mr. Addington, who was thus destined for the bar, might, in time, have obtained a silk gown, and perhaps risen to the dignity of a Welch judge; but he soon found, that a *wig of another kind* suited his head far better than that of the president of a provincial judicature: nor was he mistaken in his hopes. The brilliant career of his young friend already pointed to the first offices of the state, and Mr. Addington was *drawn up* to power and consequence, in the vortex of his successful ambition.

We soon find him occupying a seat in parliament, declaiming against Mr. Fox's coalition with lord North, opposing the India bill of that gentleman, and smoothing his friend's way, by an oily eloquence, rather than a transcendent oratory, to the summit of power. No sooner was this attained, on the part of Mr. Pitt, than Mr. Addington

began to taste *those crumbs of comfort*, in the shape of official emoluments, which he is now enabled so plentifully to bestow: but a more lucrative situation awaited him, which, after a warm struggle, he obtained in 1789, in a manner highly honourable to himself.

Mr. now lord Grenville, was, at this period, speaker of the house of commons; and it was deemed necessary that he should be elevated to one of the highest departments in the state. The friends of Mr. Addington immediately pointed him out as a proper person to succeed him. The marquis of Graham accordingly, on Monday, July 8, 1789, after a high eulogium on his talents, moved "that he should take the chair." Sir Gilbert Elliot was proposed by Mr. Welbore Ellis, now lord Mendip; and on the division, the numbers appeared, for Mr. Addington 215, for sir Gilbert Elliot 142...majority 73. Mr. Addington accordingly assumed the *insignia* of office; but, when he addressed the king on the occasion, he was pleased to observe, with becoming modesty, "that he felt himself unequal to the arduous task, which the partiality of that house had imposed upon him, and hoped his majesty would be pleased, by his *royal disapprobation* of their present choice, to afford his faithful commons an opportunity of electing a person better qualified to discharge the duties of an office so important."

(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO gratify that passion for biography, so natural to all curious and literary men, Conrad and Co. of this city, have published a life of Kotzebue, written by himself. This book appears to be selected more because it is the life of one, who has rendered himself conspicuous by a series of popular plays, than because it records any signal example of worth. It is, however, a curious history of an eccentric enthusiast; and the picture of Paris, which this German has painted, will attract many wondering eyes.

The booksellers advertise a London romance, with the odd title of "*Old Nick*." It seems as though the adventure of modern authorship was determined to *go to the devil* for a name. The book, however, which has this repulsive title, contains nothing diabolical, but much merriment, and agreeable instruction.

We observe with pleasure, that the London booksellers have published a new edition of Dr. Stirling's valuable version, for the use of schools, of the beautiful Latinity of PHOEDRUS. This author is one of the most able pioneers to smooth the avenue to the knowledge of the language of the Romans. His stories amuse the mind, and his verse satisfies the ear. Mr. GIBSON, a competent judge, thus accurately weighs his merit in the critical scale.

The use of *fables* or apologues, has been approved in every age, from ancient India to modern Europe. They convey, in familiar images, the truths of morality and prudence; and the most childish understanding, I advert to the scruples of Rousseau, will not suppose either that beasts *do* speak, or that men *may* lie. A fable represents the genuine character of animals; and a skilful master may extract from Pliny and Buffon, some pleasing

ized, are supposed to have had no common influence over the *political faith* of Mr. Pitt, and to have tended not a little to give stability to his tottering power.

The recordership of Devizes, in Wiltshire, secured a seat for that borough in the house of commons, while, at the same time, he became a lord of trade and plantations, &c.

lessons of natural history, a science well adapted to the taste and capacity of children. The Latinity of Phædrus is not exempt from an alloy of the silver age; but his manner is concise, terse, and sententious: the Thracian slave discreetly breathes the spirit of a freeman; and when the text is sound, the style is perspicuous. But his fables, after a long oblivion, were first published by Peter Pithou, from a corrupt manuscript. The labours of fifty editors confess the defects of the copy, *as well as the value of the original*; and the school-boy may have been whipt for misapprehending a passage, which Bentley could not restore, and which Burman could not explain.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The numerous subscribers, who are indebted to the Editor, some *five* talents, and some *ten*, are respectfully invited to inclose them in letters, post paid. Unless the Editor receive more liberal aid, he must, at the close of the present year, *lock up* his Port Folio.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE article "*Levity*," promised in last week's paper, is postponed.

We are happy to gratify our friend, J. M. by inserting a version from the Spanish.

"*ASMODEO*" is a poet, whose productions shall always have a prior place in this paper.

"*HOLLIS*" has imitated Sterne, more happily, than has been hitherto achieved. We thank Hollis for past favours, and hope earnestly for more.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following anecdote will shed light on a passage in a favourite novel.

At Paris, Dr. Smollet formed an acquaintance with some Scottish gentlemen, exiled from their country, in consequence of having been engaged in the rebellion of 1745. These were the persons alluded to in volume second of Peregrine, whom Pickle meets at Boulogne, on their return from their diurnal pilgrimage to the sea-side, to indulge their eyes with a prospect of the white cliffs of Albion, which they were never more to approach. Mr. Hunter, of Burnside, was the individual among them, who is mentioned as having wept bitterly over the misfortune of having involved a beloved wife and three children in misery and distress; and, in the impatience of his grief, having cursed his own fate with frantic imprecations. Dr. Moore, who was with Dr. Smollet at Paris, in the year 1750, heard Mr. Hunter express himself in this manner to Dr. Smollett, and, at the same time, relate the affecting visit, which he and his companions daily made to the sea-side, when they resided at Boulogne.

IT is not the least of the glories which cluster round the character of Sir SIDNEY SMITH, that he has been thus praised by one, who, far from a vulgar republican, could eloquently appreciate merit, and generously reward it.

Faithful, zealous, and ardent in the service of his king and country; full of spirit, full of resources: going out of the beaten road, but *going right*, because his uncommon enterprize was not conducted by a vulgar judgment.

John Bowles, Esq. a nervous political writer, thus derides those absurd forms of government, which are dictated and moulded by a *majority told by the head*.

earl of Chatham, had repeatedly entertained each other with political conversation, in which the names of their respective patrons were introduced. The frequent recurrence of this theme was, it seems, first animadverted upon by sir James, or one of his friends, and it was thought proper, in consequence, to communicate the purport of these conversations to lord Bute. Thus the circumstance is related in one part of the account, published in sir James's own name; though elsewhere he seems to say, that the communication was made at the immediate request of Dr. Addington. Lord Bute, in answer, wished the doctor to be requested to assure lord Chatham, that, "if he should think proper to take an active part in administration, he should have his most hearty concurrence, and sincere good wishes." He said, "For his own part, nothing but the most imminent danger to this country should induce him to take a part in the government of it, in conjunction with an able and upright administration." In the mean time, Dr. Addington did not choose to engage in so extraordinary an affair, without having his commission in writing. Sir James accordingly sent him a letter next morning, containing the above sentiments. Dr. Addington says, in his narrative, that sir James added verbally, that "Lord Bute was willing to engage in such an administration, as secretary of state, and that no objection could be made to lord Camden, or more than one of lord Chatham's friends." This addition is peremptorily denied by sir James, who ascribes it to Dr. Addington's confounding the hypothetical conversation that preceded the negotiation, with the negotiation itself.

"The answer lord Chatham dictated to sir James's letter, which is very full and explicit, I shall beg leave to add. "Lord Chatham heard, with particular satisfaction, the favourable sentiments, on this subject, of the noble lord, with whom you have talked, with regard to the impending ruin of the kingdom. He fears all hope is precluded: but adds, that zeal, duty, and obedience, may outlive hope; that, if any thing can prevent the consummation of public ruin, it can only be new counsels, and new counsellors, without further loss of time; a real change, from a sincere conviction of past errors, and not a mere palliation, which must prove fruitless." In answer to Dr. Addington's verbal communication, which was not made till after writing the above note, lord Chatham affirmed, that "it was impossible for him to serve the king and country, with either lord Bute or lord North;" and he desired Dr. Addington, if any one asked about it, "to bear witness that he had said so."

The expression, "real change," in the note, struck, it seems, both sir James and his patron, as pointing at that nobleman. An answer was immediately returned, in which lord Bute disclaimed having seen the king for many years, or known any thing of public affairs, but from common conversation or the newspapers. At the same time, sir James informed Dr. Addington, that his stay in town could be of no service.....*The History of the Life of William Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, p. 263.

* The Addingtons exerted themselves in a very particular manner, during the king's illness. At that critical moment, the opinion of Dr. Addington, who had paid much attention to *cases of insanity*, was of great weight. When examined before the house of lords, he drew a favourable inference from his majesty's "not having had any previous melancholy!" and held forth the prospect of speedy convalescence. In short, his hopes, afterwards so happily real-

Such a constitution, besides its practical defects, is founded upon the absurd and mischievous principle, that those to govern should be subordinate, and those to be governed supreme. It requires no great degree of discernment to discover that such a system, like an inverted pyramid, must quickly fall.

Much anxiety is hourly manifested, respecting the proposed publication of a *Columbian* dictionary. Some are of opinion, that the work is suspended till the lexicographer shall have received certain words from the vocabulary of the Esquimaux. Others affirm that he pauses until it be settled, whether *lengthy* or *longsome* be the purer word.

To those, who relish a peace with the regicide republic, on any terms, we recommend the following remark by BURKE.

We are apt to speak of a low and pusillanimous spirit, as the ordinary cause, by which dubious wars terminate in humiliating treaties. It is here the direct contrary. I am perfectly astonished at the boldness of character, at the intrepidity of mind, the firmness of nerve in those, who are able, with deliberation, to face the perils of jacobin fraternity.

Duane still continues to advertise for "boys of good morals." We wonder in what department of Mr. Duane's extensive office this *pure morality* is to be employed. In hammering out obsolete lies respecting the official conduct of Mr. Pickering; or in selling *Callender's* curiosities to the southern virtuosi at Washington.

The most general dress out of doors, and in the mornings at Paris, is the *surtout*, which is the only visible part of the cloathing, except the boots; and in this sort of apparel, which has, for the most part, exactly that appearance, that would in England be called *shabby*, the majority of the Parisians appear. To pay a visit, in a *military dress*, is considered as a rudeness and an outrage to any elegant company.

Le Sage proves himself to have been intimately acquainted with human nature. The character of Gil Blas he certainly never intended as a model of imitation. His object seems to have been to exhibit men as they are, not as they ought to be. For this purpose he chooses a youth of no extraordinary talents, and without steady principles, open to be duped by knavery, and perverted by example. He sends him, like a spaniel, through the open fields, the coverts, the *giddy heights* and *latent tracks* of life, to raise the game, at which he wishes to shoot; and few moral huntsmen ever afforded more entertaining sport.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I received the enclosed, a few days since, from a much esteemed friend, formerly of this city, and now resident in Spain. Should its merit, in your opinion, entitle it to a place in your very valuable miscellany, you will, by inserting it, oblige

Your friend and subscriber,

May 24, 1802.

J. M.

CONTEST BETWEEN THE SUN AND THE NIGHT.

[FROM THE SPANISH.]

ALREADY Night, ambitious empress, 'round
This earthly orb her leaden chains had spread,
And mortals, wrapp'd in slumber so profound,
Seem'd less enslav'd in Sleep's embrace, than
dead

Sol early knew her proud, insidious aim,
And mounting hastily his car sublime
The whilst his breast fierce zeal and rage inflame,
Grasps his keen rays, and flies to th' eastern
clime.

He gain'd th' horizon!....when poor Night beheld

Her more than equal foe entrench'd secure.
Swiftly she fled, by hurrying fears impell'd,
T'escape the fury of her swift pursuer.

From side to side, disconsolate, she flies,
But finds, alas! no refuge....no repose,
When, haply, lo! a shady grot she spies,
And creeps for shelter, trembling as she goes.

In close pursuit the Sun the welkin rends,
Darting his fiery shafts on every side,
Climbs the steep vault, his piercing glare extends,
To find what den the fugitive might hide.

Awhile he gaz'd attentive, but in vain
His penetrating eye survey'd the world,
Outbrav'd! his choler 'gainst the humble plain
The fury of his blazing weapons hurl'd.

Wistful, meanwhile, within the covert far,
'Mid the thick branches of the friendly grove,
Night heard, appall'd, the rolling of his car,
Which headlong on her hot pursuer drove.

Soon as he pass'd, from coward terrors free,
She felt new life her languid pow'rs pervade,
And freedom now, and calm tranquillity
Breathe their bland influence thro' the realms
of shade.

First peeping o'er the copses of the wood,
She saw, far distant, Sol's declining flame,
Beheld him buried in the western flood,
Then jocund forth from her asylum came.

Elate with pompous dignity, she view'd
A shining troop of circling stars appear,
That, vying in obsequious homage, strew'd
Their gaudy spangles round the hemisphere.

Th' uncourteous moon, deck'd in a borrow'd
robe,
Foremost along the dingy concave swims:
Thus Night, triumphant mistress of the globe,
The king of Day's sublimest glory dims.

Night, peerless! whom no rival shall assail,
What time thy foe his short career has run,
Say, who e'er fancied that *thy* flimsy veil
Might thus obscure th' effulgence of the Sun?

So Truth, irradiating, deigns to shine,
Like the bright Sun, and mists and clouds pervades,
But lo! we bow at our accustomed shrine,
And lose ourselves again in Error's shades.

We listen not when sage Instruction speaks,
Or, list'ning, oft her precepts we disdain,
And wavering Folly back returns, and seeks
To reign once more, where it was wont to
reign.

Malaga, 1802.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following piece of original and singular composition, was found amongst the papers of an old Dutchman, in Albany. The manuscript has suffered considerably from the tooth of time, and from several marks of antiquity about it, it may safely be inferred, that a century at least has elapsed since it was written. It is hardly necessary to inform the judicious reader, that this piece is no other

than a billeted, or love epistle, sent by some Dutch swain in the country, to the girl of his heart, who, it seems, had gone to reside some time in the city of Albany.]

HANS LETTER TO NOTCHIE.

MINE Cot, vat vose does Hans se feel,
Vile luffy Notchie is avay,
Vat is de matter, vat de deel,
Does make you zo vorever stay.

I sleep none in de day, nor nite,
Mit such impashuns I duz burn,
Zo, when de shell drake vings hur vlite,
Pore Frow she mornes vor his return.

Zo owls mill hoot, und cats mill mew,
Und dogs mill howl, und storms mill ney,
Und zhall not I more anguish sho,
Vile luffy Notchie is avay.

A shacket I has lately bot,
Und brokenbrooks zo zoft as zilk,
Stript as your under petticoate,
Und vite as any buttermilk.

Make hase, mine dere, und quikly cum,
Mine vaders goin to di, you zee,
Und Yacups cot his viddle home,
Und we shal haf a daring bee,

I feres zum Yanky vull uv art,
More cunnin, as de ferry dele,
Vill git away yorn little hart,
Zo as da mill our horshes stele.

If any wun yore hart shool blunder,
Mine horshes Ill do vaggon yoke,
Und ghase him quikly by mine dunder,
I vly zo zwift as any zpoke.

When yonk Vontoofen, my coot frend
Zhall cum to zee you vhare you be,
Dese skarlet carters I zhall zend,
O die dem on, und dink on me.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following lines are highly descriptive of the unreal beauties, which the fervour of fancy often woos.]

I caught a bright, fantastic cloud,
And in the glittering moonlight dress'd it,
Then, of the beauteous pageant proud,
Too fondly to my bosom press'd it.

I fancied, by the dubious light,
I saw my phantom sweetly smiling,
My bosom throbb'd with wild delight,
All Reason's soberer fears beguiling.

What dreams of joy my fears revolv'd,
What pleasant visions hover'd o'er me,
Till, by th' incautious warmth dissolv'd,
My treasure faded from before me.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 23.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 12th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXII.

AS the following epistle not only fervently exhorts to matrimony, but gaily laughs at a species of feminine facility, I am urged, by a *two fold* reason, as Vellum says, in ADDISON'S Drummer to set it forth, with the hope that some of our young ladies will read it over, as eagerly as they would the "Confessions of a Coquet," or the "Amours of Madame de Tencin."

MR. SAUNTER,

It is pleasant to observe the exertions which, in your capacity of *custos morum*, you are incessantly making, to "cleanse the foul body of the infected world." It is equally pleasant to witness your success. From those sweet pouting lips, which heedlessly answered each remark in company with "Good God!" and "Good Heavens!" we now hear "Oh dear!" and "Oh, la!" and another covering is thrown to hide each female charm, from the roving and inquisitive eye of the tea-party gallant. The success, which you have experienced, has indubitably been owing to the "deep and strong incision pen," with which you have traced the characters of fashionable folly. Still, however, Mr. Saunter, there are many obstinate attendants on the courts of Fashion and Dissipation, who will not retrace their steps, at the crack of the satiric thong. To convert those, it may be necessary to note the pleasures which await them, in the old-fashioned and beaten path of life. The hope of reward is a stronger incentive to virtue, than the dread of punishment.

My object, more particularly, is to lure bachelors into the matrimonial noose. If any thing else were necessary to convince us of the dangerous tendency, which the ladies have justly annexed to "Tuesday clubs," it is the certainty that the pleasures of a single life are strenuously urged at these resorts. In the intervals of conversation, each member hums, with doleful countenance,

"Ah! my friends, ye little know
The sorrows which from wedlock flow;"

and "Te Deum" was never chaunted with more energetic zeal through the windpipe of a monk, than the concluding line of a popular club song,....

"A wayward wife will bedevil you yet."

It is not my intention, at present, to notice all the pleasures of a wedded life. I shall merely mention one, which, to the *inquisitive* mind, is counterpoise to all the evils which scolding, weak, or extravagant wives, in the opinion of bachelors introduce into the domestic circle. I allude to the *charter* for secrecy, which, among unmarried females, a man obtains, by becoming a husband, and the consequent opportunity which he possesses, of becoming

ing the confidant of every young girl and old maid who visit his wife.

While a man remains single, it is impossible for him to know those secrets, which pass in whispers at tea-parties, from one girl to another. The pointed observations and satiric censures on the dress and manners of the company, which so often and so good-naturedly flow from the creative female fancy, are lost on him; the sportive allusions, and the pointed puns, for which women have been so much and so justly celebrated, never strike his ear; and the thousand keen pangs, to which an eager and ungratified curiosity is subject, damp the genuine rational pleasure, which tea-parties are capable of affording, while he loses much and important instruction, on the subjects of "men and manners," and of *women*. This is his painful situation, while the married man riots in all the pure delights of social intercourse. Is a *good thing* said in company by a female? Oh! you may tell it to him, for he is a *married man*! or, if it cannot go direct from an unmarried female lip, it can be told to his wife, and man and wife are one. Besides, for the greater convenience of telling a secret, without being overheard by the company, it is very natural, and certainly very proper, that a young lady may seat herself on his lap, for he is only a *married man*! The ladies think, and justly too, that there is no harm in kissing a *married man*; and although, if a single gentleman were to be thus favoured, it might appear as if modesty were off her guard, yet modesty views, with a smile, such an intercourse between a young lady and a *married man*, for *epicureans* would tell us, with a profound knowledge of human nature, that the same objection does not apply to it in the latter case, that does in the former. A *married man* looks on it as a mark of confidence, and thinks no more of it. To a single man it would afford some materials for reflection.

Is it then, Mr. Saunter, of no advantage to a man, that he should possess the unreserved confidence of a young woman;....a confidence, which must inevitably make him better acquainted with her disposition, than he could be without it? a confidence which pours into his ears a thousand pleasant anecdotes, and teaches him the clue to the labyrinth of the human heart? If it be of no advantage, I shall not tempt them to violate the vows of celibacy, which they have made at their club rooms; but if to be on such sociable terms with young ladies be really

"To blend instruction with delight,"

I would persuade them, through you, Mr. Saunter, to "arise, take up their beds, and *canter*" to the altar of Hymen, where a passport to the confidence of a young lady awaits all, who journey through the matrimonial garden.

MARITUS.

The hymeneal theory of my sensible correspondent is very amiable and salutary. Like the good Vicar of Wakefield, he is of opinion, that the honest man, who marries, does more service, than he, who continues single, and only *talks* of popula-

tion. As to the freedom, exercised by unwedded nymphs, towards married swains, my own experience can say but little. But, as this is not the first time I have heard of this sort of license, I am led to conclude, that it is not a mere child of fancy.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XVI.

In Continuation....The Banks....The City of Washington.

THE erection of the banks was another very important measure, much celebrated in Europe, which was effected under this federal constitution. It contributes, still more than a free exportation, to dearness in the country; for the banks overwhelm the public with paper money, and wherever much money circulates, all is dear. It would be impossible for these banks to realize their paper, if great quantities should be presented to them at once. They know nearly how much will be presented in a day, and keep so much specie at hand; with the remainder they speculate, chiefly in foreign countries. They discount only the paper of their favourites; their discount is one half per cent. by the month, while the merchants not favoured by the bank, are obliged, at the moment when I write this, to pay the money-brokers five per cent. for every month, if they would have specie for their paper. Thus the bank-directors make themselves the despots of commerce; and as the commercial interest is predominant, America will very soon be a bank aristocracy, or rather is so already. What unbounded means must these people not possess, who can make as much money as they please? Only, unfortunately for them, their bills will not, like English bank-notes, pass in foreign countries; for the English credit is founded upon the national industry, and the possession of India, but America has neither industry nor India. Hence the bills of these banks, not only have no value in foreign countries, but even in the country, most of them are limited in their operations to a very narrow circle; the Bank of the United States excepted, whose notes, are, by law, declared valid throughout the country. Yet except in the neighbourhood of the maritime towns, those who are obliged to change them for silver, often look sour. Specie is, in America, very dear, on account of its extreme scarcity; nevertheless, the paper money, being valued equal to silver, has reduced it, in all internal transactions, to the level of its own cheapness; hence the artificial dearness of goods. The American wealth is a fascinating play of the imagination; a fantastic vision; a natural witchcraft, by means of which the splendour of gold is given to paper. The illusion is extremely pleasing; but, alas! its duration is very precarious; for it

requires only the sunshine of truth, to dispel a fabric of paper. Those, who by all the arts of magic, secrets, in which I, alas! am not initiated, know how to multiply this poetic paper, speak only of sums, before which we poor Europeans humble ourselves in silent astonishment. The arch speculator and projector, ———, for instance, owes the editor of a newspaper, Greenleaf, in New-York, the pretty sum of more than eleven hundred thousand dollars!! The pleasantest of all, upon this occasion, is, that Mr. ——— denies it all, and they mutually revile each other as scoundrels, and forgers of false bills, in the newspapers. I shall have hereafter occasion to discuss what circumstances will put an end to this mercantile poetry, this financeering quackery. For the present, it is clear, that the high price of produce, occasioned by the war, which is already falling again, the almost exclusive intermediate trade in West-Indian articles, and the carrying trade, have given America a sort of commercial importance, a certain glitter of national prosperity, which gave birth to her foreign credit, for whose existence she is indebted, not to the wisdom of her government, or the excellence of her constitution, but to those accidental circumstances, with which they may probably alike cease.

In further imitation of the Europeans, it was determined to build a capital. It seems extraordinary to begin by creating an artificial dearness, even of labour, and then to attempt to build large cities. The crowding of a great multitude into one capital city, is never profitable to a country, and least of all to a rising agricultural people. Why erect a capital, at the expense of the country people, who must eventually pay for all. Simplicity and modesty are so ornamental to youth! they are therefore equally becoming attributes of a youthful state. The congress therefore should have had good houses, built proper to protect their inhabitants against wind and weather, in a city already extant, for themselves and the presidents, and nothing more. They should further have chosen, not a sea-port, but a country town, to be less under the influence of a trading interest. Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, would have been a proper situation, with respect to the eastern states. For those of the west, which, unless they should separate, must in time become the most important, Pittsburg would have been well situated.

If the full execution of the plan for building the city of Washington would have been pernicious to the country, it appears childish, when we can prove that this execution was impossible. A despotic lord of twenty millions of people might find it possible to accomplish such gigantic undertakings; but where a government possesses no coercive means, where labour is so dear, where four millions of people, extended over a space so enormous, form a loose political association, the twentieth part of the ground destined for the city of Washington will never be covered with houses, not even with log houses. There are now, according to some, thirty; as others say, seventy, chiefly log houses, extant; some considerable buildings, such as the president's house, &c. are said to be nearly finished. In the session of 1796, the congress gave again five hundred thousand dollars for this city; a sum, with which little can be effected in America. But after the squandering of immeasurable sums, Washington would be nothing but a large village, with a few handsome houses; for the neighbourhood around is bad land, still worse cultivated; there lies some good lands higher up on the river, which is, however, not navigable, on account of rocks, and as Alexandria is already in possession of the export trade, Washington, being in the same neighbourhood, will find it so much the more difficult to thrive. The spot for this city was chosen by the president; the Philadelphians, who are envious, and would fain see

their city the permanent seat of government, say he was influenced by his own interest, because his lands lay upon the river Potomack. This I do not believe. What, then, determined his choice? I do not know.

CHAP. XVII.

In continuation....The Mint....The Navigation Act....Drawback....Navigation should not be too much encouraged in rising States....Revenues.

The European states have each of them a mint; and, of course, the Americans concluded they must have one too. The result is, that, with a loss of thirteen per cent. they coin over again Spanish dollars, into what they call units; only a few, however, for their units are very seldom to be seen, but dollars, wherever there is money. The accounts, however, are to be so arranged, that, instead of pounds, shillings, pence, &c. the reckoning is one, ten, a hundred, &c. which is very rational. But the people still adhere to their old customs, and always reckon, most absurdly, in pounds, shillings, and pence.

A navigation act, in a country where agriculture is, for want of hands, in a languishing condition, was an extremely unwise measure. Why increase the number of sailors and sea captains, and diminish that of farmers and labourers, while the inclination to a sea life is already so strong a native propensity of the Americans? Why not favour foreign as well as domestic vessels in the American ports? Do the Americans, like the Dutch, inhabit a small, barren territory, and are they indebted only to the sea for their existence? How many will be swallowed up by that devouring element, who might, by the propagation of their kind, and by tilling the ground, have been doubly useful to a country thin of people? Are not sailors the most unhappy and immoral of all classes of men? Will not their immorality be infectious? Are they not generally, on account of their wandering life, destitute of all love of their country?

The establishment of a drawback, which is allowed to merchants, who re-export the goods they had imported, is in the same spirit. The object is, above all things to encourage trade by sea, and use all possible means to increase the maritime towns, while, at the same time, the establishment of manufactures is prevented, and agriculture is left to shift for itself as well as it can. The consequence is, that Lancaster, the largest inland town, where the industry of the Germans has introduced a few family manufactures, contains only three thousand five hundred inhabitants, while Philadelphia probably now contains seventy thousand, though seven years ago it had only thirty-six thousand. What an enormous increase! Whereas Lancaster, twenty years ago, possessed as many inhabitants, and as much industry, as at this day! Such phenomena characterise the spirit of a government to perfection.

Manufacturing cities are useful to agriculture. There arises between them and the farmer an active and intimate barter trade, which puts in circulation the productions of national industry; which circulation is as profitable to the social body, as the unobstructed circulation of the blood is to the human frame. But maritime cities, unless they contain at the same time manufactures, produce nothing, and are merely consumers: their inhabitants, of course, live at the expense of their fellow-citizens. They consequently diminish the elements of physical existence, and thereby the numbers of mankind decline. They are consumers, or "fruges consumere nati," both negatively and positively. Negatively, because they produce nothing, and only distribute; positively, because they consume what others have produced, and by the profit upon the goods, which pass through their hands,

which profit is a real loss to the purchaser. But, besides this profit, there arises, merely from the increased price of the goods, occasioned by their transportation, and in the same proportion with its extent, a minus to the purchaser and consumer. The ignorance of the prices of things in the country where they are produced, which must, in general, bear a proportion to the distance of that country, renders commerce the more advantageous, according to the distance of the place, with which it is carried on. The introduction of articles of luxury by no means compensates for all these evils; for they corrupt the nation, both physically and morally. Physically, by adulteration, and because they are in part, even though unadulterated, pernicious to the health; morally, by the desire of possessing large quantities of them, and because a false estimation of things arises thereby, which values and judges of things, not according to their inward worth, but by their external appearance. Hence a coarse sensual love of worldly goods is created, which stifles every thing noble, and which has always prevailed among all commercial nations, excepting perhaps the English; but the English are, at the same time, the greatest agricultural people in Europe; without their agriculture they would have been ruined long ago. Besides, merchants, who at the same time busy themselves with manufactures and agriculture, are by no means mere distributors, but likewise producers; that part of their capital, however, which is employed in commerce, produces nothing. Notwithstanding this, commerce is the only bond of connection, and instrument of civilization for nations, and this exalted utility overbalances all the mischief it occasions. But trade by sea should in no country be encouraged to the detriment of agriculture and manufactures; and least of all by nations in the blossom, like America. It must everywhere be regulated and kept within bounds by competent laws.

In my opinion, therefore, no rays of wisdom beam around the federal constitution and government, on account of these establishments. The increasing national wealth, as I have already said, is not a consequence of the constitution, and of the measures of government, but of certain transient circumstances, grounded upon the folly of the Europeans; and as the foundation is not solid, must, with a change of circumstances, again decline. The constitution, however, by the funding of the national debt, that is, by the appropriation of the funds proceeding from certain taxes to pay the interest of the debts, has certainly very much contributed to the foundation of American credit. The banks, and especially the paper system, have co-operated to the same end, by leaving almost all the specie to be employed in speculation abroad. The revenues of congress arise from the imposts, and the excise upon brandy. Last year a tax was likewise laid upon coaches. The imposts must indeed rise with the increase of trade; but it must be observed, that their amount is not so large as they appear to be in the accounts published; for every merchant has at the custom-house six months credit from the day when he enters his goods, before he is obliged to pay his imposts, which are likewise discharged with bank notes. The whole is therefore transacted with paper. In all the annual accounts of the impost, these written obligations of the merchants to pay in six months, are set down as already paid; but how many bankrupts are there in the interval, whose payments are never made.

CHAP. XVIII.

In Continuation....Want of Means for Defence....The Army.

After having seen what the federal government has done, let us give a few moments consideration

to what they have *not* done, but which might have been expected to be done by an enlightened, administration. They have not hitherto established any system of defence. President Washington has, at divers times, proposed to congress to raise a standing army, at one time of twenty-five thousand men, at another of fifteen thousand, and finally of ten thousand, but always without effect. Washington is of opinion, a standing army would not in America be dangerous to liberty; and this must in truth be acknowledged, provided the army were not large. Europeans only should have been enlisted, and at the expiration of their time of service, land, cattle, and instruments for agriculture should have been distributed to them; by this, culture and population would have been gainers. With an elementary tactical book they are not unprovided; they have an excellent one, drawn up by general Steuben, with a regulation for service, and for encampment, likewise by him. In the year 1796, however, congress voted only three thousand men, which are not more than half completed. Enormous abuses must be prevalent, even among this trifling number, for during my residence at Philadelphia, a serjeant published in the newspapers, that he had never received any pay; that he had, besides, advanced money to the money-chest of the regiment; that he had resigned his station; had no money for his journey; that an order upon the secretary at war was given him; that he was obliged to beg his way to Philadelphia; that here he showed his order, but received nothing upon it, or at most very little, the minister having told him there was no money. This enraged serjeant threatened further to lay before the public the shocking frauds that were practised among the troops. This trait has, to Europeans, rather an extraordinary appearance. Their artillery is better in proportion than the other troops. Among the forts, West-point, upon Hudson's river, situated upon a rock, and worked in the rock, is really very strong, and on account of its situation commanding the river, in case of an attack from Canada, very important.

But it would be impossible to raise and maintain an army at all considerable, so long as no check is put upon the artificial dearness, and I believe three thousand men are now the utmost that the United States could levy and support. How is it possible to raise soldiers in a country, where a day labourer can earn ten dollars by the month? How can magazines be collected, where sixty pounds of wheat cost half a guinea, and other sorts of grain in proportion? where, in one word, meat is cheaper than bread? I have already mentioned the cause of this. Even if the congress had therefore immediately voted the twenty-five thousand men, there would not, under these circumstances, have been more than three thousand effectually raised?

The naval power of the United States consists in three half-finished frigates, upon which, in September, 1796, for want of labourers, as I believe, nothing further was doing. But what is the use of a naval force, which, at any rate, must remain inconsiderable? and in case of a war with England, the American privateers would always render the principal service; for whatever exertions might be made, the American fleet would still be too weak to protect their commerce against England. I should therefore wonder very much at president Washington's proposal to congress, in his speech at the opening of the session, on the 7th of December, 1796, to raise a naval force, if it were not clearly his intention to employ it only for the protection of the American navigation against the French, who are, to be sure, not the strongest power by sea, and against whom, only a few ships would be necessary. We shall see, however, whether the Americans will be in a condition to accomplish even these few; besides which, the

sums necessary for the purpose might have been better employed.

A respectable system of defence would, unquestionably give the nation more stability, and more political independence. At this time America is destitute of soldiers, of magazines, of powder (notwithstanding they have powder mills, for powder costs a dollar and a half a pound), of manufactures of arms, &c. The militia is totally unfit for service, and for the most part unarmed. Even in New-England, the little military spirit remarked by travellers, immediately after the close of the war, is now evaporated. In one word, the country is open to the invasion of every enemy, and with a moderate army, a good general would make a very easy conquest of it; as it must have been subjugated during the revolutionary war, as I have shewn above, had not a "delis ex machina" given different turn to affairs.

A well established and disciplined national militia would certainly be preferable to a standing army; but the aversion of the people to every thing military is so insuperable, that they will never submit to such an arrangement.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

AMONG the more excellent poets of the present day, no one deserves a more conspicuous rank than WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq. Hayley is a laborious imitator of Pope, but languidly repeats the verses of the master. He has the form of that balanced and terse style of poetry, but the essence, the fine ethereal spirit, is either lost in diffusion, or diluted into weakness. Gifford, on the contrary, rather rivals POPE than mimicks him. His verses are not only sweet and sonorous, but they are conspicuous for their good sense, and for that admirable quality in composition, the power of saying much in brief compass, without any degree of obscurity. Of those men of letters, who are privileged with the conversation and friendship of this brilliant writer, a clergyman, by the name of Ireland, is honourably distinguished. In an imitation of the celebrated Ode to Grosphus, by one of the most jocund poets of antiquity, Mr. GIFFORD has thus classically complimented genius and worth.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

Lib. II. Ode 16.

Otium divos rogat in patente.

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. JOHN IRELAND,
BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

When howling winds and louring skies
The light, untimber'd bark surprise,
Near Orkney's boisterous seas,
The trembling crew forget to swear,
And bend the knees, unused to prayer,
To ask a little ease.

For ease the Turk, ferocious, prays,
For ease the barbarous Russ....for ease
Which P..... could ne'er obtain;
Which Bedford lack'd, amid his store,
And liberal Clive, with mines of ore,
Of bade for....but in vain.

For not the liveried troop, that wait
Around the mansions of the great,
Can keep my friend, aloof
Fear, that attacks the mind by fits,
And care, that, like a Raven, flits
Around the lordly roof.

O, well is he, to whom kind Heaven
A decent competence has given,
Rich in the blessing sent;
He grasps not anxiously for more,
Dreads not to use his little store,
And fattens on content.

O well is he, for life is lost,
Amid a whirl of passions tost;
Then why, dear Jack, should man,
Magnanimous Ephemeron! stretch
His views beyond the narrow reach
Of his contracted span?

Why should he from his country run,
In hopes, beneath a foreign sun,
Serener hours to find?
Was never man, in this wild chace,
Who changed his nature with his place,
And left himself behind.

For, winged with all the lightning's speed,
Care climbs the bark, Care mounts the steed,
An inmate of the breast:
Nor Barca's heat, nor Zembla's cold
Can drive from that pernicious hold
The too-tenacious guest.

They, whom no anxious thoughts anney,
Grateful, the present hour enjoy,
Nor seek the next to know;
To lighten every Ill they strive,
Nor, ere misfortune's hand arrive,
Anticipate the blow.

Something must ever be amiss:
Man has his joys; but perfect bliss
Lives only in the brain.
We cannot all have all we want;
And Chance, unasked, to this may grant,
What that has begged in vain.

WOLFE RUSHED ON DEATH, in manhood's bloom,
Paler *crept slowly* to the tomb;
Here *treats*, there FAME was given;
And that wise POWER, who weighs our lives,
By *contras* and by *pros* contrives
To keep the balance even.

TO THEE he gave *two piercing eyes*,
A body....just of Tyd's size,
A judgment so *ind* and clear,
A LIBERAL SOUL, a threadbare coat,
And forty pou. a year.

To me one eye, not over good,
Two sides, that, to their coat, have stood
A ten years hectic cough;
Aches, stiches, all the numerous ills
That swell the devilish doctors' bills,
And sweep poor mortals off;

A coat, more bare than thine; a soul
THAT SPURNS THE CROWD'S MALIGN CONTROL;
A fixed contempt of wrong;
Spirits, ABOVE AFFLICTION'S POWER;
And skill to charm my lonely hour,
With no inglorious song.

Of the thousand translations and imitations of this philosophical ode, which, in the course of a life of some reading, I have perused, none, like the above, so gratefully relishes of the genuine Horatian spirit. We do not see the wrong side of the tapestry; but, in this visit to the "rich wardrobe" of antiquity, Mr. G. has brought out all the gorgeous, the purple, and the glowing colours. The three last stanzas are of inimitable beauty; and, when High-minded Genius, with a cavalier and Castilian spirit, congratulates itself, that neither ill health, nor humble fortune, could compel to truckle to the "malign controul of the crowd," we admire the loftiness of the man, not less than the elegance of the poet.

It was long a fashion among the light and unthinking, among those, who dwell after the manner of the Zidonians, careless and secure, to deride the writings, to hint the hypocrisy, or sneer at the fanaticism of Mr. William Law. His undertaking an edition of Jacob Behmen, a moon struck cobbler, and his furious philippic against the players, af-

forded some pretext for the raillery of libertine wit. But his *Serious Call*, a work of fervent piety, has excited the liberal praise of Dr. JOHNSON; and Mr. GIBSON has thus vindicated the memory of a religious recluse, in a mode so candid and eloquent, that my readers will not only listen to the defence, but, perhaps, read some of the writings of Mr. Law.

In our family, he left the reputation of a worthy and pious man, who believed all that he professed, and practiced all that he enjoined. The character of a nonjuror, which he maintained to the last, is a sufficient evidence of his principles in church and state; and the sacrifice of interest to conscience will be always respectable. His theological writings, which our domestic connection has tempted me to peruse, preserve an imperfect sort of life, and I can pronounce, with more confidence and knowledge, on the merits of the author. His last compositions are darkly tinged by the incomprehensible visions of Jacob Behmen; and his discourse on the absolute unlawfulness of stage entertainments, is sometimes quoted for a ridiculous intemperance of sentiment and language. "The actors and spectators must all be damned: the playhouse is the porch of hell, the place of the devil's abode, where he holds his filthy court of evil spirits; a play is the devil's triumph, a sacrifice performed to his glory, as much as in the heathen temples of Bacchus or Venus, &c. &c." But these sallies of religious phrenzy must not extinguish the praise, which is due to Mr. William Law, as a wit and a scholar. His argument, on topics of less absurdity, is specious and acute, his manner is lively, his style forcible and clear; and, had not his vigorous mind been clouded by enthusiasm, he might be ranked with the most agreeable and ingenious writers of the times. While the Bangorian controversy was a fashionable theme, he entered the lists, on the subject of Christ's kingdom, and the authority of the priesthood: against the plain account of the Lord's supper, he resumed the combat with bishop Hoadley, the object of whig idolatry, and of tory abhorrence; and, at every weapon of attack and defence, the nonjuror, on the ground, which is common to them both, approves himself at least equal to the prelate. On the appearance of *The Fable of the Bees*, he drew his pen against the licentious doctrine, that private vices are public benefits, and morality, as well as religion, must join in his applause. Mr. Law's master work, the *Serious Call*, is still read, as a popular and powerful book of devotion. His precepts are rigid, but they are founded on the gospel; his satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life; and many of his portraits are not unworthy of the pen of La Bruyere. If he finds a spark of piety in his reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame; and a philosopher must allow, that he exposes, with equal severity and truth, the strong contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world. Under the names of Flavia and Miranda, he has admirably described my two aunts...the heathen and the Christian sister.

It is not possible, I am assured by the Editor of the Port Folio, to convey a more luminous idea of Oldschool politics, than in the following passage, from the writings of one, who was as eloquent an author as Cicero, and a much more prescient and magnanimous statesman.

It is said, by their adversaries, that the old politicians knew little of the rights of men; that they lost their way, by groping about in the dark, and fumbling among rotten parchments and musty records. Great lights, they say, are lately obtained in the world, and the disciples of the old school, instead of shrouding themselves in exploded ignorance, ought to take advantage of the blaze of

illumination, which is spreading around. It may be so. The enthusiasts of this time, it seems, like their predecessors in another faction of fanaticism, deal in lights. HUDIBRAS pleasantly says of them, they

"Have lights where better eyes are blind,
As pigs are said to see the wind."

We have heard a great deal, concerning the modern lights, but we have not yet had the good fortune to see much of them. They, who have read the works of these illuminators of the world, have learned nothing more from them, than a full certainty of their shallowness, levity, pride, petulance, ignorance, and presumption. When the *old authors*, whom we have read, and the *old men*, whom we have conversed with, have left us in the dark, we are in the dark still. We have only to wish, that the lovers of innovation may be as happy and prosperous, under the influence of the new light, as they once were, under the sober shade of the old obscurity.

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON.

[CONCLUDED.]

On the convocation of a new parliament, a few months after, Mr. Addington was unanimously re-elected, and the subject of the impeachment soon afforded a very apposite opportunity for the exercise of his talents and industry, more especially when the question was agitated, whether the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq. subsisted subsequent to the dissolution of Parliament?

Mr. Speaker, on this occasion, rose to state to the Committee the result of the best research into precedents that he had been able to make, and this was decidedly in favour of the impeachment remaining *in statu quo*. He traced the growth and development of the principle of impeachment from the reign of Edward IV. and shewed clearly, that, as far as regarded the effect of a dissolution, it was precisely the same for impeachments as for writs of error and appeal. He produced various instances of writs of error not abating prior to 1673, and contended that the report of the Lords' Committee, and the resolution of the Lords at that time, which had remained unquestioned ever since, were founded on precedents, and what were clearly understood to be the practice of Parliament; that the report and resolution of 1678, respecting the continuance of an impeachment after a dissolution, was founded on that of 1673, because both impeachments and writs of error were so strictly connected in principle, that it was impossible to make a distinction between them; that the resolution of 1673 could not have been adopted merely as a colourable foundation for the resolution of 1678, because, when the former was passed, it was impossible that the case to which the latter applied could have been foreseen; and that, when Lord Danby applied to the Court of King's Bench to be bailed after the dissolution of Parliament, the court recognised the doctrine, that the impeachment did not fall to the ground in consequence of the dissolution, as the known and established law of Parliament. On the precedents of 1685, by which this resolution, as far as respected impeachments, was reversed, he observed, that it was of no authority, the Commons having been corruptly chosen, and wholly devoted to the court; the principal evidence for the prosecution, Titus Oates, convicted of perjury, and consequently incompetent; and the resolution itself passed without examination of precedents, not generally with express limitation to the particular case.

In like manner Mr. Addington shewed, from the cases of Lords Salisbury and Peterborough, in 1690, that it was then understood to be the law of Parlia-

ment, that impeachments do not abate by a dissolution, and that, after much delay and management, they were at last discharged by a resolution strictly applicable to their particular case, and in no respect affecting the general question. The same argument he deduced from the case of Lord Oxford in 1717, as far as that case went. The House, he remarked, would do well to consider how far their undoubted right might be affected by the doubt which appointing a committee to search for precedents would imply. Let the friends of Mr. Hastings remember, that his case was unconnected with the general question; that if it were proper for the House to proceed against him, the renewal of the impeachment would be a greater hardship than to take it up where it now stood, and that at all events the length of the proof, or the magnitude of the crime, could never, with any shadow of decency, be suffered to protect the criminal. He recommended to the House not to put it in the power of the Crown to defeat an impeachment by a dissolution, or of the Lords to defeat it by delay, which, as they might choose on what and how many days they would sit each session of Parliament, they might be able to do were a dissolution not to do it; and he exhorted them to adopt a line that would acquire honour to themselves, and render important service to posterity, by making "assurance doubly sure" on the only doubt that had ever arisen among the Commons respecting their own privilege.

His opinion on this subject, of which we have here given an outline, must be allowed by all impartial men to be constitutional: fraught on one hand with notions highly salutary in respect to public justice, and on the other pregnant with principles calculated to fortify the power and confirm the authority of the *Third Estate*, in respect to the exercise of its rights.

Nor did Mr. A. allow any opportunity to escape for maintaining the franchises of the House over which he presided; for, when the Peers, in May 1791, thought proper to make a trifling alteration in a bill*, by which they assumed the *initiative* respecting money, he stated the circumstance to the House, and, after quoting a precedent, which he caused to be read from the Journals of the 8th of March 1719, by which it appeared that a similar bill, on being sent from the Lords, had been rejected, because it affected the revenue, the Commons followed his advice, and refused to proceed with the present.

But the late Speaker did not confine himself to what might be termed his *official duties*. He was always an active and efficient member when the House sat in a committee, and a chairman regulated the debates. Few subjects of great national importance but were canvassed by him on those occasions, and he must be allowed, in general, to have added great weight and importance to whatever side he adopted.

Uniformly acting with Mr. Pitt in all grand political questions, it is greatly to be regretted that he should have opposed that gentleman only, when a question of humanity respecting a miserable portion of the human race was agitated, and have taken part with Mr. Dundas, whose *equivocal* *clemency* to the slave trade has occasioned its continuance, notwithstanding the Commons of England seem to have been pledged for an abolition.

It is true that Mr. A. termed this traffic "a crime, which he had never heard mentioned without feeling the utmost abhorrence and indignation;" but it is equally true, that he was at the same time feelingly alive to the pecuniary interests of the planters and

* The bill in question was intended to amend the 6th of Anne, respecting the reward to be given, on the conviction of felons. The lords had thought proper, on this occasion, to diminish the reward.

mortgagees, who, according to his own principles, must have profited by this "crime." Neither is the reasoning to be tolerated, that, "if relinquished by us, it might be carried on in a manner more repugnant to the interests of humanity," as, if this be really an abominable traffic, the guilt and shame ought instantly to be removed.

But, in order to decide on Mr. A.'s conduct, the best mode will be to quote his own arguments, premising at the same time, that it is not here meant to convey the least suspicion of his sincerity.

On Monday, April 2, 1792, after two petitions had been presented, one from the city of London, and the other from the livery of London, against the slave trade, Mr. Wilberforce moved *the order of the day*, which was "for the House to resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of the circumstances of the African slave trade." This being done, and sir William Dolben having taken the chair, the same gentleman, at the conclusion of a long and elegant speech, moved, "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that the trade carried on by British subjects, for the purpose of obtaining slaves on the coast of Africa, ought to be abolished." Mr. Thornton*, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Fox, Mr. Pitt, &c. were for an immediate abolition, while Mr. Dundas, General Tarleton, &c. were against it; and to the surprise of all men, it so occurred, that the premier found himself for the first time in a minority.

In the course of the debate Mr. Addington delivered his opinion, the substance of which follows:

"The Speaker said, he had never listened with greater satisfaction in his life to any speech, than to the whole of that just delivered by his right honourable friend (Mr. Dundas), who had relieved him from the utmost pain and anxiety. He declared, that he was one of those alluded to by his right honourable friend, who had preferred a middle path in regard to the abolition of a trade, or rather a crime which he had never heard mentioned without feeling the utmost abhorrence and detestation. Hitherto he had been silent on the subject, because he had felt that he could not go the length of voting with his honourable friend, who had introduced the question of the abolition of the trade into that House; but now he had heard what he could concur in with ease to his mind, and satisfaction to his conscience. He complimented Mr. Whitbread on his eloquent speech, and agreed with him in thinking that the slave trade, however modified, could not be defended, because no argument could justify the selling of one man for money to the despotism of another man, and tearing him away against his will from his country, his family, and his friends, in order to make him drag out a miserable existence in bondage, in a distant country, to which he was an utter stranger. While he turned with disgust from the hateful trade, he saw the necessity of considering the opposite claims, and was also fearful the trade, if relinquished by us, might be carried on in a manner more repugnant to the interests of humanity.

"He thought these opposite interests would be in a great degree reconciled by the scheme of gradual abolition. He suggested, that the imports

of slaves into the islands should be limited to ten or twelve years. He contended that negroes, notwithstanding the difference of their colour, ought to be regarded as human creatures. He condemned the slave trade as a measure he had always abhorred. The nervous eloquence of his honourable friend recalled to his memory the observation of a very venerable and eminent judge, now in retirement and in the vale of years (Lord Mansfield), who, when charged with showing too much lenity to a rebel lord, said, that he knew no language which could add guilt to treason. In the same view he knew no language which could add to the horrors of the slave trade; and the proposition now before them would undoubtedly tend to prevent man from preying upon man.

Mr. Addington said, the present state of the negroes in the West India islands certainly was inadequate to the necessary supply to do the work of the planters; there was too unequal a comparison between the males and females: he not only therefore considered an immediate abolition of the importation of the African negroes as impolitic, but should think a duty on the importation of male negroes would operate as a bounty on the importation of female slaves, and in a few years the defect would be supplied. Mr. Dundas's proposition, Mr. Addington said, appeared to him to be such as could not be opposed by any rational objection; he agreed with him in the whole of it, one point excepted, viz. the making of those negro children free who were born of slaves. He thought rather, that they should have their freedom after a period of service of ten or fifteen years, to pay their masters for the expense of rearing and educating them. A bounty for such as should rear more children, bearing a proportion to the sexes, payable to such negro fathers, might, he conceived, produce the most salutary effects, and greatly tend to increase the population of the negroes. He declared he did not think his right honourable friend would have submitted his ideas to the House, if he had not meant to state them afterwards in the form of a substantial proposition: he therefore hoped that his honourable friend's motion (Mr. Wilberforce's) would not be adopted, but that his end would be answered by other means*."

Notwithstanding the eloquent efforts of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox on the other side, which flashed conviction throughout the whole extent of the kingdom, we find Mr. Addington persevering in his opinions. When Mr. Dundas, on Friday, April 27, 1792, moved the *order of the day*, which was for the House to resolve itself into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of the further means for the abolition of the slave trade, this was granted, and Mr. Beaufoy was called to the chair. The first resolution was then read, viz. "That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it shall not be lawful to import any African negroes into the British colonies or plantations in ships owned or navigated by British subjects, at any time after the 1st of January 1800." After Mr. Hobbart and Lord Mornington had delivered their opinions, the Speaker rose, and began by observing, that, "having, in a late debate on the subject, voted that the slave trade ought to be gradually abolished, he thought

it his duty to state to the Committee the ideas he entertained on the mode of carrying that resolution into effect.

"The interval between the resolution, that the trade be abolished, and the period at which the abolition would take place, he admitted to be a most dreadful interval. He had, Mr. Addington declared, stated the trade to be abandoned; and he begged to remind the committee, and he implored them to consider the circumstance, that he never had mentioned one word as to the justice of the trade; but he had merely noticed the justice of those claims, that might be made by the persons, who would be affected by its abolition. If the interests of the planters were abandoned, the abolition of the slave trade, he was convinced, would never be effected. How was it possible, he asked, when the means of population were taken away, to supply the deficiency? How could they fill the chasm that they created? What he had stated, Mr. Addington declared, was the result of his real sentiments, of his real opinion. In certain conditions of society, there were, he observed, combinations of justice, of policy, of humanity, and of interest, that rendered it almost impossible to look to the *ultimatum*, or he should rather say the *maximum*, of one, without counteracting that of the other; the question was not, he said, between *blood and gold*, nor between what now actually was, and what might be hereafter, but it was whether an *immediate* or a *gradual abolition* would best effect the object the committee had in view: for his part, he thought that object too would be most safely and certainly attained, by protracting the period of abolition; and therefore he wished 1796 were the year proposed, instead of that contained in the amendment.

"On a former night, his right honourable friend had argued, from calculations, that, for three or four years past the old islands had no occasion for further importation; but their not importing in that time might be accounted for, from being unfortunate in their crops (as was the fact), and the increased price of negroes. It could not be argued, that they had no want of negroes, from their inability to purchase. Neither could the statements of death be relied on, for it might be supposed, that the planters represented the mortality as less than it really was, from the desire of obviating the charges of cruelty brought against them.

"Mr. Addington took notice of the West India and ceded islands, and used a variety of arguments to maintain his proposition, and urged, in particular, the danger liable to the mortgagees and others concerned in those islands. He declared, that he perfectly agreed with Mr. Burke's opinion, as to the good effect that must arise from the public places of worship, and he strongly recommended that mode of civilization, as one of the most efficacious and certain methods to reform the negroes.

"From these considerations, he should oppose the present motion, but, if the period were extended to the 1st of January, 1796, and the trade left open from that time, and free from all restriction, he should acquiesce in it.

"For the sake of Africa itself, he should also wish the abolition to be *gradual*, that the natives of that country might not lose all traffic, until they became a little more civilized, and fit for commerce of another kind."

While Mr. Addington was distinguishing himself in the speaker's chair, by the impartiality with which he regulated the debates, and the order and decorum with which he conducted the publicary, an event, no less sudden than extraneous, occurred, which produced a very, we now allude, in his situation. The event to which his colleagues, was the resignation of a dignified nature, and which a measure of a very sufficiently explained. While has never yet all men anxious to know who was to be the

* In the course of this gentleman's speech, he read the following letter from king Naim-bazo, in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, complaining that some of his relations had been kidnapped and carried off to the West Indies, where they were at present in a state of slavery. "My subjects, and the subjects of other kings, have been stolen away, by the inhabitants of all nations, who visit this coast. Three of my own relations have been taken away by a captain Coxe, and sold for slaves; for what reason I know not. I never molest the property or person of others. I love the natives of Great-Britain.... I have borne many insults from them, which have occasioned me to be silent so long. Whether I shall see my relations again I know not; but those, who took them, will be called to account for their actions, one day or another."

* Mr. Fox immediately followed Mr. Addington, and, to adopt the language of one of the reporters, "in a most able and animated speech, reprobated the suggestions of Mr. Dundas and Mr. Addington, pronouncing what had fallen from them to be the most formidable and alarming opposition that had yet been offered, to the important question of the abolition of the slave trade. He arose, therefore, with an anxious desire to relieve the painful sensations of his mind, and to do away the deceptions and delusions that were endeavoured, not intentionally he believed, to be set before the eyes of the public, to misguide and mislead their judgment, and the judgment of that house," &c.

new minister, the public learned, with some degree of surprise, that Mr. Addington had been sent for by the king, and held daily conferences with his majesty. This business was at first conducted with some degree of mystery, one of the royal family* having lent his equipage, in order, if possible, to conceal the negociation from the prying eye of curiosity. But this was of no avail, for it was soon rumoured abroad, and was not upon the whole unfavourably received, as Mr. Pitt's administration had of late years been supported by the *fears* rather than the *love* of the people.

The king's second alarming illness for a while protracted the retreat of the then chancellor of the exchequer; but, on his majesty's convalescence, all the necessary arrangements were made, and every thing adjusted, seemingly to the entire satisfaction of those, who went out, as well as those, who came in.

Mr. Addington having thus leaped from the speaker's chair to the treasury bench, the eyes of the whole nation became fixed upon him. It was hoped that, after a bloody and expensive war, some sincere and decisive measures would be taken, in order to produce a peace; and it must be allowed, that the conduct of the new premier, in this instance, has given greater satisfaction, by its openness and candour, than the haughty behaviour of his predecessors.

Mr. Addington, however, by his vindication of the late administration, has in some measure *affiliated* himself to it, and become accountable for its errors and misconduct. The suspension of the *habeas corpus* act; the feeble cry of a conspiracy; the production of *sealed bags* of papers; the continuance of martial law in Ireland, and of the system of secret imprisonment in England, have perhaps nipped his popularity in the bud, and are thought by many to savour too much of the *old school*. On the other hand, it must be allowed, that he has entered upon office at a time, and in circumstances peculiarly critical. Supported as he is by the royal favour and confidence, Mr. Pitt's power is still considered as paramount, and the *mutes* attached to the person of the "heaven-born minister" are thought to wait but for the signal to strangle his political successor.

A young nobleman, related to the late premier, has already termed this "an administration of shreds and patches;" and it has been repeatedly asserted, that a *secret understanding* subsists between the new and the old ministry: but time alone can fully and explicitly develop this matter.

Mr. Addington's first attempt in his financial capacity certainly did not come up to the expectations of the public, and the bill to disqualify the clergy from sitting in the house of commons, would have passed with a far better grace, had it not expressly precluded a man hostile to his principles, from opposing them in a public character. The present premier possesses great influence, in consequence of the excellence of his character, and the high respect he had acquired during the

time: he acted as speaker. His majesty may be said to evince a *personal* attachment to him, and, if report be true, he has presented him with, and furnished for him, a house in Richmond park, in order to be near him at all times*.

In private life Mr. A. is particularly amiable. He is a sincere friend, an affectionate brother, a kind father, and a tender husband. Possessing an ample income†, and being but little devoted to expense, he cannot be supposed to be instigated by the sordid wish of creating a fortune for himself; and, as his connections‡ are all in affluent circumstances, he has no poor relations to provide for out of the public purse. On the other hand, it remains to be proved, whether his abilities entitle him to rank as a first-rate statesman; and a few years.... perhaps a few months.... will determine, whether the new minister be destined to confer glory or disgrace on the empire; to subvert or to restore the liberties of his country.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE price of this paper is five dollars annually, payable in advance; and the general mode of application for it is by letters, post paid, to the Editor, No. 25, North Second-street, Philadelphia.

But, to meet the wishes of many, the Editor has deputed the following gentlemen to receive subscriptions, and who are fully empowered to receipt for the same:

At Boston, Massachusetts, JONATHAN HASTINGS, Esq. post-master.

At Salem, do. JOHN DABNEY, Esq. do.

At New-York, E. SARGEANT and Co.

At Baltimore, Mr. GEORGE HILL, bookseller.

At Norfolk, Virginia, JOHN DUNN, Esq.

At Charleston, South-Carolina, Mr. DODD-RIDGE CROCKER, merchant.

Other agents, in other quarters, will be gradually selected, as convenience may dictate. Meanwhile, gentlemen, in the above-named places, or their vicinity, who, either for the past or the present year, owe for the Port Folio, or who wish to subscribe for that paper, will apply to the agents already indicated.

The Editor cannot, on this occasion, omit to express a very lively gratitude to many individuals, who have not been content, by a solitary subscription, to manifest their indulgence to his paper and its principles, but

who have, by private assurances of much kindness, approbated the tenor of his public conduct; who have generously scanned, even his prejudices, by the liberal rules of a catholic interpretation; who have aided him in the conducting of a paper, *partial* to political truth, and elegant literature, and who will never cease to cheer him, though he forsakes the *latent tracts* of vulgar popularity, and assumes a higher, though, perhaps, a perilous station.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

OUR Charleston, South-Carolina correspondent, J. R. is respectfully requested to transmit the manuscript he describes to the Editor, who will, if possible, comply with the wishes of his correspondent. The Editor anticipates the receipt of an ingenious and salutary work.

"CONSTANTIA" is solicited to write in the Lounger. Few female writers display a stronger vein of good sense, or a more graceful ease of expression.

"HOLLIS" has read Tristram Shandy to great advantage. It will be pleasant to the Editor, if his friend will transcribe a little more from his manuscript.

We sometimes love oddity, frolic, and fun,
We relish a joke, and rejoice in a pun.

The infantine complaint of LAURA, respecting the occasional coldness of her lover, we cannot think would greatly edify our readers. We recommend to Laura a very continued meditation of the following lines. They come from a grave doctor of the church; and this fond fair, who wishes to *live upon love*, as Giles Gingerbread used to live upon learning, is assured, that the following is a real, though, to her, it may be a melancholy truth.

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts, *sweet soul*, in tears.
She, fond and young, last week her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd.
The morning came.... when Strephon waking, found,
Surprising sight! his bride in tears was drown'd!
"What miracle," says Strephon, "makes thee weep?"
"Ah! barbarous man," she cries, "how could you...
sleep!"

Men love a *mistress*, as they love a feast;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste*!
Yet, sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our MISTRESS AND OUR FEAST AWAY:
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man then never swear;
Let women never triumph nor despair;
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or chill;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

COMMON incitements to common minds serve as whips to the dray-horse, but the racer will run with sufficient speed without them, and, in the generosity of his nature, would indignantly spurn at their application to his side.

Dunces, it is generally believed, are not the least happy of mankind. Though unable to afford much pleasure to others, they are commonly pleased with themselves in a high degree. A smile of self-applause accompanies all their words and actions. If laughed at by others, they mistake derision for congratulation. The proud man's

* The duke of Kent.

† Mr. J. H. Tooke.

‡ When the bill in question came before the house of peers, a *great law lord* said, "he had heard of certain rumours, about the authors of this measure, which he could not credit, more especially as to its being a *matter of expediency*. At the head of government, was at present placed purity - an of great respectability, of known integrity and great dignitaries, and of tried wisdom, in a situation of infinite credit to arduous duty, which he discharged with He would not therefore, and great advantage to the public. be so prodigal of his reprieve, that such a character would squander it away so profusely, as to have consented to this very important and extraordinary have been the author of begged their lordships to believe, that he will; he therefore all credit to rumours of this kind."

* Until the new mansion he got in order, Mr. Dundas has lent him his villa at Wimbledon.

† He is said to have been left 2000 pounds per annum in land, in Berks and Devonshire, at the time of his father's death.

‡ Mr. Hiley Addington, his brother, is in parliament, and, as already hinted, was left a fortune early in life. Of his four sisters, one is married to Dr. Goodenough, a physician at Oxford; another to the late Mr. Sutton, formerly a merchant, who had retired to an estate in Somersetshire; a third to Mr. Hoskins, of North Perrot, in Wiltshire, originally a clothier; and lastly, the youngest, Charlotte, to Mr. Bragge, a barrister, one of the members for Bristol, and chairman of the committee of ways and means, and a school-fellow of the minister. He himself is married to a lady of small fortune and great beauty, by whom he has had several children.

contumely affects them not. Nothing but real pain gives them real sorrow. They have no imaginary ills, that shadowy train, which haunts the ingenious. They have none of those fine sensibilities, which torture the feeling heart with unspeakable agony. Let them have food in abundance, and a sufficiency of raiment and money, and, with a wisdom, which philosophers have vainly pretended to, they are perfectly satisfied.

There is no reason to believe that they will not succeed in the world. Fools, it is proverbially said, have fortune. Some substantial reasons may be assigned to account for the adage; unfeeling and unreflecting men of dull parts are not hurt by repulses and disappointments. Break their web, and they begin it again, with all the patience of a Dutchman. They know no nice scruples of punctilious honour. They have no superabundant delicacy to prevent their importunity to those, who can promote their interest. They prosecute their claims with exemplary perseverance. A flat refusal, or a downright insult, strikes them with no more effect than a tennis ball the rock of Gibraltar.

It seems to be the will of Providence, that, comparatively speaking, few should possess the glorious endowment of genius in a supereminent degree. All great excellence must, indeed, be rare, for it would cease to be great excellence, if it were common. But let not those, to whom genius is denied, lament. Genius has its evils, from which they are exempted. It is envied, it is exposed to a thousand pains and penalties from the injuries of those, who, not knowing or not regarding the irritable niceties of its sensibility, rudely strike the tremulous fibre, whenever they approach it. It is of too fine and subtle a nature for the tumults and agitations of a world, madly rushing on in the vulgar pursuits of avarice and ambition. Unguarded by discretion, of which it is often too proud to acknowledge the dominion, it too often causes a life of misery, and a premature dissolution.

Let it also be remembered by those, who are conscious of inferiority to their fellow creatures, that all distinctions, whether civil, natural, mental, or corporeal, all but superiority of virtue, will shortly cease; and that it is expressly declared, on the highest authority, that to whom much has been given, of him much will be required; a declaration, which, if duly impressed, might afford comfort to the dunce, and cause the genius to tremble.

One of the German didactic writers advises the student to take great care lest he should lose much time in sleep. He advises him to have an alarm-clock by his bedside, but if that is not to be conveniently procured, to lay stones and bits of wood in his bed, and under his side, which, though he will not feel them much at first, may, after an hour or two, gall him to the quick, and cause him to get up of his own accord! What an enthusiasm of application! not content with spending the day in labour, he wished the student to lose the sweets of repose, and almost literally to plant thorns on his pillow! No pursuit but that of virtue can require such austerity; and even virtue, in her most rigid exaction of discipline, listens to reason, and leans to moderation. When she deserts them, she becomes fanaticism, and hurries her mistaken votaries to madness and misery.

Richardson's favourite character, Grandison, is much too formal to be a favourite with the women in general, and there is somewhat of prudery in his heroines, that prevents them from being favourites with the men. But this author describes the operation of the passions with a truth and minuteness, that evince a great knowledge of human nature. The madness of Clementina is delineated

with the pencil of a great master. Nothing can be more affecting than the distresses of Clarissa. He was conscious that his strength lay in the pathetic, and by this, perhaps, he was led to prolong scenes of sorrow, till the spirits of the reader are fatigued, and the luxury of sympathy is overpowered. The striking and animated character of Lovelace is supported to the last with wonderful spirit. It is easy for an author to declare that his hero is possessed of an infinite deal of wit and pleasantry, invention and eloquence. To make him display those qualities through a great variety of scenes is very difficult, yet it has been executed by this author in the most successful manner. Richardson himself was undoubtedly convinced, that all those accomplishments, with the addition of youth, beauty, and the most undaunted intrepidity, would not prevent the profligacy, perfidy, and shocking cruelty of Lovelace from rendering him odious to every reader. In this, perhaps, he was mistaken. The brilliant colours, in which Lovelace is painted, is too apt to fascinate the imagination, and may have secured him a corner in the hearts of some young women of character, in spite of his crimes. As for young men, if none of them had ever attempted to imitate the profligacy of Lovelace, but those, who possessed his accomplishments, the exhibition of his portrait would do little harm. But there is reason to fear, that some, with the first only, and with a slender portion of the second, have sometimes attempted to pass for complete Lovelaces.

The clergy have confessedly handed down the torch of science from generation to generation, which, without their care, might have been long ago extinguished.

Many of our editors repine that Mr. Duane, by the profits of *stationary*, sold only to republicans, and of an *Aurora*, the advocate of administration, obtains a splendid income; this is in course; this is natural; Mr. Duane has paid the price for jacobin patronage.

It happens that those, who bestow preferment, are not so likely to bestow it on merit, of which they are often but incompetent judges, as on a submission to their will, and a subserviency to their purposes of avarice and ambition. The dog that fawns, it is remarked, gets more bones and fragments from his master's table, than the surly mastiff, who barks and growls, yet guards the house from the midnight depredator.

A speculative philosopher, like Thomas Jefferson, weighed in the scales of reason, against the practical wisdom of EDMUND BURKE, kicks the beam, like a gossamer, that floats in the air, balanced with a wedge of bullion.

Dr. Vicesimus Knox, a clergyman of much celebrity in the walks of literature, has thus fervently commended maritime merit.

The sun, in his whole progress through the heavens, does not behold a class of men more uniformly generous, manly, and brave, than the accomplished British sailor.

BURTON, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, draws the following pretty picture of the "green sedge banks" of a "sweet winding" stream.

If so be the angler catch no fish, yet he hath a wholesome walk by the brook side, pleasant shade, by the sweet silver streams; he hath good air, and sweet smells of fine fresh meadow flowers; he hears the melodious harmony of birds; he sees the swans, herons, and many other fowl, with their brood, which he thinketh better than the noise of hounds, or blast of horns, and all the sports that they can make.

The following well describes the various merits of Dr. Parr's celebrated "Spital Sermon."

There is in it all the perspicuity of Tillotson, and all the solidity of Clarke, united with the florid elegance of Seed, the pathos of Sterne, and the copious fluency of Blair.

A modern satirist thus derides false sensibility.

Belinda is remarkably fond of pathetic novels, tragedies, and elegies. Sterne's sentimental beauties are her peculiar favourites. She cannot bear the idea of killing animals for food. She detests the sports of fishing and hunting, because of their ineffable cruelty. She is ready to faint when her coachman whips his horses, when they will not draw up hill; and she actually fell down in a fit, on a gentleman's treading on her favourite cat's tail, as he eagerly stooped to save her child from falling into the fire. She wrote a sublime deification of an earth-worm, which she once accidentally crushed as she was endeavouring to rescue a fly from a spider. It concludes thus:

But cease to weep...no more to crawl
In the dark earth beneath yon wall,
On snow white pinions thou shalt rise,
And claim thy place in yonder skies.

See *Belinda's Effusions of Sentiment*.

If men of genius were content sometimes to remain in the shade, they would with more advantage come forth into sun-shine, and find the brightness intercepted by fewer clouds.

RUNNING MATCH.

Plymouth, Feb. 14.

A most extraordinary feat of active running was performed by lieutenant Rowan, of the twenty-ninth regiment of foot, quartered at Dock barracks, on the lines there; the bet was fifty guineas, the match to be performed in forty-two minutes. Lieutenant R. dressed in a flannel jacket, set off from Clarence street, No. 4, at eleven o'clock, a.m. a man of war's ten-oared barge was in waiting at Mutton Cove. Lieutenant R. crossed the passage, jumped over the barge on the beach, ran up the very steep hill of Maker's Heights to the middle barracks, in presence of several officers, touched the barrier, ran down the hill, jumped into the boat, crossed the passage again, and returned to No. 4, Clarence-street, in forty minutes, apparently without fatigue. The distance is, exclusive of the passage, two miles and a half to Maker's barracks, and two miles and a half back to Clarence-street. [London paper.

A curious instance of swindling detected, and yet effecting its purpose, occurred a few nights since:—A shop-keeper in Edinburgh, having retired to his back-shop, left the charge of the front apartment to a faithful dog. A genteel dressed woman soon after entered, and, without ceremony, laid hold of a parcel, which had been left to be called for by a customer. The dog, true to his charge, with as little ceremony, laid hold on the thief, who dropped the parcel, and screamed aloud. The shop-keeper instantly came forward, beat the faithful guardian of his property, released the woman, and, satisfied with some trifling question, which she put as an excuse for her call, politely apologized for the rude reception she had experienced. More civil still, observing the parcel on the floor, he requested to know whether she had dropped it. Receiving, of course, an answer in the affirmative, the parcel was politely delivered to her, received with equal politeness, and, with many expressions of thanks, the lady walked off, unmolested, with her booty.

[Ibid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLSCHOOL,

SIR,

An absence in Europe, for ten months, has prevented my troubling you with any of my productions: but, since I am returned, I observed in your files, that you are pleased to invite me. Judge of the following. G. L. G.
Baltimore, May 16, 1802.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON READING IN HER MEMORANDUM BOOK

"When I die, may not one heart be griev'd,
And not one tear bedew my lonely tomb."

HAMMOND.

AND is it then MARIA's wish to die,
Without one flow'ret strew'd upon her bier;
Forgotten in the mouldering tomb to lie,
Unhail'd by love's or friendship's soothing tear?

Have the world's cares so early touch'd thy breast,
Has its ingratitude assail'd thy heart?
That thou should'st wish, by secret thoughts oppress'd,
From all its social joys at once to part?

Has it been thine the deadly pang to feel,
That springs incessant from the wounds of love;
By law condemn'd thy sufferings to conceal,
From him, who only could thy pangs remove?

Oh! then I pity thy distressing fate!
For I have felt the anguish of the flame;
Have known the tortures of the lover's state,
Nor dar'd my anguish nor my love proclaim!

But thou hast never known false friendship's guile;
Love never yet has mark'd thee as his prey;
I know it by the ever-placid smile,
That from thy bosom sheds its cloudless ray!

Yet should the pains of silent love be thine,
Or hadst thou fall'n in falsehood's subtle snare;
Not all the evils, which in both combine,
Should give the youthful bosom to despair.

How then can'st thou, whilst innocent and gay,
And young and lovely and by all belov'd,
With every joy of life to own thy sway,
By the cold misanthrope's desires be mov'd,

Misanthropy's a weed of pallid hue,
That grows neglected in the desert's gloom;
No sun e'er cheers it, and no soft'ning dew
Falls on its branch, or gives its leaves perfume.

Yet what besides could e'er desire to fall,
Like the rude bramble in the forest's shade,
Or like the stone from yon time-ruin'd wall,
No eye to mark the vacuum it made.

Were life resolv'd into the narrow span
Of mortal years, and fill'd with mortal pain,
What thought could cheer the parting hour of man?
No friend to mourn him, and no heaven to gain.

No....the fond hope, which tells that after death
Our men'ry here shall live, or soul above,
Glads us beneath the latent throb of breath,
And shews how easy 'tis from earth to move.

Then banish from thy mind this sullen care,
Nor yield thy soul to her corroding chain;
Recall the accents of unfelt despair,
And shock not nature with a wish so vain.

Yes it is vain....for on thy silent grave,
Shall Friendship mourn the virtues it immures;
There agonized Love shall nightly rove,
And tell thy shade the sorrows he endures.

O thou wilt smile; the beam of pure delight
Shall to thy eyes more heavenly lustre give,
As from the world thou tak'st thy lasting flight,
To know that in their hearts thou still shalt live.

And when thy sacred spirit hovers round
The throne of pure beatitude above,
Pleas'd wilt thou listen to the flattering sound,
That wafts the faith of unabated love.

FERDINANDO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO ELIZA.

'TIS not those eyes, that sparkle fire,
That breast, which pants with soft desire,
The rose's, or the lily's hue,
Alone that charm, dear girl, in you;
No! with more rapture I descry
The tear that stands in Pity's eye.

With all those charms of form and face,
A winning smile, a soften'd grace,
A manner frank, devoid of pride,
And dimple Nature for thy guide,
O! never let that beauty die,
The tear that stands in Pity's eye.

Ao.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE MAID OF DONALBLAYNE.

A SCOTTISH RALLAD.

Æole sisteminas, tumidique residite fluctus
Innocuz faveant pontus et aura rati.

OVID.

"THE dashing surges gently break,
The moon illumes the watery plain,
The zephyrs fan the sails. Awake,
My blue eyed maid of Donalblayne.

"My soul disdains each meaner art,
No studied terms my passion prove,
While warm with life, thy Malcolm's heart
Shall beat with never-dying love.

"A captive at thy feet I've sigh'd,
Five tedious years I've sued in vain;
Then bless these arms my bonny bride,
My blue-eyed maid of Donalblayne."

The lovely maid descended slow,
And pac'd the stairs with cautious tread,
She felt her kindling blushes glow,
And thus in falt'ring accents said:

"And must I pass the salt sea wave?
And must I quit a woman's fears?
Must I, an exil'd outcast, have
A father's curse, a mother's tears?

"And shall I, wand'ring on the deep,
Glenalpin's boasted lineage stain?
And leave an aged sire to weep
His faithless maid of Donalblayne?

"And wilt thou love me, gentle youth,
When these few charms for aye are flown?"
"Sweet maid this heart with love and truth
Shall ever beat for thee alone."

No footstep stirr'd, the winds were hush'd,
Each eye was clos'd in balmy rest,
To Marion's arms lord Malcolm rush'd,
And clasp'd the trembler to his breast.

The vessel swept the dimpled tide,
And bounded lightly o'er the main,
But Marion hung her head, and sigh'd
A long adieu to Donalblayne!

The Kelpie*, from his coral cave,
Beheld the gallant vessel glide,
And destin'd to a watery grave
Lord Malcolm and his bonny bride!

He sprang up from his dark abode,
He bade the blasts the sea deform;
On whirlwind's wings sublime he rode,
And furious urg'd the howling storm.

Lord Malcolm saw the bursting wave,
Impending with resistless sweep;
It 'whelm'd the shatter'd bark, and gave
Its tumbling burden to the deep.

Young Malcolm stemm'd the boiling tide,
And long the lovely Marion bore;
Then clasp'd in death his bonny bride,
And struggling sank to rise no more.

The clouds dispers'd, the morning blush'd,
The orb of day majestic beam'd,
The winds in softest sleep were hush'd,
And bright the liquid mirror gleam'd.

Rage fir'd Glenalpin's haughty soul,
He curs'd Duncathmore's hostile Thane;
"Thy ruffian hand," he cried, "hath stole
My child, the flower of Donalblayne!"

He saw the wreck, he sought the strand,
Where breathless corpses mingled lay;
He knelt upon the wave-beat sand,
And clasp'd his Marion's lifeless clay.

He climb'd the sea rock's bustling brow,
Exulting mark'd the dashing wave;
Then cast one frenzied look below,
And rush'd, unbidden to the grave!

With silver splendour o'er the tide,
When steals the moon's enamour'd beam,
Their shrouded ghosts will wailing glide,
Beneath the wan and chilly gleam.

O'er ocean, when the midnight bell
Its sad and sullen murmur flings,
Will Marion strike, with wildest swell,
Her shadowy lyre's fantastic strings.

The fisher oft, whose fear-struck eyes
See lights illumes the restless main,
Suspends his dashing oar, and cries,
"Alas! sweet maid of Donalblayne!"

* The water-fiend. Vide Collins's Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 24.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXIII.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

IN reading your 22d number, my attention was taken by some remarks on novels, under the signature of J. D. I read his letter to Samuel Saunter more than once, as the subject has always had some interest with me, but am sorry to confess, that I do not very clearly comprehend his meaning. It seems, however, to be his purpose to decry the writings of Richardson, and to show, that Le Sage, Smollet, and Fielding are much better teachers of morality than he. For this end, he tells us, that the former exhibits improbable scenes, characters too perfect for imitation, and exalts the brilliant and heroic qualities, generosity, benevolence, and compassion, on the ruins of the humble and unostentatious, but more solid and useful virtues, of prudence, economy, justice. The latter, on the contrary, exhibit manners and characters, *whose prototype is in nature*; they place their personages in scenes, that may actually occur in real life; by shewing the errors into which passion may betray us, they tend to render virtue amiable, and vice odious. This appears to be the meaning of your correspondent: yet I state this meaning with diffidence. I suspect *myself* of misapprehension, not only because the style of J. D. is not remarkably clear, but because these sentiments are very strange in one, who has read either of the works of any of the authors mentioned.

Let us consider, for a moment, the article of *probability*. Yet it is difficult to say any thing on this head, for where is the standard of probability? Each one must judge of the fidelity of any portrait, by his knowledge of the original. How far a narrative truly represents the general lineaments of human nature, each one must judge, from his opportunities of knowing himself and others. It is by this process that I think myself to have discovered Richardson to be the most perfect, various, and vivid painter, that ever took pencil in hand; that no other ever portrayed a greater number and variety of figures, with more vividness, minuteness, and accuracy. In this opinion I shall not be surprised, if another differ from me; nor do I know in what way to discuss the question with an adversary. Each one must appeal and rely on his own experience, nor will nor ought he to admit of any other decision.

Your correspondent tells us, indeed, that Richardson's are "faultless monsters;" by which I would suppose he would insinuate, that his personages are too good to be natural. One cannot but smile at this objection, when we recollect, that there is only one character in each of his three complicated pieces, whom the writer intended to represent as

very excellent. None of them are, in a rational estimate, nor were designed by the author to be, faultless. Besides these three, all his characters are examples of that mixture, which J. D. thinks so beneficial to the reader. As in the persons of Pamela, Clarissa, and Grandison, the writer intended to exhibit very excellent beings, it was requisite to diversify the scene, by the introduction of characters, of different degrees and kinds of merit, compounded in different ways, of good and bad. In Pamela and Clarissa, indeed, the great objection has been, that the scene is too full of depravity. Almost all the actors, but one, are selfish, depraved, and inhuman; one of them, indeed (Lovelace), to a degree almost surpassing credibility. There are many, who, judging from their own hearts, pronounce the wickedness of Lovelace to be more flagrant than man can ever sink to. This opinion, though erroneous, is still somewhat creditable to the character of those, who adopt it. But what shall we say to those, who, as is natural to all of us, infer, from their own feelings, that the transcendent virtue of Grandison is impossible, or, as they phrase it, *out of nature*? Unhappy it is, that so many people should consider any great effort of disinterestedness and magnanimity, as unnatural and superhuman.

It is remarkable, that the union of vicious and agreeable qualities, of crimes and talents, in Lovelace, has been thought to stand in need of vindication, on the same grounds as those, which J. D. adopts in defence of his favourites. The vindication, indeed, is superfluous: nobody, but one already depraved beyond the reach of amendment, can find, in Lovelace, any thing provoking imitation. The whole texture of the story tends to nothing but to convince us, that wit and genius become the more signally disastrous to the possessor, as they are allied with malice and revenge. If Richardson's two first works be blameable, as exhibiting too rueful and shocking a picture of human calamity and wickedness, amply has he atoned for these faults, by displaying, in his third performance, the sublime and transporting picture of a good, great, and wise man. And yet Grandison's virtues are called forth by the faults and miseries of others, so that the work is far from being a tissue of faultless characters, and magnanimous actions.

What J. D. says about Richardson's "contrast between one virtue and another; a war of duties, where the cardinal duties are made subordinate to the shewy and extraordinary ones; filial duty to love and friendship; prudence, justice, economy, to benevolence, generosity, compassion," I do not well know what to make of it. These are the common objections to the trash of modern novels, but no one, I imagine, who ever read Richardson, could dream for a moment that they are applicable to him; on the contrary, the pictures, which he draws, are directly opposite to this. The palm is invariably bestowed by him on the social and domestic virtues, on piety, filial duty, humility, and charity. The good child, parent, consort, and friend, are the portraits on which this writer loves to dwell with complacency. He must be strangely mistaken, who imagines that Richardson was what

is vulgarly called a *sentimentalist*. The inundation of froth and sentiment, in the form of novels, which cover, in this age, the shelves of our libraries, has taken place in direct contempt and defiance of the precepts and example of Richardson.

As to Fielding and Smollet, I must willingly admit the pretensions of the former to the praise of a faithful copyist of nature. In his three works, the course of events and the completion of the personages are sufficiently probable; yet, if the excellence of the character be any proof of its improbability, I am afraid that Fielding will be as open to objection as Richardson. In Alworthy, Amelia, and Joseph Andrews, the author has evidently given us his notions of a perfect character. Thus it appears, that the principal personages, in two of his pieces, and a very important one in his third and greatest performance, are the "faultless monsters," whom J. D. so much condemns. I will leave your correspondent to prove what pernicious and immoral influence such models of purity, magnanimity, and generosity must have upon the reader; but I think he must confess, if he has read both authors, that the objection arising from this source is just as applicable to Fielding, as to Richardson.

It is unlucky for your correspondent, that the objection he urges against Richardson and his followers, is only applicable to his favourites. Fielding's heroes, if Jones and Amelia's husband deserve that exclusive name, are only saved from contempt and aversion, by the courage, generosity, and candour which distinguish them. These qualities there are, that, in spite of their follies and vices, make them regarded, by some, with complacency and approbation, and constitute the danger there is of being led, by their example, to prefer these shewy and brilliant qualities, to the solid and humble merits of "prudence, justice, and economy."

As to Smollet, he is far inferior to the other, in every thing but wit. His characters, for the most part, are caricatures, whose greatest merit lies in their power to make us laugh at their humour and extravagance. It would be difficult to point out a more profligate and hurtful book than "Peregrine Pickle." "Roderick Random" is a tissue of low adventures; the history of a man without steadiness or principle, and who can be, by turns, a gambler, heiress-hunter, sharper, sailor, and soldier, and I know not what, and who, at last, becomes sober and rich, in a way from which the reader can derive no useful instruction. In "Count Fathom," there is still prevailing the same spirit of low adventure and chicanery. The count is a mere cheat and ruffian. "Sir Launcelot Greaves," with abundance of coarse, vulgar, and otherwise exceptionable scenes, is the most moral and instructive of all Smollet's works. It is, however, a very lame imitation of Cervantes.

As to the *usefulness* of these several performances, we must consider, that the tendency of a book of this kind does not consist so much in the good or bad, the prosperous or adverse nature, the loftiness or lowness of the incidents and characters, but in the light in which the author places

all these; the inferences which his contrivance and arrangement naturally suggest. How differently will the same story be told by a *pure* and a *profligate* narrator? How will the same event inculcate opposite lessons, according to the light in which different hands exhibit it? Without entering into metaphysical inquiries into the "why" and the "wherefore," it is evident, that the tendency of fictitious narrations, and, in truth, of narratives of all kinds, depends upon the judgment, the taste, and the views of the narrator.

Smollet's wit and genius were considerable, but his moral discernment was far from being unexceptionable, and his taste far from being pure. He apparently delights in vulgar and profligate company, and of simple and sublime virtue he knows nothing. "The impulses of sentiment," "a thoughtless generosity," seem to be the height of his ken. The plain, sober, uniform excellence of reason or religion, are not to be looked for in his volumes.

Fielding is coarse, vulgar, and indelicate; recruiting officers, courtezans, sharpers, and adventurers, are too much the company to his liking. An ale-house kitchen, the humours of a landlady and chambermaid, are the scenes most congenial to his experience and taste. The pure and the sound mind will extract wisdom from every thing, and Fielding and Smollet will ever be valued by judicious readers, for their wit, their strong and vivid portraits of human characters, and the testimony which their ingenious narrations, with more or less energy, afford to the beauty and the usefulness of virtue: but the approbation which, with regard to them, will be qualified and moderate, will soar into something like rapture, at the pathetic and varied eloquence, the moral grandeur and sublimity of Richardson. In him, they will behold the opposite extremes of vice and virtue depicted with equal energy; the tenants of the cottage and the palace, the convent and the brothel, portrayed with equal truth; and the human character copiously and vividly painted, as it is modified by the differences of sex, rank, age, fortune, religion, and country. What chiefly provokes their wonder is, that he, who can descend so low, can, by turns, ascend so high; can realize, with equal exactness and force, the feelings of greatness and meanness; of riches and poverty; of humility and arrogance; of man and woman; of servant and master; and of vice and virtue.

If, by some strange alternative, the existence of the works of Richardson should become incompatible with that of the productions of all other moralists and inventors, I should not hesitate to say—"Let Richardson remain, though all others perish."

And now, with a full knowledge of all the ridicule and pity, which such a declaration must draw upon me, I conclude with begging your excuse, and craving a place for
H. E.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XIX.

Continuation....No system of national education....Improvements of the land are not effected....Emigrations from Europe are not encouraged.

THE congress has not, hitherto, concerned itself at all about a system of national education. It has left this subject entirely to the state legislatures, who have likewise effected very little to this purpose. Pennsylvania has indeed made a

law, that a public library should be formed, in the principal town of every county, from which the inhabitants of the district might borrow books, without cost, and a public teacher be appointed and paid by the state; but I never met either with the teacher or the library in the county towns. Probably there was a want of funds, or else the law was forgotten. Ten years ago, an university for the Germans, called Franklin college, was established, by law, in the city of Lancaster. Of this university, there is nothing extant: absolutely nothing, but the letters of the law, and the paper upon which it is printed. Such is the case with most good things in America; it is barely ideal; the execution is altogether wanting. So it is with the new cities to be built, with the canals, and public roads. Such improvements of the country are always attempted to be effected by lotteries, which are adapted to the speculating spirit of the nation, and support it: for fifteen or twenty per cent are deducted from the prizes, and this deduction supplies the fund for the undertaking. It is not, however, always sufficient, for the dearth, of which I have already mentioned the causes, increases every month. Hence nothing is completed. The canal between the Susquehanna and the Schuylkill is not even begun; though it has been published in Germany as already completed. Upon the canal between the Schuylkill and the Delaware, a little digging has been done; but it is now again neglected: meanwhile the canal lotteries have had their course. It seems as if the only object of all such plans were to raise lotteries, and yet Pennsylvania is quite distinguished among her sister states in this respect. A turnpike road has likewise been completed from Philadelphia to Lancaster, 66 miles long. It is the only one in North America. But I return to the education of the people.

The youth grow up in stupidity, and unbounded licentiousness. A proper education would be best calculated to counteract the evil habits of the people; the mean selfishness, the drunkenness, the adulteries, the cheats, the thefts, the brawling, the harlotry, the perjuries, &c. all which, as Americans themselves complain, are spreading more and more in the cities, and through the country. In free countries, the people should be more polished, more moral, and better informed, than elsewhere; because they possess more rights, which they must learn to maintain, and not to misuse. In America, generally speaking, neither body nor mind is cultivated; the youth are suffered to vegetate on, until they have grown tall enough to marry; at which time they beget children like themselves, and then sink down amidst material employments and material pleasures, with utter indolence, into the slumbers of death, which come on earlier than in Europe. In respect to education, however, the New-Englanders distinguish themselves advantageously among their fellow-citizens.

Washington, in his speech on the seventh of December, 1796, at the opening of the session, urgently recommended to congress the erection of a national university, and of a military academy, in order, by a homogeneous education, to render the young people from all parts of the union more homogeneous with one another; a measure alone calculated to strengthen the union of the states. It is to be doubted whether the congress will put into effect the proposal of this enlightened statesman.

The emigration from Europe has not been in the smallest degree encouraged by the federal government. What a progress might the cultivation and clearing of the country have made, if it had been? How much would the mass of raw productions, and, of course, the articles of exportation, have been increased! how rapidly would the climate have improved! For it may be believed, that during the last eight years, the vices and follies of Europe would perhaps have driven two millions

of laborious Europeans to America, if the passage, for which the American captains exact such enormous sums, had been provided for them gratis, by hiring ships for that special purpose; if land, cattle, instruments of agriculture, and seed had been distributed to them gratis; if certain years of exemption had been allowed them, after the expiration of which they should have paid to the public a contribution in kind, raised upon their lands, and invariably fixed. The nation would thus have been repaid richly, and with interest, all the sums expended upon these inland colonies. The climate and soil would have been ennobled, if I may so express myself, by this general culture. The nation would have gained immensely in political importance and stability by this increased population. There are not only to the westward of the Alleghany mountains, lands more than enough for the reception of these foreigners, but there are likewise in those mountains themselves fruitful vallies yet uninhabited, and towards the north-west, a region, the cultivation of which would immediately improve the climate, are extensive and fruitful forest lands. Among these new-comers, those, who were related or acquainted with each other, or had come from the same country, should have been settled together, and the families of every division should have been obliged to settle close to one another, with their lands bordering upon each other, whereby the disadvantages of insulated situations, for which Europeans are not proper, and the attacks of the Indians, would have been provided against. The emigrations, however, only of families, or at least of married people, should have been encouraged, and all possible care taken to keep off vagabonds. The American government gives no encouragement to emigration; and, in particular, views with no favouring eye the settlement of Frenchmen in the westerly regions; probably from the fear that the uneasy spirit of that nation might inspire projects of independence: especially as the land on the Mississippi and Ohio formerly belonged to France, under the name of Louisiana. If, however, the government has some reason to see with reluctance the migration of Frenchmen, it should still have encouraged, in the manner above described, that of Germans, and the other northern nations of Englishmen and Scotsmen; but not that of the lowest class of Irishmen.

CHAP. XX.

Continuation....No gratuitous administration of Justice....Post-office....The government endeavours to procure itself partizans by the distribution of numerous offices....Servile imitation of European usages....The diminution of the National Debt still uncertain....Bank-note system.

It would have been certainly pleasing to have seen in the world one enlightened government, which should have made the administration of justice gratuitous; which should have paid the judges liberally, but without allowing them to draw an income from lawsuits; where every one should be obliged to plead his own cause, and thereby the tribe of lawyers forever extirpated. The federal government did not chuse to assume such a character, and left every thing altogether upon the old footing.

A free circulation of letters, books, newspapers, &c. at the expense of the government would have been a novel institution, extremely important to trade, and to the circulation of knowledge. The American government established a post-office; but it was for the purpose of drawing revenue from it, and of having offices to distribute. It seems as if generally the government sought to procure dependence, by the means of impost, excise, and post-office offices. The rate of postage is enormous.

Some time ago, letters might be sent by the stage-coaches, which could require no pay for the carriage of them, or of newspapers. This is now forbidden, so that the revenues of the post-office may not be reduced; all which is in imitation of European establishments, when the Europeans themselves begin to view with disgust their errors hitherto. The Americans will always follow, though at a distance, the example of the Europeans.

The payment of the national debt has not yet been at all attempted, under the federal government, for Mr. Gallatin maintained in the house of representatives, of congress, in the session of 1796, that during the eight years of its existence, six millions of dollars of new debt had been contracted. It was determined to inquire into this, in the session of 1797. It is remarkable that a fact like this should not be ascertained, in a republic, where the national accounts are published. But the reduction of the public debt is far less than its augmentation, in the spirit of this government, and of the funding system, which it has adopted; for, according to the greatness of the debt, the number of creditors increases, and it becomes their interest to support the system and the government, under whose protection it was established. Thus, the number of its dependents increases with the greatness of its debt.

The congress has left the laws as it found them. It will be said, that to regenerate these was the duty of the state legislatures; but the congress has not even proposed to them any improvements. It has, however, intended to introduce a general rule of proceeding with respect to bankruptcy, which it expressed in a very extraordinary way, "an uniform system of bankruptcy." But perhaps it was found best to leave the thing as it was, for every thing still remains upon the old footing. To grow rich rapidly, bankruptcy is the most effectual mode, for in America credit is easily obtained. A man consorts with another scoundrel, who shares with him half the plunder, to make over to him all his estate, by means of a judgment bond. This is a judicial instrument, which entitles its holder to payment before all other creditors. It is, in some sort, a first hypothecation. Hereupon a bankruptcy ensues; the bankrupt goes to jail; swears that he does not possess five pounds property; is discharged; and then all is paid, and the Americans declare such a man to be a d—d clever fellow. The two scoundrels divide the plunder between them, and from that time their circumstances begin to flourish. It often happens, however, that the holder of the judgment bond, contrary to the agreement, keeps the whole to himself. This happened during my residence in Philadelphia. But then he is held in abhorrence by all the honourable bankrupts and false swearers, and is no longer trusted. The Americans must have a sympathetic feeling for bankrupts, for they often give them the preference at elections. "He is," say they, "an unfortunate gentleman, and must have a lucrative office, &c."

Upon all these enormities the congress has hitherto laid no restraint. An abolition of all credit, so that the laws should give no security to property, consisting in debts, would perhaps every where, and especially in America, be useful; it would empty the prisons of debtors. In fine, every state has its different laws. In New-Jersey, certain crimes are punished with hanging; in Pennsylvania not. Those, who wish to fight a duel, go from Philadelphia into Jersey, that is, they cross the river. All this is gothic anarchy. The assertion that different climates require different laws, should generally be applied only to the extremes of climate. The United States are, in this respect, not so distant from one another as to require totally different laws. With respect to slavery in

the southern states, congress has done nothing at all.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

THE ensuing criticism upon JUNIUS, that legitimate English classic, as he is justly styled in the "Pursuits of Literature," will be diligently perused by men of literary research, when they are apprized, that it is the production of one of the first classical scholars of the age, and that it has the double merit of being both just and new.

When thousands are in search of fame, and desirous to attain it by the hardest exertions, it seems wonderful, that any writer, whose works have received unbounded applause, should choose to let his name continue in the darkest obscurity.... Other reasons, and not the contempt of fame, must have prevented him from claiming the glittering prize. Fear of resentment from the persons, whom he may have censured, or a change in the sentiments, which he may have advanced with rash confidence, must be the real causes for his preference of concealment to glory. "I am the sole depositary of my own secret," says Junius; but, unless death has sealed it up for ever, it may be expected that the secret will burst the bars of its sepulchre, when the danger of its escape shall be removed by time.

But the writings of Junius afford, at this period, more matter of contemplation to the man of taste and literature, than to the politician. More Attic than Cicero, more florid than Demosthenes, he has reached the desirable point of excellence, where the correct stops short of the jejune, and the ornamented shuns the affected, the diffuse, and the declamatory.

No writings, on political subjects, are to be found in the English language comparable, in elegance of style and composition, to the letters of Junius. Bolingbroke was incorrect and unequal. He has, indeed, many spirited passages in his Patriot King, and some which bear a resemblance to Junius, but which do not equal him. His stream rolls not like a majestic river, with undiminished magnificence, but tumbles on like a temporary torrent, rushing over fragments of rocks and stumps of trees, impeded by bushes, clogged with weeds, and often turbid with a muddy comixture.

The periodical papers, of the age of Bolingbroke, which attracted much attention, during the violence of party attachment, exhibit but few specimens of fine composition. I never found any passages extracted from the Craftsman, Cato's Letters, and the rest of that species, which could pretend to any remarkable elegance of style or manner. Many of them had force of expression, and subtilty of argument, but the best of them seem not to maintain a place among the English classics. They were not formed for duration. They may be compared to the puffs and tartlets of the pastry cook, which are only good immediately after they are drawn out of the oven; or to some kinds of perishable fruit, which are no sooner ripe than rotten, which must be eaten immediately, or given to the swine*.

Junius, indeed, when he writes on common subjects, writes like common men. He was one of those writers, whose genius is excited by the dignity of his subject, and rises adequately to the oc-

casion. His preface is but of moderate excellence; his Philo-Junius, confessedly written by himself, would not have distinguished him from the herd; and his notes are worthy of little distinction.

On the disgrace of lord Mansfield, the duke of Grafton, the duke of Bedford, and sir William Draper, he has reared a column of fame, more durable and beautiful than brass or marble. Those exalted personages were unfortunate in the circumstance of being coeval with such a writer. The hand of Genius has disgraced their honours with a cross bar, which neither heraldry nor the mandate of a monarch can remove. The arrow, shot from such a bow, stuck in their sides, never to be extracted. Posterity will read their characters in the letters of Junius, when friendship and party shall be no longer able to wipe off the colours that have stained them. I enter not into the justice or injustice of his invectives. I believe them often unjust. I only remark, that as it was deemed the highest good fortune to an Achilles to be celebrated by a Homer, so it is the most deplorable fate of these gentlemen to have been stigmatized with infamy, by a Junius. The duke of Bedford might have purchased forbearance of Junius cheaply, at the price of half his enormous fortune, if Junius had been venal. Truth is, indeed, great, and will, in time, prevail; but where, our descendants will ask, are the beneficent actions, the noble achievements of these personages recorded, to counterbalance or invalidate the representations of Junius?

The letter to the king, though one of the finest compositions in the volumes, I cannot approve, because it was intended to add pungency to the thorns of a crown. Ministers and public persons, of all ranks, who are aiming at the rewards of ambition, under the pretence of patriotism, are fair objects of political satire; but a king of England is empowered, by the constitution, to act so little of himself, that the blame of transactions that pass under his name cannot, with justice, be imputed to his personal activity. The peculiar nature of the unfortunate illness, which has since afflicted the king, induces every man of common good nature to wish, that whatever may have corroded his breast with painful sensations, not absolutely unavoidable, had never been presented to his notice. The pen of Junius was like the steel of Felton. The knife of Margaret Nicholson was a straw to the weapon of Junius.

But, on this topic, I add no more. I designed to consider Junius only in a literary light. And though, in common with the nation, I admire his letters, as fine pieces of eloquence of that kind, which the ancient rhetoricians denominated the *epidictic*; though I consider him as the VERY FIRST OF OUR ENGLISH CLASSICS; though I admire his terse language, his keen wit, his polished satire; yet I regret that he did not exercise his talent on subjects of universal and everlasting concernment, on morals, on letters, on history. He might have produced works, which would not only have charmed, but improved, an admiring nation. But Sybil-line pages, on temporary politics, seldom have survived their authors to any distant period.... Great and important as the men and actions of the present day appear to the present generation, they will not appear great to posterity, who will have their own heroes of their own day, to form the transient pageants of the hour. The genius of Junius, and nothing but such a genius could do it, will embalm the more trifling topics of his letters, as straws and flies are preserved in amber. But they will be retained rather in the cabinets of the curious, than diffused among the world at large. Whereas, a work of general utility, such as must interest human nature, in all times and circumstances, adorned with the graces, which he was able to bestow, would have been cherished by mankind with affection and regard, which has preserv-

* Porcis bodis comedenda relinques....HORACE.

ved to this hour the authors of the age of Pericles and Augustus.

I am so pleased with COWLEY's easy prose, that from a liberal sentiment of regard for his genius in general, I sometimes look into his poetry, and here and there find a short poem, or a few lines, with which not only my judgment is satisfied, but my fancy is amused. I avoid his "*Mistress*," as the most frigid creature, that ever the muse embodied. I skip over his "*Dauides*," as a rumbling epic, if possible, more grating to the ear, than the "*scrammel pipe*" of the noisy Blackmore. As I abhor metaphysics in any mode, his metaphysical lays are not calculated to sooth me, and the fantastic flutter of his *Pindaric* hoyden excites as little complacency, as the affected gaiety of a hobbling old maid. Of his tedious verse, descriptive of the properties of plants, not even Linnæus would scan a line; and to the loves of "*Constantia* and *Philetus*," the most sentimental of modern misses would not devote the most languid of her summer hours. But I have not often perused a more lively copy of the festal pleasures of a merry Greek, than in the "*Anacreontics*," and few of the moderns, who, either drunk or sober, have attempted to carol the praises of love and wine, have sung so cheerily, as Cowley, in these airy odes. Another performance remains to be favourably excepted, from the above mass of censure. I allude to the "*Chronicle*," in which the poet, as in a sort of calendar, registers the vicissitudes of his love, and, like a grave historian, composes the annals of the various empresses, who, in succession, mildly governed, or haughtily swayed, a susceptible and fickle heart. Of this bewitching performance, all encomium is superseded by the elegant panegyric from the pen of JOHNSON, who has invested this lovely child of a poet's fancy with the richest brocade, and ushers the darling into the drawing-room of taste, with the eager partiality of a fond friend, and the polished phrase of an accomplished courtier.

"The *Chronicle* is a composition unrivalled and alone: Such gaiety of fancy, such facility of expression, such varied similitude, such a succession of images, and such a dance of words, it is vain to expect, except from Cowley. His strength always appears, in his agility; his volatility is not the flutter of a light, but the bound of an elastic mind. His levity never leaves his learning behind it; the moralist, the politician, and the critic, mingle their influence even in this airy frolic of genius. To such a performance, Suckling could have brought the gaiety, but not the knowledge; Dryden could have supplied the knowledge, but not the gaiety."

THE CHRONICLE,
A BALLAD.

Margarita first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita first of all;
But when awhile the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign,
To the beauteous Catharine;
Beauteous Catharine gave place,
Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart,
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsils ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary, then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began;
Alternately they sway'd,
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose,
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me:
But soon these pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died,
In her Youth and Beauty's pride.
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power,
Wondrous beautiful her face,
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susannah took her place.

But, when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And the artillery of her eye,
While she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the bye.

But, in her place, I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her wiceroi maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast.
Bless me from such anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began:
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And the pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long et cetera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts,
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime twigs laid,
By Machiavel...the waiting-maid,
I more voluminous should grow,
Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weathers that befel,
Than Hollingshed, or Stow.

But I will briefly with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Fairest Ellen, first of the name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

Some of the most momentous events in history have sprung from sources trivial or mean; and for some of the most splendid achievements in literature, we are indebted to accidental associations. The soothing vespers of a Franciscan friar, heard amid Roman ruins, excited in the mind of GIBBON a wish to frame the history of the decline and fall of that empire. His description of the first idea of that performance, and of the tumultuous emotion of delight, experienced by an author, when his "*task is smoothly done*," will be understood and relished by the ethereal few.

It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the capitol, while the bare footed fryars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception of my history; I shall now commemorate

• Milton's Comus.

the hour of my final deliverance. It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last lines of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy, on the recovery of my freedom, and, perhaps, the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future date of my history, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

He was perfumed like a millener,
And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose.....

A DRAWING-ROOM BEAU.

HAVING some time figured in this envied character, I shall, for the benefit of future candidates, detail the qualifications necessary to acquire and support it.

Procure your coats of *Watson*, hat of *Tiffin*, and boots of *Bedford*. Let no occupation interfere with your morning visits. Be seen seldom in the company of men; often as possible with fashionable females; and pass no lady of your acquaintance in the streets, without joining her, however urgent your other business. Never smoke! and shun convivial associations, for if you are once known to belong to a club, all character in the drawing-room is gone forever, had you the qualities of a If nature has given you a tolerable memory, employ it in retaining accurately the figures of the various dances in use. This last is a certain way of rising into consequence, and, if pursued with assiduity and perseverance, will, in the course of a few years, lead to preferment, possibly to the post of *manager of the assemblies*. If you be endowed with fancy and eloquence, descendant upon the weather, the shape of a coat, or figure of a fan: if stupid, declare it too *d.....d* troublesome to talk. Lounge in all companies, upon chairs and sophas; when spoken to, answer concisely, and with a careless shrug, and you will pass current for a wit: *probatum est!* But, should there be unfortunately a spice of literature in your composition, conceal it with the most extreme caution: I knew a first-rate beau degraded by a classical quotation, and have myself sunk into total disregard, by asking my friend *Slender*, just returned from a *two days' visit* to Rome, if he had seen the bagnios of Dioclesian and Antoninus Caracalla, or the sepulchre of Scipio Africanus! In a word, if you wish to shine, follow the rules I have prescribed, and industriously drive from your brain every lurking trace of those deadly enemies to distinction in the gay and fashionable circles, which are known by the terms *information* and *common sense*.

PLUME.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

IN the beginning of April last, at the queen's drawing-room, Mrs. Derby, of Boston, was presented to the queen, by Mrs. King, and was much admired for her beauty, and the simplicity of her

dress, which was of white crape, and tastefully arranged with wreaths of white flowers and beads.

Miss Bingham, who was likewise presented by Mrs. King, wore a black crape petticoat, richly embroidered with black bugles and beads; body and train to correspond. Head dress, tiara of bugles, with diamonds and feathers.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

*Promenade Dresses....*1. A round dress of thick white muslin. Short thick pelice, trimmed all round with deep black lace. Black velvet bonnet, worn with a deep veil. Bear muff.

2. Dress of white cambric, made close round the neck with a collar. A spencer of lilac silk, trimmed with fur or lace. Large straw hat, looped up in front with a straw button, and tied under the chin with ribbon.

3. A round dress of sprigged muslin; long cloak of cambric muslin, trimmed all round with muslin or lace; close bonnet, trimmed and ornamented with lilac.

*Nine Heads....*1. A bonnet of blue satin, trimmed round the front with deep black lace, and ornamented with black feathers.

2. A bonnet of white satin, made open at top to admit the hair, and trimmed all round with chenille trimming; two white feathers in front.

3. A hat of brown velvet, turned up in front, and lined with yellow; brown and yellow feathers in front.

4. A cap of white velvet, spotted with gold, and with gold trimming.

5. A bonnet of white satin and yellow crape, ornamented with a white flower, and with yellow and white bows.

6. A cap of white muslin, trimmed with gold trimming; three white ostrich feathers fixed on the right side to hang in front.

7. The hair dressed in the present fashion, and banded with gold.

8. Round bonnet of velvet, and trimmed with steel beads; purple feather in front.

9. Turban of white satin, with a band of muslin round the front, fastened on the left side with a gold loop; gold flower in front.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

Long cloaks of white muslin have taken place of pelices, and Spanish cloaks of white muslin have also been introduced. Deep white veils are very general. Straws begin to be worn, in a great variety of forms, chiefly large, and of the gipsy and Spanish shapes. Lace is universal, and is introduced into all parts of the dress. The hair is dressed as last month, in light loose curls. The prevailing colours are straw, lilac, green, and blue.

LONDON FASHIONS FOR MAY.

*Promenade Dresses....*1. A plain white dress of white muslin. A scarf shawl of lilac or other coloured muslin, tied down behind with a bow of ribbon, and trimmed at the ends with broad black lace. A small bonnet of lilac muslin (worn with or without a veil), made deeper on the one side than the other, and ornamented with a white feather. A locket watch, suspended by a gold chain from the neck.

2. A train or round dress of white muslin, with a short dress of black patent net worn over it, and trimmed all round with deep lace. Small round hat (worn with or without a veil), with a yellow feather in front.

3. A dress of white muslin, with very full sleeves of muslin and lace. A shirt of cambric and lace, in alternative stripes. Spanish cloak of worked muslin, trimmed round with lace. Straw hat,

turned up behind, trimmed with flowers, and tied under the chin.

*Morning and Evening dresses....*1. Short cloak of fine worked muslin, lined with pink, and trimmed with broad white lace. Bonnet of the same, trimmed with small puffs of muslin.

2. A curricie dress. A close bonnet, made of green silk, and trimmed with black. A spencer also of green silk, trimmed with black lace.

3. A full dress of blue muslin, trimmed with white beads, full white. A twisted turban of white muslin, ornamented with beads, and with a silver spray in front.

4. A full dress, the robe of brown muslin, trimmed all round with a silver trimming, the sleeves of white muslin and lace, with very full epaulets of the same as the dress. A hat of brown muslin, trimmed with silver, to correspond with the dress, and ornamented with feathers.

5. The Dutch straw bonnet, bound with broad white ribbon, and turned up before and behind, and trimmed round the crown withings of white ribbon; muslin scarf shawls.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

White veils and straws of all shapes are general. The prevailing colours are lilac, blue, and yellow. Large hats give place to small round ones. Spanish cloaks, and scarfs of white or coloured muslin, are at present much worn. Feathers continue to be adopted in full dress.

The Philadelphia fashion at present is, in the words of Geoffry Gombado, to be *gentle and agreeable*. The heat of our climate compels both sexes to consult comfort, rather than splendor. Our nymphs, under the double influence of their own warmth, and that of the sun, are obliged to appear in Lacedemonian drapery; and our swains move languidly along, under the pressure of *coatees*, and hats of gossamour. Vulgar nankeen and filthy dowlas are in great request.

Our High-street loungers sport a hat of an enormous circumference. A *small beau* is so overshadowed by one of Tiffin's best, that his *dimensions* to any thick sight are *invisible*.

Otto of roses is the favourite perfume at Paris.

A London perfumer thus invites to *partial purity*:

White hands have ever been esteemed a personal beauty in both sexes, and in some parts of Europe are essential to persons of rank. The Bandana soap, or Indian washing cakes, possess the peculiar property of giving the most exquisite delicacy of texture, and inconceivable fairness to the hands, which are constantly washed with this soap only; and these effects are not produced too suddenly, as if by paint, but gradually, by correcting all the imperfections of the skin, and, when once produced, which they are certain to be by perseverance, they are permanent. Even in cases where the skin has been injured by labour or other violence, the hardness and coarseness are effectually, infallibly, and permanently removed, and succeeded by smoothness, fairness, and delicacy of appearance, which cannot be acquired by any other means whatever. To people of fashion, and others, who have not injured the texture of their skin, the superior excellence of the Bandana soap will be evident after the first time of using it.

From the number of young nudes, whom we daily see, we might suppose that parents had revived the old barbarous custom of *exposing* their children.

A London wag avers, the high winds of March were very *searching*, but the *transparent* style of female dress left few charms to *discover*.

A British mechanic notifies brides, that he fits up *bedsteads* on a *new principle*.

POLITICS.

[We are glad to have an early opportunity to give a liberal analysis of Mr. WINDHAM's sentiments, respecting an insidious, hypocritical, and short-lived peace. We the more cheerfully publish every thing, which can reflect honour on this great statesman, because he is a shining pupil of that school, whose politics, weighed in the balance of Experience, have never proved wanting. If BURKE and WINDHAM be erroneous, then is this

"PILYAR'D firmament rottenness,
And Earth's base built on stubble."]

Review of the Speech of the Right Honourable William Windham, delivered in the House of Commons, November 4, 1801, on the Report of an Address to the Throne, approving of the Preliminaries of Peace with the Republic of France.

MR. WINDHAM began his speech, which displays the spirit, the temper, and the wisdom of a true statesman, of a genuine patriot who loves his country and understands her real interests, with lamenting what appeared to him the probable consequences of the preliminary treaty of peace. He considers the substance of the arguments advanced by ministers and their supporters to be this—that France has the *power* of destroying us, but they hope she will not have the *inclination*. He then, very naturally, bursts out into the following exclamation: "That I should have lived to see the day, when such arguments could be used in a British house of commons!—that I should have lived to see a house of commons, where such arguments could be heard with patience, and even with complacency!" Mr. W. collects, from the speeches on the other side, that ministers reject the supposition of any actual necessity to make peace, but that they make it in order to anticipate such necessity; and thence he contends, that we have acted as Menou acted at Alexandria, and are, consequently, like him, *conquered*! for, he adds, "I know not what other definition we want of being conquered, than that a country can say to us, 'We can hold out, and you cannot; make peace, or we will ruin you; and that you, in consequence, make peace upon terms which must render a renewal of hostilities, under any provocation, more certainly fatal than a continuation of that war, which you already declare yourselves unable to bear.'"

The idea of making the conclusion of peace a mere question of arithmetical calculation, and so regulating the most important concerns of a great empire, by the narrow contracted notions of a counting-house, is most pointedly and successfully ridiculed. Mr. W. readily admits that if the mere pecuniary value of the territory actually conceded to us by the peace, or of that to be acquired by a continuation of the war, were to constitute the only ground of consideration, the peace would have his approbation; but, he truly states, that a statesman ought also to consider "the effect which peace, made in such and such circumstances, is likely to have on the character and estimation of the country; a species of possession, which, though neither tangible nor visible, is as much a part of national strength, and has as real a value, as any thing that can be turned into pounds and shillings, that can be told by the score or hundred, or weighed out in averduoise." This language, no doubt, sounded oddly to the frigid calculators of revenue and expense, but it will be perfectly intelligible to statesmen and politicians, properly so called. As to the estimation of the country in the minds of foreign powers, we have heard that a nobleman of great information and talents, who has recently returned from the continent, reports, that before the peace they *feared* us, and since the peace they *despise* us. The subsequent remarks on the value of national honour are excellent: these are strengthened by the authority of Mr. Fox and of Junius; the latter of whom, speaking of the business of the Falkland

Islands, said "To depart, in the minutest article, from the nicety and strictness of punctilio, is as dangerous to national honour, as it is to female virtue. The woman who admits of one familiarity seldom knows where to stop, or what to refuse; and, when the councils of a great country give way in a single instance, when they are once inclined to submission, every step accelerates the rapidity of their descent." When it is considered that such was the language used by a writer who courted the favour of the people; and contrast it with the arguments now employed for the same purpose, what a lamentable inference must be drawn from the comparison! If France can appreciate such a state of things, we are, indeed, a conquered people!

In the next branch of his argument, Mr. W. examines whether we are left in a better situation by the peace, than we should have been placed in by a continuation of the war; and for this purpose he takes a view of the terms of peace.

"The description of these is simple and easy: France gives nothing, and, excepting Trinidad and Ceylon, England gives every thing. If it were of any consequence to state what in diplomatic language was the basis of this treaty, we must say, that it had no *one* basis; but that it was the *status quo*, on the part of England, with the two exceptions in its favour, of Ceylon and Trinidad; and the *uti possidetis*, with the addition of all the other English conquests, on the part of France. But what may be the technical description of the treaty, is, comparatively, of little importance. It is the result that is material, and the extent of power and territory, now, by whatever means, actually remaining in the hands of France. The enumeration of this, liable indeed in part to be disputed, but upon the whole sufficiently correct, may be made as follows:

"In Europe—France possesses the whole of the continent, with the exception of Russia and Austria. If it be said that parts of Germany, and the Northern courts of Denmark and Sweden are not fairly described as being immediately under the controul of France, we must balance this consideration by remarking the influence which France possesses in these governments, and the commanding position which she occupies with respect to Austria, by the possession of Switzerland and Mantua, and those countries which have been considered always, and twice in the course of the present war, have proved to be, the direct inlet into the heart of her dominions.

"In Asia—Pondicherry, Mahé, Cochín, Negapatam, the Spice islands.

"In Africa—the Cape of Good Hope, Goree, Senegal.

"In the sea that is inclosed by these three continents, which connects them all, and furnishes to us in many respects our best and surest communication with them—the Mediterranean—every port and post except Gibraltar, from one end of it to the other, including the impregnable and invaluable port of Malta; so as to exclude us from a sea, which it had ever before been the anxious policy of Great-Britain to keep in her hands—and to render it now, truly and properly, what it was once idly called, the Sea of France.

"In the West-Indies—St. Domingo, both the French and Spanish, Martinico, St. Lucie, Guadeloupe, Tobago, Curaçoa.

"In North-America—St. Pierre and Miquelon, with a right to the fisheries in the fullest extent to which they were ever claimed; Louisiana, (so it is supposed) a word dreadful to be pronounced, to all who consider the consequences with which that cession is pregnant, whether as it acts northward, by its effects upon the United States, or southward, as opening a direct passage into the Spanish settlements in America.

"In South-America—Surinam, Demerara, Berbice, Essequibo, taken by us and now ceded;—Guiana, and by the effect of the treaty fraudulently

signed by France with Portugal, just before the signature of these preliminaries, a tract of country extending to the river Amazon, and giving to France the command of the entrance into that river.—Whether, by any secret article, the evils of this cession will prove to have been done away, time will discover. In fact, (be that as it may) France may be said to possess the whole of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements upon that continent. For who shall say, that she has not the command of those settlements, when she has the command of the countries to which they belong; *cum custodit ipsos custodes*? She has, in truth, whatever part of the continent of South-America she chooses to occupy; and as far as relates to the Spanish part, without even the necessity, a necessity that probably would not cost her much, of infringing any part of the present treaty.

"Such is the grand and comprehensive circle to which the New Roman Empire may be soon expected to spread, now that peace has removed all obstacles, and opened to her a safe and easy passage into the three remaining quarters of the globe.—Such is the power, which we are required to contemplate without dismay! under the shade of whose greatness we are invited to lie down with perfect tranquillity and composure! I should be glad to know, what our ancestors would have thought and felt in this situation? What those weak and deluded men, so inferior to the politicians of the present day, the Marlboroughs, the Godolphins, the Somers's, the king Williams, all those who viewed with such apprehension the power of Louis XIV. what they would say to a peace, which not only confirms to France the possession of nearly the whole of Europe, but extends her empire over every other part of the globe. Is there a man of them, who would not turn in his coffin, could he be sensible to a twentieth part of that which is passing, as perfect matter of course, in the politics of the present moment?

"But to all these mighty dangers we have, it seems, one great security to oppose; not that degrading and bastard security to which I have before adverted, and to which, I fear, I must again recur—that France is *lassata*, if not *satiata*; that having run down her prey, she will be content to spare it, and be willing for a while to leave us unmolested; but a rational, sober, well-founded security, applicable to the supposition that she may not be wanting in the will to hurt us, but will happily not possess the power. This great security, we are told, is our wealth. We are, it seems, so immensely rich, our prosperity stands on so sure and wide a basis, we have such a pyramid of gold, so beautifully constructed, and so firmly put together, that we may safely let in all the world to do their worst against it; they can never overturn it, and might spend ages in endeavouring to take it to pieces. We seem to consider our commercial prosperity, like those articles of property, timber, marble, and others of that sort, which, however valuable, may be safely left unguarded, being too weighty and bulky to be carried away.

"Sir, the first circumstance that strikes one in this statement, is, that odd inconsistency, by which a country that makes peace on account of its poverty, is to rest its whole hope of security in that peace, upon its wealth. If our wealth will protect us, it is a great pity that this discovery was not made long ago; it would have saved us many years of painful struggle; have kept in our hands a great additional portion of these very means of protection, and have lessened considerably the dangers against which such protection is wanted."

The succeeding pages are devoted to the establishment of this position, not more alarming than just;—"with its present feelings the country never can go to war again, let France do what she will"—and having proved this, Mr. W. adds—"Sir, are these idle dreams, the phantom of my own disor-

dered imagination? or are they real and serious dangers, the existence of which no man of common sense, let his opinions of the peace be what they may, will attempt to deny? The utmost that any man will pretend to say, is, that he hopes (and so do I) that the evils apprehended will not happen; and that, great as the risk may be, he thinks it preferable to those risks which would attend a continuation of the war. None but the most weak or inconsiderate, if they are not disaffected, or absorbed in the sense of some immediate personal interest, will feel, when they shall well understand the subject, that there is any cause of joy or rejoicing." We believe, indeed, the *delirium of joy* is pretty well over, though the daily efforts of some persons, included in Mr. W.'s exceptions, are directed to produce its revival; and to stigmatize as *audacious*, as men actuated by *selfish, dark, malignant passions**, all who presume to think with Mr. W. on the subject of peace, and not implicitly to subscribe to the infallibility of themselves and their employers. We have even been assured that a member of administration proposed to dismiss a gentleman from a public situation, the duties of which he had conscientiously discharged, to the universal satisfaction of all who have had an opportunity of observing his conduct; and, at a critical time, with much personal danger to himself, because he had dared to disapprove the peace, and support his opinions by fair argument. The proposition, however, is said to have been rejected with firmness, by the premier, who justly represented such a proceeding as highly oppressive in itself, and as subversive, in its effects, of the freedom of the press. His conduct certainly did him honour; though it was no more than a knowledge of his character would have led us to expect; for, however we may differ from him in opinion on the subject of the peace, we shall be ever ready to do justice to the amiable qualities of his heart and mind.

(To be continued.)

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE hope "*Daphnis*" will excuse the insertion of "*A Monody on*" We cannot, indeed we cannot, bear this whimpering style. The voice of sincere grief will always command attention, and excite sympathy; but the drawling moan of mincing affectation raises no passion, but contempt. Yet, among our numerous fools, *Daphnis* may find an approving reader, and, in many an *impartial* paper, he will find a *vacant* corner for insipid verse.

For still, the Soul of Candour! I allow'd
These jingling elegies amused the crowd,
That patriot sits hung blubbing on each line,
That lady critics wept, and cried "divine!"
That love-lorn sheep reclin'd the pensive head,
And sentimental ensigns, as they read,
Wiped the sad drops of pity from their eye,
And burst between a hiccup and a sigh.

W. GIFFORD.

We hope that "*JAQUES*" will soon have a fit of poetical melancholy. So agreeable an associate we could wish to hear *conversing* in literary society, but that some of his "*Reflections*" might originate in "*Solitude*."

The unreasonable querulousness of "*Zelinda*" reminds the Editor of a passage, so picturesque and characteristic, that our peevish correspondent may, if she please, *bring the picture home*.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due;
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unloiled hinges, querulously shrill,

* Vide the Twin-brothers, the *True Briton* and *San passion*.

"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
 You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
 Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame,
 And arrant contradictions are the same.
 Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
 His mirth is an inexpressible sin:
 For of all *rials*, that can pain her breast,
 There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
 To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
 Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself!

"A Militia Officer" is equally prodigal of his weak reasons and his strong passion, in behalf of his *holiday* soldiers.

And here all authors make a doubt
 Whether he is more wise, or stout;
 Some hold the one, and some the other;
 But, howsoever they make a pother,
 The difference is so small, his brain
 Outweighs his rage, but half a grain.

We are weary of receiving, and of *burning* wire-drawn poetry, upon frivolous topics. For epitaphs on cats or on kittens, for the toilsome intricacy of *rebus*es, or the *obvious* orthography of an acrostic, the copiousness of the English language does not afford a sufficient variety of degrading epithets to the Editor, to allow him to express half his contempt. The *mechanical* weavers of such flimsy stuff should arise from their little looms, and reflect upon a sensible passage from the modern Pope.

....."When the heaven-born muse
 Shames her descent, and for low earthly views,
 Hums on a beetle's bier the doleful stave,
 Or sits chief-mourner... at a May-bug's grave,
 Satire should scourge her from the vile employ,
 And bring her back to friendship, love, and joy."
 GIFFORD.

P. D. has laid aside his harp. We hope it does not hang upon the willows. Our frequent invitations to this writer are dictated by a sincere spirit. We respect his literary character, and relish his easy verse.

"Beatrice" will relieve the dreariness of politics, and animate the lethargy of our own compositions, by her fluent style, and sprightly wit. Her railery is always well mannered, and men are willing to be laughed at, by one, who excites merriment, by the ward of Good Humour.

At the sight of "An Elegy*," we cannot help shaking the head and looking glum. To the wailing author of these doleful strains, we must apply the caution of Horace to Albius Tibullus.

.....Ne dolas plus nimio memor
 Immitis Glycera, neu miserabiles,
 Decantes elegos.

The imitation of ANACREON is festive and poetical. The carousing poet, with his eye in a *fine frenzy* rolling, discerns many a jovial reveller.

....."Sub arcte
 Vite bibentem."

"Asmodeo" is looked for with a lover's impatience. He is sure of a kind reception. We are not insensible of his partiality to this paper, and we gratefully assure him, that he cannot address us too often.

A new correspondent in the Lounger, signed H. E. is heard, with the most respectful attention, in behalf of Richardson's novels. Of the Pamela of that author, we cannot be very vehement in our eulogy. To our careless eyes, Pamela has always appeared an insipid sort of a maiden; but many scenes and many characters in Clarissa and Sir

Charles Grandison are boldly sketched, with the brightest pencil of Genius. Lovelace is a glaring, though noxious meteor; and, from the outrageous virtue of Miss Howe, even the most prim of Philadelphia pruders might learn new lessons of austerity.

"A Drawing-room Beau" is a humorous caricature, ably hit off, by some moral Gilray, who delights in tracing the distorted features of affectation. We shall always find room in the Port Folio for such pictures.

To the translator of Sketches from La Bruyere, both his author and the Editor are indebted. The first has, hitherto, been very lamely rendered, and the only translation, which we have seen, is one *done into English*, under the *abused* name of Nicholas Rowe, an author of the most soft and sprightly diction. We are pleased to perceive even a *fragment* of a version, by a gentleman, who not only understands the original critically, but is well versed in that knowledge of life and manners, which professor La Bruyere stipulates to teach.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE following matrimonial event happened at Gosport:....A publican there was informed, that his daughter had lately set off to be married to one of the *black cymbalists* of the Wiltshire band, and that only a speedy interference could prevent their being married. The father pursued the couple, but arrived too late to prevent the union. Application being made to the officer, the bridegroom was confined some time, for being absent without leave, and the bride was conducted home, by the mother and constable. She attended to her father's door, where the mother led the van; the constable desired the bride to follow, but she so well timed her manners, by politely saying, "After you, sir," that she persuaded the constable to take precedence, while she took to her heels, and completely effected her escape. [London paper.]

He, who wishes to be instructed in the *morality* of Kotzebue's drama, and of most *French* plays, will learn all that is necessary from the following.

They hold that our nature exists in its utmost purity among savages, and that civilization, and social intercourse are curses. Conformably to these ideas, subjection is servility, and authority tyranny; while liberty and independence are such infeasible rights, that even between a parent and a child, no such sentiments as authority and obedience should subsist. They say that the miseries of mankind do not proceed from divine sufferance, from general depravity, or from the fulfilment of the mysterious plans of Providence, but from the perverse oppression of the *great*, who delight in the miseries of their fellow-creatures.

Allured by the charm of antithesis, modern readers sit down to the perusal of the "*Pitiable Adulteress*," "*The Noble Lie*," "*Generous Revenge*," "*Honest Thieves*," "*The Guiltless Parricide*," "*Errors of Virtue*," "*Amiable Indiscretions*," "*The Innocent Slanderer*," "*Delicate Anger*," and a thousand other absurdities.

IN a catalogue of curious books, lately offered for sale in London, we perceive an Homer editio princeps, of 1448; an Apuleius, 1469; Cicero ad Atticum, 1470; Ciceronis Officia, 1466; Livius, 1470; Quintilian, 1470; Nepos, 1471; and Justin, 1470, all of the editio prin; together with Anacreon Brunckeri, Ovidius Burmanni, and a Combe's Horace, in the most magnificent style of typography. The *Deux Ponts* Greek classics. Variorum Classics, 122 vols. Russia binding. German edi-

tions of the classics, 203 vols. Virgilius Heynii, and the splendid Madrid edition of Don Quixotte.

Mr. *Serjeant Best* has lately been *worsted* in a pugilistic rencontre. The London punsters, who are always upon the *look out* for a good thing, declared that it was certainly degrading to a *serjeant* to receive a *corporal* chastisement.

The duke of Somerset presided at the last public dinner of the literary fund, which was attended by upwards of four hundred gentlemen. Catches and glees were sung after dinner, and messrs. Fitzgerald, Boscawen, and Birch, recited some fine pieces of original poetry. By the treasurer's report, it appears that this laudable institution prospers highly. Among the new subscribers are the duchess of Devonshire and earl Spencer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF DACTYL AND COMMA,
 DEALERS IN ODES, POEMS, SONGS AND ELEGIES, POETS
 CORNER, NO. 2, CAMBRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR,

Having opened a literary shop at this place, where (begging pardon of the Government of the College) there are few good judges of our commodities, we have consigned a package to your care, and if this sample please you, we shall be happy to deal farther with you.

We are, sir,
 Your most obedient, &c.

DACTYL AND COMMA.

SONG.

LET grave philosophers declaim
 Against our joys, and boldly blame
 The pleasures of the vine;
 Should Zeno's self, in glory bright,
 Upon this tipling world alight,
 And swear that drinking was not right,
 I still would love good wine.

Tho' amorous Damon should compose
 A sonnet to his mistress' nose,
 And make her all divine;
 Tho' every grace the maid adorn,
 Tho' pure as is the breath of morn,
 Tho' ripe as is the golden corn,
 I'd give her up for wine.

Although her cheeks should blooming glow,
 Though music from her lips should flow,
 With pleasure I'd resign
 The charming fair, nor would I prize
 The love that sparkles in her eyes;
 My roving fancy from her flies,
 'Tis drawn by generous wine.

Let others sing of other joys,
 The sportsman and the huntsman's noise,
 Or pleasures of the line.
 Let them describe, in numbers gay,
 The bliss of shooting on the spray,
 The lark, who ushers in the day,
 But let my theme be wine.

Come then, my friends, and cheerly stand,
 With each a bumper in his hand,
 Around the juice divine;
 Instead of toasting Daphne's face,
 Or Nimrod, first upon the chace,
 With fervid grasp your glass embrace.
 And toast the God of Wine.

* GOLDSMITH, who had a sovereign contempt for this dismal style of poetry, makes his good Vicar say, Deborah, my life, you know grief is dry; let us have a bottle of the best gooseberry wine to keep up our spirits. I have wept so much, at all sorts of elegies of late, that, without an enlivening glass, I am sure this will overcome me.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The muse of Cunningham has sung sweetly, and with no borrowed strain, in pastoral. He has, with rare felicity, blended sentiment with description, in one of the truest themes of poetry. The ensuing verses, it is believed, were never republished in any American miscellany. They combine moral thoughts, and varied imagery. The picture of the moon, in the sixth stanza, and of the "pendent poppies," in the sixteenth is very charming.]

THE CONTEMPLATIST,

A NIGHT PIECE.

"Nox erat.....
Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres."

THE queen of contemplation, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light,
Her silver vested train.

'Tis strange the many marshall'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears,
And what day drank of dewy balm,
The gentle night repairs.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
The feather'd race how still;
How quiet now the gamesome kid,
That gambol'd round the hill.

The sweets that bending o'er their banks,
From sultry day declin'd,
Revive, in little velvet ranks,
And scent the western wind.

The moon, preceded by the breeze,
That bade the clouds retire,
Appears among the tufted trees,
A phoenix nest on fire.

But soft....the golden glow subsides,
Her chariot mounts on high,
And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
Pale regent of the sky.

Where Time upon the wither'd tree
Hath carv'd the moral chair,
I sit, from busy passions free,
And breathe the placid air,

The wither'd tree was once in prime,
Its branches brav'd the sky:
Thus, at the touch of ruthless time,
Shall youth and vigour die.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse,
It glows serenely gay,
Come, Science, by my side advance,
We'll search the milky way.

Let us descend... the daring flight
Fatigues my feeble mind,
And Science, in the maze of light,
Is impotent and blind.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,
That o'er the moorland ran?
Vapours....how like the vague desires,
That cheat the heart of man.

But there's a friendly guide, a flame,
That lambent o'er its bed,
Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,
The hermit's osier shed.

Among the russet shades of night,
It glances from afar,
And darts along the dusk, so bright,
It seems a silver star.

In coverts, where the few frequent,
If Virtue deigns to dwell,
'Tis thus, the little lamp, content,
Gives lustre to her cell.

How smooth the rapid river slides,
Progressive to the deep,
The poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

Pleasure's intoxicated sons!
Ye indolent! ye gay!
Reflect....for, as the river runs,
Life wings its trackless way.

That branching grove of dusky green
Conceals the azure sky,
Save where a starry space between,
Relieves the darken'd eye.

Old Error thus, with shades impure,
Throws sacred Truth behind,
Yet, sometimes, through the deep obscure,
She bursts upon the mind.

Sleep and her sister Silence reign,
They lock the shepherd's fold,
But hark! I hear a lamb complain,
'Tis lost upon the wold.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
An unresisting prize;
For having trod a devious way,
The little Rambler dies.

As luckless is the virgin's lot,
Whom Pleasure once misguides,
When hurried from the halcyon cot,
Where Innocence presides.

The passions, a relentless train,
To tear the victim run,
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd and undone.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way,
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the day!

'Tis thus the pigmy sons of power
Advance their vain parade;
Thus glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade.

The soft serenity of night
Ungentle clouds deform;
The silver host, that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm.

The angry elements engage!
An oak, an ivied bow'r,
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The rancour thus of rushing Fate
I've learnt to render vain:
For whilst Integrity's her seat,
The soul will sit serene.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
Amid that cloister'd gloom,
Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
Reflect upon the tomb.

The tomb, the consecrated dome,
The temple, rais'd to Peace,
The port, that in a friendly home,
Receives the human race.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
A solemn aspect wears;
Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
And kill'd his daily cares.

'Tis but the church-yard of the night,
An emblematic bed,
That offers, to the mental sight,
The temporary dead.

From hence I'll penetrate in thought,
The grave's unmeasur'd deep,
And tutor'd hence, be timely taught,
To meet my final sleep.

'Tis peace....the little chaos past,
The gracious moon restor'd,
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd.

The nightingale, a welcome guest,
Renews her gentle strains;
And Hope, just wand'ring from my breast,
Her wonted seat regains.

Yes, when yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high,
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

Fann'd by the light, the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find,
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
GIVE VIGOUR to the MIND.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO A SLANDERED FAIR-ONE.

[If the voice of soothing poetry can charm away the canker of the heart, she, who has been unjustly slandered, may find relief in the following.]

Why should you, lov'd Sensible, should you be
pale,
The portrait of grief you appear;
You look like yon lilly, that droops in the vale,
With my lips let me dry up that tear.

Disdain a reply to Malignity's tongue,
Let patience to clamour submit;
It is better that Slander should say you were wrong,
Than that you the wrong should commit.

The atheist, if really such madmen exist,
Belief will delirious decry,
In infidel doubtings pretend to persist,
What they cannot conceive, they deny

Thus some of your sex, old and ugly, will rail,
Like atheists all goodness they doubt,
Insist that all rakes may o'er beauty prevail,
Because *themselves* could not hold out.

You must pardon the cry, think not strange what
I say,
They mercy from you must receive,
Be it known to your tenderness, 'tis the world's
way,
Who injure, will never forgive.

Smile, smile, and smile on, let day beam on your
face,
To oblivion be obloquy hurl'd;
By the best you're belov'd, thou fair figure of
Grace,
So laugh at the rest of the world.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 25.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 26th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXIV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

The following letter has remained some time on my files, and I owe an apology to the militia hero for an apparent neglect of his elegant reproof of the undress of the ladies. My admiration of the beauty of his diction and the correctness of his orthography has been excessive; and, in the course of a long acquaintance with the militia style, so justly in vogue in this happy country, I do not remember to have seen any specimen, superior to that, which I now have the honour to exhibit to every admiring American.

Around the character of this valiant epistolizer, there seems, to my dazzled eyes, a vivid glory. As his sword is doubtless as sharp as his pen, his protected country has a sure defence in his valour and veteran experience, and from the inroads of fantastic fashion, we have nothing to fear, while this militia inspector casts his keen glances around.

HONOURD SQUIRE,

IN the first plase, squire, I hope you wont think from my bad speling that I ant a gentleman. To convince you, I gess I am as rich as any boddy in in these here parts. I lately cumd here to Philedelfa from Payankeytank up to the eastwurd, to larn a bit of the fasherns, and to see folk, and so on....You must kno, squire, I made a fortin by tradin in indiger; that is, I was an indiger marchant, sich as they sa here, a flower marchant, a te marchant, and the like of that; and going young into trade, I didnt think much about larnin; but bein obliged by my business, to travil about a good deal, I got to larn considerable about the noshuns of folks, and so they told me I ort to come to a big sity, and that I might larn more, and may bee settil among the great ones, and that I shud find a heap of paple of my tast, and perhap git marryid. I find it is kinder trew; sum of the wimin du seem to like me; if they do not for sarten I gess my yaller panterlunes and kurrickle will make sum of um long.

But what I rite to you about, squire, is the fasherns of the fair seck; was ever any thing so prettee. Now what I wants is, that youl stop them there riters in the Port Folio, who are tryin to run down the wimin, caus they dress naked and show their skins; they want them to lieve off sich fasherns, but do rite a peece that will put um in a noshun of leaving off more clothes. Them fellers must be jokeing, and let what they will sa, I gess the wimin will have more sense to think us men havent feelin and seein and tastin enuff to like it. Ive been most afraid of the late cold and rainy wether least they shud pin up and cumber themselves with the same bunch of petty cotes they wair in our parts; but I am plagee glad to find they have too much spunk

for that. I hope next summer they will be nakeder yet; only try um once now, squire, the first time you can work round them, so as to git them between you and the sun: you wont see any pockits I am sartin.

I have been to several frolicks since Ive bin here. Tother nite I was at one, where we had the dance called the waltz, I think....O mighty squire! if you had bin there, the very hares of your wig would stood on eand. I felt kinder shamed: but for all, I was full of noshuns, and couldnt help praizing it; which while I was duing, a gentleman told me it was tolerable clever, but that it was expected a new one would soon be brout up, called the Irish fandango, or sum such old country name. This, he said, would tutch me to the quick. Why says I to a lady, this beats bundling; pray maam, says I, do you understand that play; she turned to the next lady, and whispered sumthing about *Dubster* or *dabster*....yes maam, says I, I am a *dabster* at that; and they gave full credit to what I say, for I go by the very name.

Do, squire, your a skoller, rite a logium on the buty of naked skins, or say sumthing to cumfort the ladies, whilst they are shivering in the cold to sho um to us. Its a shame every boddy should be runin their rigs on the pure wimin.

I am, honurd sir,
hoping better acquaintance,
in trew frindship,
your worship's
most humbil sarvant,
ICHABOD FLASH,
a captain in the milishee, when I'm at home.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXI.

Continuation....The prosperous state of Commerce, not the consequence of wisdom in the Government: it....Nor the increasing population....Praiseworthy side of the American Constitution....Principal cause of the increasing population.

In my opinion, all these are sins of omission on the part of congress, and their number might, I believe, be augmented ad infinitum. It may, however, be objected, that a government, under whose protection the national prosperity has attained such a splendid elevation, and the numbers of the people have so considerably increased, as in the United States, since the adoption of the federal constitution, cannot possibly, while such admirable effects are produced, be reckoned among the bad governments. To this I answer, that I have already detailed the accidental external circumstances, altogether independent of any internal wisdom in the government, which have enriched America, and extended her trade. But have agri-

culture and internal industry risen in the same proportion as commerce? With respect to the population, I have to remark, that they are indebted, partly to the emigration of Europeans, computed at about ten thousand individuals yearly, for its increase. And these emigrations prove rather the fault of the European, than the wisdom of the American governments. An increasing population would, if altogether independent of emigration, prove the excellence of an administration.

Nor is every thing to be censured; we must be impartial, and confess that in America there is much to praise. The extensive civil liberty (political liberty there is none), which they enjoy, produces the best effects upon the population. The absence of all feudal oppression; the unbounded religious liberty; the liberty of publishing all opinions; especially the liberty, to every one, of following unimpeded, whatever occupation he best understands, advantages, which hitherto are not in any one European state enjoyed to the same degree as in the United States, are all encouragements to the increase of the human species. But the Americans enjoy altogether, independently of their social establishments, certain advantages still more effectual to the same end. Among them is, not so much the great tract of fruitful western lands, yet uncultivated, (for the speculators have made it every where dear,) as the novelty of the ground, which, even if the soil were bad, would at any rate, give some good harvests. For every countryman can annually clear a few acres from wood, which no ploughshare ever touched before, and which, although covered with a very thin layer of soil, would reward his industry so liberally as to occasion the raising yearly of more grain for every individual in America, than in any other country, even though the produce upon an equal surface in Europe should be incomparably more abundant. This is the principal cause of the increasing population; the others are subordinate to it. The emigration to the westward, however, from the eastern states, attractive as the banks of the Ohio may be, and however fruitful and proportionably cheap the lands there may prove, shews that mal-administration in the eastern parts occasions these removals. Mankind, in general, love, above all things, their home, and the great proportion of them are no more subjected to the eccentric fascinations of an heated fancy, than inclined to the wandering life of an adventurer.

CHAP. XXII.

Continuation of the historical sketch....Federalists and anti-federalists....Aristocrats....Democrats....English and French parties....Genet....Brandy revolution.

I now return to the events which have happened since the introduction of the federal constitution. I shall notice only the most important; and the first thing to be remarked is the rise of two parties. The opposers of this constitution were called anti-federalists, although they were properly federalists, inasmuch as they wished to adhere to the former

confederacy, which, by the new constitution was changed, on the contrary, into a single government. Both parties, however, assumed upon the French revolution a new shape. The anti-federalists were changed into democrats, the federalists into aristocrats; which, however, they disavow, and adhere to the other, as a more popular name. The democrats are of course French-minded, while the others incline sympathetically to the side of England. In the southern states, that is, in Georgia, the two Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and especially in Virginia, the majority is democratic French, South-Carolina perhaps excepted, where as the democrats say, there is much aristocratic leaven prevailing: but north of the river Potomack the English and aristocratic party has the upperhand. In general, the democratic party consists of people overloaded rather with debts, than with the good things of this world, to the sweets of which they are at the same time very far from indifferent, and who in the ruins of a revolution, hope to snatch up their share of the possessions of the wealthy, and then to turn aristocrats themselves. The drunkards, gamblers, unsuccessful speculators, bankrupts, and those who have ruined themselves by debauchery, belong, with few exceptions, to this party. This is what makes it so strong to the southward, where an extravagant way of living generally involves people in debt. Those who have applied to the government for offices, but have not obtained them, are of course democrats. Thus one Bache, a grandson of Franklin, published a violent democratic news-paper at Philadelphia, because he would fain have been post-master-general, but was disappointed in his expectation. Before that time he published, it is said, an aristocratic paper. He calls his gazette the *Aurora*, to signify the dawn of freedom, according to his taste. There appears, in New-York, another democratic paper called the *Argus*. These are the two most important vehicles of democratic bitterness in America. The *Aurora*, however, has no small merit, both in point of matter and of style; the transactions of the war in Europe are discussed in it with much penetration. But the best part of the American people belong likewise to the democratic party, namely, those who are opposed to the bank and trading interest, who wish to see agriculture and industry more encouraged, and who think a closer connection with England would be dangerous, and would mark an ingratitude to France disgraceful to the national honour: in a word, the good patriots, who perceive in the constitution and in the measures of government many defects, and would wish to have them removed. These, however, are the moderate democrats, for the most part, independent people, who, in case of a revolution, would certainly be the victims of the raging democrats above described.

The party of the aristocrats consists of those who have possessions and wish to see them secured against the French stormers of property. They carry on a defensive, the democrats an offensive war. They have found against the latter a faithful ally in the English government, which probably helps them underhand with subsidies, and thus enables them to strengthen their party. Besides this, the commercial existence of so many merchants is so thoroughly dependent upon England, whence they receive goods upon credit, that they are obliged to join the party which favours England. In New-England, perhaps the expiring light of a flaming religious zeal may increase the aversion of the presbyterians against the French, on account of their atheism, this, however, is uncertain. On the other hand, the methodists and other fanatical sects are known as severe republicans. It is well known that the quakers were always devoted to England. The Americans, however, are accustomed to separate politics and religion; so that the political parties among them, are not, as in England under Charles the first, at

the same time, religious factions. It may be observed, however, that the deists and atheists are almost universally devoted to democracy. When I speak of American deists and atheists, I mean thereby people who give themselves out for such, and who, without concerning themselves much about the theories of these doctrines, live conformably to their practice....They may be called empiric deists and atheists.

But nothing contributed to render the federal party anti-Gallican aristocrats, so much as the conduct of the French minister Genet. He landed at Charleston, because he well knew that in the southern states, the French cause had the most partisans. He there caused privateers to be fitted out; issued proclamations; attempted even to levy troops, without condescending to pay the smallest attention to the government of the United States. What government would patiently suffer itself to be treated with so much contempt? He travelled very slowly from Charleston to Philadelphia; this had a suspicious appearance; and seemed to indicate a design to make himself a party in the southern states. In Philadelphia he was always surrounded by ill-bred young men, and gave offence, by breaking through all public decency. He declared in public, that France did not wish America to engage in the war, and secretly caballed to produce a rupture with England. The Americans cannot be blamed for not having been willing to sacrifice the great advantages of neutrality, merely for the honour of fighting for the French. There was, in this point of view extreme injustice on the part of the French.

The mountain party recalled Genet, whom the Girondists had sent, and in his stead sent a young man by the name of Fauchet, who conducted himself more prudently.

About this time broke out, in 1794, the brandy-revolution in the western part of Pennsylvania, not far from Pittsburg. Deep-laid causes of this event have been pretended to be discovered, and a great show of penetration has been made about it. At one time England is held forth as fomenting these disturbances, in order to produce, in America, another Vendee; at another, France, in order to produce a democratic revolution. There is, however, nothing mysterious in this event, and it was very natural that brandy drinkers, without money, called upon to pay an excise upon their favourite liquor, should make a noise. The thing was in itself very insignificant too; but the federal or government party, led by Mr. Hamilton, then minister of finance, took advantage of the circumstance with great address, and succeeded, by magnifying the danger of the insurrection, to collect together fifteen thousand men in arms, in a country, where the people march into the field, not when they are ordered, but when they please. The government thus frightened the French party by shewing them how numerous its supporters were. At the same time it exhibited to foreign nations a consolidated power, with a considerable armed force at the first wink at its command. Thirdly, it cast an odious light upon the democrats devoted to France, and upon the French government itself, by representing these disturbances as connected with the machinations of Genet. The insurrection did in fact break out at a time when the diplomatic incivilities of Genet were fresh in the memory; and of course could not but strengthen the bad effects of this offence against the American people, in the person of the rulers whom it had chosen. Genet must necessarily have acted according to his instructions, which would doubtless exhibit a new proof of the contempt which the French entertain towards all nations, except the English, who alone enjoy the honour of their hatred.

The lawyers, who are chiefly inclined to aristocracy, composed the cavalry in this expedition against the brandy-drinkers. It was, however, seen

that the American militia had not, since their war for independence, in the smallest degree laid aside their bad habits. The colonels, the captains, &c. hired others to take their places; and the latter slipped away from the army, as soon as they were to fall upon the insurgents, from whom resistance was expected. The army once flew to arms, to fight against one another, while the generals were drunk, and fell to quarrelling....The expedition likewise cost large sums, and was accomplished without bloodshed.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

THE lover of Dr. PERCY's Reliques of Ancient Poetry will relish every thing that savours of the simplicity of the old English ballad. A translation of a Spanish ballad, which begins, "*Rio verde, rio verde*" or "*Glassy water, glassy water*," has given a hint to the ingenious author of "*Tales of Terror*," who appears to be equally happy in the pathetic or ludicrous style. We will venture to predict, that the *sentimental misses* will sit up to weep over this mournful ballad, at least as long as we did to transcribe it.

GONZALVO,

A SPANISH BALLAD.

.....Infelix indelibata reliquit,
Oscula et abrupto flendus amore cadit.....MILTON.

See! yon knight of Calatrava,
All his vesture stain'd with gore,
Faintly beat the curling waters,
Now he breathless gains the shore!

'Twas the haughty renegado,
Met the chief in yonder wood;
'Twas his coward rival's poignant
Drank the unarm'd hero's blood.

Long had love enslaved Bujaya,
Long had vengeance fired his heart,
Long he lurk'd amid the thicket,
Sudden on his foe to dart.

Here the moor had forced Gonzalvo
Gasping to resign his breath;
But the pitying Guadalquivir
Bore him from the stroke of death.

On the wave-wash'd bank reclining,
See him cast his eyes around;
Now he drops his head despairing,
Now he gazes on the wound.

In his breast with restless fury,
Agony's dark surges roll;
What are wounds that pierce the body,
To the pangs that rend the soul?

When he thinks of fierce Bujaya,
Kindling wrath his bosom warms;
When he thinks on Antonina,
Memory saddens on her charms.

Long the flame of pure affection
In his generous breast has burn'd;
True he lov'd the beauteous maiden,
True his love the maid return'd.

A short gleam of transient pleasure
Faint illumines his languid eyes,
As, from yonder shade advancing,
Almond and the knight espies.

"Oh! what means this sight, my master?"
Cries the page, distress'd with fears,
"Al! your tear-drops speak your sorrow,
And your cheeks are wet with tears!"

"See! the streams of gore descending
All around your garments stain;
Who could wound so brave a warrior,
Who could kill the pride of Spain?"

"'Tis the moor!" exclaim'd Gonzalvo,
'Tis through him these pangs I prove;
He has stabb'd my aching bosom,
He has torn me from my love.

"From my love! oh! think what anguish
Now my heart-strings ruthless tears;
Yet, when life has left my body,
Bear these accents to her ears.

"Quick I'll haste to speak my wishes,
While kind heaven my life prolongs;
Tell her all the hapless story,
Tell her all my cruel wrongs.

"Bid her curse the moorish city,
Which has rear'd my dastard foe;
Bid her curse the moorish chieftain,
Who has laid her lover low.

"Let her frowns dismay his bosom,
Let her all his vows despise;
Let her blast his hopes forever
With the lightning of her eyes.

"Beg, oh beg her not to blot me
From the tablet of her brain;
Let the name of dead Gonzalvo
In her memory still remain.

"And if e'er by chance she wanders,
Near this winding river's side;
If these last sad words she values,
Bid her thank the plying tide.

"To some nobler worthier suitor,
Let her heart its vows transfer;
Heavens! what years of rapturous pleasure
Did I think to spend with her.

"What gay scenes did Hope depicture!
What bright joys did Fancy shew!
Joys now sunk and lost forever,
In the dark abyss of woe.

"I shall ne'er more taste her kisses,
Ne'er more taste her balmy breath;
I must leave her warm embraces,
For the cold embrace of death.

"Yes! I feel his icy touches,
Nature fades upon my sight;
Thick before my aching vision
Floats the mist of endless night.

"A chill numbness lulls my tortures;
All my pangs at once subside!"
Instant sunk the bleeding hero,
Gasp'd his mistress' name, and died.

I shall not very soon tire of copying ballads from the "Tales of Terror." They are the legitimate offspring of genius. We are conducted by a versatile guide, sometimes into the vale of tears, and sometimes into the hall of mirth. But let him lead us where he will, we cheerfully follow, and always find ourselves with a sensible and tuneful companion. I am half inclined to suspect that Mr. Lewis himself is the concealed author. We know that he brilliantly travestied his own ballad, *Alonso, the Brave*, and it is probable that in this collection he is *alter et idem*.

HRIM THOR,

OR, THE WINTER KING.

A LAPLAND BALLAD.

Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court,
Here the dread tyrant, meditates his wrath,
Throned in his palace of cerulean ice... THOMSON.

The moon shone bright on Lapland snows,
When grim the Winter King arose;
His icy cave he left with speed,
And summoned straight his fiend-born steed:

.... "Oh! haste, my steed, o'er marsh and plain!
I burn yon beauteous maid to gain;
Oh! haste, my steed, to Sargen's gate,
Where Tura weeps her lover's fate."....

Full swift he donn'd his armour bright,
And mounts, a young and comely knight.
The steed sped on, o'er marsh and plain,
The beauteous damsel to obtain.

He quickly sped, and reach'd the gate,
Where Tura wept her lover's fate.
She curs'd her charms, which caused the fight,
That tore her Asgar from her sight.

.... "Oh! list thee, lady, list to me!
Full many a day I've sought for thee;
Oh! listen, lady, banish fear,
Thy lover's trusty friend is here."

Then sigh'd the damsel fair and bright,
.... "I have no lover, courteous knight,
My Asgar lies on yonder plain,
By Hacho fierce in combat slain."

"Oh! no, fair lady, haste with me!
I soon will show thy love to thee!
In Larno's caves he wounded lies,
Oh! haste e'er life his bosom flies."

Then sigh'd the lady fair and bright,
"My mind misgives me, courteous knight,
For Asgar lies on yonder plain,
By Hacho fierce in combat slain."

"Oh! list thee, lady, list to me,
These tokens sends thy love to thee;
These bells so fair, these rings so bright,
Which erst you gave with fond delight."

He shew'd her tokens one and two,
"Lovely maid, he waits for you!"
He shew'd her tokens two and three,
"Lovely maiden, go with me."

Then spake the lady fair and bright,
"Forgive my doubtings, courteous knight,
Let weal or woe this breast betide,
O'er hill and dale with thee I'll ride."

Full sure the demon spreads his snare,
The eager maid descends the stair,
Anon they mount the panting steed,
And swift o'er hill and valley speed.

As through the forest quick they dart,
With joy bounds high the fiend's proud heart;
Ah! little thought the lady bright,
She clasp'd the cruel Winter sprite.

Now cried the maiden with dismay,
As swift the steed pursued his way,
"And must we up yon mountain go,
Whose sides are heap'd with drifted snow?"

"There lies our road," the sprite replied,
"The way is drear, but I'm your guide;
Then hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
I'll give you to your lover's arms!"

The desert wild the moonbeams show,
White glares around the glist'ning snow,
The fiend spurs on his steed amain,
Whose hoofs ring on the frozen plain.

Now swifter, swifter on they ride.
And reach the mountain's snow clad side;
The plunging steed, without delay,
Through drifted heaps pursues his way.

"Oh! stop your horse, my feet are chill,
The snow is deep, and high the hill."
"Now hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
I'll give you to your lover's arms."

"Oh stop, thou eager guide, for see
The rising coldness numbs my knee."
"Now hush your throbbing heart's alarms,
I'll give thee to thy lover's arms."

"Stop! stop! for God's sake, stop, for oh!
My breast is chill'd with circling snow."
"Now vain your fears and wild alarms,
You feel your lover's icy arms!"

Now shrieks the maid with wild affright,
While loud exults the Winter sprite;

The moon grows dark, the night grows foul,
Thick snows descend, and tempests howl.

Afar the fiends hoarse yells resound,
As round the maid his arms he wound;
Afar are borne the maiden's cries.
By warring blasts that rend the skies.

But ere she sunk beneath the snows,
Her Asgar's ghastly shade arose;
He bared his bosom, streak'd with gore,
And sigh'd, "sweet love, we meet no more!"

Now loud are heard the maiden's cries,
But louder blasts and tempests rise;
And when the tempests ceas'd to roar,
The maiden's cries were heard no more.

Take warning hence, ye damsels fair,
Of men's insidious arts beware,
Believe not every courteous knight,
Lest he should prove a Winter Sprite.

Nothing in lyric poetry is read, among the upper class of American scholars, with more enthusiasm, or quoted with more praise, than Dryden's Ode. It is periodically recited in our theatres, it is perpetually quoted in conversation. Its energy, harmony, sublimity, are never questioned. Men view it as possessing such a prescriptive title to veneration, that it would be considered arrogant to hint a fault, or hesitate dislike. For myself, I should not presume to blame any part of an elegant whole, which, from its grandeur and magnificence, has so often in the literary hour produced the most pleasurable emotions. But all are not so easily pleased, and a rigid critic has lately thus stated his objections in the court of criticism.

If a foreigner were to ask an Englishman for the best specimen of lyric poetry in the English language, I have no doubt but that he would be presented with Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. This celebrated piece is supposed to have reached the pinnacle of excellence, to have surpassed Horace, and rivalled Pindar.

An ode could never have been so universally renowned, without intrinsic and extraordinary merit. Its beauties have been felt, as well as understood. The heart and the ear have decided in its favour, previously to the determination of the judgment. I acknowledge and admire its excellence; but I must be so far guilty of poetical deduction as to say, that its merit appears to me to have been over-rated, and that, in my opinion, it is not the best ode in the language.

There are blemishes in it, which sully the lustre of its beauties; there are lownesses in it, which degrade its sublimity; there are vulgarities of expression, which at once destroy its elegance, and debilitate its pathos.

The plan is excellent, the spirit noble, and my chief objection is to the choice of words, which, according to all the rules of criticism, and the dictates of natural taste, should be peculiarly delicate in the ode.

The word "belyed," in the line

"A dragon's fiery form belyed the God,"

is beneath the dignity of the serious lyric, and inconsistent with the sublime idea of the God of heaven and earth metamorphosed to the fiery form of a dragon.

His "stamping an image of himself," as he was then in the image of a dragon, conveys to a careless reader the idea of his having stamped a dragon.

Bacchus is represented, at least to the mind of a mere English reader, in a manner unknown to classical antiquity:

Flush'd with a purple grace,
He shews his honest face.

These lines exhibit the picture of a drunken sot, with bloated cheeks and a red nose; though the poet himself has just described the god as "Ever

fair and ever young." The line, "He shews his honest face," is in a style so familiar and colloquial, as to militate against the dignity and matron-like decorum of the lyric muse. Honest, indeed, in its truly classical signification, is a very elegant expression, synonymous with beautiful; but not one English reader in a hundred understands the epithet any otherwise than as it is often applied to a drunkard, or *bon vivant*, when he is called an honest fellow, that is, a jolly bacchanalian. It was a reason against Dryden's using this epithet, even if he intended it in its classical sense, that it was sure to be misunderstood by the majority of his readers. Virgil, speaking of Bacchus, says

"Quocunque Deus caput egit honestum,"

And Dryden probably had this very line in his view; but "honest," in this classical sense, is not yet naturalized in England, and therefore it was injudicious in Dryden to use it. "Honest" conveys the idea of a mere good-humoured plumpness of face, a broad grinning mirth; whereas the old classics speak of Bacchus, as remarkable for the delicacy of his countenance. They attribute to him the *virginea forma et virgineum caput*: not the immutable rubicundity, and stupid fatness of a brandy-faced landlady.

Dryden was a remarkably good classic, and could not but know the mode, in which Bacchus is delineated by the poets; therefore there is every reason to think, that he chose the epithet "honest," intending to display his classical knowledge and taste; and had he written to none but classical scholars, his epithet would have been applauded, without one dissentient voice; but to the common reader it gives an image very different, from that which existed in the poet's mind. It exhibits such a Bacchus, as we see dangling from a country sign-post, astride on a tun. It disgraces the ode, and renders it little better than a song, roared by a club of sots in an alehouse.

The other lines

*Drinking joys did first ordain,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;*

are coarsely expressed, and more characteristic of Tom D'Urfey, than of Pindar.

The greater part of the subsequent ode is either truly pathetic, or sublime. Yet I cannot admire in an ode, said to equal or surpass every thing in lyric sublimity and grace, such lines as

*Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,*

the bellows being a culinary machine, strikes the ear with a vulgar sound, and the mind with a vulgar idea. The poet should have spoken of the bellows by an elegant periphrasis, or some name removed from plebeian use. The bellows, in this place, if I may be allowed a frigid joke, blows out much of the poetic fire.

The creeping Alexandrine

"With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before." is flat and prosaic. "Mother-wit" is a term, which the sublime muse of the lyre, in her better judgment, would not have adopted.

But I recollect the censure that has justly fallen on Zoilus, and on all the race of hypercritics: I recollect also the trite idea of finding spots in the sun. I must therefore apologize to the reader for the liberty I have taken with this celebrated ode, by declaring that I do not mean to deny that it possesses a very high rank; but only to controvert its claim to the highest rank among the lyric poems of England.

GRAY, as a poet of the lyre, appears to me to be more uniformly grand and majestic. The mind is elevated by him to ethereal regions, and soars with eagle flight, without being obliged to fall from its eminence, like the son of Dædalus. GRAY wins his way on high, like a glorious luminary, all steady, all regularly magnificent; Dryden rises

like an air balloon, which now and then breaks, and tumbles precipitately down, contrary to the intention of the conductor of it, and to the great mortification of the gaping spectator.

The above strictures may expose me to the anger of the irritable sons of Aristarchus. I shall only observe, that on literary subjects, like these, though there may be reason for dissent, I cannot see any occasion for the bitterness of malice.

It is well known that W. GIFFORD, Esq. is a fond admirer of the writings of Pope. But it is not so generally known, that Mr. Pope's poetical reputation has of late been more violently assailed by an acrimonious carper, than it was by all the personal prejudices of the scribblers, lashed in the Dunciad. One WESTON, a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine, took it into his head to disturb the ashes of Pope, and absurdly to condemn, what all had agreed to praise.

Indignant at this unmerited calumny, Mr. Gifford, an undaunted and accomplished defender, has undertaken to overthrow a miserable scribbler, and to vindicate a brilliant genius, in the following animated lines, which are as caustic as the satire of CHURCHILL.

Weston, who slunk from Truth's imperious light,
Swell'd, like a filthy toad, with secret spite,
And envying the fair fame he cannot hope,
Spits his black venom at the dust of Pope.
Reptile accurs'd!.....O memorable long,
If there be force in virtue, or in song,
O injur'd bard! accept the grateful strain,
That I, the humblest of the tuneful train,
With glowing heart, yet trembling hand repay,
For many a pensive, many a sprightly lay:
So may thy varied verse, from age to age,
Inform the simple, and delight the sage!
While canker'd Weston, and his loathsome rhymes,
Stink in the nose of all succeeding times.

One of the most literary of my friends, who has a relish for wit and humour, as well as an *Oxonian's* skill in the classics, bade me last evening look among the minor poems of WARTON, and take care to preserve in my motley miscellany, a

PROLOGUE

ON THE OLD WINCHESTER PLAY-HOUSE, OVER THE BUTCHER'S SHAMBLES.

Whoe'er our stage examines, must excuse
The wond'rous shifts of the dramatic muse;
Then kindly listen, while the prologue rambles,
From wit to beef, from Shakspeare to the shambles.
Divided only by one flight of stairs,
The monarch swaggers, and the butcher swears.
Quick the transition, when the curtain drops,
From mock Mominia's moans to mutton chops.
While for Lothario's loss Calista cries,
Old women scold, and dealers d—n your eyes.
Here Juliet listens to the gentle lark,
There in harsh chorus hungry bull dogs bark.
Cleavers and scimitars give blow for blow,
And heroes bleed above, and sheep below.
While tragic thunders shake the pit and box,
Rebells to the roar the staggering ox.
Cow horns and trumpets mix their martial tones,
Kidneys and kings, moulting and marrow bones.
Suet and sighs, blank verse and blood abound,
And form a tragi-comedy around.
With weeping lovers dying calves complain,
Confusion reigns. . . . *Abbas is come again.*
Hither your statelyards, butchers, bring to weigh
The pound of flesh Antonio's bond must pay.
Hither your knives, ye Christians, clad in blue,
Bring to be whetted by the ruthless Jew.
Hard is our lot, who, seldom doomed to eat,
Cast a sheep's eye on this forbidden meat.
Gaze on sirloins, which, ah! we cannot carve,
And in the midst of legs of mutton, starve.
But would you to our house in crowds repair,
Ye generous patrons and ye blooming fair,
The fate of Tantalus we should not fear,
Nor pine for a repast that is so near.
Monarchs no more would supperless remain,
Nor pregnant queens for culetts long in vain.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO

AN ESSAY

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
BOILLEAU DESPREAUX.

NICHOLAS BOILLEAU DESPREAUX, was born at Paris, on the first of November, 1636, fifteen years after Molière, fourteen after La Fontaine, and three years before Racine. Thus these four great men, who have rendered French literature so illustrious, and have secured to it that high degree of estimation and glory which it has attained in all polished nations, published nearly at the same time those master-pieces, which stand unrivalled among the Moderns. He was the eleventh child of Giles Boileau, clerk of the high court of Parliament, a man whose rare probity, and consummate experience in business, procured him universal esteem. His childhood gave no indications of that pre-eminence which he afterwards attained. Extreme mildness, candour, and amiable simplicity, were the most prominent traits in his character; and his father was wont to say of him, that "he was a good lad, who would never speak ill of any body."

Born in the metropolis, and possessing a father, who was sensible of the necessity of a good education, and justly appreciated its advantages; he had the good fortune, from his infancy, to receive the instructions of the best masters. Consequently, his progress was as rapid as it was brilliant. He soon distinguished himself at the college de Harcourt, where he commenced his studies, and hardly had he entered the fourth class, when a grievous malady threatened his life. He was attacked by the stone; it was necessary to make an incision, and this operation, although performed with skill, was followed by a painful indisposition which terminated but with his life.

As soon as the state of his health permitted him to resume his studies, he was placed at the college of Beauvais. He was there confided to the care of M. Sevin, a man of rare merit, who very successfully instructed the third class, during a period of fifty years; and, possessed in the highest degree, the talent of judging of the capacity of his pupils; and of giving that direction to their genius, which nature had indicated. This Professor, whose memory we revere, soon discovered in his pupil extraordinary talents; and predicted his future pre-eminence among poets.

After Despréaux had finished his course of belles-lettres and philosophy, he studied the civil law, and was admitted to the bar. A profession, in the exercise of which, it is necessary to draw forth all the resources of the mind, either for the purpose of decking falsehood with the colours of truth, or of gaining for truth a triumph over the illusions of falsehood; could not be compatible with his natural candour, and still less with his taste for peace and retirement. He therefore renounced a profession repugnant to his principles and inclination. The study of theology seemed to present fewer inconveniences, and to promise him more satisfaction and repose. He commenced it with ardour; but soon did he experience similar disgust. How could a mind so enlightened, a judgment so profound, relish a science enveloped in words, the abuse of which was an inexhaustible source of controversy;—a science buried in the subtleties and obscurity of barbarous pedantry! for theology at that period was not what it now is; the science of morality and of the christian dogmas. Disgusted also with this study, he renounced the project of embracing a profession; and thus restored to himself, he resolved to follow the impulse of his genius.

Although at this period the celebrated provincial letters, had established the language, and brought prose to perfection; although the master-

pieces of Corneille, had rendered the French theatre the rival of that of Athens; and Malherbe, Roucou and other poets, had subjected poetry to the laws of rhyme, of cadence and of harmony; although true eloquence had displayed itself with splendour in the pulpit and at the bar, and the limits prescribed to each of its species began to be known and respected; still was France far from that elevated point of literary glory, at which she was destined to arrive. A crowd of authors, of whom but few rose above mediocrity, and many grovelled below it; still infected literature, and opposed the progress of taste, and of learning. The false taste, which had prevailed during the regency of Mary de Medicis, and was for a long time predominant, admired and sanctioned at the hotels of Rambouillet and Longueville; was still the reigning taste at the court, in the city, and in the provinces. Those simple graces of style, which never fail to charm and to delight, were little known, or at least but little felt: nothing was praised but the extravagant, the glittering and the false.

Born with a penetrating mind, possessing a delicate and refined taste, and actuated by a fervid love of truth; Despréaux no sooner discovered those corruptions of true taste, than he resolved to attack them with the weapons of reason and of ridicule. This he so successfully performed in his first satires, that all his shafts pierced, and from that moment it was easy to foresee, the prompt and brilliant revolution which was soon to be exhibited in the regions of literature.

He at first contented himself with the recital of his satires, in the presence of a small circle of chosen friends; they made too vivid and deep an impression on the minds of the auditory to be forgotten; and some spurious copies were circulated in the capital, and thence passed in a mutilated state into the collections of that period. Despréaux, incensed at the injustice he experienced from the malice of his enemies, or from the ignorance or the stupidity of the booksellers, at length determined to publish them. The first edition, which appeared in 1666, contained the first seven satires and the address to the king. This small collection was received with the applause which it so highly merited. "It is," as Mr. De la Harpe so justly observes, "the first poetical work, in which we find a perfect knowledge of the mechanism of French versification, a diction uniformly elegant and pure; and in which the ear and the language have been constantly respected."

So long as the circulation of these satires was confined to a few select societies, the authors whom they attacked, and their declared patrons were silent. Vainly did they hope, that their silence would blunt the shafts of ridicule, and even bury the satires in oblivion. But as soon as they appeared in print, those men attacked the author with all the violence of fury, and all the malignity of hatred. They loaded him with calumny, and circulated the most atrocious libels against him. Such have always been the resources of base envy, and of humiliated vanity. To them truth is as odious, as is the light of the sun to the bird of night; they leave no effort untried to veil it in obscurity. Despréaux, calm amidst all those attacks, still felt an obligation to defend himself. He did so, but with the moderation which formed so prominent a trait in his character. In his defence he alledged the example of Lucilius, of Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and even that of the discreet Virgil. At length his ninth satire appeared, in which ingeniously feigning to apply severe censure to himself, he satisfactorily proves that without committing a crime either against the state or against conscience, we may declare that bad verses are *bad*; be wearied with the perusal of certain books, and even divulge the reasons of our disgust.

This satire, which in the opinion of Mr. Dela Harpe, is a master-piece of satirical gaiety, and a model of ingenious raillery; increased the reputation of Despréaux, and secured to him the esteem and friendship of the most respectable persons in Paris: and of all those who had acquired celebrity in the departments of literature; Cossart, Rapin, Courmire, Bourdaloue, Flechier, were ardently attached to him; Arnauld and Nicole, those illustrious men, whose very names proclaim their eloquence, prized his friendship and esteemed it as reflecting honour on themselves; the great Condé, the celebrated cardinal de Retz, and the duke de la Rochefoucault, distinguished him by the most flattering attentions, and honoured him with their patronage. Moliere, la Fontaine and Racine formed in conjunction with him a society cemented by the most sincere and ardent friendship, and the most perfect esteem and confidence. Equally flattering to Despréaux was the approbation of the first president Lamoignon. That wise and learned magistrate, whose friendship was a protecting shield; honoured him with peculiar esteem. Far from being alarmed at the title of satire, which the works of Despréaux bore, he was delighted to find in them that precious taste for ancient authors; and particularly to perceive that he had subjected to the laws of the most scrupulous chastity, a species of poetry, the licentiousness of which had, till then, formed its most prominent characteristic. Those great men ceased not to admire the uniformly pure taste, the prompt and delicate discernment, the justness and accuracy of expression, the piquant simplicity, the unaffected graces, the admirable dexterity with which he wielded the arms of raillery and of ridicule; and especially, the perfection to which he had so suddenly brought poetry; perfection, of which some verses of Malherbe, Roucou and the great Corneille, had afforded a faint image; but whose complete attainment was reserved to Despréaux. For according to the sentiment of Mr. De la Harpe, "Despréaux first taught us to select the appropriate expression, to place it with propriety in verse, by a judicious arrangement, to give to words their full force and value, to elevate and dignify the most minute details, to avoid redundancy, irregular construction, a vulgar style, to reject all ambiguous and prosaic expressions, to give cadence to the poetical period and to suspend and vary it, to derive advantage from cæsura, and finally to employ figures with prudence, and select them with delicate discrimination. Corneille and Moliere had composed works of genius, for genius is always the harbinger of truth; but Despréaux who was incapable of producing such works as the *Cid* and the *Misanthrope*, was peculiarly qualified to give to the French language what it still wanted, a perfect system of versification."

This Despréaux accomplished in his art of poetry, which was composed immediately after his ninth satire, but he deferred the publication with a view of obtaining and deriving advantage from the advice and observations of his friends. This master-piece of versification and of taste, in which our poet has risen superior to Horace, Aristotle and Vida, was received with transport, and universally admired. The admiration of men of taste, was not less excited by the beauty of the thoughts and of the style, than by the art with which the precepts are connected, and presented to the reader, in a form which attaches, and captivates him. "This excellent composition," says Mr. De la Harpe, "one of the most splendid monuments of our language, proves that sound criticism is the appendage of genuine talents; and that those alone who are capable of furnishing models, are qualified to give instruction. Let the votaries of Parnassus, study the art of poetry of the French Horace; there will they find, delineated by a masterly hand, the elements of all the beauties worthy of imita-

tion, and those of the imperfections which they ought to avoid: it is a perfect system of legislation, whose operation is uniformly just; an inexpressible code, whose decisions will always serve as unerring guides to our censure and to our applause. In no instance has the author better displayed the exquisite judgment with which nature had endowed him. Those persons who have studied the art of composition, can attest the forcible impressions, they have received from the superior talent which shines throughout this production; the verses of which are as happily conceived, as they are elegantly written; and have long since become the axioms of good taste. Such was the success of this admirable treatise, that its precepts were received as law, not only in France, but in many foreign countries." By it was modern Italy instructed how to check her extravagant flights of imagination; and perhaps to it does England owe the correct and pure taste which characterised the authors who flourished during the reign of queen Anne. This brilliant production, first appeared in the edition of his works, which Despréaux published in 1673.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

Review of the Speech of the Right Honourable William Windham, delivered in the House of Commons, November 4, 1801, on the Report of an Address to the Throne, approving of the Preliminaries of Peace with the Republic of France.

[CONCLUDED.]

TO return from this digression:....Mr. Windham observes that "we are become of a sudden great *hoppers*. We *hope* the French will have no inclination to hurt us;—we *hope*, now peace is come, and the pressure of war, as it is called, taken off, that the French empire will fall a prey to dissensions, and finally fall to pieces, &c."

Alas, *our* fears are greater than *our hopes*; we fear, that on the temple of Peace which we have entered the same inscription might with propriety be put as Dante put on the gate of a very different place;

Lasciate ogni speranza voi, ch'entrate.

"But," says Mr. W. "we have another hope, founded on rather a contrary supposition, namely, that Buonaparte, now that he is a king himself,.... and a king he is so far as power can make one,.... will no longer be an encourager of those absurd and mischievous doctrines, which, however, they may have helped him to the throne, will be as little pleasing to him, now that he is fairly seated there, as to any the most legitimate monarch. Sir, I agree, that Buonaparte, like other demagogues and friends of the people, having deluded and gulled the people sufficiently to make them answer his purpose, will be ready enough to teach them a different lesson, and to forbid the use of that language towards himself, which he had before instructed them in, as perfectly proper towards others. Never was there any one, to be sure, who used less management in that respect; or who left all the admirers of the French revolution, within and without,—all the admirers of it, I mean, as a system of liberty,—in a more whimsical and laughable situation. Every opinion for which they have been contending, is now completely trodden down, and trampled under foot, and held out in France to the greatest possible contempt and derision. The honourable gentlemen on the *opposition benches* have really great reason to complain of having been so completely left in the lurch. There is not even a decent retreat provided for them."

"But though such is the treatment, which the principles of "the Rights of Man," and of the "Holy Duty of Insurrection," meet with in France,

and on the part of him who should be their natural protector, it is by no means the same, with respect to the encouragement which he may choose to give them in other countries. Though they use none of these goods in France for home consumption, they have always a large assortment by them ready for foreign markets. Their Jacobin orators are not to be looked for in the clubs at Paris, but in the clubs of London. There, they may talk of *cashiering kings*, with other language of that sort: but should any orator more flippant than the rest choose to hold forth in that strain, in the city where the Great Consul resides, in the metropolis of liberty, he would soon put him to silence, in the way that we see adopted in the sign of the Silent Woman. Buonaparte, being vested, in virtue of the Rights of Man, with despotic power, can afford to sanction the preaching of those doctrines in other countries, of which he will not suffer the least whisper in his own. While he is at the head of an absolute monarchy in France, he may be the promoter and champion of jacobin insurrections every where else. The abject as well as wicked nature of jacobinism in this country, which, while it would rebel against the lawful authority of its own government, is willing to enslave itself to France, finds no difficulty of allowing to him these two opposite characters: and I know no reason why we should suppose him disinclined to accept them.

"I must confess, therefore, that I see as little hope for us on this side, as I do on the other. In fact, if I could believe, in spite of all probability, that there was any remission of that purpose, which has never yet ceased for an instant,—the purpose of destroying this country,—such belief, however produced, must be instantly done away by a view of the conduct of France, in the settlement of this very treaty. There is not a line of it, that does not either directly point to the destruction of this country, or, by a course a little circuitous, but not less certain, equally tend to the same object."

Mr. W. proceeds to prove that the cessions which were so peremptorily insisted upon by Buonaparte could not have been demanded from any other motive than a desire to ruin this country.—He underates, however, the extent of that encouragement which the first Consul is desirous to give "to those absurd and mischievous doctrines" which have the destruction of royalty for their object. For even in Paris these doctrines are tolerated: as will appear from the following passage extracted from a book published at Paris, during the negotiations between Lord Hawkesbury and Citizen Otto;—"telle a toujours été l'extravagance et l'injustice des SOUVERAINS, de voir les peuples confiés à leur gouvernement, comme un bien propre dont ils pouvoient disposer"....Such have ever been the extravagance and injustice of Sovereigns, that they have regarded the people entrusted to their government, as their absolute property, of which they could dispose at their pleasure."....Such is the language encouraged by the *Anti-Jacobin* Buonaparte, who has the effrontery to complain of the freedom of the British press, and, if we mistake not, to have instructed his citizen-minister in this country, to remonstrate against all reflections on his immaculate person, and perfect government!....Englishmen, Heaven knows! are degraded enough, but still not so degraded as to submit to the tyrannical mandate of a foreign usurper, who has no title to power but possession; and no claim to respect but such as the prince of darkness might enforce from his attendant demons!

The orator, in comparing the conduct and designs of the French in respect of this country, with those of the Romans in respect of Carthage....a comparison he it remembered first made by the revolutionary hero *Barrere*....pays a just compliment to these turbulent republicans.

"This was at least the conduct of a great people (the Romans): a people not to be put aside from

their purposes by every transient blast of fortune. They had vowed the destruction of Carthage; and they never rested from their design, till they had seen it finally accomplished. The emulators of their fortune in the present day, are, in no less a degree, the emulators of their virtues; at least of those qualities, whatever they may be, that give to man a command over his fellows. When I look at the conduct of the French Revolutionary rulers, as compared with that of their opponents; when I see the grandeur of their designs; the wisdom of their plans; the steadiness of their execution; their boldness in acting; their constancy in enduring; their contempt of small obstacles and temporary embarrassments; their inflexible determination to perform such and such things; and the powers which they have displayed, in acting up to that determination! when I contrast these with the narrow views, the paltry interests, the occasional expedients, the desultory and wavering conduct, the want of all right feeling and just conception, that characterize so generally the governments and nations opposed to them, I confess I sink down in despondency, and am fain to admit, that if they shall have conquered the world, it will be by qualities by which they deserve to conquer it. Never were there persons who could shew a fairer title to the inheritance which they claim. The great division of mankind made by a celebrated philosopher of old, into those who were formed to govern, and those who were born only to obey, was never more strongly exemplified than by the French nation, and those who have sunk, or are sinking, under their yoke. Let us not suppose, therefore, that while these qualities combined with these purposes shall continue to exist, they will never cease, by night or by day, in peace or in war, to work their natural effect,...to gravitate towards their proper centre; or that the bold, the proud, the dignified, the determined, those who *will* great things, and will stake their existence upon the accomplishment of what they have *willed*, shall not finally prevail over those, who act upon the very opposite feelings; who will "never push their resistance beyond their convenience;" who ask for nothing but ease and safety; who look only to stave off the evil for the present day, and will take no heed of what may befall them on the morrow. We are therefore, in effect, at war at this moment: and the only question is, whether the war, that will from henceforward proceed under the name of peace, is likely to prove less operative and fatal, than that which has hitherto appeared in its natural and ordinary shape. That such is our state, is confessed by the authors themselves of the present treaty, in the measures which they feel it necessary to recommend to the house. When did we ever hear before of a large military establishment necessary to be kept up in time of peace? The fact is, that we know that we are not at peace; not such as is fit to be so called, nor that in which we might hope to sit down, for some time at least, in confidence and security, in the free and undisturbed enjoyment of the blessings which we possess. We are in that state, in which the majority, I believe, of those who hear me, are in their hearts more desirous that we should be, than in our present prostrate and defenceless situation, they may think it prudent to avow;....in a state of armed truce; and then the only questions will be, at what price we purchase this truce; what our condition will be while it lasts; and in what state it is likely to leave us, should it terminate otherwise than as we are willing to suppose."

Mr. Windham then considers the relative state of such a peace and of continued warfare, and clearly proves that, even in point of pecuniary interest, the latter would have been preferable to the former. His observations on this part of the subject are particularly striking, and merit the closest attention.

We would fain follow this eminent statesman through his admirable remarks on the danger to which the morals of the country will be exposed from an unrestrained intercourse with France; but we have already far exceeded the limits usually allotted to such an article; we can therefore only extract a few more lines.

"What are we to think of a country, that having struck out of men's minds, as far as it has the power to do so, all sense of religion, and all belief of a future life, has struck out of its system of civil polity the institution of marriage? That has formally, professedly, and by law, established the connection of the sexes, upon the footing of an unrestrained concubinage? That has turned the whole country into one universal brothel? That leaves to every man to take, and to get rid of, a wife, (the fact, I believe, continues to be so,) and a wife, in like manner to get rid of her husband, upon less notice than you can, in this country, of a ready furnished lodging?"

"What are we to think of uniting with a country, in which such things have happened, and where for generations the effects must continue, whatever formal and superficial changes prudence and policy may find it expedient to introduce into the things themselves."

We now take our leave of one of the most important speeches ever delivered in parliament; requesting our readers to observe, that the intention audaciously imputed to Mr. W. of wishing to wage an eternal war with France, and of urging the minister never to conclude peace with her until monarchy should be restored, is here proved to be an impudent falsehood, propagated for the worst purposes of party.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A *BEEF-STEAK* club, as it is called, has been lately established in Drogheda, the first resolution of which is, that the society shall meet once a week, and have but one meat dish for dinner, consisting, either of *pork* griskins, or *mutton* chops!

A dispute was lately brought before one of our magistrates, between two *Jews*. *Nathan vs. Solomon*. It turned out to be a fraud, practised upon the former, in a bargain of old clothes. After the award, the magistrate, jocularly addressing the plaintiff, said, "I wonder, my honest fellow, that you should be taken in, by one of your own tribe." "Ah! sir," replied Nathan, "your worship does not consider, that every *Jew* is not a *Solomon*!"

[*London paper.*]

At the time that the duke of Wirtemberg was concluding a treaty of marriage with the royal princess, Mr. Sheridan was informed that the duke was to have the next *vacant ribbon*; on which the wit observed, that his serene highness would be woefully disappointed, if he should receive no *higher* honour than that of the *garter*!

[*ib.*]

In the dilemma of a *fourth* act, an author once applied to Murphy for assistance. "Sir," says he, "I do not know how it has happened, but I have killed every being but one in my tragedy, at the end of the fourth act, and I cannot contrive business for the fifth." "Sir," replied Murphy, "as the *dramatis persone* are defunct, what if you were to introduce their *executors*, *administrators*, and *assigns*!"

One Fottrel, an actor, who used to perform, formerly in Dublin, was more remarkable for being a good *hazard* player than a good actor. One night, in speaking the long speech of the king, in *Hamlet*,

the house attempted to cough him off, but to no purpose, until a fellow in the upper gallery completely gagged him, by calling out "*pass the box, Jimmy!*"

At a late ball, some British officers of the army gave offence to a gentleman of the navy, who, to express his dislike of their behaviour, said to a lady he could not relish lobster sauce!

An officer in the West Indies, having formed a tender connection there, and not wishing to return to his family, has lately written home to his wife at Kilkenny, that he died last year of the yellow fever, and therefore hopes she will not expect his return.

When the late marquis of Bath was a stripling of sixteen, like another Peregrine Pickle, he "*was a mere dragon among the chambermaids.*" To one of these gentle abigails he was, one day, so rude, that she complained to his mother, who being very wroth at his incontinency, he exclaimed, "Indeed, she had so polished an ancle, and pretty a foot, *flesh and blood* could not resist the temptation." His mother, surveying his *spectral form*, replied, "though *flesh and blood* could not resist, yet *skin and bone* might."

An attorney lately attempted to quiz a country parson, who had a fine snuff box. "Doctor," said he "your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." "Sir," said the priest, "it will hold any freedom...but *yours!*"

A question in divinity has been lately solved, on the duke of Dorset's plea that he was a *menial* servant to his majesty, and therefore exempt from the *hair-powder tax*. In the book of Esther, chap. vi. and verse 6, it is thus written. "What shall be done to the man, whom the king delighteth to honour?" Answer, *Verily, he shall have his head powdered for nothing.*

A whimsical toast was lately given in a company of merchants, interested in the Greenland fishery.... "*The Prince of Whales.*"

A gentleman seeing a lady hold an act of parliament before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor, *she was taking the benefit of the act.*

An eating-house fell down some time ago in London; a gentleman, who saw the crowd, asked a fellow in the street, what was the matter. Nothing, replied the other, only a *cook's-shop* that's *dish'd*.

A private, another *Ollapod*, in a volunteer corps, being lately reprimanded for *irregular firing*, replied it was not *his* fault, but the fault of the *rest*, who did not fire along with him.

A voyage to *Botany Bay* is called, by the *light-fingered gentry*.... *Going on a fishing party.*

Our evening promenades are now crowded with frolick nymphs and "*tiptoe joys,*" and each delighted wooer as he saunters by his mistress's side, may think of the shepherd's enthusiastic exclamation in VIRGIL.

O quoties et quæ nobis Calatea locuta est!
Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures.

Miss Bingham just married to the third son of sir Francis Baring, is one of the greatest fortunes of the present times.... Her father is director of the bank in Philadelphia, a man of immense riches.
[London paper.]

A conversation of considerable importance took place in the British house of commons on the night of Monday the third of May. Mr. Windham stated his reasons for giving notice of a motion respecting the definitive treaty, and entered into a detail of the objections which had been thrown out on different times in both houses by gentlemen of his opinion.... Mr. Pitt defended the definitive treaty against Mr. Windham's attacks, but reserved the full statement of his arguments until the promised motion should be made. He said, however, with respect to the apprehensions expressed for the safety of the British East-India dominion, in consequence of the non-renewal of former treaties, that not only no English member of parliament could find any solid ground of objection or uneasiness; but that no rival could discover a plausible pretence for cavil on that account. He defended generally the non-renewal treaties; and contended that the advantage of the omission was as great on the part of England as France. Mr. Windham's notice was of a motion for Tuesday the eighteenth of May; but Mr. Adlington moved as an amendment, Tuesday the eleventh. The reason he gave for this was the necessity of terminating the work of peace (already too long suspended) as early as possible.

In the course of his observations respecting the definitive treaty, remarking on the cession in Louisiana to the French, Mr. Windham said.... "By this acquisition the French are established in a space as unbounded as the view it opens, whether north or south. What a present have we made in it to the Americans! We have placed a serpent at their feet, by which they will ultimately be devoured. We have put them in that state in which they will become willing slaves under the dominion of France. We all know something of the human nature. We know that men detest the instrument less than the cause, and turn their resentment upon those whom they can make to feel it most. They will not, of course, hesitate between us and the French; and thus we shall eventually forfeit the friendship of America by the aggrandizement of the French in that quarter. As to the wealth which this establishment opens to them, it has no limits but their will. On the continent of South-America there is no power that can resist them. There are the sources of the wealth of the world: but if gentlemen do not feel the consequence of their passing into the hands of the French, it would be in vain for me to impress them with an idea of their importance."

In the year 1765 a volume was reviewed in London, entitled *The Patriotic Muse*, a poem on some of the principal events of the late war; together with a poem on the peace, by an *American Gentleman*. The merciless critics thus divert themselves, at the expense of this same American.

This *Muse of the New World*, is a public spirited girl, and crowds her verse with arms and George and Brunswick, and Nova-Scotia and *Quebec* and Monongahela and Montreal, and Shirely and Johnson, and Montcalm and Braddock, and Oswego, and Schuyler, and Minorca and Blakeney, and Byng and Cavado, and the lamented death of *Jonathan Belcher*, and *Burissa*, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Burr, and the Baron of Clarawley, who was slain in a skirmish!.... Moreover, Boscawen, Wolfe, Lawrence, Whitmore, Hardy, *Saul*, *Jonathan*, and *Joshua*, are severally stirred round in this poetical cauldron. *Pennsylvania*, *Guadaloupe*, the lamentation of *Lewis* the fifteenth, and *Baaliam* and his *Ass*, are occasionally considered. The Spanish war is put into a song, and Mr. Secretary Pitt into an acrostic!!

When the late Stadtholder, who is very plethoric and lethargic, attended the Master of the Ceremonies' ball at Bath, the music, in compliment to his

highness on entering the room, struck up "*Sleep on, Sleep on, my Kathleen dear.*"

A great orator, speaking of some of the creeping subalterns to the archfiends in the French revolution, contemptuously declares,

"They have not been guilty of great crimes; but it is only because they have not energy of mind to rise to any heights of wickedness. They are not Hawks or Kites; they are only miserable fowls, whose flight is not above their dunghill or henroost."

SELECTED POETRY.

[To the "*Tales of Terror*" we are again indebted for another exquisite specimen of humour and burlesque. Whatever, either in argument or song, recalls men from the horrible dreams of the witch, Superstition, whatever mitigates the morbid dread of Death, and teaches us to laugh at "*old wives' fables*" of exploded mummery, is highly meritorious in an author, and useful to his readers. Nothing can be more acute than the lance of our poet's wit, and when he darts it at the bug-bear legends of Mr. Lewis's muse, each ghost and each goblin skulks away ashamed.]

GRIM, KING OF THE GHOSTS,

OR THE DANCE OF DEATH,

A CHURCH-YARD TALE.

On horror's head, horrors accumulate.

OTHELLO.

This tale, as will be immediately seen by all tale readers, is written in imitation of the Cloud King, and dedicated, of course, to M. G. Lewis, Esq.

"WHY how now, old sexton, why shake you with dread?

Why haunt you this street, where you're sure to catch cold?

Full warm is your blanket, full snug is your bed!
And long since, by the steeple chimes, twelve has been told."

"Tom Tap, on this night my retreat you'll approve,

For my church-yard will swarm with its shroud-cover'd hosts;

Who will tell, with loud shriek, that resentment and love

Still nip the cold heart of Grim, king of the ghosts.

"One eve, as the fiend wander'd through the thick gloom,

Towards my newly tiled cot he directed his sight;

And casting a glance in my little back room,
Gazed on Nancy, my daughter, with wanton delight.

"Yet Nancy was proud, and disdainful was she,
In affection's fond speech she'd no pleasure nor joy;

And vainly he sued, though he knelt at her knee.
Bob Brisket, so comely, the young butcher's boy!

"For you, dearest Nancy, I've oft been a thief,
Yet my theft it was venial, a theft if it be;
For who could have eyes, and not see you lov'd beef?

Or, who see a steak, and not steal it for thee?

"Remember, dear beauty, dead flesh cannot feel,
With frowns you my heart and its passion requite;

Yet oft have I seen you, when hungry at meal,
On a dead bullock's heart gaze with tender de-
light.

"When you dress it for dinner, so hard and so
tough,
I wish the employ your stern breast would im-
prove;
And the dead bullock's heart, while with onions you
stuff,
You would stuff your own heart, cruel virgin,
with love.

...." Young rascal! presum'st thou, with butcher-
like phrase,
To foul stinking onions *my* love to compare;
Who have set Wick, the candleman, all in a blaze,
And alderman Paunch, who has since been the
Mayor.

"You bid me remember dead flesh cannot feel,
Then I vow, by my father's old pick-axe and
spade,
Till some prince from the tombs shall behave so
genteel
As to ask me to wed, I'll continue a maid.

"Nor him will I wed, till these terms he must
own,
Of my two first commands the performance he
boasts,
Straight, instead of a footman, a deep pealing
groan
Announc'd the approach of Grim, king of the
ghosts.

"No flesh had the spectre, his skeleton skull
Was loosely wrapt round with a brown shrivell'd
skin;
His bones, 'stead of marrow, of maggots was full,
And the worms they crawl'd out, and the worms
they crawl'd in.

"His shoes they were coffins, his dim eye reveal'd
The gleam of a grave lamp, with vapours op-
press'd;
And a dark crimson necklace of blood drops con-
geal'd,
Reflected each bone, that jagg'd out of his breast.

"In a hoarse hollow whisper.....'thy beauties,' he
cried,
'Have drawn up a spirit to give thee a kiss;
No butcher shall call thee, proud Nancy, his bride,
The grim king of spectres demands thee for his.

"My name frightens infants, my word raises ghosts,
My tread wakes the echoes, which breathe thro'
the aisle;
And, lo! here stands the prince of the church yard,
who boasts
The will to perform thy commands for a smile.'

"He said, and he kiss'd her, she pack'd up her
clothes,
And straight they elop'd through the window
with joy;
Yet long in her ears rang the curses and oaths,
Which growl'd at his rival, the gruff butcher's
boy.

"At the charnel-house palace soon Nanny arrived,
When the fiend with a grin, which her soul did
appal,
Exclaim'd.....'I must warn my pale subjects I'm
wived,
And bid them prepare a grand supper and ball!'

"Thrice, swifter than thought, on his heel round
he turns,
Three capers he cut, and then motionless stood;
Then, on cards made of dead men's skin, Nancy
discerns
His ink fingers to scrawl invitations in blood.

"His quill was a windpipe, his inkhorn a skull,
A blade-bone his penknife, a tooth was his
seal,
Soon he order'd the cards, in a voice deep and
dull,
To haste and invite all his friends to the meal.

"Away flew the cards to the south and the north,
Away flew the cards to the east and the west;
Straight with groans, from their tombs the pale
spectres stalk'd forth,
In deadly apparel and shrouding sheets dress'd.

"And, quickly, scar'd Nancy, with anxious af-
fright,
Hears the tramp of a steed, and a knock at the
gate;
On a hell horse so gaunt, 'twas a grim ghastly
sprite,
On a pillion behind a she skeleton sate.

"The poor maiden she thought 'twas a dream, or
a trance,
While the guests they assembled, gigantic and
tall;
Each sprite ask'd a skeleton lady to dance,
And king Grim and fair Nancy now open'd the
ball.

"Pale spectres send music from dark vaults above,
Wither'd legs, 'stead of drumsticks they bran-
dish on high,
Grinning ghosts, sheeted spirits, skipping skele-
tons move,
While hoarse whispers and rattling of bones
shake the sky.

"With their pliable joints the Scots steps they do
well,
Nancy's hand with their cold clammy fingers
they squeeze;
Now sudden appal'd the maid hears a death bell,
And straight dark and dismal the supper she
sees!

"A tomb was the table, now each took his seat,
Every sprite next his partner, so pale and so
wan;
Soon as ceas'd was the rattling of skeleton feet,
The clattering of jaw-bones directly began.

"Of dead aldermen's fat the mould candles were
made,
Stuck in sockets of bone they gleam'd dimly
and blue;
Their dishes were skutcheons, and corpses decay'd
Were the viands that glutt'd this ravenous
crew.

"Through the nostrils of skulls their blood liquor
they pour,
The black draught in the heads of young infants
they quaff;
The vice-president rose, with his jaws dripping
gore,
And address'd the pale damsel, with horrible
laugh.

...." Feast, queen of the ghosts, the repast do not
scorn;
Feast, queen of the ghosts, I perceive thou hast
food;
To-morrow again shall we feast, for at noon
Shall we feast on thy flesh, shall we drink of thy
blood.'

"Then cold as a cucumber Nancy she grew,
Her proud stomach came down, and she blared,
and she cried,
'O tell me, dear Grim, does that spectre speak true,
And will you not save from his clutches your
bride?'

'Vain your grief, silly maid, when the m
ring,
The bond becomes due, which long since did I
sign;
For she, who at night weds the grizly ghost king,
Next morn must be dress'd for his subjects to
dine.'

'In silks and in satins for you I'll be drest,
My soft tender limbs let *their* fangs never
crunch.'
'Fair Nancy, yon ghosts, should I grant your re-
quest,
Instead of at *dinner*, would eat you at *lunch*!'

'But vain, ghostly king, is your cunning and guile,
That bond must be void, which you never can
pay;
Lo! I ne'er will be yours, till, to purchase my smile,
My two first commands, as you *swore*, you obey.'

'Well sayst thou, fair Nancy, thy wishes impart,
But think not to puzzle Grim, king of the ghosts.'
Straight she turns o'er each difficult task in her
heart,
And 'I've found out a poser,'....exultingly
boasts.

'You vow'd that no *butcher* should call me his
bride,
That this vow you fulfil my first asking shall be:
And since so many maids in your clutches have
died,
Than *yourself* show a bloodier butcher,' said she.

"Then shrill scream the spectres; the charnel-
house gloom
Swift lightnings disperse, and the palace destroy;
Again Nancy stood in the little back room,
And again at her knee knelt the young butcher's
boy.

'I'll have done with *dead* husbands,' she Brisket
bespeaks,
'I'll now take a live one, so fetch me a ring!'
And when press'd to her lips were his red beefin
cheeks,
She lov'd him much more than the shrivell'd
ghost king.

"No longer his steaks and his cutlets she spurns,
No longer he fears his grim rival's pale band;
Yet still when the famed first of April returns,
The sprites rise in squadrons and Nancy demand.

"This informs you, Tom Tap, why to-night I re-
move,
For I dread the approach of the shroud-cover'd
hosts,
Who tell, with loud shrieks, that resentment and
love
Still nip the cold heart of Grim, king of the
ghosts."

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 26.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 3d, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXV.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Yes, "it is a mere child of fancy," and wonderful fancies some of you have, when you undertake to exercise them upon women? How long Mr. Saunter, are we to be the sport of your coxcomb-correspondents, who know not what they talk of?.... what do they mean by accusing the "*young ladies of Philadelphia*," of painting, of dressing indecently, and a thousand other irregularities that have no foundation in truth? What sir, because we have amongst us a few out-laws, who are always privileged to say, and to do outrageous things, are we to be characterised by their extravagancies? or do you suppose that we are not as much disgusted as you are, when our parties are disgraced by them, or is it believed that we approve, because we do not loudly declaim? No sir, we are silent although we abhor, because we know that all censures of a fashionable belle, are good-naturedly placed to the account of envy of her superior charms. Hence too the advantages which married men enjoy above single ones, that to them only, are "whispered the pointed observations, and satiric censures," because from the constant opportunities which they have of gaining an intimate knowledge of the female heart, they can believe, that they do really "flow from the creative fancy," and not from a malignant disposition that desires to give pain to any one. Be not "lured," therefore, gentle "bachelors into the matrimonial noose," by the fallacious imagination that in that state alone, "you can enjoy the unreserved confidence of a young woman;" learn to be just and liberal, and you too may "reap instruction on the subject of men and manners, and of women."

But pray, where has Mr. Maritus been so very discerning as to discover the other marks of confidence which he so prettily describes? where has he seen a young lady seating herself on the lap of a married man in company, and kissing him too! those are not the manners of genteel society in Philadelphia, we all know "obstinate as the attendants on the court of fashion may be;" it is tolerably plain, that Maritus has not the guilt of being amongst them.

It is high time to expose the unmanly ignorance and childish inconsistency of those gentlemen, whose only study seems to be, how they shall depreciate the character of their country-women, in the estimation of those who know them not. I have said, they understand not what they talk of.... witness your sagacious Mr. Tickle with his "*two members*," to note down every sentence, every word they hear "at a tea-party," surely his committee must have a miraculous facility in taking notes, especially as they are ordered to be accompanied with "copious annotations!" One would

scarcely have imagined that the united talents of the whole club could have accomplished such a task!....note down the chattering of a collection of women, whose tongues, have been compared to the magpie and the parrot, to a mill and an aspen-leaf, and even to the perpetual-motion!....but the clubs are already in very able hands; to the judicious management of M. I leave them, and will only observe that, repeated doses, of such wholesome medicine, as she and the witty Beatrice have administered, might possibly have a good effect on some of these shallow scribblers.

It would not be very difficult to shew the want of truth, in most of the gentlemen, who have so grossly slandered us in the Port Folio, but as it is not my intention to examine the subject minutely, but only to excite some of my companions, who are more equal to the task, to overcome their diffidence and exert themselves in their own defence, I shall merely notice the extraordinary production of Fidelia, in your ninth number, for it is irresistibly absurd; and advise these kind creatures when they choose to appear in "female attire," that they take some little pains to conceal the cloven foot, and especially to take care that they do not libel themselves most egregiously when they only mean to admonish us.

Dear Mr. Saunter, be intreated to leave your study and come amongst us, stroll through the public walks of the city, frequent our agreeable tea-parties, and you will soon see how we are abused, and you are imposed upon; you shall lounge in the easiest chair in the room, and have the fullest license to censure all that you find reprehensible in our appearance or our manners.... but you shall never behold one youthful face bedaubed with paint, nor one married man indulged with a kiss from a young lady.

CONSTANTIA.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXIII.

Insignificance of the brandy insurrection....The Secretary of State, Randolph....treaty with England.

The French minister, Fauchet, says in one of his dispatches to his government, which was intercepted by the English, and published in America, that the brandy drinkers broke out too soon, and thereby prevented a general concerted explosion against the government. But perhaps this young man only meant by this, to give his superiors a high opinion of his diplomatic penetration; he makes generally throughout the dispatch a great ado, with his knowledge of mankind, and his insight into the human character. The Americans do not so readily quit their home and their families, to cut one another's throats, and this general explosion is a mere creature of the brain.

This same dispatch intercepted at sea by the English, which the English envoy, Hammond, communicated to president Washington, was attended with very disagreeable consequences to the secretary of state, Randolph. The French minister mentions in it, his frequent conferences with the secretary of state, declaims upon the corruption of so young a government: exclaims "what is to be expected from its old age, when it is already so corrupt in its infancy!" and adds, "thus with a couple of thousand dollars, the republic would have had it in her power, to raise here a civil war,"....Washington shewed Mr. Randolph this document, which excited suspicion in presence of the council of state: Randolph said he would bring explanations from the French minister, which would perfectly justify him. Fauchet was already gone to embark at Rhode-Island, for France. Randolph overtook him there, and Fauchet declared that he had always considered him as a good American patriot; that the couple of thousand dollars related to merchants, whom it was wished to have withdrawn from under a trading subjection to England, and to provisions for French account. Randolph resigned his office, and wrote his justification; there was in truth nothing proved against him.

The treaty with England, which next to Washington's retirement, is certainly the most important transaction since the peace, deserves applause, not only as a successful attempt to remove all dependence upon foreign powers, but also on account of the important possession of the forts on the lakes. For as America has neither army nor fleet; as she could oppose none but altogether insufficient means of defence, against the attack of an enemy, at all considerable, who should act with rapidity, it was certainly a master-piece of negotiation, to prevail upon the English to surrender to the Americans, the forts upon the lakes, so extremely important to the English fur trade, to their influence upon the Indians, and for their military operations in case of a war with America. This important service rendered to his country, would have been of itself sufficient to crown president Washington with immortal glory. He has thereby procured for his country, a natural boundary to the northward, strengthened by forts. This boundary is now very easy to defend, though before, susceptible of no defence at all. The colonists to the westward are thereby protected against a surprise by the Indians, who by means of these forts may be kept in check. Now, for the first time properly, are those delightful regions opened to the laborious planter, whom hitherto, the fear of the Indians restrained from settling there. Nothing but the fear that America, might in this war make a common cause with France, could have made England consent to these sacrifices. This proves likewise, how skillfully Washington knew when to seize and turn to advantage the favourable moment. It also proves the prudence of the English ministry, in perceiving that the interest of England, required her to maintain a friendly connection with America, which in that case will prove, more useful to England after her independence, than she was before. By this treaty, America extricated herself

from the dependance upon France, in which she had been ever since the peace. The obligation of gratitude to France, was not thereby violated in the smallest degree, since no article of this treaty is contrary to the existing engagements of America with France. I cannot indeed bear the sentiment which the Americans, of the English party always have in their mouths; that gratitude cannot exist between nations. On the contrary; if the moral duties of individuals were to be extended to states, the world would be the better for it, and the state which should first conduct itself according to the principles of morality, would find its advantage in having set the example. As little to my taste, was their maxim, that this tribute of gratitude, if due at all, belonged not to the French nation, which at that time, had no voice in public transactions, but to their king, whom they have guillotined; for it is clear, that the king without the nation could have been of no service to the Americans, who ought therefore to be grateful to the French. But have they not likewise duties of gratitude to perform towards England? they have, by all means. Had England done for them nothing else, they were at least from the foundation of the colonies, until the period of the revolution protected by her power; for their sake, England has waged many wars, and expended her blood and treasures. From England they inherited their laws, their civil liberty, their representative system. England by her example, taught them to assert all these wholesome rights, by possessing which, she esteems herself, and indeed with truths so fortunate in comparison with other nations. Are all those benefactions at one stroke dashed out, and forever annihilated by her ill treatment, during the revolutionary war? It belongs indeed to the atheistic doctrines of our times, that one offence must sweep away the memory of an hundred benefits; but this cruel theory of revenge, dissolves all the ties of society. England is the mother of America. We still have duties to perform towards a mother, even though she may have treated us ill; especially if she returns from her errors and conducts herself better towards us....France furnished assistance against the ill treatment of this unnatural mother; and America should therefore be grateful to France too. How then must she act in the controversies between two benefactors? She should observe the most rigorous neutrality.... But is not America bound by a treaty to assist France, if she be attacked? It may be answered, did not France first declare war against England. And even if she had been first attacked, as might be maintained by those who attend more to substance than to form, was America obliged to expose herself, by engaging in the war, to the danger of a national bankruptcy, without being able, by an impotent co-operation in the war, (for it has been seen above, what her ability was in this respect,) to render such useful service to France, as she could by supplying her necessities, which, could only be possible in a state of neutrality? America has by treaties, guaranteed to France her West-India possessions. But has England declared that at the peace she meant to retain her conquests in the West-Indies? And, what is the most important of all, can America take them from the English? Has the execution of this article ever been required by France? To be sure, the Americans ought not to have sold warlike stores to the English; nor to have allowed them, in the year 1795, to purchase in Virginia more than a thousand horses to mount their cavalry in the West-Indies. It is not fit to sell to either of two parties, both our friends, arms, with which they may break each other's necks. This is what led me to the observation above, that the Americans had not been anxious to pay their tribute of gratitude to France. Against the executive power, that is, against president Washington there is not

only no subject of complaint, but his conduct was conformable to the soundest principles of justice.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Extracts from a very novel and captivating work, entitled Remarks on local scenery and manners in Scotland, during the years 1799 and 1800, by John Stoddert, L. L. D.]

TWO miles from Alloa is Clackmannan, a miserable village, which, however, assumes the dignity of a county town....It is seated on a hill whose summit is crowned by the tower of Clackmannan, once the chief seat of the Bruce's. This venerable pile, which is going fast to decay, forms, from its situation, a picturesque object and commands a view no less admirable.

Here, a short time ago, lived the old lady of Clackmannan, no less remarkable for her wit and good humour, than for her economy and her jacobitism. On a very slender income she maintained much of the state, and all the respectability of her ancestors. She preserved the sword of king Robert Bruce, with which she assumed the right of conferring knighthood; but when asked whether she was of that Monarch's family, she answered with much dignity, "king Robert was of my family."

Mr. Erskine, of Mar, has dedicated much time to agricultural pursuits, and his influence and example have contributed towards their advancement throughout the surrounding country. One of the most important results has been the institution of annual ploughing matches, at which from fifty to an hundred ploughs generally assist. Since their establishment the dexterity of the ploughman has been evidently increased: a spirit of honest emulation has been excited among them: the honorary medals, given as prizes, are carefully preserved; and though they are of considerable intrinsic value, no instance of their being sold, by those who gained them, has ever occurred.

It was long before the ancient border customs could be wholly overcome; but they may now be said to be like "a tale that is told," nay, the very tales of a tale, the popular traditions; the memory of events attached to names and places, even the dialect itself is gradually wearing out. Still the peculiarity of situation must necessarily stamp a peculiar character on the inhabitants. The whole country is divided into different dales, named from the waters flowing through them. This is so universally the case, that "the water" is here provincially used for "the neighbourhood;" and a traveller asking for salt fish or pickled herring, may perhaps be surprised at receiving for answer, that "there is none in the water."

One singular, but now obsolete, custom formerly prevailed here, called Handfasting. There was a certain Helen, where couples met and joined hands, they then lived together a year; after which repairing once more to the same spot, they either united for life, or shook hands and separated.

The most picturesque scenery, in the interior part of this country, is on the two rivers, Doon and Ayr: the former of which falls into the sea near the old castle of Greencans. The auld brig of Doon, which crosses this river, amid gloomy crags, and thick wooded steeps, consists of a single broad arch, of ancient structure, and probably of soft quiet hue, before it was treated with its trim coating of white-wash. This spot cannot but be interesting to every lover of poetry, from its connection with that genuine poet, Burns. He was born very near it, at a little cottage, now converted into an ale-house; and he has made it the scene of one of his most original poems, Tam O'Shanter. "Alloways auld haunted kirk," which stands by the road, is a small roofless pile, little remarkable in appearance; but an object of much superstitious terror to the neighbouring peasants.

The predatory life of the old Borderers forms an interesting subject of contemplation. The term free-booter was not considered as a reproach by the Borderers....who, during the open wars of the two countries, combined with their personal views of plunder, something like a spirit of patriotism. At other times they became dangerous to both parties, though generally professing hostility only to the inhabitants of the opposite territory.

Finally when the two governments agreed to measures of mutual advantage, for the suppression of the border depredations, an irregular system of conventional justice arose, which itself was not unfrequently the source of fresh dispute and bloodshed. The old Ballads pourtray these various states, with many forcible touches of humour and pathos: and their effect is enhanced by incidents descriptive of personal character or of popular superstition.... Among them may be particularly noticed Dick o' the Corry, Jock o' the Side, Robie Noble, the battle of the Redswire, Johnie Armstrong, &c.

At Mr. Brown's I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Mr. Mac Diarmid, minister of Comry, a very successful cultivator of Celtic literature. The arguments of this gentleman in support of the authenticity of Ossian's poems, were of considerable weight; but as I have already touched sufficiently on that subject, I shall only adduce an instance of that singular attachment to poetry, which, until the changes of modern manners, even the poorest of the Highlanders possessed. Among some specimens of poems, composed within living memory, by persons wholly untutored. Mr. Mac Diarmid favoured me with a literal translation of the following, which I shall transcribe, with the alteration only of a few Celtic idioms.

"The forsaken maid's lament,
"Tha n' oiche nochd fuar," &c.

"I wander in the cold night, and cannot rest—My heart beats quick. My mind is troubled, and heavy like a boat, tossing on the sea, without sail or rudder. Henceforth let no maid love, as I have loved, though the dear youth speak never so tenderly; though his words be never so pleasing to her ear; his affections will be light as the sea borne wind, unsteady as the fishes near the shore, which fly at the least alarm, alas, no more to return.

"Allan was my delight. His skin was white, and smooth as the down of the hills. In killing the Deer he excelled among hunters. When he bent forward on the oar, and cut his way through the waves, the misty hills and far-off glens, soon came in sight; when he sat at the helm, the boisterous billows yielded to his skill!

"O Allan the love I bear thee has darkened my face in the days of youth; it will bring me to an early grave! when first I felt it I told it to thee; but thy surprise, thy vexation, made my cheeks at once grow pale. Alas! I know thou wilt be afflicted with real grief; for soon shall I be laid low in the earth. In yonder church yard shall I be laid; and thy heart will be pierc'd with sorrow. A stone will be placed at my head; it will not reply to thy questions; then will thy woe be full."

A TRANSLATION

FROM THE PERSIAN OF NOURASSIN.

"To Allah the Most High be all honour and praise! Let every one bow down before his throne, to which all the powers of heaven do homage. Eblis, Eblis himself, though he presume to usurp divine honours on this lower world, pays his duty at the footstool of the Most High!

"After a day's severe fasting, I wandered into the woods of Kurdistan. The paths were intricate and perplexed, and I picked my way for some time with caution. Flowers of the most enchanting hues, and the most exquisite perfume, bordered the path:....the lotos flower and the tuberose scented the air; the high palmetto and the feathery

acacia waved over my head; and the birds warbled in delightful melody among their branches. A rapid and transparent stream diffused fragrance and verdure over this beautiful region; and the inequalities of hill and valley, wood and heath, added charms to this most delicious spot. Yet, though I could have wished to linger here forever, I forgot not that I had to return, and carefully observed the windings of the various paths that crossed the forest. At length, having reached an opening through which I could discern the glorious hues lighted up in the west by the departing beams of Mithra, I seated myself under a large tree, and abandoned my mind to the charms of contemplation.... "Surely" thought I, "it is good for man to be here, and he needs not seek a fairer paradise, when he can enjoy such a scene as this that now ravishes my mind." Then when I beheld the magnolia already shedding its tender spoils on the ground, I called to mind the saying of Yusef Eben Ibrahim; *When the leaves bud forth, think of the despoiled stalks....* "True," said I aloud, "the season of spring is delightful, and the glowing summer and the fruitful autumn come to fulfil its fairest promise; but after all comes winter, which swallows up all the benefits of its predecessors, resembling the vanguard of the sage Rhedi-al-Usuruf; *Ingratitude is a wide swallow.*"

"While I thus ruminated, a gilded serpent came slowly gliding from between the paths, and while I admired the glossy lustre of his scales, darted out his forked tongue. Springing up, I aimed a blow at him, which laid him dead at my feet. I resumed my seat, and gazing on my crest-fallen enemy, I thus pondered.... "Even so do unsuspected villains steal across the path of the unthinking man, and wound him with their venomous fangs! Happy will be that world where winter comes not, ingratitude is not known, and malice has no entrance."

"Lost in such musings, I scarcely heeded the gradual change from day to twilight; but when at length the hooting of the bird of night roused me from my reverie, I arose from my mossy seat, and determined to retrace my way back to the city.... I wandered long before I discovered that I had taken a wrong turn, and was every moment more enveloped in the intricacies of the forest. In vain I strove to return upon my steps: the similarity of the scenes presented but very feeble indications, and even had they been stronger, the increasing darkness of night would have prevented my availing myself of them. At length the rising moon shot her rays directly across the path on which I stood, and I perceived that I was on the edge of a tremendous precipice.... I shuddered at the danger I had been thus providentially enabled to escape, and bent my knees in thankful adoration to Allah."

"I rested a while on a projection of rock, to compose my feelings after the shock this circumstance had given to them; and while I sat, the moon acquired lustre sufficient to shew me the dreadful scene in all its horrors. The chasm below seemed as if it must have been formed by the convulsion of an earthquake. Huge masses of rock were piled on each other in all directions, and the abrupt and steep sides, were, in some places, covered with rude vegetation, in others bare, and full of yawning fissures. The depth of the gulf, my eyes, assisted only by the deceitful moonlight, were unable to penetrate; but the silver rays were reflected in the rough waves of a foaming torrent, that rolled at the bottom, and seemed to rush along over rugged projections of stone. I fancied I discovered a path that led to this extraordinary abyss; and urged by irresistible curiosity, I resolved to attempt the descent."

"The only talk in the city was of the new worship; and the mysterious secrecy observed respecting its peculiar institutions, only served to render the uninitiated more inquisitive. I had heard persons, in whose authority I could not depend, talk of the

Valley of Horror as the scene appointed for the celebration of the worship of Eblis; but I by no means imagined that a spot so worthy of the name, existed in the neighbourhood of the city, undiscovered by such a wanderer as myself."

"This circumstance redoubled my curiosity, and I attempted the declivity at the most accessible part. This I had never, I believe, been hewn out for a path; it was merely a channel, worn by some stream, which had either ceased to flow, or had turned its waters into another direction. I was now obliged to let myself down by tough branches of the creeper *amavi*, and now to leap from point to point with exertion the most perilous. Torn, bruised, and alarmed, I reached at length the bottom of the abyss, and found myself on the banks of a sluggish river, whose heavy and dark-coloured waves emitted a pitchy smoke. The banks of the river emitted cindery fragments of a volcano, and the sulphureous smell almost suffocated me. "Surely" thought I, "this cavern must be the entrance to the dominions of Arimanius, and this stream a portion of the fiery flood that surrounds his palace." At length, overcome by exertion and suffocation, I lay down, and lay for an uncertain period, in a state of insensibility. When I resumed my powers, I was surprised to see a gleam of light darting from a fissure at a remote corner of the cavern; and watching with attention its evident approach, I perceived at length several figures enter, habited in long flame-coloured robes each bearing torches, which they waved about with gestures of the most frantic wildness. This procession was closed by entrance of a tall personage, clothed in black, whose head was encircled with a coronet, which appeared to me of living fire. The whole train approached the pitchy river, on the opposite bank of which I lay. I endeavoured to hide myself among some of the singed shrubs, that were not utterly destroyed by the fiery exhalations, and succeeded in finding a place which concealed me from their view. The subordinate personages attended the figure in black, with every symptom of respect, to a spot where the river, by a sudden evolution, formed a sort of small cove. Here the whole party remained for some time immovable, while their countenances seemed expressive of internal abstraction and adoration; the personage in black then in a loud voice, commanded the stranger to be brought forth."

"The terror I felt at these words, which I concluded to apply to myself, is not to be described. I lay still in my hiding-place, resolved only to yield to absolute force, and not to betray myself by any sudden emotion; and my fears subsided, when I perceived four of the flame-coloured attendants drag from a cavern, on the opposite side, a man who seemed in a swoon. The superior uttered aloud some words in an unknown language, amongst which, however, I distinguished the name of Eblis. He then ordered the attendants to strip the man, and seizing him by the arm, plunged him, still insensible into the pitchy flood, that rolled sluggishly along. The shock recalled the unhappy man to his senses; and I beheld him, with surprise, express by his gestures the most extravagant joy. Immediately the superior took him by the hand; and while the surrounding ministers attired him in a flame-coloured garment similar to their own, he congratulated him on being now a servant of Eblis."

"After a destined period of probation," said he, "thou shalt be admitted to all the privileges Eblis confers upon his faithful worshippers. The secrets of nature and the arcana of magic shall be unveiled to thee. The spirits which fulfil his orders shall be submitted to thy power, and thou shalt be enabled to accomplish at once all thy wishes. But in order to arrive at so high a pitch of felicity, thou must, during the appointed interval, be truly devoted to his will; thou must never fail to assist at our sacrifices, and must endeavour to render them, by thy

presents, worthy of being offered to our powerful divinity."

"The newly initiated made a reply expressive of gratitude, and eagerness to hasten the period of fruition. But he was dismissed with the greatest part of the votaries, through the same fissure at which he had entered; and there remained only three besides the superior. He then addressed them in the following terms;....

"The moment is now arrived when your services are about to be accepted. Ye have passed the period of probation with honour, and have never omitted any endeavours to promote the cause of Eblis among the children of the world. Come ye worshippers of the immortal fire! come, and receive the reward of your labours. One ceremony past, and ye shall be admitted to the innermost recesses of his palace, whose brightness is above all conception, and which ye have well merited to inhabit, by your noble disdain of the blind prejudices of mortals. Ye have, with a superior grandeur of soul, burst the bands of consanguinity, despised the weak maxims of what men call virtue, and sought only to increase the glory of the infernal fire: ye shall now drink of this cup, and be admitted at once to all the privileges of the most favoured worshippers!"

"With these words, the superior plunged a vessel of adamant into the pitchy stream, and offered it, steaming with sulphureous smoke, to his deluded followers. The first raised it to his lips, and having swallowed a part of its contents, fell to the ground in a swoon; the second and third drank likewise, and met with a similar fate. Quickly, however recovering, they addressed the superior with countenances and voices expressive of the most dreadful tortures."

"How hast thou deceived us!" exclaimed they. "What is this horrible internal fire we feel? Are these torments to be eternal?"

"Eternal!"....replied the monster, with a ghastly grin.... "ye now feel in your hearts, the fire that is never quenched....the just reward of your labours. It is our amusement," continued he, "to delude unwary mortals with specious tales and alluring equivocations; and, by increasing the number of the votaries, seem to obtain a fanciful relief. Go.... the mysteries of magic, and the command of spirits are yours. Go, profit by what you have so hardly earned!"

"With these words, he burst into a loud and insulting laugh, while, with horrible howlings, the three deluded victims tore open their garments, and displayed their bosoms burning with unquenchable fire. After a most dreadful interval, the figure in black placed on each of their heads a circlet of fire like his own: and recommending patience and composure to them, ordered them to seek their own habitations, and, like him, endeavour to procure new votaries to Eblis."

"The faint rays of morning began now to streak the sky, and being once more alone in the Cavern of Horrors, I determined to attempt the ascent, not daring to follow the steps of the strange beings I had seen, lest I should be led into the dominions of Eblis. Painful as had been my descent into this horrible place, I found the return to the upper world still more difficult; but at length, by perseverance and extreme labour, I effected my emancipation; and shuddering with horror, regained the place from whence I had wandered the preceding day. Exhausted with toil and fasting, I had scarcely strength to return to my own abode; but the most distressing consequence of my adventure was, the total loss of my confidence in my fellow-creatures. I wanted to pull off the turban, and tear open the vest of every man I conversed with, to ascertain whether or not he were a votary of the infernal fire; but I had the happiness, by representing to many who had wavered, the facts I yet witnessed,

of fixing them more firmly than ever, in the faith of their forefathers."

Let those who shall read the adventure of Nou-assin, learn, not to be seduced by the wiles of mystery, nor to listen to the magnificent promises of novelty. The paths of virtue and true happiness are plain and open, and their dictates will bear to be tried by the touchstone of truth.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following has been elegantly translated from the French for the Port Folio, and is a new picture of an illustrious woman.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF MADAME MAINTENON.

Frances d'Aubigné, grand-daughter of the famous Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné so celebrated in history, was born in 1635, in the prison of the parliament, where her father was confined. Born in a prison, she was truly a child of misery, was early taught the language of sorrow, and too soon she learnt to suffer. In 1639, Madame d'Aubigné procured the release of her husband, who removed to the islands with his wife and daughter. There he soon amassed a considerable fortune, but by imprudence, which is very common in those who are suddenly raised from extreme poverty to great affluence, it was squandered, with more rapidity than it had been accumulated. He died soon after, leaving his affairs entirely deranged. Madame d'Aubigné was again plunged into poverty and adversity, with the additional horrors, of being removed from her personal friends; she returned to France, and educated her daughter in the calvinistic persuasion. Madame de Neuillant, and her relations obtained an order from court, and took her to her house, with an intention of making her change her religion; but firm in her first principles, Mademoiselle persisted therein so steadily, that they at last employed violent means to make her renounce them. Humiliations, however, of every kind had on her the effect, they generally have on great souls; far from overcoming, they strengthened her belief. They at last reduced her to the degrading situation of feeding poultry: but soon becoming the object of a young peasant's attachment, Madame de Neuillant, was obliged to place her in the convent of the Ursulines at Niort. It was here that she embraced the established religion, her conviction of its superiority arising from the mild, friendly and rational instructions of an abbess who had conceived a friendship for her. It was in this retreat that her mind was unfolded, and the virtues of her heart expanded. On her return to Paris, she was very soon celebrated for the charms of her mind, and the sweet complacency of her manners. She there married M. Scarron, so distinguished in the republic of letters, for original gaiety. This was a very advantageous alliance; but her happiness and independence were but fleeting, and both were sacrificed to the imprudence of her husband in publishing a libel against the cardinal Mazarin; upon which the minister withdrew the pension the court had granted him.

Scarron died in 1660, leaving very little to his widow, who retired to the convent of the blue nuns, and was under the necessity of living with very strict economy. She did not quit this place until Louis XIV. confided to her care the education of his children by Madame de Montespan. Thus, although she most unexpectedly again arose from indigence to opulence, yet she sacrificed her liberty, to a servitude, which Madame de Montespan often made very painful. In spite, however, of this sacrifice, the king had conceived a dislike to her, which was carried to such excess, that he once reproved Madame de Montespan for passing an evening with her. "With what readiness, said he to her, can you find an excuse for associating with this affected woman, do you wish she should make you as foolish as she is herself?" But when he

became more acquainted with the many amiable qualities of her heart, and the great powers of her mind, he was insensibly inspired with other sentiments for her. Antipathy gave place to friendship, and friendship in his breast was but the bud of the most ardent and tender, constant and sincere love.

The king presented her with 100,000 francs as a compensation for her attention to Monsieur le duc du Maine, with which donation, she purchased Maintenon, and Lewis XIV. requested her to take the name. It has, with very little foundation, been said that she used to blush at bearing the name of Scarron, she had too much elevation of soul, to be capable of such weakness. After the death of the queen and the disgrace of Madame de Montespan, the king felt more and more the value of such a friend as she was. She held the highest station at court, and the world whispered that Louis had married her privately. The father de la Chaise, her confessor, it was said, advised this step, and Monsieur de Harlai, archbishop of Paris, performed the rites in presence of two witnesses. But of this we have no positive proof. The king was then about forty-eight, and Madame de Maintenon about fifty years old. In her present elevated station, equally modest as pious, she was constantly exercising her charity and benevolence. Among other useful establishments, she founded that of St. Cyr, and designed it for the education and protection of young ladies without friends or fortune. The king continued his attachment to her without abatement: and how could it be otherwise, towards a woman, to whom he was indebted for the wisest counsel; who had never allured him but to virtue, and who in weaning his mind from the illusions of this life, had enriched it by those religious ideas, which, when overwhelmed with sorrow, beneath the pressure of misfortune, supported him with new hope, and were at last his only consolation? This great monarch died in 1715. Death for him had no terror, but he was greatly grieved at the idea of a separation from a friend, whom he so tenderly loved, and whose claim on his affection was founded in solid and real merit. After his death Madame de Maintenon, dismissed her attendants and retired to St. Cyr, where, having formed the resolution of mingling no more in this world, she resignedly and devoutly awaited the hour, when she should in great glory arise with the blessed. At St. Cyr she received a visit from the Czar Peter I. who was desirous of her acquaintance. And there she died on the nineteenth of April, 1719.

The letters of Madame de Maintenon, are worthy of great admiration. They possess peculiar excellence. As those of Madame de Sevigné are chefs d'œuvres of delicacy and grace, so those of Maintenon are models of purity and wisdom. In reading her letter to Madame de la maison Forte, and that to Madame la duchesse de Burgoyne, we can almost imagine it came from the pen of Solomon. I shall only add that piety is their great characteristic, and, that their intrinsic merit has established a fame, which my praise cannot increase.

There is engraven on a monument, placed in the church of Saint Louis de St. Cyr, the following epitaph, composed by the abbe de Vertot, and revised by mareschal de Noailles, who married the niece of Madame de Maintenon.

Sacred to the Memory
of

Frances d'Aubigné,
Marchioness de Maintenon,
A truly pious and illustrious
woman:

Such, as the wise man
Vainly sought for, in his age;
And would have proposed as a model
Had he lived in ours.

Her birth was noble:
Her mind enlightened.
Her virtues many.

Wisdom, sweetness and modesty,
Dwelt in that mind
Devoid of guile.

In all the vicissitudes of this life,
She was the same:

Constant in virtue, steadfast

In her principles:

The same just rules always govern'd
Her conduct.

Faithful, in the exercises of piety:
Tranquil amid the agitations of a court:
Simple in grandeur:

Humble amid riches and honours:

Revered by Louis the great:

Sharing his glory:

Possessing his highest confidence:

The sole directress of his bounty.

She exercised her power with

Equal justice.

A mother to the orphan:

A friend to the needy:

To the unfortunate her sympathy

Was healing.

Her tongue was sweetness:

Her soul was

Wisdom.

A life so illustrious, terminated

In a death, holy,

And

Precious in the sight of God:

She was buried in the monastery which she founded, and has left an example of the most exalted virtue behind her.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

In Reid's Anecdotes, a new and fashionable parlour-window book, we find something like the origin of the following terrible and mysterious tale. Independently of some poetical ornaments, and the usual license of the *terrific* tribe of bards, the story, injurious as it is to human nature, is genuine and authentic. Events, similar to those recorded below, have taken place in the lives of some of the more flagitious of Passion's votaries.

THE HOUSE UPON THE HEATH,*

A WELCH TALE,

Triste jacet salebris, evitandumque Bidental.

THE MIDNIGHT bell had toll'd, and all was still;
Fast fell the snow on Radnor's cloud-capt hill:
The moon's unshadow'd orb reflected round,
Play'd o'er the roofs, and glisten'd on the ground;
Up the rude rock, where Glendower's fort once stood,
Hung with the horrors of its ancient wood,
Lo! anxious bending o'er his jaed steed,
A breathless horseman hasten'd with eager speed.
Loud ring the stones beneath his horses feet,
And echo dies along the distant street;
And with a deep and hollow murmuring groan,
The sighing gale sad whispers through the town,
Hark! at yon humble door, where deep repose
Relieves from care the friend of woman's woes,
A sudden silence marks the stranger staid;
Then, thus his hurried voice invokes her aid:
"Arise! for pity's sake, kind Leech, arise!"
"In child-bed's pangs a wretched female dies!"
"Oh! here is gold, and here's a courser fast!"
"Oh! haste, or life's swift waning hour is past!"
Prompt at the call of woe, the Leech arose,
Faint creaks the stair, the lowly doors unclose,
When, his dark shadow lengthening on the night,
A muffled stranger met her wond'ring sight;
Black was his garb, a mask his face conceal'd,
His mien, his gestures, dignity reveal'd.

* This story is founded on a fact, which happened at the beginning of the last century, in the neighbourhood of a market-town in the west of England; the real narrative involved the horror of incest, which the author, for many reasons rejected; indeed, as it is, he has found his principal difficulty in composing those parts, where the description must be intelligible, without being too minute.

Silent he stood, and more than human seem'd,
As on his scowling eye the full moon beam'd.
Starting, the Leech awaits his stern command;
Slow to the courser points his waving hand.
Dismal'd she shrieks...her arm the stranger grasps,
Mounts the proud steed, and firm her body clasps.
She shrieks! but lo! a dagger at her breast,
Instant the struggling sounds of fear repress'd.
Around her eyes his murky vest he throws,
And spurs impetuous o'er the scatter'd snows;
Loud ring the stones beneath his courser's feet,
And echo dies along the distant street.

Now, downward shooting to the rock's deep base,
Headlong descends the steed's unbridled pace;
His thundering hoofs the craggy passage spurn,
Behind, a fainter ray the woods return;
And now, unbroken by o'erhanging trees,
Full o'er the wild moor bursts the eddying breeze.
Now swifter still, and swifter as they speed,
The vales afar and lessening hills recede;
Up the rough steep the panting courser strains,
Or bounds resistless o'er the level plains.
Long through the lonely night's unvarying hours,
The field he crosses, and the forest scours;
No voice, no sound his silent course arrests,
Save where the screech-owls hover round their nests;
Or to their shrouds from pain and penance borne,
Returning spirits speak the rising morn;
Droop as they pass, and with prophetic groan,
Bewail impending sorrows not their own.

Keen blows the gale, a barren heath they cross,
Light flies the courser o'er the yielding moss;
Round the bleak wold he winds his circling way,
Snuffs the fresh air, and vents the joyful neigh;
Deep sink his steps amid the waste of snows,
And slackening speed proclaims the journey's close.
They stop...the stranger lifts his sable hood...
Fast by the moor a lonely mansion stood;
Cheerless it stood! a melancholy shade
Its mouldering front and rifled walls array'd;
Barred were the gates, the shattered casements clos'd
And brooding horror on its site repos'd;
No tree o'erhung the uncultivated ground,
No trace of labour or of life around.

Appall'd, the Leech surveys the solemn scene,
But watches chief her guide's mysterious mien.
He with fierce stride and stern expressive look,
Where shivering walls conceal'd a gloomy nook,
Drags her reluctant...There with anxious eyes,
Mid the rank grass an iron gate she spies:
The jarring hinges with harsh sound unclose,
A broken stair the feeble twilight shows;
Cautious the stranger climbs the rough ascent:
No lamp its hospitable guidance lent.
Speechless he leads through chambers dark and drear,
When a deep dying groan appalls the ear.
Now, with increasing haste he hurries on,
Where, through a rent, the sickly moon-beams shone.
The light directs...his trembling hands explore,
Sunk in the pannell'd walls, a secret door.
...Within this sad retreat," he faltering said,
"A hapless female asks thy instant aid."
Aloof he stands...The door with thundering sound,
Enclos'd the Leech: loud rings the roof around,
The tatter'd arras o'er the wainscoat falls,
And lengthen'd echoes shake the distant walls.
Now breathless silence reigns the mansion o'er,
Save where a faint step treads the distant floor.
Anon, it pauses...ceas'd the short delay,
It slowly stalks with measur'd pace away,
Anon, affrighted by the whispering blast,
Stands, as in doubt, irregularly fast;
And now, as listening, or in thoughtful mood,
Lo! near the secret door the stranger stood.
His eye distract'd rolls, his threatening brow,
Through bristled hair, he knits, and mutters low;
Lifts his clench'd hands, a groan of death within
Impatient hears, and frantic rushes in.

Round a vast room with blackest arras hung,
Its blood-red hues a flaming furnace flung;
Full in the midst it casts a deadly glare,
And heats with sulphurous clouds the tainted air:
O'er the arch'd ceiling plays the quivering light,
And brings by turns each dark recess to sight.
Here the approaching stranger's figure shows,
And tints of horror o'er his visage throws;
Here on an humble couch, by grief bow'd down,
The lovely mansion of a spirit flown!
A female form, with yet unalter'd charms,
A child embracing in its senseless arms.
The mother's blessing with life's latest breath,
Arrested on her lips still smiles in death;
The unconscious infant on her bosom lies
Pleas'd, and forgetful of its plaintive cries.

Oh! could a brother unsubdu'd behold
The lifeless parent thus her child infold;
Shed, as he calmly gaz'd no pining tear,
With steady foot, with brow serene, draw near?
No...when extended in death's cold embrace,
That beauteous form he sees with heavenly face,
Affection rushes on his downcast eye,
And yielding nature owns the powerful tie.

"Condemn'd," he cried, "untimely to the tomb,
"Disgrace, my sister, antedates thy doom.
"Yet had thy life, unseen, ignobly flown,
"Screen'd from the world to virtuous scorn unknown,
"Though indignation wept thy wounded fame,
"Though tinged thy brother's glowing cheek with
shame;
"Conceal'd dishonour had relieved my pain,
"And this stern breast return'd thy love again.
"Hid in this lone retreat from censure's eye,
"I deem'd the hour of shame would quickly fly;
"But vain the hope! what words my rage can tell?
"E'en wrath still mingles with my last farewell;
"Before my eye the guilty visions roll,
"Now thirst of vengeance fires my angry soul.

"But thou, lost wretch, ere this dark scene's reveal'd,
"Thy lips in endless silence shall be seal'd!
"The means of vengeance has thy aid supplied....
"Go! and the punishment of guilt divide!"
His murderer's dagger strikes the Leech's breast....
Groaning, she sinks to everlasting rest.

"And thou! foul offspring of a stol'n embrace,
"The hateful image of thy father's face,
"Accurs'd remembrance of my injured pride,
"Of a false sister to my foe allied;
"Three lingering pangs, protracted tortures wait,
"The parent's crimes their child shall expiate.
"This arm, to avenge a sister's virgin bed,
"The guilty blood of her defiler shed;
"Insulting union with my deadliest foe,
"How ill atoned by one avenging blow!
"Yes, should in thee a trace of guilt remain,
"My tarnish'd honour still betrays a stain;
"Love, yet unchang'd forbade a sister's death,
"But Hate, unceasing, claims thy forfeit breath...."

Furious the infant from the couch he tears,
Fierce to the flames its writhing body bears;
Aloft his arm with sway resistless whirls,
Then headlong down its trembling burden hurls.
As round the child the fiery circle creeps,
Lo! from the midst, untouch'd, unhurt, it leaps!
Nerved with unnatural strength by heavenly aid,
Its suppliant hands upraised for mercy pray'd.

Aghast the villain stands in dumb amazement...
The aspiring flames in troubled volumes blaze;
Speechless he paused...Wild frenzy fires his soul,
And bursting passions in confusion roll;
The child again he grasps...Beneath his hand,
In pointed spires, the flames aspiring stand,
Back they recoil! nor dare their victim meet,
The furnace blackens with extinguish'd heat!

Swift from the yawning depth of smother'd fire
A sulphurous stench exhales, and clouds aspire;
All ghastly pale a form terrific stood,
Its side deep gaping and distain'd with blood;
Full on the stranger's face its hollow eye
Intent it hurls, and pours a piteous cry;
Entwines its icy arms his limbs around,
Yells a loud yell, and cleaves the rending ground.

As through the black abyss the murderer falls,
Faint streaks of glory gild the mouldering walls,
Till lo! enveloped in a flood of light,
Descends a seraph-form confess'd to sight.
A radiant shroud around the spirit floats;
Above, a requiem breathes aerial notes;
When with a mother's fond encircling arms,
Sweetly it soothes the dying child's alarms,
And, as triumphant swells the angelic strain,
The soul untainted wafts to heaven again.

Far as they soar, remov'd from mortal eyes,
Lo! angry lightnings fire the troubled skies;
The sun obscur'd draws back his rising ray,
And vollied thunders usher in the day.
The storm is o'er...with still, unruffled breath
The breeze of morning fans the desert heath;
Struck by the bolt of heaven, in heaps around
A prostrate ruin strews the blasted ground!
Here, wandering shades the spell-bound circle tread,
And midnight magic wakes the silent dead.
The yawning earth pours forth a stream of blood,
And groans re-echo where the mansion stood.
Pale at the sound, with oft reverted eyes
Far, far aloof, the starting traveller flies.

Dr. John Eachard, a quaint and waggish writer of the last age, has consigned to posterity a facetious book, which will continue to excite merriment as long as man is a risible animal. In the course of these my evening labours, or *levities*, I have, more than once, quoted from this favourite author, and I am solicitous to have his books taken from the shelves, and read carefully over, because they are both merry and wise. Dean Swift has manifestly read them with diligence, and sometimes has not disdained to copy them with fidelity. STERN, who was a great *poacher*, has frequently hunted wild over the Tamasian fields of this jocose divine. He has been equally caressed by grave bishops, and the bantering jester. He has proved himself a formidable adversary to the acute HOBBS, a far famed sceptic, and in the fencing school of controversy, his force to thrust, and his adroitness to parry, rank him among the most accomplished. Let us laugh at his description of a glaring fault, incident to many preachers, who are prodigal of metaphors, at the very great expense of their understanding.

The first thing that makes many sermons so ridiculous, and the preachers of them so much disparaged and undervalued is, an inconsiderate use of *frightful metaphors*; which, making such a remarkable impression upon the ears, and leaving such a jarring twang behind them, are oft times remembered to the discredit of the minister, as long as he continues in the parish. I have heard the very children in the streets, and the little boys close about the fire, refresh themselves strangely, with the repetition of a few far fetched and odd sounding expressions. Tully and Cæsar, the two greatest masters of Roman eloquence, were very wary and sparing of that sort of rhetoric. We may read many a page in their works before we meet with any of those bears: and, if you do light upon one or so, it shall not make your hair stand right up, or put you into a fit of convulsion, but it shall be so soft, significant, and familiar, as if it were made for the very purpose. But, as for the common sort of people, that are addicted to this way of expression in their discourses, away presently to both the Indies, rake heaven and earth down to the bottom of the sea, then tumble over all arts and sciences, ransack all shops and warehouses, spare neither camp nor city, but that they will have them. So fond are such deceived ones of these same gay words, that they count all discourses empty, dull, and cloudy, unless bespangled with these glitterings. To which may be further subjoined, that metaphors, though very apt and allowable, are intelligible but to some sorts of men of this or that kind of life, of this or that profession: for example, perhaps one gentleman's metaphorical knack of preaching comes of the sea, and then we shall hear of nothing but starboard and larboard, of stems, sterns, and fore-castles, and such like salt water language: so that one had need to take a voyage to Smyrna, or Aleppo, and very warily attend to all sailor's terms, before I shall, in the least, understand my teacher. Now, although such a sermon may possibly do some good in a coast town, yet upward in the country, in an inland parish, it would do no more than Syrian or Arabic. Another, he falls a fighting with his text, and makes a pitched battle of it, dividing it into the right wing and left wing, then he rears it, flanks it, intrenches it, storms it; then musters all again to see what word was lost or maimed in the skirmish, and falling on again with fresh valour, he fights backward or forward, charges through and through, routs, kills and takes, and then, gentlemen, as you were. Now, to such of his parish as have been in the late wars, this is not very formidable; for they do but suppose themselves at Naseby or Edge-hill, and they are not much scared at this doctrine; but, as for others, who have not had such fighting opportunities, it is very lamentable to consider how shivering they sit, without understanding, until the battle be over!

It may be remembered, by those, who have looked into that kind of theological trash, with which many of the disciples of John Knox have overloaded the groaning world, that quaint *divisions* and violent ruptures of a text were thought to be of the very essence of *ingenium*. Observe with what exquisite humour, and with what correct taste, EACHARD describes the dreadful *dislocation* of the Scriptures.

In the next place, he comes to divide the text. Now off come the gloves, and the hands being well chafed, he shrinks up his shoulders, and stretches forth himself, as if he were going to cleave a bullock's head, or rive the body of an oak. But all texts come not asunder alike; for sometimes the words naturally fall asunder; sometimes they drop asunder; sometimes they melt; sometimes they untwist; and there are some words so willing to be parted, that they divide themselves to the great ease and rejoicing of the minister. But if they will not easily come in pieces, then he falls to hacking and hewing, as if he would make all fly into shivers. I have known now and then some knotty texts, that have been divided seven or eight times over, before they could make them split handsomely, according to their mind.

But then comes the joy of joys when the parts jingle, or begin with the same letter; and especially, if in Latin. O how it tickled the divider, when he had got his text into these two excellent branches; *accusatio vera*; *comminatio severa*; a charge full of verity; a discharge full of severity. *Duplex miraculum*; *miraculum in modo*, and *miraculum in rodo*. But the luckiest, both for wit and keeping the letter, is upon these words: when the unclean spirit is gone out of man, he walketh in dry places, seeking rest, and finding none. Then he saith I will return. In which words all these strange things were found out. First, there was a captain and a castle. Do you see, sir, the same letter. Then there was an ingress and egress. Then, there was unroosting and unresting. Then there was number and name, manner and measure, trouble and trial, resolution and revolution, assaults and assassination, voidness and vacuity.

But, for a short text, that certainly was the greatest break that ever was, which was once occasioned by these words of St. Luke, *weep not for me, but weep for yourselves*. It is a plain case, sir; here are but eight words, and the business was so cunningly ordered, that there sprung out eight parts. Here are, says the doctor, eight words and eight parts; 1. Weep not. 2. But weep. 3. Weep not, but weep. 4. Weep for me. 5. For yourselves. 6. For me, for yourselves. Weep not for me. 8. But weep for yourselves. That is to say, adds the merry Eachard, the wittiest of the clerical flock; North; North and by East, North North East, North East and by North, North East, North East and by East; East North East, East and by North, East.

FESTOON OF FASHION. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To those who are ashamed of red hair, which the Romans thought a beauty, and to those who are ashamed of grey hair, which many think looks venerable, we must recommend the following suggestion, by the ingenious Mr. Overton, who seems to contradict the scripture assertion, "Thou canst not make one hair white or black."

To the nobility and gentry, &c.....No. 47, new Bond street, Mr. Overton's, where may be seen specimens of red or grey hair changed to various beautiful and natural shades of flaxen, brown, or black. As many ladies are compelled, from their hair changing grey, at a very early period, to adopt the use of wigs, such ladies are respectfully informed, that their own hair may be changed to any shade they chose, in the course of a few hours, by

the use of the never failing tricosian fluid, and such is its permanency, that neither the application of powder, pomatum, or even washing, will, in the least, alter the colour. It is easy in application, and may be used at any season of the year, without danger of taking cold, being a composition of the richest aromatics, and highly beneficial in nervous head-achs, or weakness of the eyes. To convince the nobility, &c. any lady sending a lock of her hair, post paid, (sealed with her arms so as to prevent deception) shall have it returned the next day, changed to any colour shewn at the places of sale. Sold in bottles at £1 1s. by Mr. Golding, perfumer to her majesty, Cornhill; Mr. Overton, No 47, new Bond street; Mr. Wright, Wade's passage, Bath; and no where else in the kingdom.

Mr. T. Bowman of London, peruke maker, &c. gives a noble specimen of a disinterested spirit, when he tells the ladies that his "Full dress patent head dresses, are beautifully simple, when folded up and fastened with a bookin; are easily dressed in any style the best head of hair is capable of, and much superior in beauty." Price 6. 8. 10. 12. 15. and TWENTY GUINEAS!! The beautiful simplicity of Mr. Bowman's charge will, it is feared, occasion some complex calculations, in the heads of rational, plodding, and pains taking husbands, who have any heads, rather than patent heads.

The following broad hint is extracted verbatim from a London paper. It seems it sometimes is the fashion for modern ladies to ape the ardour of Sempronia of whom Sallust informs us, that such was the warmth of her heart, she solicited her lovers, rather than they solicited her.

TO THE GENTLEMEN.

A widow lady of respectable connections free from any family, mistress of a genteel house in one of the principal streets of the strand, by the malicious insinuations of a pretended female friend, has been misrepresented in such a manner as to cause her to be extremely embarrassed for the small sum of £60. To any gentleman of liberality and generous sentiments, who through humanity will step forward and advance the sum of £100, she will not only give every necessary security, but will be particular in her endeavours to render her house a comfortable home for him for any period of time agreed upon as a lodger and boarder, or lodger only as may be most agreeable. Address to A. B. at Mr. Underwood's, No. 3. Angel court, Strand.

I challenge the critics to amend the above admirable advertisement. Was ever a loan of money, never to be repaid, solicited with such a winning grace. How liberally, liberality, generous sentiments, and humanity are ascribed to that courteous knight, who will advance to the protection of this distressed damsel. How particular is she in her endeavours to allure him to her comfortable house and how she intreats him to tarry all night, with a persuasive turn in hither I beseech thee. How many honest gentlemen in the warmth of their generosity, will inquire for this angelic A. B. who lives at No. 3 Angel court!

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

The young men still wear their coats very short, excessively *degagé*, and with the lapels buttoned.... Each lapel has now seven buttons instead of six. The three cocked hat is strictly and exclusively for full dress. The cockade is subject, as well as the *zephyrs* which surmount it, to almost daily changes in the combination of the three colours. The cravat is no longer so large. A great many wear frills. They wear to their knee bands very small, plain gold buckles, round or square, with rounded corners; and in their shoes silver buckles of a middling breadth, from fourteen to sixteen lignes, with cords or pearls. These buckles are also round or square, with rounded corners. The

use of gold pins is no longer so general among either men or women. They wear boots *a la Suwarroff*, without a seam, or with loose turns down of a leather colour. The artist, who has discovered the mode of kneading the leather so as to make solid boots, without any apparent seam at least, uses for the turns down a glossy gum, which prevents stains.

In the lady's dress, rose, orange, and scarlet are the prevailing colours. The last has the preference. A broad velvet ribbon of scarlet colour, with black edging, is worn round the crown of the white hats *a la Pamela*, which are as yet confined to the class of the first rate fashionables. The head-dresses in hair, which are equal in repute with the turbans, are generally ornamented with a wreath of two branches, in shape of a diadem, made of cherry blossoms, without leaves and sometimes of camomile flowers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Various articles of great merit have been received of late from many of the most ingenious of our correspondents. At the convenient season, they shall be specially acknowledged, and receive due attention.

We praise the good taste, and are obliged by the kindness of the gentleman, who has sent us some judicious extracts from Stoddert's remarks on local scenery and manners in Scotland. This is one of the most agreeable travellers we have ever accompanied. His book is the darling, both of the patron of the fine arts, and the lover of romantic nature.

An ancient associate in literature, who, when the editor conducted a rural Miscellany, furnished him with poetical ornaments, both bright and durable, is anxiously entreated to assist him and delight the public with the gaiety of his wit, and the splendid sallies of his invention.

The Moral Painter, who sometime since favoured us with a spirited sketch of the character of "MADELINA," is requested to persevere in this kind of delineation. We know him to be a great observer, and that he looks quite through the ways of men. If in any of the nooks of society, he will pluck out his sketch book, or cry *give me my Tablets*, he has the power to fill them with the finest moral proportions, and with an interesting group to arrest the attention of every Connoisseur.

"Stanzas, written by moonlight," are poetical and pathetic. The Defence of Cowley is powerful. It has been candidly read, and shall be promptly published.

We shall always find room for "HARLEY".

"ASMODEO" delights us. "A sketch of the private history of St. James's, since 1792, with the views, conduct, and character of Pitt, Fox, Burke and Windham" is impatiently expected.

The biography of Boileau will be resumed next week.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Bronson and Chauncey have issued proposals for publishing, by subscription, Roscoe's delightful Biography of Lorenzo, the Magnificent. We are preparing a more detailed account of this work, which has a double claim to our attention, as it was composed by an accomplished scholar, surrounded by opposing circumstances, and severer cares; and as it transmits to posterity a splendid name, memorable not merely from the illustrious house of Medici, but because it associates every idea of LIBERAL GENIUS.

Mr. Groff proposes to publish the works of POPE, from the edition of Dr. WARTON. The writings of a Bard, so justly famed, and with text, regulated and explained by one of the most

candid of critics, are fully entitled to the patronage of every literary American.

A new edition of Shakespeare, very carefully and elegantly printed, and at once cheap to the purchaser and creditable to the publishers, is projected.

Messrs. Conrad, & co. have printed a neat edition of Lewis's new play, *Alphonso, king of Castile*. The rigour of contemporary Criticism, and the intolerance of party prejudice, have allowed that this is one of the best tragedies, which have been written within the last twenty years.

Mr. Bronson has published a "Specimen of republican Institutions." This work is neither an eulogy of democracy, nor an apology for the murderers of Charles I. or Lewis XVI. But an honest description of the polity of a state, "enjoying great quietness," without a written constitution.

Mr. Maxwell has in his press, and in a state of very considerable forwardness, a complete and elegant edition of the theological writings of Dr. William Smith, a divine who is justly celebrated for the fervour of his imagination, and the popularity of his discourses.

Mr. Dobson has published *The new American Practical Navigator*, by Nathaniel Bowditch, a work eminently useful to the mariner.

Mr. Morgan has published an octavo edition of *Forsyth on Fruit trees*, with additional notes and observations, applicable to our own country. The reputation of Mr. Forsyth has been tested by the experience of the gardener, and by public rewards, and his book supersedes every other work on this branch of Horticulture.

Messrs. Conrad and Co. have in the press a good edition of *Emmeline*, one of the most approved novels from the pen of Charlotte Smith.

The prospectus of a Philadelphia Magazine, to be conducted on the most liberal plan, and devoted solely to science and literature, will, at no very distant period, be presented to the public.

Mr. Humphreys has published of late many valuable Law books. He has now in his press some recent publications, which will be sought for with avidity, both by the lawyer and the merchant.

Mr. Carey offers a second edition of his quarto *BIBLE*, in the publication of which he solemnly pledges himself that neither care, attention, pains, nor expense, shall be spared, to render it as elegant as any offered to the American public, either of foreign or domestic manufacture.

Messrs. Davies and Morgan propose soon to commence the republication of the British Classics. The first volume, which they will offer to the public, is Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, a book delightful from the playfulness of his "well natured" muse, the easy simplicity of his style, and the harmony of his periods.

Mr. Bronson has published a correct and authentic copy of the interesting debates in the Senate on the Judiciary.

Mr. Byrne has published the valuable reports of Vesey, Willis, and East.

Mr. Woodward will soon exhibit the *Beauties* of the Evangelical Magazine.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

A Mr. *Paux* is an inn-keeper in the vicinity of this city. As a party were making merry at his house, he abruptly entered the room in a boisterous manner. But he was soon gagged by a wag present, who remarked that he was *vox et preterea nihil*!

A sporting parson, in the west of England, had the misfortune to lose his *Bible* and his *Pointer*. In an advertisement of his loss, posted next day upon his church door, the *Bible* is described as *dog-eared*, and the *Pointer* *littered on the back*!

Two French teachers lately set forth, in the public papers, their rival pretensions to public favour. One of them declares he was offered *fifty-three* young ladies at a celebrated Boarding School; but that he declined the flattering proposal, not thinking himself *equal to the number*. This gentleman may be a very wise French teacher, but he is certainly no *Solomon*.

"Truth," they say, "*lies in a well*." For our part, say the wits of London, we always thought it a property of Truth to *lie no where*.

A dashing young buck, from one of our universities, was lately congratulating himself upon being appointed to an advantageous situation as tutor to a young nobleman. A friend observed, that he would now have the delightful occupation of "Teaching the young idea how to shoot." Aye, aye, he replied, I will teach the young dog how to shoot. [*M. Post.*]

English visitants describe Parisian societies as consisting of men remarkable for their ignorance and barbarism, of adventurers and banditti; of women without honour, without chastity, and even without common decency.

Citizen *Bullock*, a French physician, has written as might have been expected, an excellent treatise upon the *Cow-Pox*. "*Et vitula tu dignus*."

Mr. Pitt's predilection for *Bond street* is easily accounted for. He had always an eye to *security*. [*Morning Post.*]

A curious bet, for a thousand pounds, has lately been made. Two noblemen, well known on the turf, have agreed to run against each other the first windy day on Hampstead Heath. The one is to wear Jack boots, and to run backwards against the other, who is to carry a large Umbrella over his head, and to run forward. They are both to run against the wind. All the sporting world are to be present, and great bets are already made.

It is a fact that a certain beau wears as much muslin and linnen round his neck, as his wife wears on her whole body!

Many who love to play upon words, take a delight in publishing *fictitious* marriages, for the sake of punning upon the *convenient* names of the parties. But in the Nuptial Register of that accurate and respectable paper, the *Gazette of the United States*, the following actually occurs,

Married at Norwich, (Conn.) Mr. *David Pitcher*, to Miss *Mary Gibbons*.

Here we have an irresistible temptation to apply a few stanzas of a well known drinking song, and as we do it in the most perfect good humour, we hope it will give offence to none.

In search of bliss I'll never roam
From clime to clime, even tho' I'd leisure;
More rapture yields my peaceful home,
Where lives my love, my only treasure.

My friend so rare, my friend so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer;
Give me this boon, I ask no more,
Than my good man, and darling *Pitcher*.

Prolific Nile overflows her banks,
And Vegetation skips to meet her;
I'll imitate dame Nature's pranks,
And spring with joy to meet my *Pitcher*.

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a Hedger or a Ditcher;
If, coming wearied home, at eve,
I might enjoy my friend...and *Pitcher*.

SKETCHES FROM LA BRUYERE.

To a man puffed up with vanity, impudent, who talks much and indulges in impertinent raillery, who speaks of himself with confidence, and of others with contempt, impetuous, haughty, obtrusive, without morals or probity, without judgment and indulging in the extravagances of an unbridled imagination...to such a man nothing is wanting to render him an object of the adoration of many women, but a handsome face and fine person.

The spirit of conversation consists much less in making a display of our own wit, than in drawing it from others: he who retires from your society, satisfied with himself and his colloquial powers, is also perfectly satisfied with you. Men love not to admire you, they desire to please; it is less their wish to be instructed and delighted, than to be approved and applauded; and the most requisite of pleasures is that of pleasing others.

Some women have endeavoured to conceal their conduct under a veil of false modesty; and they have gained nothing by a continual affliction, but to have it said of them, "One would have taken her for a vestal."

EPIGRAMS.

Says Kate to Ralph, with syren lure,
Her ankle full in view, sir;
That is the love-sick number sure,
Where one and one make two, sir.

Quoth Ralph (a wag in gallantry)
The figure's not uncivil;
But Kate, where one and one make three,
It plays, you know, the devil.

On a late regulation at a country work-house, by which the Paupers are deprived of both sugar and vinegar:

Don't exclaim, ye half starved crew,
Against the men in power,
Though they have took from you the sweets
They have also took the sour.

A barber in a borough town, it seems,
Had voted for *Sir John* against *Sir James*,
Sir James, in angry mood, took Suds aside,
"Don't you remember shaving me," he cried,
"Five pence for five minutes work I gave;
"And does not one good turn another crave?"
"Yes," quoth the barber, and his fingers snapt,
"I grant the doctrine...I admit the fact,
"Sir John, on the same score, paid the same price,
"But took two shavings; and, of course, paid twice."

A certain visionary once declared that his geese and ganders were possessed of souls as well as men. The next night all his poultry was stolen, and around the neck of a throttled gander, the purloining wit left the following distich.

Since, though 'twas never yet divin'd
In Athens or in Greece,
Your wisdom has explored a mind
In ganders and in geese.
Goosecups you treat of different kinds,
With eating and with arguing;
I take their *boluses*...you their *mince*,
Which has the better bargain?

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO

ODE TO POVERTY.

Thou squalid, sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!

What business hast thou, squinting in my face?
I so detest thy look, thy ev'ry feature,
That I ne'er think of thee, without grimace.

Then why or wherefore dost thou come, bewitching
Each thing I love? to water turn my grog,
And stealing (so insidious!) to my kitchen,
Annihilate each article of prog?

The dollars, that once jingled in my pocket,
Now by thy cursed art so scarce are grown,
That if thou hadst a wooden heart, 'twould shock it;
Nay, though thy heart were even made of stone.

But not alone of this am I complaining;
Nature herself's so alter'd by thy power,
That fields and meadows, each gay tint disdaining,
No more to me display the gaudy flower.

Thou'lt late with rural charms each thought delighting,
Thy maids and milk-pails now no more can please;
The billing turtle-doves to me seem fighting,
And gentle zephyr turn'd the boreal breeze.

The din around is louder than the city's
The pigs and geese are worse than carts and drays;
The birds that chaunt on ev'ry spray their ditties,
Are to my ears a flock of screaming jays.

Where Schuylkill winds along in soft meanders,
I see no pebbly beach, no crystal wave:
His swans to me look very much like ganders,
And nought but mud his sordid waters lave.

And worse than all the rest, my friends don't know me;
But hold their heads so high with haughty stare,
That there's not one of them whom thou canst shew me,
To whose identity I'd like to swear.

E'en Chloe, who erewhile so condescending,
Would sit upon my knee with smiles so meek,
Now frowning, says, "in troth you need much mending,"
And scarce will suffer me to touch her cheek.

Old Noll, who always was the true quintessence
Of honest fellows.....sprightly, gay and clever,
When I approach the bar-room, shuns my presence,
As if he thought I had the yellow fever.

His nose was comely once, and finely florid;
His cheeks possess of health the roscate hue;
With pimples cover'd now, his nose is horrid,
And, to my eyes at least, his cheeks are blue.

Tim Staytape too, who rigg'd me out to cozen
The hearts of ladies fair, with witching looks,
By whose attraction, Delias by the dozen,
I flew to my arms, like school-boys to their books,

E'en Tim himself is chang'd! no more he capers
For me to cut the cloth, or wield the sheers;
No more that certain cure for spleen or vapours,
The splendid coat or vest this bosom cheers.

I cannot say how ugly I think Tim is;
I hate him as I do the doctor's pill!
His aspect, that was once so smiling, grim is!
His face grows even longer than his bill!

But as I'm sick of thee, and don't love railing,
And would not call thee an indecent name,
(I never was accused of that failing)
I will not say a word more in thy blame.

Yet, would it not vex even Job's meek nature;
And I, thou know'st, possess not half his grace:
Then what, thou sharp-nos'd, lank-jaw'd, hawk-eyed creature!
What business hast thou squinting in my face?

SELECTED POETRY.

[He, who venerates the valiant spirit of a Scottish warrior, or who delights in Caledonian imagery, will peruse with no languid emotions, a ballad, descriptive, natural and pathetic. The Editor has copied it from one of the newest books on his shelves. Its novelty will allure some, but he hopes its merit will captivate many.]

OSRIC AND ELLA,

A NORTHERN TALE.

.....Medio de fonte leporum
Surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus angit.
LUCRETIVS.

The youths rejoiced, the maidens smiled
And cold age cheer'd his furrow'd brow,
To hear that Ella, fair and mild,
Had listen'd to brave Osric's vow.

The sprightly bagpipe's patriot lay
Resounded on the banks of Clyde;
Renfrew ne'er saw a happier day,
A braver chief, or fairer bride.

But, ere the festive board was clear'd,
And ere the festive dance began,
Sudden, a messenger appear'd,
And thus his breathless errand ran:

"Haste, Osric, haste! to idler days
"Leave, Osric, leave, these ling'ring maids;
"Your valour thus while love delays,
"Our western isles a host invades.

"Perhaps amid this joyous crowd,
"No voice but that of love you hear,
"And honour's trumpet, once so loud,
"Sounds scarce a whisper in your ear.

"Haste, Osric; long ere evening fall,
"Our vessel far from hence is borne:
"I hear your brave companions call;
"Let me not see your laurels torn.

"Stay, Osric, stay," the maid return'd
"Her cheeks all pale and dim with woe;
"Your heart, that late with rapture burn'd,
"Can it so soon forget to glow?

"Ere yet upon my lips is cold
"The kiss you vow'd our love to seal;
"Ere yet the words the priest has told;
"Have perish'd in the parting gale.

"The gales, that waft you hence away
"No more shall bear the words of love;
"And ere again a kiss you pay
"Cold, cold, I ween those lips will prove.

"Your honour give the winds to take,
"To me you vow'd it all was due,
"And he, who can his love forsake,
"Will never to his king be true.

"Deserted in a foreign shore,
"Will honour heal the wounds of care,
"Or when the battle's wrath is o'er,
"Will honour smooth your pillow there?

"Stay, Osric, stay! full sure you go
"A double victory to pursue:
"That valour, which o'erthrows the foe,
"Your helpless bride will conquer too.

"Tempt me no more," brave Osric cried,
"Nor thus in fruitless tears repine;
"Ere back I turn to claim my bride,
"Honour and love must both be mine.

"When Osric shuns the dangerous field,
"Let infants lisp of Osric's shame;
"And all, who can a claymore wield,
"Shall pluck a wreath from Osric's fame."

He said, and hasted to the shore;
Long Ella's voice her love bewail'd,
And when her voice was heard no more,
Her eyes beside the vessel sail'd

Not now the east her steps betray'd,
She seem'd, so strong is fancy's sway,
As on the western shore she stray'd,
All nearer to her love to stray.

There oft she did her truth approve,
Her messenger the evening breeze,
And looking through the mist of love,
No longer saw the pathless seas.

But when the sun in clouds had set,
And slept beneath the western main,
'Twas all as if her love she'd meet,
And now was forced to part again.

"O cruel sun, so soon to fail,
"O cruel Ocean," oft she said,
"Could I but o'er thy billows sail
"To where yon happier sun is staid.

"Quick beat my heart, my bosom glows,
"To think how-smooth the night would flee;
"To think that when the dawn arose,
"I nearer, nearer still should be.

Love, neither fear, nor reason hears:
The vessel parted, fair the wind;
But thoughtless Ella views with tears
Her country fading far behind.

What sail is this that onward hies?
And who towards yon eastern haze,
So sternly throws his eager eyes,
As if he kenn'd his mistress' gaze?

'Twas Osric kenn'd his mistress' land,
Her, little thinking soon to see,
Her, flying to the westward strand,
He, hasting to the east countrée.

Ah! who could bear such matchless pain,
Who in his bosom love has found?
But who the viewless wind can chain,
Or anchor in the wave profound?

He leap'd into the foaming tide,
He sought the ridgy surge to cleave:
And once, he touch'd the vessel's side:
Why dash'd him back an envious wave?

Faint and more faint his efforts grew,
Dim and more dim, poor Ella's eyes;
Now half he's lost, now quite to view;
She saw him sink, she heard his cries!

Death, like a whirlwind, shook her frame:
No more she heardbut only gave
The last farewell to Osric's name,
Her parting look to Osric's grave.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 27.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 10th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXVI.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Posces ante diem librum, cum lumine.

HORACE.

The following petition, or *memorial*, as my correspondent more melodiously terms it, was sent to me with a request, that I would present it, at the next meeting of the committee of literature, or in the course of my earliest saunter into the Philadelphia library. But I am so conscious of my little influence, on the one hand, and of my great diffidence on the other, that I have deemed this mode of publication would most effectually subserve the wishes of "Literary Leisure." It is almost superfluous to add, that my own prayers for success are added to those of the ingenious petitioner. Our city library at present resembles the "sister and spouse," of Solomon. It is a garden inclosed. It is a *spring shut up*, and a *fountain sealed*. 'Tother morning, my pale cheek had actually a kind of crimson tint, when a learned foreigner, requested that we might go to the library together, and consult the Polymetis of Spence to ascertain the proportions of an ancient statue; after which, added he, I shall easily have time *before dinner*, to look into a volume of the journals of your Congress, while you, in your miscellaneous mode, are running from *this* poet, to *that* philosopher. Confused as I was, I could not avoid smiling, while I assured him that though the capital of the United States, boasted of the amplest library in our rising empire, yet it was *locked up*, during the golden period of the day, and that neither Laborious Research, nor the listless loiterer could obtain a volume, until a full dinner, and the gloomy brevity of a winter's afternoon, or the enervating heat of a summer's, had finely prepared the mind for all manner of studious exertion. My foreign friend shrugged up his shoulders, with that air of acquiescence, the characteristic of his countrymen, and said gaily, *we order these things better in France*. After dinner, we converse with claret rather, than Cicero, and pore upon nothing but the crowds in the *Palais Royal*, or the volatile figures at the Opera.

TO THE DIRECTORS OF THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

THE MEMORIAL OF LITERARY LEISURE.

Respectfully representeth,

THAT your memorialist, though of a remarkably pensive and quiet character, hath ever been of an inquisitive turn of mind, an ardent lover of books, and a great asker of ways and wherefores, whenever she happens to be in the company of profound pages, or profound scholars.

Although your memorialist commonly elects the most sequestered spots for her dwelling, and affects no noises louder, than the gentle water

fall, the rustle of leaves, the soft pipe of the robin, or the hum of a bee hive, yet sometimes in despite of party jangling, dusty streets, lumbering drays, and lazy loiterers, she adventures into populous cities, moved thereunto by an irresistible impulse to gaze at many books; to purchase some; to listen to news, and to learn from wisdom.

THAT not many years have passed, since she was apprized by one of Fame's messengers, that in the city of Philadelphia, surnamed the magnificent, there might be found a *studious cloyster* abundant in literature, and sacred to quiet, where your memorialist might read and meditate whatever of moral and wise, whatever of exquisite and fair, Learning, in her bounty, imparts to her votaries.

THAT, fraught with eager expectations of reasoning high, and enjoying thought more absolute, in a situation, so propitious to studious adventure, your memorialist forsook her village studies, and, at her own proper cost and charges, actually travelled from Dan to Beersheba, that is to say, from New-Hampshire to Pennsylvania.

THAT, on her arrival, after having shaken off the dust of her feet, and cleared her studious brain with a pinch of rappee, she forthwith repaired shortly after breakfast to the library room, and had the mortification to find the door shut in her face.

THAT, supposing this was a personal affront, she immediately appeared in all public places, with a countenance, as Mr. Noah Webster, would say, somewhat *lengthy*; but quickly was apprized that this was a common case, and that no one was permitted to read in a public library till food, and wine, and the fumes of tobacco had, at a late hour in the afternoon, ingeniously pioneered the way to the clear understanding and laborious perusal of any, the most difficult books.

THAT your memorialist is not only startled at this novel doctrine of *slumbering* study, after dinner, but being of a delicate constitution, with nerves vibrating at the slightest impulse, she finds herself but meanly qualified in the afternoon for any other studies, than Tristram Shandy, the London Songster, Mr. Jefferson's notes, or any other performance, remarkably light and superficial.

THAT, moreover, in winter, as your memorialist is rather dim sighted, from the united effects of long lucubrations, and bad candles, at least twelve to the pound, she confesses she cannot amid the haze of a December afternoon, very distinctly discern even the brightest sentiments; and further, if, as is sometimes incident to the most circumspect Literary Leisure, her pure mind is obscured by the fumes, either of the Tuscan grape, or the Havannah cigar, she cannot accurately distinguish between a page of pleasure, or a page of philosophy.

THAT, in summer, from the listless languor of the season; from the intrusion of impertinent flies, who sometimes maliciously buzz in the ear, or tamper with the nose of your memorialist; and from divers nods, and yawns, and other symp-

toms of drowsiness, she is altogether incapable of reading, even the Aurora.

THAT for these, and divers other good causes and considerations, your memorialist hopes, that she may be indulged with a more early interview with the muses of Philadelphia, in their favorite haunt, the library: that she may be permitted to expatiate freely among the shelves from five to three: that she may be permitted to make the most of the "cool, the silent, and the studious" hour, which, peradventure, may give birth to new Loungers, or something more worthy; and your memorialist, as in duty bound, will ever pray for her natural patrons and protectors.

(Signed)

LITERARY LEISURE.

To the Directors of the Library }
company of Philadelphia. }

Though the topics in the above memorial are not very carefully multiplied, nor very skilfully urged, yet I think even this artless representation deserves some regard from the very respectable characters, who are the guardians and directors of our best repository of literature. The present discipline of the library is obviously imperfect. It is a great injury to those, who are honestly desirous of information, to be in a situation, where they cannot obtain books. It is a greater and more tantalizing evil to stand, as it were in Minerva's porch, and not be admitted into the temple; to wander on the banks of Helicon, without the power of imbibing a draught. It is in vain to urge that the library company already meet the wishes of the studious, by cheerfully loaning books, which the borrower may read in his closet. But this favour does not, in the smallest degree, benefit him, for example, who is composing a book, in which he wishes to refer to multiplied authorities: here, the habit of research, the convenience of running from book to book, the long and quiet solitude of a serene morning, and the unrestrained liberty of an accessible collection, are absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of his work. Men may trifle with books, in the afternoon, but they must be *studied* in the morning. Indeed, no one, I believe, in the Philadelphia library, ever *dreams* of any higher effort of his mind, than to gaze with half-shut eyes at Hogarth's prints, or the maps on the wall, to read a magazine or a review, to discuss the intelligence of the last gazette, or quietly to sink on the shoulders of the arm chair, and enjoy a long *vision* of the Muses. An English gentleman, a stranger, ironically complimented me that our library establishment was so far monastic, as not to want a *dormitory*; that under the fervour of a July sun, it was the coolest room in the city for a *nap*, and that, on a late visit, he saw some half dozen hard students, whose studies might be very profound for aught he knew, except that they were occasionally interrupted by a profound *snore*, convulsive twitchings, the grinding of the teeth, and other symptoms of the most studious slumber.

It has been darkly hinted that pecuniary considerations affect the liberality of the establishment, and that an *early* passage to the library is obstructed.

ed, by the figures of arithmetic. But this we look upon as a downright calumny. The very genius and characteristic of literature is liberality. Her eagle eyes cannot look upon pins and needles. She does not measure her book with a joiner's rule, nor ascertain the depths of her wisdom with an excise-man's gauge. Gibbon could not "forget the joy, with which he exchanged a bank note of twenty pounds for twenty volumes of the memoirs of the academy of Inscriptions," and Cicero assures us that he despises the possession of meadows and cattle, and corn fields, in comparison with the AFFLUENCE OF LITERATURE. It is fervently hoped for the honour of our country, too long tarnished by this vile stigma of avarice, that no plan, calculated to enlarge the Empire of Knowledge will be frustrated, for want of a paltry sum, to carry it into execution. Let not the avenue of science be blockaded by the *pence table*; by the sordid imps of a penny wise, and pound foolish economy. Let not learning be locked up, for lack of a golden key. But let all, who have the exalted privilege of standing around the *well-spring* of literary refreshment, exclaim in a munificent spirit, generous accents and the eloquent phrase of a Jewish classic, "Ho every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!"

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXIV.

In continuation....English and Spanish treaties....Washington's firmness....Wavering conduct of the House of Representatives.

It is evident from Washington's letters, written to the Secretary of State Randolph, that he saw clearly before hand, the noise which the French party would make, in case he should ratify the treaty with England. Of two evils however, he chose the smallest and ratified it. The French party, which Washington, in those letters characterizes as the "friends of war and confusion," now rested all their hopes upon the house of representatives in congress. The democratic news-papers talked about an impeachment of Washington. "The Senate," added they, "which judges in such cases, will indeed acquit him;" but still he was thus held up to the people, as deserving punishment. He was accused in the same papers, with having drawn from the treasury more money than to the amount of his salary. He justly thought it beneath his dignity, to take the smallest notice of the charge. The former minister of finance, Hamilton, justified him substantially, and shewed that twenty-five thousand dollars a year, with the dearness then prevailing, was really not much for a president. In the house of representatives of Congress, the French democratic party seemed indeed to have the majority on their side. A certain Mr. Livingston, member from the state of New-York, a zealous democrat, brought forward a resolution, "that the president be requested, to lay before the house, all the papers relating to the treaty with England." Hereupon there was in this session of 1796, a debate, three weeks long. It was calculated that, as every member receives six dollars a day for pay, this resolution cost the public nearly thirty thousand dollars. Every representative wished to shew how deeply versed he was in the theory of political government, and discoursed in speeches of two days length, of legislative, executive, and treaty making powers. It was generally concluded that the fate of this resolution

would decide that of the treaty itself, in the house of representatives; the democrats were therefore highly rejoiced, when the resolution passed by a great majority. A deputation of three members, for which the most violent antagonists of Washington, such as Gallatin and Livingston, the mover of the resolution, were selected, was sent to the president, to require of him to lay the papers before the house. Washington refused them, and declared he would deliver them, only in case an impeachment should first be voted. The house of representatives hereupon voted that they had the right to demand, for their inspection, all papers relating to a treaty; that they had a right to refuse appropriations of money, necessary for the fulfilment of a treaty with a foreign power. After this, the treaty itself was debated upon, or rather the resolution to vote the sums for the execution of the treaty. This debate was purposely drawn into length, in order to learn the sense of the people. There poured in from all quarters petitions that the treaty might be executed. There was however, one petition to the contrary, signed by more inhabitants of Philadelphia and its neighbourhood, than that in favour of the treaty, which proves that the two parties were nearly equal in strength. But it proves perhaps still more, that the Americans very often sign petitions when a man of influence carries them round, without well knowing what they contain. The aristocratic party were incomparably more active than the democrats. The latter, in the country signed no petitions at all; probably because they relied upon the house of representatives, where the majority was on their side. Besides, Washington has had the address to bring the democratic societies into such discredit, that they scarcely assemble any longer in the country, at all. In truth, the democrats could not foresee that the absence by design of several members, should render the number of votes equal on both sides, and that the president of the committee, Mr. Muhlenberg, who had until then, been on their side would have given the casting vote in favour of the treaty; observing that although he deemed the treaty disadvantageous, he gave his vote in favour of its execution, in consideration of the great misfortunes which would arise from a refusal of the monies requisite for its fulfilment. The confusion would indeed have been astonishing, and Mr. Muhlenberg by this decision in favour of the treaty, rendered an essential service to his country. It is however evident that the firmness of Washington, who stood like a rock in a stormy sea, immoveable amidst the cries of faction, which broke at his feet, gave no small increase of energy to the executive power, by the refusal of the papers demanded, and that on the contrary, the wavering conduct of the house of representatives, in first demanding the documents, and then not only omitting all animadversion upon their being denied, but even finally voting against their will, and as if through fear, the sums necessary for the execution of the treaty, will in future be a precedent by no means advantageous to the privileges of the house.

At the same period, was ratified likewise a treaty of commerce with Spain, the principal object of which is, the liberty of navigating upon the Mississippi. The inhabitants of Kentucky, had always strenuously urged for this liberty to export their produce, upon the Mississippi, and had maintained that the government did not exert itself seriously to obtain it of the Spaniards; because it was against the trading interest of the atlantic states. This complaint is now removed. But whether the Kentucky people, would make such uncommon profits by this free exportation, was doubted in the atlantic states. For it was said, I think, very justly, that the great superfluity, and of course extraordinary cheapness of provisions, would give rise there to manufactures, and many enterprising peo-

ple have already formed the design to set up manufactures in Kentucky. But by the exportation of the produce, it will grow dear, and of course by raising the price of labour, will counteract the establishment of inland manufactures....This reasoning proves that in the atlantic states, the truth is understood without being followed. I believe, however, that the natural organization of the country will set the proper limits to this exportation. For the rapidity of the Mississippi prevents the navigation up the river, and of course the return of the vessels which carry the produce to New-Orleans; hence the owners are obliged to sell it there, then to proceed by sea, to one of the ports of the atlantic states, commonly Philadelphia or Baltimore, whence, after purchasing manufactured goods there, they are obliged to transport them by a difficult land conveyance, to Kentucky. All this is very tedious, very much subject to accident, and will never allow their exportations to reach the extent which they have attained in the eastern states....Hence, manufactures will first arise in the western states.

CHAPTER XXV.

In continuation....Surrender of the forts....Washington's retirement.

After the conclusion of the commercial treaty with England, the delivery of the forts upon the lakes, from the English to the Americans was necessary, before the treaty could be said to be executed. This delivery took place: and now was Washington's great work completed; he could now retire from his public career, not after having been like Sylla, the terror of his fellow citizens, but after having secured their liberty, and by a masterly negotiation confirmed the independence of his country, which as the celebrated general Lloyd has long since indisputably proved, was always exposed to the attacks of the English from Canada. Before he retired as a statesman from the theatre of the world, he left behind, to his nation a political legacy, in the excellent farewell address, wherein the overflowings of a benevolent heart, glowing with the love of its country are united with the wise maxims of a profound statesman; which important historical document, has been preserved by Mr. Archenholz in his *Minerva*, for December 1796. He anticipates the reproach, of wishing to withdraw from the service of his country, by observing in this admirable address, that so long as her situation had been critical, he had submitted though contrary to his inclination, to the burden of public office; but that now the ship was brought into port, no duty prevented his return to domestic quiet, which five and forty years, devoted to the benefit of his country, entitled him to enjoy. Men who believe in no virtue, because they can trace nothing like it in their own hearts, might perhaps maintain that his offended egotism, induced him to retire because he had been very indecently treated in the opposition prints. But this rare, and excellent man is certainly insensible to the censure of selfish little beings, as will be every man, of whose labours, the general good is the sole object. Egotism alone makes us vulnerable to the darts of egotism.

The danger of a new election to the office of President, must at any rate have occurred after his death, and then, as there would have been no Washington, to seize in case of need, with a stronger hand the reins of government, to bring order once more out of chaos, the evil would have been without remedy. Thus in every point of view, the resignation of his office was not blameable, but a new addition to his immortal glory.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

(Continued.)

THIS edition records a fact too honourable to the memory of Lewis XIV., to be passed over in silence. That great monarch, whose glory the present age of false, of meretricious philosophy, has attempted to tarnish, loved and protected the arts and sciences, not as a prince whose judgment is directed by the opinions of his courtiers, but as an enlightened monarch, whose decision is the result of deliberate examination, and of firm conviction. He was not blind to the splendour, which royal favour and protection when conferred on genius, reflect upon the sovereign, nor to the glory of which they are the source to the nation. The works of Despréaux were recited to him as soon as they appeared. The taste and judgment which characterize them, had made a vivid impression on his mind; he had frequently expressed his approbation of them; but this he regarded as insufficient. A public testimonial of his esteem appeared necessary, and he gave it in the privilege granted for the publication of this edition, in which he ordered, that particular mention should be made of the satisfaction he had derived, from the perusal of the works of our author; a distinction which reflects much less honour on its object, than on the prince by whom it is conferred.

Until now Despréaux had addressed himself in his works, only to reason and to taste. A quarrel which happened between the treasurer and the clerk of the holy chapel, occasioned by the removal and the restitution of a pulpit, furnished him an occasion of displaying all the brilliancy of his imagination. The affair was brought before the parliament. The first president Lamoignon, struck with the ridiculous folly of this controversy, jocosely said to Despréaux: "could you not write a poem on this subject?" "what should prevent me," answered he. "It is imprudent to set the head of a madman at defiance." To genius nothing is difficult. This pleasantry of the president Lamoignon, gave birth in the imagination of the poet, to a crowd of ingenious ideas: in the space of a few hours he formed the plot of the most piquant and original poem which adorns the French language.

Whilst he was engaged in writing the *Lutrin*, he composed his first epistle to the king. Madame de Thiange, sister of the *mareschal de Vivonne* and of Madame de Montespan, promised to present it to his majesty, Louis XIV. till then unacquainted with the author, except by his works; desired to see him. He consequently ordered Colbert to introduce him at court. Some days after, the *mareschal de Vivonne* presented Despréaux to the king, who received him with that kindness which, notwithstanding the haughtiness of deportment with which he has been so often charged, always tempered the air of grandeur and of dignity, which characterised all his actions. The king mentioned to him the pleasure which his compositions had afforded him, and expressed a desire to hear him recite parts of them. Despréaux repeated to his majesty a part of the *Lutrin*, which had not then been published, and some passages from his other compositions. The king, whose attention the various species of the truly beautiful never escaped, testified the highest approbation, and asked Despréaux with what part of his works he was best satisfied. He intreated his majesty to dispense with his opinion on that subject, adding that an author was incompetent to form a correct judgment of his own works, and that, with respect to himself, he entertained not an opinion sufficiently exalted of his, thus to weigh

them in the balance. That is of no importance, replied the king, I insist on your expressing an opinion. Despréaux obeyed. "That part of my works, with which I am best satisfied," said he, "is the conclusion of an epistle, which I have presumed to address to your majesty." He then recited the last forty verses of the first epistle. This conclusion, which the author had but a short time before composed, and which he had till then concealed from his friends, made a sensible impression on the mind of the king. The emotions which it produced, were visible in his eyes and on his countenance; he rose with transport from his seat, but immediately repressing this movement, "that is very fine," said he, "that is admirable. I would give you more praise, if you had not lavished so much of it upon me. The public will pronounce on your works, the eulogy which they merit; but, it is not enough for me to praise you. I give you a pension of two thousand livres: I will order Colbert to pay it in advance, and I grant you the privilege of impression for all your works*." Before the king had addressed himself in this flattering manner to the author, M. de Vivonne, transported by the beauty of the verses, seized him by the throat, and exclaimed "ah traitor! you concealed that from me." This sally, which even the presence of the king did not suppress, was a great source of amusement to the persons present. Despréaux retired from the court crowned with glory, attended by the smiles of fortune, and filled with admiration and gratitude towards his sovereign. But soon, according to his own confession, did sorrow assail him: his newborn honours and the munificence of the king lost their charms, and soon did he regard them merely as the price of his lost liberty.

An occasion was not long wanting to Despréaux, for paying his tribute of gratitude. The war which had just kindled, was one of the most glorious that France had ever waged. It elevated the glory of the nation and of the king, to the highest eminence. Every day was marked by new successes; to appear before the enemy, and to conquer seemed to be equally easy. Amidst this rapid succession of conquests, Despréaux selected the famous passage of the Rhine, and the capture of Namur, as the two actions most susceptible of all the embellishments and charms of poetry. He celebrated the first in an epistle of singular excellence, not less distinguished for the nobleness of the thoughts than for the elegance and harmony of the diction; and the second in an ode, which, unfortunately did

* Lewis XIV. was desirous of distinguishing men of letters, and loved to converse with them. It is universally known, that Moliere, Despréaux and Racine, frequently enjoyed that honour. Madame de Sevigné, has recorded an anecdote, which proves the extensive information he acquired, relative to literature; and the protection and patronage with which he honoured authors of celebrity....It refers to the extreme kindness, with which he received M. Arnauld d'Audille, brother of the celebrated doctor Arnauld and father of the *marquis de Pomponne*. "The king," says Madame de Sevigné, "passed an hour in conversation with the good man d'Audille, as pleasantly, with as much kindness, and as agreeably as possible; he was pleased with the opportunity of displaying his wit to this excellent old man, and of attracting his admiration. He told him that vanity had prompted him to mention, in the preface to *Joseph*, that he was eighty years old, and that it was sinful. The king added, that he must not flatter himself with the hope of being suffered to remain in his desert; that he would send for him, for he felt pleasure in the society of a man who had rendered himself so illustrious. When the good man gave him assurances of his fidelity, the king said that he entertained no doubts on that subject, and that a man who truly served God, was always a good and loyal subject. All this was charming. The king condescended to request him to dine, and to take an airing in a calashe, which he ordered to be provided; during a whole day did he speak of him with admiration." After such proofs of protection and of kindness, on the part of a king, whose enterprises were all crowned with the most brilliant success, can we be surprised at the enthusiasm with which men of letters have spoken of him.

not answer the expectations of the public, nor the good intentions of the author. In all the former works of Despréaux, he had shone only as a great luminary of literature and an excellent poet; but these two last productions distinguish him as a citizen zealous for the glory of his country. This it was which induced Louis XIV. to appoint him, in conjunction with Racine, historiographer of his reign.

The distinguished favour and protection with which the king honoured Despréaux, finally induced the French academy to receive into its bosom, the man of his time, the best entitled to the honour of a seat in that illustrious company. His enemies, who were predominant in the academy, had until then exerted their power to exclude him....contemptible vengeance which produced no other effect than that of rendering its authors objects of ridicule: but the firmness which the king displayed, in refusing his assent to the admission of la Fontaine, whom they had preferred to him, disconcerted and crushed the cabal. They dreaded the king's displeasure, and nominated Despréaux to the first vacancy. He and la Fontaine were installed at the same time. He was soon after received as a member of the academy of Inscriptions.

MISCELLANY.

FROM LITERARY LEISURE.

In a rainy journey in a post chaise the other day, I amused myself with tracing many analogies between the progress of human beings through life, and that of the drops of rain from the top of the glass to the bottom. It was fortunate for me that this idea presented itself to my mind; for the rain was so violent, that it precluded all entertainment from without: but the speculation I had thus engaged in, offered me sufficient occupation within. I observed certain drops start from the top with equal advantages. An accident impedes one, and its course to the bottom is slow, irregular, and crooked;....another, on the contrary, is forwarded by some lucky accession, and rolls down in a swift straight current; while a third, perhaps, which seemed to have a thousand prosperous events in its way, which it was scarcely possible to miss....a large bubble immediately beneath it, which must send it speedily to the end of its journey, or a new drop of rain so close to it, that it could hardly fail of joining its current,....falls in with a small drop to the left-hand of its regular course, is retarded, turned aside in its career, and reaches no farther than to the middle of the pane, where it dries up in obscurity;....another sets out brilliantly, and promises to perform its journey in a straight and regular line; when, behold, an overwhelming torrent pours precipitately upon it, and buries it in a superior current;....while a fifth, from small and unobserved beginnings, never deviating from the right way, and collecting with diligence all the little tributary bubbles which lie in its road, suddenly calls the attention to the rapidity with which it now reaches the end of its labours.

Many fanciful resemblances might here be traced to the course of events in life....Chances, equally strange, occur in the pursuit of honour, riches, and happiness. In events which depend not on our own endeavours, we may trace the same similitudes. One is hurried rapidly off the stage by disease;....another withers and dies at the root in the midst of life; another lingers through slow and lasting disorders, and reaches, by a painful and crooked course, the extreme of old age; while another, who sets out with a full stock of health, and every prospect fair and blooming round, is suddenly driven off the stage by accident or misfortune!

Eumenes and Lysander were schoolfellows. A similarity of age, of disposition, and of talent had

united them in a strict and affectionate friendship: they went through their school exercises with alacrity and credit, and removed together to Cambridge, where, notwithstanding some trifling disparity of pursuits, their mutual friendship still continued unabated....When they quitted Cambridge, however, they lost sight of each other. Lysander, who was intended for the law, removed to chambers in Lincoln's inn, whence, after eating the proper quantity of mutton, he was called to the bar, and went the western circuit....He had studied hard, and rose to some degree of consideration among his compeers; nor was he only eminent as a counsellor....he shone also in the courts of fashion and elegance. He was universally allowed to be the best partner of any member of the circuit; and after two or three revolving seasons, he brought back with him to London the fair daughter of a wealthy banker in the west of England....His patrimonial fortune enabled Lysander to support a family. He took a good house in Queen-square, regularly attended the courts and the circuits, while his beloved Leonora presented him with a babe every year.

Business now flowed in apace, his hours were all employed, and scarcely ever had he a moment to enjoy the company of his wife and children: however, he consoled himself with the reflection that money came as fast as business, and that Heaven certainly had ordained him a few years of severe toil, that he might enjoy the evening of his days in peace and indolence.

It was with Lysander, however, as with most men: the desire of accumulation increased with the power. When he had laid by a sufficient fortune to support his wife and children genteely after his death, and to enable him to live the rest of his days in peace and indolence, he thought he might as well leave them affluent as comfortable; and two more years of application would accomplish this object. He was now a judge, and presided one year upon the northern circuit.

As riches had increased, Lysander had grown luxurious, and had experienced the natural consequences of luxury, gout and corpulency....His medical advisers recommended more exercise than a chariot, and he agreed to ride part of the circuit on horseback, derogatory as it might appear to the dignity of a judge; but he considered that health was worth more than dignity, and that, as his chariot would be on the road, his importance would still be preserved.

One morning, when a cloudless sky gave promise of a day without rain, Lysander sent his carriage forward betimes, and determined to ride the whole stage, which was indeed romantically beautiful. All things, however are uncertain in this best of all possible worlds, and nothing more so than the weather. Some thin vapours dispersed themselves over the sky....they congregated....they became an immense mass of clouds,....and in the middle of a large common, Lysander perceived that they would speedily fall in torrents. What a misfortune for a rich gouty Judge, who had his chariot at some distance on the road, to be overtaken by such a storm in so unsheltered a spot! There was no help for it, however, and the clouds were unpolite enough to keep their promise. A few prelude drops gave the first alarm. Lysander mounted a thick great-coat; but coverings were but as gauze before the fury of the squall: he was presently wet to the skin, and the uncivil sky looked as if it never intended to clear any more, nor was there any town, village, or even habitation within ken.

At length, after riding some time, greatly annoyed by the fickleness of our English climate, but unable to think of any remedy for it, except never venturing on horseback without the chariot at his side, he saw a low white cottage, peeping through the trees, and ordered his servants to search for

ward, and obtain a shelter for him there. He soon followed his attendants, and entered the cottage with an air of conscious superiority, pulling off his drenched garments, and demanding some covering while these were dried. The man, woman, and three or four young people bustled about with alacrity:....the judge was soon equipped with some dry habiliments, coarse indeed, but clean and whole; a comfortable fire was made up....the soaked garb of dignity was hung before it; a table was set forth, covered with a clean white cloth, and a loaf of household bread, a pat of butter, a slice of cheese, and a jug of ale set upon it. The civility was extreme, and the welcome undoubted; so Lysander, who in spite of his dignity and his drenching, found himself hungry, drew near to the table, ate some of the bread, thought it excellent, added butter and cheese to it, felt more appetite than he had often experienced at a loaded table, and, in short, made an excellent meal. He then would have sent his servants to fetch his chariot, and some of his own cloaths: but the master of the cottage said, they might also be hungry and bread and cheese would not detain them long.

It was undoubtedly, derogatory to a Judge's dignity to remain longer in a mere cottage than was absolutely necessary, and this was no more; for the room they were in had a brick floor, whitened wall, adorned with pewter and copper utensils, and the table was only of deal: however, Lysander made his dignity for once give way to his host's hospitality, though he felt some few uneasy sensations while his servants were eating in the same room with himself. What, however, was to be done? There was no other room in the mansion, and Lysander was not inhuman: at length, however, the servants had satisfied their appetite....the rain was a little abated, and they departed in quest of the chariot, and their master's dignity.

A little fatigued, and feeling inclined to quiescence by the potency of the ale, Judge Lysander leaned back in his wicker elbow chair, and surveyed the habitation. He had already performed this operation three times, when a delicate fair young woman caught his eye. He was surprised to find not merely beauty, but grace and elegance in a cottage; and it occurred to him that the other human beings that surrounded him, might be as worthy of his regards, as the shining pewter plates that decorated the shelves. He now therefore turned his attention to the young people, found they possessed an air of superior dignity, if it were possible to to apply such a word to the inmates of a cottage, and that their manners were such as would not disgrace a Court. He then looked at the father and mother, who had for some time, (observing that their guest had noticed them so little) been gazing at him, and conversing in a low voice together. In the mother he saw the countenance of discretion, the remains of elegance subdued by station, an illumined eye that bespoke a cultivated mind, and a dress, though suited to a cottage, yet such as displayed the true gentlewoman. His surprise every moment increased! He looked at his host, and in the thin pale man who sat at the opposite side of the fire, he saw....Eumenes!

The discovery was no sooner made, than all the better feelings of Lysander's heart were roused, and he was in an instant in the arms of his friend. The young people gazed in surprise; the eyes of the mother betrayed her emotion; those of Lysander and Eumenes overflowed. As soon as the first transport was over, "I told you," said Eumenes to his wife, "I told you he had a warm, affectionate heart."

"How is it, dear Eumenes," said Lysander, "that I see you here? when we parted in early youth, your prospects were as fair as mine, your patrimony as large, your talents more brilliant....how is it that our fortunes are so different?"

"Fortune, to be sure," replied Eumenes, "has not smiled on me; but instead of splendour, I possess happiness....instead of dignity, virtue."

"They are not, I hope necessarily incompatible," answered Lysander.

"Pardon me, my friend," said Eumenes, "I spoke at the moment with the silly pride of a disappointed man....at least so it must have appeared to you; but believe me, I meant no misanthropic reflections....I doubt not but your happier lot combines all those advantages."

"Of that yourself shall judge, Eumenes," replied the Judge, "for that lot you must consent henceforth to share or it will lose all its advantages to me. I will introduce your wife to my Leonora, your children to mine; they shall renew the friendship of their fathers....Perhaps cement it by still closer ties."

"In this warmth," returned Eumenes, "I recognise my own Lysander....but you shall hear my story!"

"You may remember that at Cambridge I felt a strong bent for the study of physic, and at the very time that you devoted yourself to jurisprudence, I was attending medical lectures, and amusing my leisure hours with poetry. When we separated on leaving Cambridge, we lost sight of each other, not, I am persuaded, from an abatement of attachment on either side, but from the difference of our pursuits. I spent one year at Edinburg, and another at Leyden; and having obtained a sufficient stock of medical knowledge, I fixed myself in a distant town, having first taken out my diploma. I found it difficult to subsist, for the situation of the town was healthy and the apothecary of the place had, from time immemorial, been in possession of the title of Doctor. Either nobody was sick, or nobody chose to send for me; and my patrimony had been very much lessened in the pursuit of medical education.

"This deficiency I had made no doubt of speedily supplying when I began to practise; for I was conscious of knowledge, and I had never been reckoned deficient in benevolence. To amuse my leisure hours, of which I had enough, I wrote verses; but the inhabitants of....had no turn for verses, and I determined to change my quarters. I removed to another town, and succeeded a physician of some eminence, in a great part of his practice fees now flowed in with tolerable rapidity. I was also courted as a companion, and Felicia perused my verses with pleasure....they even made me an interest in her heart, and a lingering hectic complaint, of which I had the happiness to cure her, endeared us both to each other.

"Felicia's father was rich, but I was getting into very good practice. Unfortunately the old gentleman wished some more time to elapse before he gave me his daughter. I told him he was wrong, for that till I could call her my own, I should be less able to attend to business. The truth of this reasoning availed nothing with the obstinate old man, and I lost my time and my practice. I was no longer thought worthy of the hand of Felicia, and it was disposed of to a dealer in sugar.

"Enraged with Felicia, her father, and physic, I gave up my thoughts wholly to the Muses, and produced a play. There was no theatre in...., and I resolved to publish it. While it was in the press, I was once more called in to a patient....This was a crabbed old woman, who had a lovely niece. Now the bright eyes of this certain Emilia soon obliterated all the traces Felicia had left in my heart and the obstinacy of the old lady's complaint gave me time to obtain a share of her favour. At length the old aunt recovered, and Emilia very conveniently fell sick. My visits therefore continued; but the watchful old maid perceived the purpose of my heart, and Emilia was consigned to the care of the apothecary, an old man of sixty, and father of a numerous family. I made my proposals in form

and was told Emilia's hand was destined for a cousin of her's then in India and that if it were not, it should never be given to a poet.

"Emilia liked this arrangement no better than I did, and as she could not conceive that she owed implicit obedience to this old aunt, with whom she had not resided above a twelvemonth, and as she knew nothing very favourable of the cousin in India, she agreed to disappoint the old lady's schemes, and give herself to me. As she was two-and-twenty, and her little fortune under no restrictions, this was attended with no difficulty, and Emilia became my wife. The old lady's vengeance, however, deprived me of many of my patients, many more objected to a writing doctor, and a circumstance, in which the preference was given to an ignorant young man, who had neither studied at Edinburg nor at Leyden, disgusted me with physic.

"About this time an uncle of mine died, and left me £5000. We calculated on our future mode of life, and found that the interest of our money would enable us to live without the assistance of medicine. We took a small house in a beautiful village, deposited our fortune in a capital mercantile house, and for many years enjoyed all the comforts of leisure and independence. We brought up our girls to suit any station, and I have two boys fighting for their country. Our income, which some fortunate circumstances had increased, was regularly remitted to us by my mercantile friend: but about four years ago the house broke, and we were involved in the ruin!

"Sick of the world, we retired hither, grieved only for our children, who, however, support the demolition of all their more brilliant prospects with dutiful resignation. For my part," continued Eumenes, "I am satisfied for myself:....I have not long to live; disappointment and uneasiness have preyed upon my health, and a few months will terminate my life. My wife and my children might perhaps live to thank the friendship of Lysander...."

"And they may depend upon it!" exclaimed Lysander; nor did he break his promise. Poor Eumenes was, indeed, soon after consigned to the grave, ending in obscurity a life, whose morning promised more unclouded sunshine. The widow and orphans were removed to Lysander's house, where a more intimate connection took place between the children than had ever subsisted between the parents; and Lysander joyfully became the father of two of the daughters of Eumenes.

Not always do those, who set out in life with equal prospects, enjoy the same good fortune? nor does prosperity universally harden, nor adversity uniformly sour the human heart.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In this languid season of the natural year, and in this gloomy season of the political one, I am obliged to take more than ordinary pains to ward off the attacks of melancholy, and strive to lose, or at least to mitigate my sense of the tyranny of the American populace, by reading merry books, produced by laughing wit in tranquil times. We read in HORACE, of one, whose characteristic was *risus undique querit*. This *seeker of mirth* was a wise man; and while we are restrained in this "prison-house the world," it is the most judicious part to look as smilingly as we can from our grate, and to ridicule and deride the wayward pranks of the many fools and rascals, who pass by. When my ear has been pained through the day, with the awkward music of *militia* drums, and with the lying principles and broken metaphors of a hot holiday declaimer, I sit up all night to read FIELDING and RABELAIS, and sometimes copy such a pleasant jest as the following.

When I inform you that I was a chief partner in the poetic firm of Della Crusca, Anna Matilda, and that brilliant phalanx of poets, who illustrated the

world some time ago, you will probably recollect having read many of my most astonishing and super-excellent performances. Evil days, however, have at length come upon us; we have been partly laughed out of notice, and some of us by perseverance have fairly written our school down. You will probably recollect, that the basis of our poetry was *epithet*; none of our *substantives* were allowed to stand by themselves, but were gravely accompanied by a weighty *adjective*, as you may sometimes see a tiny miss followed in her shopping excursions by a tall footman. Of these epithets I have yet a large collection, which I am disposed to sell by auction, either together, or what perhaps would be preferable, in small lots, for the accommodation of families or individuals. I can assure you, that, although they have often been used, they are as good as new; and I will venture to say, will appear to as much advantage twenty years hence, as now. Although our school may be at present under a cloud, it is probable it may revive at some future period, and our language be again involved in all the charming obscurity of sentimental expletives. Meanwhile, I send you my catalogue, and you may print them in the usual letter; although when we print them in our poems, we generally use SMALL and GREAT CAPITALS, and plenty!! of notes of admiration!!!

CATALOGUE.

Sensate bosoms
Embowering woods
Translucent rays
Whispering showers
Quivering throbs
Eagle-wafted cars
Air-borne visions
Dank boughs
Ditto leaves
Filmy mantles
Dark orb'd lids
Sparry sides
Dimpling tides
Treasured tears
Gnarled bosoms
Pulsate brains
Filmy vapours
Filmy wings
Filmy curtains
Brawling currents
Quivering bosoms
Sparry grots
Curling incense
Sphery thrones
Thyme-embroidered grove
Musky air
Murky hour
Ever blistering shame
Lustrous lids
Tufted groves
Tepid channels
Carnaged brave
Gelid caverns
Willow margined streams
Shadowy dreams
Plummy race
Obtrusive clouds
Blossomed sprays
Undulating lights
Sapphure streams
Tangled mazes
Dew besprinkled heaths
Arrowy showers
Soft linked notes
Lucid tears
Lucid clouds
Feathery hours
Gadding stems
Dappled skies
Lustrous hues
Mental spheres
Glowing hours
Livid clouds
Gossamer veils
Wafting wings
Lustrous tints
Velvet sod
Tiptoe pleasures
Light heel'd graces
Light fingered rogues
Three fingered Jack
Rippling stream

Yelling storms
Breezy hills
Lucid hills
Roseate dye
Withering anguish
Feathery chains
Rifted pines
Leafy beds
Daisied plains
Weedy banks
Glimmering glimpses
Pebbly ways

I am, &c.

A DELLA CRUSCAN.

P. S. I must request your compositor to be very correct in the printing of these articles. It is very difficult to mend the errors of the Della Crusca school. I intend this catalogue as an exercise for children on "words of two or three syllables." I think I hear the mistress saying....come Anna Matilda, cast a *glimmering glimpse* on this paper, and let me see if you can spell *murky hours*. Laura Maria, what *filmy vapours* keep you so long on the *pebbly way*? Why don't you come to your *leafy bed*, &c.

POLITE LITERATURE. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have just been perusing the twenty-fourth number of your paper, and with your leave, will make a few observations on some part of its contents, which I have the vanity to flatter myself will not be found altogether impertinent.

As I have no doubt but the genuine *Old-school* principles, as well of language, as of morals, politics and philosophy, are meant to be adhered to in this publication, I make no apology for commencing these remarks, by observing, that there occurs a flagrant instance of *American* corruption in the letter to Samuel Saunter Esquire. I know it may be urged, that this is not imputable to the Editor, as not being the author of that letter....This is granted. But surely, the mere noticing of such a blunder, may have some tendency to prevent similar blemishes in future. The sentence alluded to is this...."I suspect myself of misapprehension, not only because the style of J. D. is not remarkably clear, but because these sentiments are very strange in one, who has read *either* of the works of any of the authors mentioned." Apply the word "*either*" to the context, and should we not imagine that Richardson, Le Sage, Smollett and Fielding, were each of them the author of only two works? I am far from wishing to enter into the controversy between J. D. and H. E. but I think an author ought to be very careful to write with great perspicuity and accuracy, before he accuses another of adopting "a style not remarkably clear." I confess I found no difficulty in understanding the language used by J. D.

I now proceed to say a few words on the sentiments respecting Cowley, *hazarded* by Messrs. Colon and Spondee. I cannot but think them most unmercifully severe. I am no great admirer of Cowley, yet I must confess that, in my opinion, neither his *Mistress*, his *Davideis*, his *Constantia* and *Philetus*, nor even his *Pindaric Hymns*, deserves that unbounded censure, which has been so liberally bestowed. I am not in possession of the original Latin of his Books of Plants, but sure I am, that the translation of them by different authors, exhibits some of the genuine beauties of poetry. I am afraid that Messrs. Colon and Spondee, by *avoiding his Mistress*, and *skipping over his Davideis*, have deprived themselves of the pleasure which the perusal of many an exquisite poetical morceau contained in these two works, would have afforded. Have they, indeed, yet to become acquainted with *The Spring*, *The Change*, *The Inconstant*, *Her Name*, and *The Waiting-Maid*, from the *Mistress*, or the following passages from the *Davideis*?

But now the early birds began to call
 The morning forth; uprose the sun and Saul:
 Both, as men thought, rose fresh from sweet repose,
 But both, alas! from restless labour rose:
 For in Saul's breast, envy, the toilsome sin,
 Had, all that night, active and tyrannous been;
 She expell'd all forms of kindness, virtue, grace,
 Of the past day no footsteps left, or trace;
 The new-blown sparks of his old rage appear,
 Nor could his love dwell longer with his fear.
 So near a storm wise David would not stay,
 Nor trust the glittering of a faithless day.
 He saw the sun call in his beams apace,
 And angry clouds march up into their place.
 The sea itself smooths his brow awhile,
 Flattering the greedy merchant with a smile;
 But he, whose shipwreck'd bark it drank before,
 Sees the deceit, and knows it would have more....
 Such is the sea, and such was Saul....
 But Jonathan his son, and only good,
 Was gentle as fair Jordan's useful flood;
 Whose innocent stream, as it in silence goes,
 Fresh honours and a sudden spring bestows,
 On both its banks, to every flower and tree;
 The manner how lies hid, th' effect we see.
 But more than all, more than himself he lov'd
 The man whose worth his father's hatred mov'd.
 For when the noble youth at Damnair stood,
 Adorn'd with sweat, and painted gay with blood,
 Jonathan pierced him through with greedy eye,
 And understood the future majesty,
 Then destin'd in the glories of his look.
 He saw, and straight was with amazement strook,
 To see the strength, the feature and the grace
 Of his young limbs; he saw his comely face,
 Where love and reverence so mingled were;
 And head, already crown'd with golden hair.
 He saw what mildness his bold spirit did tame,
 Gentler than light, yet powerful as a flame;
 He saw his valour by their safety prov'd
 He saw all this, and as he saw he lov'd.

DAVIDEIS, L. 2. c. 1. et seq.

Awake, awake, my lyre!
 And tell thy silent master's humble tale,
 In sounds that may prevail;
 Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire;
 Though so exalted she,
 And I so lowly be,
 Tell her such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark! how the strings awake!
 And though the moving hand approach not near,
 Themselves with awful fear,
 A kind of numerous trembling make.
 Now all thy forces try,
 Now all thy charms apply,
 Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak lyre! thy virtue, sure,
 Is useless here, since thou art only found
 To cure, but not to wound;
 And she, to wound, but not to cure.
 Too weak, too, wilt thou prove
 My passion to remove;
 Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep, again my lyre!
 For thou can'st never tell thy humble tale,
 In sounds, that will prevail,
 Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire;
 All thy vain mirth lay by,
 Bid thy strings silent lie;
 Sleep, sleep again, my lyre! and let thy master die.

DAVIDEIS, L. 3, ad finem.

I think no real judge of poetry could deny the beauty of the passages thus quoted and alluded to, though it must be confessed that they partake, in common with all Cowley's works, of his peculiar kind of quibble and conceit.

The White-Lily, the Poppy and the Rose; Life and Fame, and the Extacy, will at least plead some extenuation, at the bar of candid criticism, for the Books of Plants, and the Pindaric Odes. Even in the juvenile poem of Constantia and Philetus much might be found to praise. But, having already extended my observations, beyond the limits, which I at first prescribed to myself, I shall conclude, without particularly specifying what passages have struck me as most beautiful in this piece, by thanking these critical gentlemen for calling my attention to an author, who, though very unequal, has often afforded me real gratification.

And now permit me to introduce to your acquaintance a few lines from my own shop, (to use the allusion of Messrs. Colon & co.) which you are welcome to treat as you think proper.

HORACE, ODE 38, BOOK 1, TRANSLATED.

Boy, this Persian pomp disgusts me,
 Gaudy garlands cease to braid,
 Seek not where the blushing rose-bud
 Lingers in th' autumnal shade.

Simple wreaths of modest myrtle
 Best become thy brows and mine,
 Thee the laughing nectar serving,
 Me carousing, 'neath the vine.

REVIEW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"An Address to the Members of the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society, at their annual meeting, May 28, 1802. By John Quincy Adams." Boston, printed by Russel and Cutler, 1802. 8vo. pp. 25.

A benevolent institution to relieve those, whom a destructive element often reduces to penury, has been long established in the capital of New-England, and by the annual custom of the society, it is not only auxiliary to alms giving, but to eloquence.

In modern times, holiday orations are so trite in their topics, or so feeble in their structure, that, like most ephemeral productions, they glide to the tomb of forgetfulness, with little more notice, than the ironical regret of the poet

"These are....ah no! these were....the *Gazetteers*."

But, the performance before us, is of a more splendid character, and will enjoy a more honourable destiny. Though necessarily local, and though its author was cramped by the triteness of his theme, yet, it is vivified and decorated by that charming power of genius, which can always

....."What is dark illumine,
 "What is low raise and support."

It is the vigorous and graceful off-spring of a mind, stored with the aphorisms of wisdom, and imbued with a deep tinct of classical literature. The style is nervous and rhetorical. The sentiments are liberal and manly, and the whole is a favourable specimen of the talents and catholicism of a sensible and feeling writer.

The orator, alluding to the late conflagrations, which have defaced his natal town, and to the death of an infant, who perished miserably in the flames, employs the following animated apostrophe, which is coloured with the glowing pencil of Rousseau.

What these perils are, the experience of the last winter has depicted in colours, which the pencil of description could only dilute and weaken. The treasures of commercial opulence, the shelter of honest industry, the solemn temple of Almighty God, have alternately fallen within the ruffian grasp of insatiate ruin. Would to heaven this were the worst!....Daughters of the land! If virtuous sensibility could assume a form, and appear in person here, she would only be the loveliest of women: If tenderness has a throne of glory upon earth, it is in the heart of a mother....Lovely women! tender mothers! will you forgive me, for renewing the pang, which thrilled in your bosoms, when the destroying angel laid his hand upon the helpless innocence of infancy? Yes! the tear that steals from your eyes, is a tear of compassion, and not of bitterness; it is the pledge that henceforth your irresistible influence will unite, with that of all our public spirited citizens, to redeem the future generations from this impending sword of destruction.

In pages 6, and 7, the following remarks announce, that the orator is not led astray, by the meteors of imposing novelty.

"One of your great and laudable purposes is that of stimulating genius, to useful discoveries tend-

ing to secure the lives and property of our fellow men from destruction by fire. But the discoveries of genius are seldom the result of external stimulus: genius is of an eccentric character; of a restive temper; disdainful of guidance or controul, he resists all influence from without; he deserts every path not traced by himself. Nor is it your design to ask of genius, assistance, which even he is incompetent to afford. In vain would genius stand upon the beach and forbid the waves of ocean to approach his feet: In vain would he bid the flowers of spring to bloom on Zembla's eternal snows: In vain would he command golden harvests to smile on Zara's scorching sands: In vain would he resist or evade the laws of nature, and of nature's God.... All his attempts to render permanent what they have proclaimed perishable are but the memorials of his impotence. Let us then not be sanguine to indulge hopes of obtaining much relief from the discoveries of genius. It is by reiterating with unwearied hand, the exhibition of truths long known but not sufficiently felt, by redoubling line upon line by crowding precept upon precept, by wearing down the garb persuasion to the very tatters of opportunity, that your association will most effectually contribute to arrest the progress of desolation, and disarm the fury of the element. If we spurn the long tried, faithful shield of prudence, with what authority can we call upon genius for new devices to supply its place? Is it not like the Countryman in the Fable, who appeals for aid to Hercules, when he should apply his own shoulder to the wheel? Alas! my friends, we have here less occasion for the inventive faculties of genius, than for the warning voice of experience. We want firmness rather than fancy, discretion rather than discovery, stubborn prescience in demonstrated right, rather than eager search of ingenious novelty."

The following eloquent peroration, abundantly evinces, that Mr. ADAMS has not disdained to imbibe from the classic fountain.

"My countrymen! When memory turns a retrospective eye upon the days that are past, how short is the space, before she meets the venerable forms of a Clarke, a Belknap, and a Minot! When she returns and searches with anxious look, once more to find them in the ranks, among the living friends of science, of virtue and of man, she seeks in vain! They are here no more! Where can we look for support under such reiterated and heavy blows, but to the pillars of stoic fortitude? Where can we hope for comfort under such great and multiplied bereavements, but in the arms of christian resignation? It is not for man to question or scrutinize the dispensations of his Maker. Unavailing lamentation is inconsistent with the dignity of our nature: It is incompatible with the duties of our religion....Sainted spirits of our absent friends!...If from the abodes of blessedness, the spirits of the just, made perfect, are permitted to look down upon this dreary scene of human life, and to influence the conduct of their former partners of mortality, call us away from the contemplation of our loss, by alluring us to the imitation of your virtues! As the Grecian sculptor proposed by the chissel to convert Mount Athos into the statue of a mortal hero, may the holy mountain of our nation and country bear throughout its extent the lineaments of your immortal minds? If we have not yet learnt to preserve the features and honour the memory of departed excellence in monumental marble, may your example by its operation upon the hearts of the rising generation, erect the fabric of your fame on a basis stronger than of earth; on foundations more durable than the everlasting hills! May we learn of you to combine in happy union, sincere devotion with enlightened philosophy; the fervid love of freedom with the chastened discipline of good order; true christian meekness of spirit with intrepid boldness in the cause of truth;

mild compassion for the guilty with inflexible opposition to guilt; glowing patriotism with universal philanthropy! So shall some emanations of your exalted characters remain to latest time on earth! So shall the kindly radiance of your memory here point the way to your cloudless effulgence in the skies!"

The motto, which the author has most happily applied, is derived from the *Annus Mirabilis* of DRYDEN, a poem which will be always admired, for its double excellence of strength and splendour.

"Methinks already from this chemic flame,
I see a city of more precious mold;
Rich as the town which gives the Indies name,
With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.
DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabilis*."

On the whole, whether this address is viewed as an animated exhortation against improvidence, respecting one of the most merciless of the elements, or as a just eulogy of the amiable MINOT, or as a specimen of chaste and classical eloquence, unblemished by the metricious affectation of the herd of holiday harranguers, we have no hesitation in declaring, that we think it not only deserves the attention of the inhabitants of Boston, but of men of letters at large.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A valued friend, who has often assisted and cheered the Editor in his course, is affectionately addressed in the following lines from the generous and classic GIFFORD, and the Editor hopes that in some pause of judicial care, his friend will forget for a moment the eloquence of the forum, and turn his "bright fantastic eye" to every willing muse.

.....You too, whole Menander, who combine,
With his pure language and his flowing line,
The soul of comedy, may steal an hour
From the fond chase of still escaping power,
The poet and the sage again unite,
And sweetly blend instruction with delight.

The Life of BOILEAU, which we are presenting to the public, is no stale scrap of biography. It is a recent composition from the polished pen of the Abbé Levisac, one of the politest scholars among the French emigrants in London. To a literary friend the Editor is indebted for a translation faithful to the sense, and easy to the ear.

We wonder how the love-sick "Damon," with such a "deep hole through his heart," could sit up long enough to write his "Complaint to his mistress". He is fairly stab'd, as master Shakspeare saith, *with a white wench's black eye*. Hudibras has long since described his case.

.....His soul
Is burnt in his belly to a coal.

He is one of those, who, according to the sarcastic GIFFORD.

.....die,
Thrill'd by the liquid peril of an eye.
Gasp....at a recollection, and drop down
At the long streamy lightning....of a frown.

As we look upon him to be defunct, and as his muse is as dead as he, to the consideration of his executors we recommend Potter's field, rather than the Port Folio, as the repository for Damon and his ditties.

Our highly esteemed correspondent, N, we hope, will write frequently. His choice of an article from the Memoirs of baron Pollnitz, demonstrates his taste, and his translation is an agreeable specimen of his talents.

The hint, respecting Norris's Sermon, shall be regarded.

In our copy of Mr. Gifford's exquisite imitation of HORACE, in No. 23 of this paper, a strange hallucination in the text escaped us. A whole line was omitted. We beg pardon of Mr. Gifford for dis-

torting a limb of his charming child of poetry, and we thank our critical correspondent for indicating this blemish.

The Editor is delighted to have an opportunity to pay a just tribute to the genius and various literature of the author of the Oration, lately delivered in Boston, before the Massachusetts Charitable Fire Society. The "Review" was promptly prepared, and unavoidably delayed. To a friend and to a man of letters, the Editor has a right to use the following language, which, though fervid poetry, is honest truth.

"I long have seen thy merits, long have lov'd,
Yet lov'd in silence, lest the rout should say
Too partial friendship tun'd the appiausive lay;
Now, now, that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of UNSUSPECTED PRAISE."

W. GIFFORD.

"ASMODEO" is one of the most agreeable of our correspondents. The editor of the Walpole paper, who has a good taste in polite literature, declares, that the burlesque of the modern opera airs, "where Schulkill o'er his rocky bed roars," &c. bids fair to be one of our staple songs.

The "Imitation of the fourth Satire of Boileau" is strong and bitter as *Tewksbury mustard*. It will appear in the fulness of time; but we must retrench and modify a little, so as not to offend their worship and their reverences. We wish that our correspondent would frequently communicate a share of his poetical stock. We regret our blunder, and assure him that it was unwittingly committed.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The uncertainty of events to come, and the total darkness of mankind, with respect to futurity, have been the darling themes of ancient and of modern declaimers. An Hibernian gentleman was lately complaining that he had read yesterday's papers, and to-day's papers, but he could never get sight of to-morrow's paper.

Mr. Lewis is said to be manufacturing another shocking tragedy. We hope this will not interrupt his long expected pantomime, called *Harlequin death*. We understand the hospital scene, and the inside of the graves, to be two of the most charming spectacles ever offered to the public, and the coffin and death-bed scenes are reported as truly comical. The public must be anxious for a performance in which they will be so delightfully frightened and so horribly entertained. [M. Post.

One would scarcely wish for a more glittering reputation, than that which has been bestowed upon an emigrant prince, by an eloquent statesman.

He is eloquent, lively, engaging in the highest degree; of a decided character, full of energy and activity. In a word, a brave, honourable and accomplished cavalier.

In the "New-York Evening Post," a gazette, which we "delight to honour," there appeared sometime since, a parody of Gray's elegy, written in a country church yard. Of this parody it is nought but justice to declare, that a sharper satire, in purer phrase, or with more sparkling wit, has not yet appeared, at the expense of Mr. Jefferson and African philosophy. The Port Folio, is so crouded with literary miscellany, that we are often hindered from copying from the leading papers, many articles of unquestionable merit, which allude to the "transient topic of the times." Our silence is by no means a proof of indifference or contempt. We hope to find opportunity to preserve many fugitive papers, which appear in an ephemeral form.

SERMONS OF THE PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

In one of the latest numbers of "The British Critic," we are much pleased to read the following candid criticism upon the discourses of one of the most eloquent of our Divines.

"Sermons on various subjects, by Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. President of the College of New-Jersey, in America. 8vo. 400 pp. 7s. 6d. Mawman, 1801.

"The following Sermons," says a short advertisement, "were transmitted by the author, with a view of ascertaining how far his mode of thinking and writing might be acceptable to the people of the United Kingdoms of Great-Britain." We doubt not, that they will be found acceptable to many in this country. The style is lively and vigorous. The remonstrances of the author against infidels and corrupt philosophy, are pointed and strong, and many of his observations are recommended also by novelty. That the writer admires and copies the manner of the French preachers, of eminence, would have been perceived, without his confession of it; but this will be an additional recommendation, to those who condemn the discourses of the English pulpit in general, for want of animation.

The following very striking prayer which concludes the eight discourse, will perhaps as strongly characterize the writer, as a longer extract. "Oh God! in thy mercy arrest the profligacy of this age! Make thy word quick and powerful! Let it penetrate, with deep and effectual conviction, the conscience of secure guilt, and destroy those deceitful maxims, which the heads of sinners framed only to justify their crimes! Let it triumph over the pernicious principles of a false philosophy the offspring of our degenerate manners. Amen."

To this prayer, we also most earnestly repeat Amen: and, for the sake of this, and many other good passages, we strongly recommend the volume.

The conductors of "The Balance," a spirited paper, published at Hudson, in the following manly manner, announce their partiality and their pride. We are never more gratified than to have an opportunity to re-echo the bold tones of those, who appear to have a just scorn for that most ignominious of all possible thralldom, a SERVITUDE TO THE POPULACE. We rejoice that some of our public papers, openly, constantly, clearly and decisively express honest truth in explicit language; and we lament that there are so many, which appear to have no other object than to retail the nauseous stuff of political mountebanks, to flatter the prejudices, and foster the delusions of the people, to puff up changeling imbecility with intoxicating fumes and by every ingenious and vile art to stifle the voice of experience and suffocate genius and virtue.

Amidst the strife of contending parties the editors have taken a firm and independent ground. They have pledged themselves to no "sect." They are awed by no threats....they are won by no flattery. They are the sincere advocates of principles....not the pliant tools of men. Faithfully adhering to TRUTH, and studying to be useful, they rely on the good sense and candour of the public for support....and when they are called upon to decide whether they will sacrifice their opinions, or relinquish their business, they will, without hesitation, choose the latter....None but a fool would place himself precisely between the fires of two contending armies; and none but a knave would desert his side, even if threatened with defeat.

EPIGRAM.

Dick on his wife could not bestow
One tear of sorrow, when she died,
Her life had made so many flow,
That all the briny fount was dried.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[I was yesterday sympathizing with a friend, at the fate of poor captain Jack, alias Quashee, who was unfortunately hung at Winton, North-Carolina, only for an "intention to rise, and commence a general massacre of the white inhabitants." My friend told me, that, among the accomplishments he was universally known to possess, his poetical talents had not been much noticed; that many of his fugitive pieces possessed considerable merit, and he hoped they would be collected and published by the democratic society, of which he (poor fellow!) had been a member; in proof of this, he produced from his pocket the following copy of admirable verses, which I requested, and obtained permission to send you. The only liberty I have suffered myself to take, is to place the line of Persius at its head, which I have no doubt Quashee would have approved of, on its being explained to him, for, in all probability, his knowledge of the languages did not extend beyond that of the Gold Coast, and a little English. The orthography I have not dared to alter, as, I think, by reducing it to rule, it would have lost much of its inimitable wildness and simplicity.

ASMODEO.]

Dicere res grandes nostro dat musa poetæ.

PERSIUS, SAT. 1.

Our massa Jefferson he say,
Dat all mans free alike are born;
Den tell me, why should Quashee stay,
To tend de cow and hoe de corn?
Huzza for massa Jefferson!

And if all mans alike be free,
Why should de one, more dan his broder,
Hab house and corn? for poor Quashee
No hab de one, no hab de oder.
Huzza, &c.

And why should one hab de white wife,
And me hab only Quangeroo?
Me no see reason for me life!
No! Quashee hab de white wife too.
Huzza, &c.

For make all like, let blackee nab
De white womans....dat be de track!
Den Quashee de white wife will hab,
And massa Jef. shall hab de black.
Huzza, &c.

Why should a judge (him alway white)
'Pon pickaninny put him paw,
Cause he steal little? dat no rite!
No! Quashee say he'll hab no law.
Huzza, &c.

Who care, me wonder, for de judge?
Quashee no care....no not a feder;
Our party soon we make him trudge,
We all be demoorat togeder.
Huzza, &c.

For where de harm to cut de troat
Of him no like? or rob a little?
To take him hat, or shoe, or coat,
Or wife, or horse, or drink, or vittle?
Huzza, &c.

Huzza for us den! we de boys
To rob and steal, and burn and kill;
Huzza! me say, and make de noise!
Huzza for Quashee! Quashee will
Huzza for massa Jefferson!

STANZAS WRITTEN BY MOON-LIGHT.

The full orb'd moon o'er the blue arch of heaven
Serenely sails;
Breathes through the whispering groves the breath
of even,
In cooling gales.
As on the planetary worlds I gaze,
Which gild the pole,
Scenes of past times, and deeds of other days
Steal o'er my soul.

England's white cliffs in fancy's visions shine,
Beetling the main,
Where my young muse, at Nature's lovely shrine,
Pour'd her first strain.

Ah! scenes below'd, which from my pensive breast
Foroe the warm sigh.

When shall I from my weary wanderings rest
Beneath your sky?

Oh! when shall I retrace my native plain
And favourite grove?

When shall my throbbing bosom greet again
The friends I love?

Fair is Columbia's land, where Nature pours
Her richest stores;

Fair as the laughing vales and genial bowers
On Albion's shores;

Yet Fancy ever loves the spot to trace,
With fond delight.

When wing'd with rapture, life's young moments
flew,
Unstain'd and bright.

Where many a warm affection round the heart
Entwin'd its chain.

Kind friendship, candid pity's generous part,
And love's sweet pain....

Shine, then, thou full orb'd moon, and breathe, soft
gale

Along the grove;
And as I wander o'er the silvery vale,
In pensive musings oft shall memory hail
The distant scenes, and absent friends I love.

s.

[The following rustic dialogue, the *jeux d'esprit* of a youthful American, and imitative of the classical colloquy between Lydia and Horace, is easy and humorous.

JONATHAN.

While I was lov'd by sweet Jemima,
How, like a whirligig, flew time;
But now some rival steals my rest,
To 'Mima's bosom gently prest.

JEMIMA.

While I alone claim'd all your care,
And Chlo' than 'Mima was less fair,
Who then such bliss as mine could prove?
Or equal me in warmth of love?

JONATHAN.

The silken chains of Chlo' I wear;
Her voice and lute are soft as air;
For her I live, and gladly I,
Contented, for her sake would die.

JEMIMA.

Teddy, fond youth, well known to fame,
Glow with a lover's purest flame;
So warm the heart he gives for mine,
For him I life would twice resign.

JONATHAN.

But 'Mima, if we both should wish
Again in love's horse-pond to fish;
Should I reject Chlo's dazzling charms,
And press thee glowing in my arms.

JEMIMA.

Though Teddy thee excell'd as far,
As Sol the glimm'ring of a star;
Though beauty's form should make thee rove
To taste the sweets of various love,
True, as the needle to the pole,
Thou should'st attract Jemima's soul.

SELECTED POETRY.

[They, who have laughed at the merry story of "Rebecca Strype," lately published in the Port Folio, will smile at the following, which seems to be of the same family of merriment.]

A SHORT STORY.

Jack Dash, in town a first-rate beau,
Some time ago,
For near a month had never ventur'd out;
'Twas wise; for Jack was poor; and what bespoke it
Was, that he had no money in his pocket;

And therefore was not quite prepar'd to meet
A friend of his, who slyly in the street,
To tap him on the shoulder, lurk'd about.

A doctor's wife, hard by;
Who much delighted in his company,
For Jack to please the ladies had the skill,
Began to think him ill;
So sent her servant, Thomas, to assure him
That if by *fell disease* he was assail'd,
And would but freely tell her what he ail'd,
She'd get some *draughts* that very soon should
cure him.

The message hearing, thus replied young Dash....
Friend Tom, then tell your mistress I will thank
her,
As my disorder's only....want of cash,
To let the drafts be....on her husband's banker.

For many unsuccessful years,
At Cynthia's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears,
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch, before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above,
E'er thought his goddess so divine,
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd down
With coy insulting pride;
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
Or turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whispered in my ear,
"Use more prevailing charms,
"You modest, whining fool, draw near,
"And clasp her in your arms.

"With eager kisses tempt the maid,
"From Cynthia's feet depart,
"The lips he briskly must invade,
"That would possess the heart."

With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortunes tried;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years denied.

[An elegant modern poet, in the following Impromptu, in allusion to some partnership in a lottery ticket, has thus jeered Mrs. ... who is a beautiful, but a very large woman.]

In wedlock a species of lottery lies,
Where in blanks and in prizes we deal,
But how comes it that you, *such a capital prize*,
Should so long have remain'd in the wheel?

If ever, by Fortune's indulgent decree,
To me such a ticket should roll,
A *sixteenth*, heaven knows, were sufficient for me,
For what could I do with the *whole*?

IMPROMPTU

ON TWO VARNISHED BEAUTIES.

In either face such mad'ning beauties dwelt,
That wild-ey'd rapture scarcely knew restraint;
But now in pity for the pang I felt,
The tender creatures cover them with paint.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 28.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 17th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXVI.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

Quodcumque ostendis, mihi sic, incredulus odi.
HORACE.

MR. SAUNTER,

When the comparative merit of the works of the author of *Charles Grandison &c.* was formerly considered, the object was to ascertain, or rather to enquire, whether his plan, was more likely to have a beneficial effect upon the taste and morals of society, than the plan of others who did not aim like that author to exhibit highfinished models of moral excellence.

These observations I see have attracted the attention of a correspondent, who I find is a warm admirer of Richardson; the animadversions, he has made relative to this inquiry, deserve some reply.

It was before predicated, and without much apprehension of contradiction, that some of the heroes of this author, were exhibited in a character, above or beyond what any observation, on human life or human conduct could recognize as a transcript.

This was indeed admitted by your respectable friend, for he justified the excess of perfection which the picture exhibits, by arguing that this ought not to damp the desire of imitating though it cannot equal; for even (says he,) the surest way of becoming a Jones was to aim at being a Grandison....the only difference between Mr. Griffin and me, was, that he thought the representation of those rendered most to promote moral improvement and useful instruction, and I thought they did not.

But your correspondent H. E. after some caveats respecting want of comprehending the former remarks &c. contends for the fidelity of the portraits to prototypes in life; and vouches for the accuracy, by assuring us of his individual reminiscence which realized the image in his own mind, and banished every doubt of want of probability: I can only congratulate him on his intellectual perspicacity, without pretending even to claim the honour of participation.

But because I have applied the epithet "faultless monsters," to some of Richardson's portraits, your correspondent asks whether this is meant to extend to all....the answer is, by no means;...the converse of the proposition was comprehended, and even considered an object of animadversion. Richardson's *Lovelace* is a monster of depravity, even so much so, that Dr. Johnson thinks it necessary to discriminate between him and Rowe's *Lothario*; while Dr. Beattie disputes the moral tendency of the representation of the character altogether. Of his *Pamela* I can only say that I met with it in French when I was young, that I read it atten-

tively, and that I conceived it even then to be very outre; and my latter perusal has not led me to consider it as exemplifying any thing like reality. A query may arise here whether it is to the credit or discredit of this author, that the French are very fond of his works? It will not be denied that he treads in the path in which many of their authors of fictitious history excel; viz. in the delineation of a nicety and subtlety of feeling; in the entanglements of delicacy, which are interwoven with the characters and conduct of many of their most celebrated novels; nay, I know not how your correspondent can consistently withhold extending his approbation to Rousseau, whose novels for many properties in which Richardson excels (and chiefly in these) stands highly eminent say for tenderness of sentiment, energy of passion, and power of eloquence; but notwithstanding even this, I do not consider Rousseau, as a good moral instructor.

Your correspondent has endeavoured to shew that I cannot have perused attentively, because I do not appreciate as he does, the character of Richardson's writings, or of Fieldings. It is true I did not attempt to apply arithmetical or longinmetrical calculations to ascertain the comparative altitude or extent, (if such calculations, had they been practicable, had been applicable) of Richardson and Fielding's moral discernment.

I took it for granted, that he who thinks and writes reasonably, writes morally and usefully; nor did I consider, that the metaphysical inquiry's of sounding the heart for the motives of action, or analyzing the mind on purpose to unfold the seminal principles of virtue; even if these researches had been practicable, would have solved our inquiry; for the question still recurs, whether we are more likely to be benefited by the perusal of characteristical novels, that are formed upon nature and upon life....or by studying those who depart from this plan, and in reliance on their conceptions of moral perfection exhibit their heroes as models for imitation, or conversely as monsters of deformity to startle the imagination. Will any one say that this does not appear obviously to be the purpose of Richardson in his most admired performances? and to realize this ideal perfection, is not probability violated and life misrepresented? It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, "that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there he should ever meet in any other place;" may not the same remark apply to the author and to almost all the tribe of his imitators, for his example has had wide influence in this way; indeed I have read a literary performance of considerable merit lately, wherein the author warmly depreciates the unrestricted perusal of Richardson's novels....because in a class of young females of his acquaintance, their conversation and letters, which they were continually transmitting to each other; were nothing but a studied attempt to imitate the sentimental idioms &c. of *Clarissa Harlow*.

Is there then no danger in this enthusiasm of sentiment, of the substitution of certain feelings in place of real practical duties? of forming wrong

ideas of virtue, as well as false estimates of happiness?

But Sir, I think *Clarissa Harlow* an unfit model for imitation, not only because her character is too highly drawn, but because of the "war of duties," which her admirers are but too apt to misapprehend, merely because she is otherwise held up as a model; and the abilities of the author in pursuance of his chief plan, are apt to induce his readers to overlook too much, the smaller incidents; but I do not think these observations apply to Fielding's characters, for I do not remember any of them as exhibited with more than human virtue, and do not seem to be designed or taken for models.

But your correspondent in apparent surprize at my opinions and conclusions, seems to inquire how I read and how I examined? there is doubtless subtlety in the question? happily I do not stand alone in opinion, and since it does not admit of a better solution, I can only say that I must rely on my own perceptions, nor can I change my opinion until stronger impressions shall be made.

Your correspondent H. E. who appears to have read much, and with attention, and who has the faculty of expressing his ideas very clearly, endeavours to investigate the character of Fielding's and Smollett's writings in connections with their taste, and moral discernment; with their attainments I have nothing to do. It is not surmised that they wrote but with a moral purpose, and I am far from denying this motive to Richardson; nay, he seems to have been eminently qualified to instruct, but his genius brooding over the embryo of ideal perfection which his mind conceived;....lead him to people his novels with such characters as were never seen....makes them converse in a language, which was never heard; and sometimes upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind....this being admitted, will it be wrong to infer, that such performances are more calculated to delight than to improve, exclusive of the objection that they inculcate precepts, and hold forth examples of a refinement, that virtue does not require, and honesty is at least as well without.

We need not be told of the excellence of Richardson's pencil, this we are not all disposed to deny. Variety, vividness and minuteness, belong to his portraiture....But is not Shakspeare's *Caliban* a picture vivid as well as minute? and we cannot but be pleased with the delineation, but it cannot any more than some of Richardson's be called a faithful portrait, because there is no prototype in life.

When I appeal to and rely on my own experience, and H. E. owns we ought not to admit of any other decision, I do avow that I receive more useful information from the perusal of the works of a Le Sage, a Fielding, a Miss Burney, and a Dr. Moore, than from this author, and in support of which I offer the above rather as deductions than arguments, and to which some of your readers may be inclined to assent.

Your correspondent, in his last paragraph, suffers his enthusiasm for his favourite author, to sparkle too much when he would permit the extinction of all other works of fictitious history; if their co-existence should become incompatible with that

of Richardson's. As enthusiasm is an uncertain and ambiguous virtue, we ought to restrain it within due bounds, lest it should swell too high, fill the whole capacity of the soul, and leave us less room for the love of truth.

J. D.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAP. XXVI.

In continuation....Proposal of the state of Virginia, for an amendment of the constitution....Result of the historical sketch.

The year 1796 was further remarkable on account of certain proposals for an alteration of the constitution, which the state of Virginia made to her confederate sister states....Virginia is of all the states, the one, most dissatisfied with the English commercial treaty. For the Virginian merchants have very little credit in England, and must therefore draw their goods, at second hand, chiefly from Baltimore, without being able themselves to import them. This is the principal cause of the growth of Baltimore, which, as that city is not situated on a river, would without this circumstance, be an effect without an adequate cause. Virginia therefore proposed. 1. That the power of ratifying treaties whether commercial or political, should be extended to the house of representatives, in concurrence with the senate. 2. That the senators should be chosen for three instead of six years, so that one third of the senate of the United States, might be elected every year. 3. That the power of trying impeachments should be taken from the senate, and given to the supreme court of the United States, so that the senators might no longer be judges in their own cause, in case they should be impeached for traitorous negotiations with foreign powers. These alterations of the constitution were rejected by all the state legislatures north of the Potomac, but was adopted by all the southern states except North-Carolina, where they were rejected by a feeble majority. The Potomac forms a political as well as a natural dividing line. To the southward of this river other political principles, other manners prevail, and in one word a different people dwell, than to the northward. The circumstances dangerous to the duration of the American union, arising from this, induced president Washington in his address to draw the attention of the American people to the reciprocal usefulness of the south and of the north to each other, and to urge most forcibly upon the hearts of both these divisions their continuance of the union.

From this sketch of the history of the United States to the present day, it appears in my opinion clear, that America has had the good fortune to possess great men, at the head of whom stands Washington, but not that the Americans are a wise and virtuous people, who trample under foot all personal interest, whenever the public good requires it; not a people who in the struggle for freedom by resolving to conquer or to perish, unfolded gigantic powers: but a people carefully attentive first, to their private interest, and afterwards attached to the public interest, as much as to other concerns, while it stands in need of no sacrifices; a people who sold at an high price their services to their distressed country, and soldiers of liberty who very often turned their backs before the hireling slaves of England and Hesse. As I have drawn from the letters of general Washington no inferences but such as necessarily flow

from the premises, and have barely made the facts therein related speak for themselves, those who can make any objection to this must be very strongly possessed of the Americo-mania. The Americans therefore appear in their history, exactly such as from reasoning *a priori* concerning their origin, and the organization of their country, we should expect to find them.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The laws in the United States, are the English laws, modified by acts of the assemblies....Every state has its separate civil and criminal code; which gothic confusion, Congress has never removed, though they might have done it....Excellency of the Pennsylvania criminal code, as reformed by Franklin and Caleb Lowmes.

Their laws might be considered as proofs of their national wisdom if it were not notorious that they are copied from the English. Their lawyers constantly quote the English laws as authorities. Their law students, who learn their trade, from some lawyer of reputation, whom they pay for it, as they have no universities at all, unless the schools at Princeton, New-Haven and elsewhere be considered as such, study the English laws, upon which the acts of the state legislatures or assemblies are founded. These assemblies occasion a diversity of laws in the different states, for the congress has not hitherto interfered in this case, and indeed by the constitution ought not to interfere, though by virtue of the clause that "the laws of the congress shall be the supreme law of the land, throughout the union," their power is competent to any thing. Nor is any controul over a supreme legislative power conceivable, as every one who has at all studied the theory of politics will readily acknowledge. Indeed the subject of national education, is not expressly committed to congress, and yet Washington, who must probably know how far the powers of congress extend, proposed in his speech at the opening of the session, on the seventh of December 1796 the establishment of a national university.

Every state, however, now has its separate laws. In New-Jersey, theft to a considerable amount, is punished by hanging. In Pennsylvania, it is not. In this last state the criminal code is excellent, and the bloody English code is softened by the philosophy of the age; but who can here avoid perceiving the genius of a Franklin? William Penn himself had made humane laws, and Caleb Lowmes, a quaker has I believe in this respect had great merit. A great man, like Franklin, must in a country where opinions are freely expressed, always have great influence, and consequently these wholesome laws, testify the wisdom of Franklin, and not the wisdom of the nation.

The other laws are not however improved in the same degree with the criminal code, as the law respecting bankruptcy, which I have already mentioned, and which may be called a public sanction to theft, abundantly proves. Besides which, there are multitudes of other absurd laws. For instance, when the tenant of chambers in the second story cannot pay his rent, the person who lives in the rooms beneath, must pay it for him; in like manner, when one of several tenants in an house disappears, carrying away with him his furniture, in order to be relieved from the payment of his rent, the remaining tenant or tenants must pay for the fugitive....The argument against them is "you must look to it, why did you suffer him to run away?" I was further assured, that the owner of a dog, may kill upon the spot, a man who kills in his presence his dog; but then the dog must wear on his neck a collar with the name of his owner. Yet others, when I inquired whether this was a fact or not, answered me so equivocally that I do not

certainly know how the truth in this case is. The laws do not in the smallest degree strengthen the subordination of children to their parents, but on the contrary take them under their protection against parental chastisement. Perhaps a medium between the Roman severity (for among the Romans, the father had the power of life and death over his children) and so great a loosening of family ties, would be best adapted to our times. In so corrupt an age as ours, so unbounded a power cannot be intrusted to fathers; but in all republics family subordination has been in exact proportion to the public liberty. A husband is likewise in Pennsylvania severely punished, if his wife accuse him barely of threatening to strike her; this courteous law, is said to have originated with the quakers. The tenant of an house may kill any one who disturbs him in it, for example, by breaking down the windows in it. This deserves praise and is inherited from England, where it was introduced from ancient Germany. In Virginia, no lands can be attached by creditors to answer for debts. The reason of this is, because the debtors make the laws, and possess nothing but lands. If any one affirms that another owes him a certain sum, and swears to it, that is kisses the bible, and can purchase two witnesses who will kiss the bible to testify the same thing, the other is compelled to pay the money. Solemn as this asseveration upon oath, by kissing the holy scriptures may be to conscientious persons, of refined moral sentiments, it makes less impression upon the great sensual multitudes, and must thus occasion a great number of perjuries in America, as in truth, according to all I have heard they are extremely frequent.

The praise worthy part of the laws, together with much that deserves censure was inherited from England; Franklin with a true philosophic and philanthropic spirit improved them; the American people contributed very little thereto.

BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN ESSAY ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF

BOILEAU DESPREAUX.

(Continued.)

I will not proceed with the examination of the works of Despréaux. I shall only mention that his three last satires, the greater part of his epistles, his odes and epigrams were composed after his presentation to the King.

Although Despréaux was not of a robust constitution, yet by extreme temperance and rigid abstemiousness he enjoyed during a period of fifty years, a moderate portion of health. But in the year 1706, it began sensibly to decline. Frequent swoons, acute pains, and habitual fever, announced the termination of his life. He viewed the approaches of death with the calm resignation of a christian philosopher. From that time he renounced the great world into which he had against his inclination been introduced, and confined himself to the society of a small number of friends. Thus he lived, suffering the vicissitudes of pain and of languor until the year 1711, and died on the 13th of March, at the age of 74 years and some months.

It would be an easy task to collect a great number of anecdotes relative to Despréaux. His commentators have with the most scrupulous accuracy recorded them. But I shall restrict myself to the selection of only a few of those, which shew that the elevation of his soul and the nobleness of his sentiments, equalled the superior excellence and graceful beauties of his mind. The celebrated Patru, one of the most enlightened men and the most sound critic of the age in which he lived, devoted himself to the pursuits of literature, the profession of the law, in the exercise of which his

distinguished probity, his pure and brilliant eloquence and his extensive knowledge, promised him an ample fortune. Indigence was the consequence of this sacrifice of fortune at the shrine of taste. Reduced to the necessity of selling his library in order to procure the means of subsistence, he was on the point of suffering the privation of all that could afford him consolation in his misfortune. Despréaux was informed of his situation, and at the same time learned that the financier who intended to purchase the library, took advantage of the distressful condition of Patru, to make the acquisition at a price far below its value. He immediately hastened to his friend, purchased the library at a price one third above that which the financier had offered for it, and, after the payment of the money, stipulated that he should possess it only in reversion. His conduct towards Cassandre, that estimable man of letters whose character and misfortunes he has with so much force and truth depicted in his first satire, was not less marked by generosity. His purse was always open to him, and often did Despréaux anticipate his wants. His munificence was extended even to Linnière by whom it was abused, and who, with the money which he had received from him, went to a tavern and composed opprobrious verses against his benefactor. But that action which reflects the greatest honour on Despréaux, that which would of itself suffice to ensure to his memory the tribute of our affection and esteem, is a trait of which the history of literature affords but few examples. He was informed at Fontainebleau, which was at that time the residence of the court, that the pension of the great Corneille had been suppressed. He immediately hastened to Madame de Montespan, and, after having related the fact, he proceeded thus warmly in his expostulations: "the king, said he, although perfectly equitable, cannot, without some semblance of injustice, grant a pension to such a man as myself, who am but commencing my journey up the Parnassian mount, and deprive Mons. Corneille of his, who has long since reached its summit. I entreat you, Madam, for the glory of his majesty, to prevail on him rather to suppress mine than that of a man who has much higher claims on his bounty; let my pension be extinguished, but do not Madam by the suppression of his, wound the sensibility of a man so illustrious as M. Corneille." He afterwards dilated with so much persuasive eloquence on the transcendent genius of Corneille, and depicted in colours so glowing the glory which his works reflected on the French nation, that Mad. de Montespan, not less affected by the noble disinterestedness of Despréaux, than by his eloquent encomium on Corneille, promised to exert her influence with the king. The pension was soon after restored, and to the generous conduct of Despréaux on this occasion were the king and Corneille equally indebted: the former was thereby prevented from incurring the imputation of injustice, and the latter recovered the just recompense of his meritorious labours.

(To be continued.)

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

As you have had a good deal to say about clubs in your paper latterly, I think it will not be amiss, to send you some minutes of the transactions of the one, of which I am an unworthy member. It was instituted by half a dozen enlightened spirits, for the investigation of truth; by which the energy of man might be called forth and directed, and political and physical happiness discovered and disseminated; and, deriving its name from the various objects, it was intended to embrace, they called it the *philosophico-mathematico-democratico-republican club*.

Notwithstanding the benevolent intentions of its founders, and the amelioration of society, an institution of this kind is calculated to produce, many have been the attempts of the neighbourhood to destroy it, particularly by laying informations against us for riot, and several times sending constables amongst us, merely because some of our members, in the height of discussion, had directed their energy to the *argumentum baculinum*; but to the purpose.

The club having met at the usual hour, last evening, Tom Murphy according to vote, took the chair, and with an authoritative tone of voice called "order! order!" which was immediately obeyed by all the members present, except Dick Noggle, who said, "he'd be damned if he'd be called to order by him, or any like him, for that he had cheated him out of two dollars that morning, at all-fours, and that he could prove it;" upon which Tom Murphy, with great spirit, told him, he was a liar, and immediately began to strip off his coat to fight him; but Dick, seizing a bottle of whiskey, which he had just before applied to his lips, threw it with so good a direction, that striking on Tom's napper (which, by the by, is a pretty thick one) he measured his length on the floor; and it being supposed that he would be unfit for any further debate that evening, he was carried into the next room, and Dick having fully proved himself to be the better man, was desired to take the chair in his stead.

Order being now established, the club were just entering upon business, when we were interrupted by the entrance of the landlord, who came to complain, that it was a custom with several of the members to go away without paying their reckoning, and declared he would not send up any more drink, unless it were paid for at the time; and begged gentlemen to consider the loss it waster to him, especially as his house had got a very bad name, in consequence of the club's meeting there; and that, every thing considered (though he must own they were very good customers in the article of drink, if they'd but pay) he wished the club would procure an apartment at some other house.

The petition was ordered to lie on the table for further consideration; and the order of the evening being called, the club formed itself into a committee of the whole, on the important question, "*The expediency of insurrections.*"

After many arguments pro and con, had been advanced by different members, my friend Patrick Fagan, got up, and in a very able speech of considerable length, clearly proved, that insurrections were highly improper, while our numbers were insufficient for the attainment of our wishes. I shall however omit his reasons, which, he said were obvious to all, except those blinded by envy and ambition, and give the conclusion of his speech, in his own words: "Without a moderate portion of these qualities (speaking of envy and ambition) Democracy would cease to exist; but, like whisky, too much destroys their beneficial effect, and produces an intoxication, which prevents us from examining the propriety of the step we are about to take, and prudently avoiding all danger. In this manner may the exertions and assiduity of the whole party for a twelvemonth, be destroyed in a day, by the folly of one man. Very different from such rashness is a perfect democratical character. Let me attempt a rude sketch.

A perfect democrat is firmly attached to *natural unadulterated liberty*. He believes the origin of all power to be in the people, and, consequently, thinks it improper that it should ever, even for a moment, be out of their hands, or delegated to a few, when the many are so capable of exercising it. He thinks it a sin against nature, for man on entering into compact, or society with fellow men, to give up any of those rights which she has bestowed on him at his birth; these he will say, are *liberty of action*, *equality*, &c. the former he demonstrates to be the

right to seek pleasure wherever it may present itself, or his inclinations lead him, without being cramped by the interferences and whimsies of others....thus pointing out the impropriety of laws; the latter affords him an excellent argument against subordination, or the injustice of one man possessing more power, property, sense or genius than another. He is well able to represent the *proper restrictions* of government, as *intolerable grievances*; and all taxes for its support, as being merely for the maintenance of a set of lazy, luxurious courtiers, by which name he distinguishes its officers if they are not of his own party; and, separating as much as possible the constitution from its administrators, is lavish of his praises of the former, that he may be more pointed in his sarcasms on the latter. If he succeed in removing the persons in power, and getting proper ones in their place, he then pours the phial of his wrath on the constitution, which he has been hitherto only sapping, and creates a resemblance between it and the most decided aristocracy, or even the Russian and Turkish despotisms; taking care to introduce a number of hard names, as Chouans, Hulans, Pandours, Crim-Tartars, Mamelukes, Bashaws, Viziers, &c. &c. the more effectually to perplex and obscure the subject; and the more hideous the picture he draws his comparison with, the better; since as his intention is only to inform the ignorant, they will be unable to perceive any dissimilitude; and should his arguments fall under the observation of the better informed, if federalists, they are already so tired with execrating our falsities, that I fancy they will not think them worthy of refutation; and if democrats, the intent will readily excuse the means. He is well versed in the intricacies of argumentation, so that he is able whenever reason and truth fail him, to call in a sophism to his assistance. His knowledge of law is not perhaps, very extensive, but he has a good recollection of names, and with a proper use of these, he in the opinion of his party, raises a formidable barrier against the attacks of his antagonists, even should his quotations not be very accurate. If unfortunately at any time detected in a misrepresentation of the existing laws of his country (and whatever country he may be in, has the happiness of being considered by him as his own) he escapes from his embarrassment, in the same manner the brothers in the Tale of a Tub discovered every thing they wished in their father's will; for by picking a word here and there, or if a word cannot be found, a syllable or letter, he forms any meaning he pleases; thus he can convert the bible into the koran, or the Lord's prayer into a jacobinical hymn. In short, a true democrat can be every thing with every person; religious with the religious, profane with the profane; chaste with the chaste; amorous with the amorous; honest with the honest; and a rogue with rogues. He unites the most consummate impudence with the deepest cunning; and, finally, he is perfectly unbiassed by any religious scruples.

"As we have many men of this description amongst us, I have no doubt that our endeavours will, eventually, be crowned with the most perfect success; for the union and exertions of a very few, are sufficient to make the multitude believe Thomas McKean to be a better governor than James Ross, and Thomas Jefferson a better president than John Adams; that the present disposition of France is productive of more happiness than the mild constitution of the United States, Hell a more eligible place than Heaven, or even were they possible, still greater absurdities."

Mr. Fagan having concluded amidst repeated acclamations, was asked by several of the members to take some grog with them; and Mr. Chairman Noggle, after counting the ayes and nays, declared "that it was the opinion of the club, *nam. con.* some for and some against it, that premature insurrections were improper, and that a true democrat was a clever fellow."

The business of the night being now over, and the feast of reason dispatched, the flow of soul commenced among those members who could comply with the unjust and unprecedented restrictions of the landlord. Mirth and harmony prevailed, interrupted only by a slight fracas between *Ned Whiffle* and *Dick Slang*, occasioned by the former refusing to lend the latter eleven pence, to get a glass of gin twist, which terminated in Ned's receiving a pair of black eyes.

Many patriotic songs were sung, and at one o'clock in the morning, all that were able to walk dispersed, without any accident, except a couple being taken up by the watchmen, and confined until daylight, when they were liberated on paying a small fine.

Yours &c.
TURLOUGH MULLIGAN.

MISCELLANY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL

[The pleasure I have often received from the perusal of your ingenious work, makes me conceive myself under an obligation, when leisure permits, of assisting you with my mite. Subjects of literature are nearly threadbare, and often passed over by a large part of your readers; I shall therefore beg your acceptance of a description of the bull-feasts in Spain, extracted from my journal kept in that country, to which I may, at a future period, add a few observations on a people, with whom we are not well acquainted, and of whom we have perhaps received information from channels warped by prejudice.

Your's sincerely,
W. W.]

Philadelphia, June 23, 1802.

4 BULL-FEASTS IN SPAIN.

I cannot but conceive it an egregious error in those travellers, who have attributed bull-feasts, or amphitheatrical entertainments in Spain to the Moors, and stiled them the barbarous relic of their customs. It was not till long after the Christian era, that Gibraltar was first conquered by Tarick, the famous leader of the African adventurers: but this practice can be traced to epochs long before that period from which we now date; of consequence, if it is an exotic custom, they must owe its origin to the conquest of the Romans, or the imitation of their European neighbours. It cannot be denied that the Spaniards retain to this day many remains of Moorish customs and manners; and it would, perhaps, be more to their credit, if they retained more; for if we may judge from the monuments the latter have left behind them, they possessed the most valuable ideas of architecture, tilling, draining, watering, and laying out grounds; which once made the now rude plains of Grenada a perfect garden, and beautified them beyond our most romantic ideas of an elysium; but amidst all their splendour and dreams of dear bought happiness, amidst the gaieties of a Boabdil's reign, they did not practise fighting bulls; for their entertainments consisted of hunting, feats of the sword, club and lance, wrestling, &c. at which their jealous dispositions did not suffer their women often to be present, the very soul of the exercise under our consideration; nor is it the theme of any of the Spanish writers of romance, who have handed down to us their customs. The many remains of Roman architecture in Spain, the circular and oval forms of places, built for exhibitions of this kind, together with the cells, vomitoria, podia, seats, and other yet visible ruins, evince to us, that those conquerors of what they called the *Provincia Cunicularis*, not only spread the glory of their arms amongst this newly subjugated people, but celebrated their victories by triumphal arches, and those public exhibitions, which were common amongst themselves. Few Roman historians have mentioned the amphitheatrical games; and the early annals of the church are filled with the mention of victims, that

were exposed both to the contumely of the mob, and the assaults of the lion and the tiger; whilst their liberty and pardon were the rewards of their courage. This was a favourite punishment for their criminals, and at once evinces to us, that these masters of the world, of learning and of renown, had only advanced a few removes beyond barbarism. Legislation afterwards altered this practice, and the combatants were either hired, or served as volunteers. We are then only at a loss how to account for bulls being pitched upon as the tortured object of this practice, which is easily done, when we consider the difficulty and expense of obtaining the lion* and the tiger alive, particularly after the Moorish conquest, when the Spaniards had only a partial access to the shores of Africa, and when they had such ferocious beasts on their own plains, which would afford nearly an equal display of courage, without that excess of danger.

In tracing this practice, for the information of my readers, I shall be explicit and correct. Formerly the most valiant captains of the Lusitanian bands entered the lists in this ferocious combat. After conquering the Saracen, a Gonsalvo, a Lara, wielded the spear and sword against the dart-enraged bull: their recompence was the smile of approbation from their favourite fair one. The greatest merit in her eyes, was courage, and the greatest bond in love, was the contempt of danger. Arrayed in the scarf their mistresses had embroidered, it was their pride to shew their familiarity with scenes of peril, and the lengths to which they would go for objects incomparably more deserving. This spirit was fostered by their generals: it made their hearts martial, and counteracted the inert languor and inactivity of the camp. Not such the present champions: their pristine nobleness is fled; they are hirelings, and the traits of their courage are ferocious and butcher-like.

The days chosen for this sport are generally the anniversaries of some saints, with which the calendar is filled; but, in the great cities, during the season, it may be seen three times a week. No sooner is the day fixed on for this exhibition, than the news is eagerly spread, and electrifies every class with joy. The topic becomes general, every countenance exults in the glad tidings, and old and young equally joyous, anticipate the scene. From all parts they crowd to the spot; neither distance nor penury withholds them, and if government and the police of the individual cities had not fixed restrictions to these games, the fields would remain untilled, and the grapes ungathered.

The bulls intended for the day's sport, are brought into the city in the night, when the streets are empty, by means of a tame ox or cow, which serve as decoys. They are pent up in separate cells, so small that they have not room to turn, and with their heads to the arena. They are here goaded, and rendered furious, by every artificial means.

Already is the amphitheatre crowded by an immense concourse, impatient for the signal to begin. Perhaps not a sight in nature is equal to this of the thronged spectators, clothed in all the gaieties and luxuries of dress, filling the progressively rising seats, and almost frantic with pleasure. The eye, enraptured, measures its favourite circle, rows on rows at once swell the grateful focus, and pleased, the visual orb indulges in the scene. The men are clothed in their short cut jackets, loaded with innumerable rows of buttons *à la majo*; with broad brimmed hats, or small high velvet caps; their hair confined within a silken net, and cloaks of black or scarlet, half envelope their shoulders. The wo-

* The lion and tiger to this day form part of the tribute of the dependent bey in Africa; and the bagnios and slave prisons are peopled with these savage rangers of the wild, but only for show; and to the shocking torture of every feeling of humanity, they are made the inmates of the wretched and equally fettered slave, who is often destined to be their keeper.

men, whose general street attire is black, now appear decked in all the shewy contrast of colours, gay bunches of ribbons ornament their jet black hair; the richest mantles flow down their comely waists, over a short fringed petticoat; and at once give to view forms the most divine; without hiding those soul-enlivening eyes and animated countenances, which allure, enrapture and command. Costly fans produce an artificially cool atmosphere, and with great *legerete de main*, serve to salute their distant friends. Refreshing drinks and cakes of every kind are handed about by their attendants; handbills announce the particulars of the entertainment, and the different coloured ribbons that are affixed to the bulls' manes, to denote their race, progeny, and from whence brought. A gay display of flags wave on the tops of the battlements; and when at war with any nation, they fix their's, reversed, in the most conspicuous place. The shouts of the gay multitude, and the swift winged rockets, that break high in air, announce the approach of the hour, generally four in the afternoon. The signal trumpet sounds; a company of soldiers, with a lively band of music, enters at the gates, and after forming into a line, clears the arena of its numbers. One of them is then placed at each of the little recesses, made at small distances in the inner palisado, and sufficient to admit the body of the combatants, for whose safety they are intended.

The governor next appears, and the ministers of police are seated nearly over the place where the bulls are confined. Two trumpeters stand behind them, and under their direction the feast is conducted. Every thing in readiness, four champions in different coloured dresses enter the arena on horseback, their legs and thighs are cased in tough leather, in their right hands they bear a long ashen lance tipped with a small piece of iron, and with their left dexterously manage their steeds. They prance gaily along the circle, make their devoirs to the governor, presidents of the feast, and their individual patrons and protectors. They then range themselves according to their merit opposite the first cell, from which the bull is expected to issue; but on the left, as the animal from instinct makes his attack on that side. A trumpet again sounds, a trap door is raised, and forth rushes the bellowing monster, astonished, enraged, and frantic from hunger and frequent goadings. With impetuous onset he rushes on the prepared horseman, who with his lance repels him to the right or left of his horse. The second champion then follows, invites him to combat, and receives him in the same way. The greatest strength and dexterity are evinced in these frequent onsets, but it often happens, that the greater furious strength of the horned *enragé* overturns both horse and rider, and lays both promiscuously in the dust. Both then often share the frantic revenge of the animal, and are promiscuously torn with his horns, notwithstanding the efforts of the others to get him away and divert him on another side. He often buries his towering antlers in the bodies of both, throws their shattered limbs in the air, and strews them on the arena. More frequently the rider escapes by the recesses in the palisado, and returns remounted with fresh courage to provoke battle. It is not unusual for one bull to kill several horses, but these animals, particularly in Andalusia, are so noble that with their entrails dragging on the ground, they face the tortured beast, and by their neighing and snorting seem to enjoy the sport, although not trained to it. Should they prove refractory, the riders cover their eyes with a handkerchief, that they may be unconscious of their danger, though such is the courage and noble spirit of this domestic animal, that this is seldom necessary; but it is grating to every feeling of humanity, that the end of this first of beasts should be thus perverted by practices so cruel. After a round of

feats of this kind equally horrid and disgusting, the trumpet again sounds, and the horsemen retire. The foot combatants then come forth, gaily dressed, and each bearing a pair of darts in his hands. With these they provoke the furious animal to battle, and when he puts down his head in an attitude to tear them with his horns, they dexterously stick the barbed darts behind his neck, and evade his horns by slipping aside. These *shulitos a pie* croud around him, wound him by incessant darts, and when he goes near the seats he receives showers of small ones from the people. In the tops of these darts, gaily ornamented with coloured paper, fire-works are fixed, which when the match burns down, explode with frequent crackings. He stands with an aspect of rage and terror. His flaming eyes dart around the circle, he seeks objects to sate his rage; they evade him, the place resounds with horrid bellowings, streams of red froth issue from his mouth and nostrils, he paws the blood stained ground, and in vain shakes his sides and neck to dislodge the galling load. Furious from rage and pain he bounds across the arena, attempts to climb the pallisado and wreak his revenge on every opposing object. Frequently he catches them on his horns, but generally from their great agility they escape, and he only bears away in triumph, part of the red garment with which he had been provoked and deceived. I have seen one of these combatants hard pressed by the enraged bull, and apparently without means to escape. He was pent close to the palisado and no recess at hand. Already had the furious beast stooped to tear him to pieces, and the terrified spectators imagined him horribly mangled on his horns. The active combatant undismayed and with unexampled presence of mind, put his foot on the forehead of the bull, with one leap was out of danger, and lighting behind the furious animal, seemed to laugh at his unavailing efforts to catch him: he skipped gaily and unhurt away. He then walked round the circle with his hat in his hand, money from all sides was showered down to him from the pleased spectators and his patrons, who always requite an extraordinary display of agility by a collective reward. Formerly a favourite flower from the breast of the fair, or a bunch of ribbons, was thrown down to the victorious champion and he was happy in that return, for the exertion of his courage and agility. When every means of harassing the animal has been exhausted, the trumpet again is blown, the footmen leave the arena, and a single champion steps forth. In his right hand he bears a double edged Toledo, and on his left arm a red cloak. After making his obeisance to the spectators, he provokes the bull by holding to him the red garment, and after several evasions of his horns he prepares for the last and most noted exertion of skill in this way. He places himself in a firm position before him, holds his sword obliquely, on which the maddening beast rushes with such impetuosity as to bury it to the hilt. Already the staggering bull bellows with agonizing pain, streams of black gore burst from the wound and mouth, his haggard looks proclaim his tortured state; the dreadful steel entering at the collar bone has searched the source of life, his feeble limbs deny support, he sinks and struggles in the dust. Incessant peals of applause re-echo through the vast circle, and frantic acclamations, such as resounded at the Olympic games of the Greeks, or the gladiatorial scenes of the Romans. The most lively and animated music joins the loud sound, but is nearly drowned by the plaudits of the mob. Three mules yoked together, and ornamented with gay streamers drag the mangled and bloody carcase from the arena, and every preparation is made for a repetition of the same sport, which only varies according to the courage of the men, and the fury of the bull. Ten or sixteen are often killed in an eve-

ning, and the amusement from neither its sameness nor disgusting scenes appears to tire. As many horses often fall, and the men are frequently killed or maimed. Romero was the most famous *matador* the Spaniards ever had, and his end was snocking. The meat is exposed for sale but bought only by the common people. The scene is often varied by the fighting of two horses which is indeed grand, and though horrid, has something in it noble and fierce. They sometimes let loose the wild boar, the stag, and other animals to fight dogs, and if a bull will not face the combatants, dogs are let loose upon him, which becomes quite an English bull bait. The last bull is *embolado* or his horns are tipped with wood; the common people all rush out, cling to the horns and tail, and wrestle with him in bodies. The entertainment is often closed with fire-works, and the interval is agreeably filled up by all the men striking their arms and steels which they always carry, and which give a most curious gleam around. Part of the funds arising from these entertainments belongs to the hospitals of St. John of God, the other pays the expenses. The amphitheatre in Cadiz is of wood, holds ten or twelve thousand people, and belongs to the city. It is rented to a company under great restrictions, but this cannot hinder frequent impositions on the public. Those in Madrid, Seville, and Grenada are of stone, and of royal foundation. In the smaller cities where they have none, they use the market squares, but on a very paltry scale. Indians from South America often display their feats with a leathern thong, with which they dexterously entangle the bull and throw him on his back, when they mount, and by their dexterity render vain the exertions of the animal to shake off the unusual load. Many gypsies are amongst the foot combatants. Their pay is from ten to sixty dollars an afternoon, according to merit. That side of the amphitheatre on which the afternoon sun beats, is only half price. There is a small difference in the several cities, but in all, these are the leading traits.

To foreigners, accustomed to see the dexterous feats of equestrian riders, such diversions appear uninteresting and barbarous, and from the continual danger to which the riders and the horses are exposed, the feeling mind can derive no satisfaction. Even in this age of refined philosophy, man seems to be glad to multiply means for the extinction of his own species, which, from the brute creation, he might learn to husband. This familiarity with scenes of blood darkens the traits of the national character; and were a revolution to agitate the people, it would possibly be more sanguine than we have yet witnessed. Government has often wished to abolish this practice; but in vain; it is so generally relished. It is astonishing that the Spanish ladies enjoy this sport, so savagely monotonous. Possessed of susceptibility and the finest feelings in nature, with every sense in unison with delicacy and sentiment, one would imagine they would fly it as a bane; still do they frequent it; a contradiction, which neither the moralist, nor the keen observer can reconcile or combine.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In Nottingham church-yard there occurs the following epitaph on an old lady, memorable for her love of liquor. Its *moral* seems to be that Bacchus is not always a foe to longevity;

"She drank good ale and beer and wine,
"And liv'd to the age of—ninety-nine."

A British critic apprizes us that the following lines in MILTON, describing one of the finest attitudes of "divine melancholy,"

With a sad laden downward cast,
There fix them on the earth as fast;

are supposed to be derived from Du Bartas.

That fallow fac'd, sad, stooping nymph, whose eye
Still on the ground is fixed stedfastly.

We are often asked the meaning of *Blue Stocking club*, to which Peter Pindar and many other ephemeral writers often allude. The following is a brief history of this club.

Mrs. Montague was in habits of friendship with the first wits and scholars of the age, and was the reputed founder of a society, known by the name of the *Blue Stocking club*. This association was founded on the liberal and meritorious principle of substituting the rational delights of conversation for the absurd and vapid frivolities of the card table. No particular attention or respect was paid to her, but the conversation was general, cheerful and unrestrained: for different from what is insinuated respecting the company, by a satirist, who accuses them of going

"To barter praise for soup with Montague."

The name of this club is said to be derived from the following circumstance. One of their most distinguished characters in the early days of the society was Mr. Stittingfleet, who always wore *blue stockings*: his conversation was distinguished for brilliancy and vivacity, insomuch that, when in his absence, the stock of general amusement appeared deficient, it was a common exclamation, *we can do nothing, without the blue stockings*; thus was the appellation acquired, which is now become frequently in use for a learned and witty lady, even though she never drank tea in Portman Square.

In a volume of poems under the assumed name of Little, but actually composed by Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, I have read the following, which I think exceeds a poem of Metastasio on a similar subject.

With all my soul, then, let us part,
Since both are anxious to be free;
And I will send you home your heart,
If you will send back mine to me.

We've had some happy hours together,
But joy must often change its wing;
And spring would be but gloomy weather,
If we had nothing else but spring.

'Tis not that I expect to find
A more devoted, fond, and true one,
With rosier cheek, or sweeter mind—
Enough for me that *she's a new one*.

Then let us leave the bower of love,
Where we have loiter'd long in bliss;
And you may down that path way rove
While I shall take my way through *this*.

Our hearts have suffer'd little harm
In this short fever of desire,
You have not lost a single charm,
Nor I one spark of ardent fire.

My kisses have not stain'd the rose
Which nature hung upon your lip,
And still your sigh with nectar flows
For many a raptur'd soul to sip.

Farewell! and when some other fair
Shall call your wand'rer to her arms,
"Twill be my luxury to compare
Her spells with your remembered charms."

"This cheek" I'll say "is not so bright
As one that us'd to meet my kiss;
This eye has not such liquid light
As one that us'd to talk of bliss!"

Farewell! and when some future lover
Shall claim the heart which I resign,
And, in exulting joys discover,
All the charms, that once were mine.

I think I should be sweetly blest,
If, in a soft imperfect sigh,
You'd say, while to his bosom press'd
He loves not half so well as I.

A passionate lover has thus warmly addressed his mistress, who talked coldly of something like platonic friendship....

Oh! why should Platonic controul, love,
Enchain an emotion so free,
Your soul though a very sweet soul, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me.

If you think by this coldness and scolding
To seem more angelic and bright,
Be an angel, my love, in the morning,
But, oh, be a woman to night.

My readers have lately been apprized that I frequently light my lamp to discern merry passages for their amusement....and my own. This evening, which is more unwholesome than any in the West Indies, in spite of all the fine things said of our climate by our philosophers and physicians, can be combated by no more poignant weapon than one, which I have borrowed from a foreigner. It is sharp and I think it will drive away care.

Prospectus of a history of weeping, addressed to the crying club. From the creation of Eve to the present time. Compiled from the most authentic sources, and under the immediate eye of some ladies of the first distinction, who have made weeping their particular study. The whole to be comprised in ten volumes folio, or the overplus, if there should be any, given gratis to the subscribers,

CONTENTS.

VOL. I. Origin and antiquity of tears. State of tears before the flood.

VOL. II. Progress of weeping among the most ancient nations: origin of whimpering, with a dissertation on the boarding schools of the ancients.

VOL. III. Propagation of tears in Europe, with biographical notices of eminent blubberers. State of discipline and progress of tears under the whip. Dissertation on the slave trade.

VOL. IV. Great Britain. Arithmetical discussion of crying accounts, progress of tears in families, with a digression on the metamorphoses of "grey mares" into "better horses."

VOL. V. History of coaches and carriages, how increased by crying; origin of fits and hystericks, perspective view of long acre.

VOL. VI. Rise of white handkerchiefs, with an historical view of the British stage; calculation of the depth of tears, shed at a tragedy with the crying parts coloured for the boxes.

VOL. VII. On the use of onions at funerals. Dissertation on widows. Exact measurement of a flood of tears.

VOL. VIII. On the various causes of weeping. Ingenuity of those, who weep without any cause. Medical dissertation on the "more you cry," &c.

VOL. IX. On the crying sins of the nation. Effect of tears upon the works of nature....poetical deluges, how far canals may be swelled by tears.... true relation of a farmer's daughter, who drove a mill, while in love.

VOL. X. On novel writing....On tears divided into genera and species....Salt tears, bitter tears, sweet tears, sweet bitter tears, salt delicious tears, tears half delicious half agonizing, and other varieties manufactured and distilled in the writings of the new philosophers....On sentimental torrents, cataracts of sensibility, and water falls of fine feeling....Conclusion.

The whole to be embellished by engravings by the first artists, of black eyes, blue eyes, and hazel eyes in all the stages of crying, from the glister to the sob. Portraits of eminent cryers, from the originals, in water colours; views of noted whimperers, in distemper; ground plans of teasing schemes, with distant prospects of sets of china, diamond necklaces and new carriages, &c. &c.

The price to subscribers will be three guineas each volume; to non subscribers, four. A few

copies will be printed on a superfine magna charta, wire woven and hot pressed, with proof impressions of the plates, price six guineas each, and which when bound corio *Mauritanico, foliis deauratis lineis rubris* elegantissime compact per Kaltheber, will form one of the most splendid books, ever presented to the eye!

LACHRYMAT RESPUBLICA!

FESTOON OF FASHION FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[As the votaries of the fantastic goddess, who gives a name to this department of our paper, are all ambitious of notoriety, I shall subjoin a few admirable lessons from an experienced master.]

One of the easiest and therefore the commonest methods of drawing attention by trifles; is that of talking loud at all places of public resort. There is something so spirited in it, so charmingly careless and it gives such an air of superiority, by seeming to despise all the hearers, as if they were no more than stocks and stones.

I have heard many a fine gentleman and lady while strolling up and down a crowded walk, question each other on the last night's ball, or their engagements to dinner, in a voice so loud as silenced the rest of the company, and caused a general hum of inquiry. Who are these? Thus the end was answered, the spectators were awe-struck and brow-beaten and the happy pair marched off in triumph till next morning, when they returned to make new conquests. From their volubility and vehemence they acquired among many listeners the character of people of infinite sense and spirit.

Another method of gaining admiration, is to swear and swagger at inns, or at any other place, where we are among our inferiors, or are unknown. It is to be sure wonderful to observe how respectful a reception he meets with, who with a bludgeon in his hand and an oath in his mouth enters an inn, and calls about with the voice of our guttural watch, or the men who cry peas and beans.

Knocking vehemently on a floor, especially if it be done according to the latest method, adds very considerably to personal importance.

Singularity in dress is one of the commonest modes of seeking distinction; but by singularity, I do not mean a deviation from the established fashion, but compliance with it, carried to an extreme. An enormous hat has given many a young man a degree of confidence, which no learning or virtue, which he possessed could have ever supplied. A coat, a shoe, or a shoe-string, exceeding the ordinary mode have fixed the eyes of a whole assembly and gratified the ambitious wearer with the most heart-felt satisfaction.

But of the greater part of these ambitious persons it may perhaps, be said that they would act wisely to avoid, instead of seeking distinction, for they seem to be of that character to which the emphatical words of an elegant political character may be applied "a character, which will only pass without censure, when it passes without observation."

The stockings of the *elegantes* of Paris appear like gauze, and are of open worked silk. Their covering is transparent muslin. A plate of the Parisian fashions in May represents modish female impudence nearly in the style of Eve, before her fall. The bosom is prodigally displayed, and the petticoat is festooned and hitched rather higher than the ankle.

The following *morceau* from the shop of a barber is a brilliant specimen of the sublime and beautiful.

Ross respectfully informs the ladies that he has on exhibition a most elegant and whimsical head dress, calculated either for mask balls, full dress, or undress, and may be worn, instead of a veil, having the peculiar quality of changing its shape, occasionally covering the whole face, yet capable of being disposed into wandering ringlets; as a mask the disguise is complete without oppression; as a veil it protects without the dull uniformity of drapery, and may be scented to the perfume of any flower; for beauty it cannot be surpassed, and for simplicity it stands unrivalled. The patent was granted by the Goddess of taste, inspired by the spirit of fancy, secured from imitation by the genius of merit, patronised by the votaries of elegance and exhibited in the temple of fashion.

One of our most delightful and fashionable promenades within the precincts of the city is that agreeable area, which the indulgence of Mr. Dunlap has given to the public. This shaded walk commanding a view of his pleasant gardens, and well ventilated by a purer breeze, than is commonly inhaled in the city, is frequented at the close of many a sultry day by those, who love to muse by moon-light, and by those who love to walk and prattle the evening away. It realizes a description in HORACE.

Nunc et campus et area.
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Composita repetantur hora.

which for the benefit of the country gentlemen must be translated in the words of FRANCIS.

Now at the grateful evening shade
The public walks, the public park,
Are assignations sweetly made,
With gentle whispers in the dark.
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

A wit assures us that an historian is actually employed in compiling memoirs of the king of Spades, annals of the king of clubs, anecdotes of the king of hearts and remarks on the king of diamonds. In this work will be interwoven the private characters of the knaves with the secret history of the queens to be published in weekly numbers price one guinea each. A work of this kind may serve to give posterity some idea of the grandeur of the present age.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We perceive that Lyce is a grey coquette, and we advise her to think more of her tombstone, and less of her toilet.

But adoration, give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of three-score;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of time;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms.
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground.
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *apries* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce....but herself....is old.

A. B. supposes that the Editor of the Port Folio is not only unacquainted with the mysteries of the belle passion, but that he never attempted, and therefore never can relish the amatory stile. Our answer is in the words of the poet Gifford;

.....For heav'n's sake not so fast.
I, too, my masters, ere my teeth were east,
Had learned, by rote, to rave of Delia's charms,
To die of transports, found in Chloë's arms,
Coy Daphne with obscure perous plants to woo,
And cures the cruelty of....God knows who.

The Editor hopes soon to hear from his friend, and quondam companion, S. Our invocation to this much loved bard is frequent and fervent. Gifford has well commemorated the friendship of men of letters.

I only seek, in language, void of art,
To ope my breast, and pour out all my heart;
And, boastful of thy various worth, to tell
How long we lov'd, and thou canst add how well
Proud of thy friendship, while the voice of Fame
Pursues thy merits with a loud acclaim,
I share the triumph, not unpleased to see
Our kindred destinies; for thou, like me,
Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.

Our friend S. C. we hope will keep his promise. He shall hear from us shortly.

By writing every week "Asmodeo" will please the Editor.

"Ruralina" is received, and shall be treated with the courtesy, which we owe to a lady.

J. D. is received, and we are grateful.

We feel an insupportable nausea at the prostituted name of "a Patriot". We cannot swallow his emetic. Let him drug those papers, which are in slavery to the populace.

Our fair correspondent H. we perceive is quite a town bred lass. With Dr. Johnson, she would prefer Fleet street to the greenest vallies of Kent, and thinks rose bushes and blooming orchards not half so brilliant as the glass case of her milliner. Dr. Young has pleasantly described such a lady.

Such Fulvia's passion for the town, fresh air,
An odd effect! gives vapours to the fair:
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks and nightingales are odious things;
But smoke and dust and noise and crouds delight,
And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
Where silver rivulets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and vines their shades
Black kennels, absent others she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

"A Poetical Weaver" we would advise to

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
and not meddle with the Parnassian loom.

"SYDNEY" is rejected. We dislike his name.

Bunker Hill embarrasses its poor poet not less than the names of the Dutch towns, taken in queen Ann's wars, used to vex the ballad inditers of the last age. For, as one of our own poets wittily sings,

Kind reader, know it takes a deal of time
To make a crooked word lie smooth in rhyme.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The "New-England Palladium," one of those classical papers, whose praise is worth receiving, thus eloquently commends the late address by John Quincy Adams Esquire.

"Much was expected from the Address, and it is the highest praise to say, that none were disappointed. It was the production of a fertile and richly endowed mind, uniting that diffusive kind of eloquence, best adapted to a promiscuous assembly, with vigour of thought and justness of sentiment. The subject was trite and familiar; hence the remark so often made on such occasions, that nothing novel could be expected. But the animated eye of genius marks for itself new courses, and discovers new beauties, where others see nothing but beaten paths and barren wastes. It is its province to add the charms of novelty to objects the most common; to place them in new attitudes, and in-

vest them with new drapery. Their features are readily known, though much changed by circumstances, and the wonder is, that they never appeared so before. To place a subject in a view, which is at once natural and graceful, though not obvious, to present it in a new circle of associations, without changing its form and pressure, is the perfection of fine writing. But this is the magical operation of genius, which discovers new relations, traces new associations, and sees those slender golden threads, which connect objects of sense and reflexion. By following these, the whole imagery of nature is opened to her eye, selected and brought home to array, enrich and beautify the plain, solid materials of the understanding. Hence the diffusion of her enchantments, the despotism of her controul. She opens, at pleasure, the sources of sympathy, and touches the secret springs of affection. She pours her radiance into the sober chambers of intellect, or bewilders in the secret mazes of fancy. She gives to "airy nothing" a form and habitation, and paints it with a pencil dipt in the colours of heaven. At her call, the past and the future are brought together, scenes are shifted, places changed, and the mysteries of her power revealed; like the spirit of Ariel, whose solemn melodies were heard in the coral caves of the sea, while he himself was treading the fleecy clouds, or reposing in the gale.

On occasion of the marriage of the princess Royal of England, the address from the city of London regretted, "that their daughters are now deprived of one of the most conspicuous models of maiden excellence!" on which the wags remarked that the young ladies in the city would not be sorry if all such models were broken.

It is said that Mr. Jefferson, a philosophical republican, or a republican philosopher, has a little grimerack piece of machinery, which he wears in his breeches pocket, to measure his steps, whenever he rambles through the woods of Washington. We suppose that the *hint* of this instrument was derived from a perusal of the following advertisement in a London journal. Mr. J. condescends to borrow even from the British, and although he has kindly told England that "her philosophy has crossed the channel," yet, somehow, a little remnant has been saved.

The improved pedometer, or waywiser, which when worn in the pocket, ascertains the distance the wearer walks (price two guineas). Sold by Spencer and Perkins, watch-makers, No. 44, opposite St. Sepulchre's Church, Snow-hill; who, for near thirty years, have fabricated these machines; and though they do not claim the invention, it being almost as ancient as pocket watches, yet all that ever came to their knowledge, have been so rude in their shape, inconvenient in wearing, and incorrect in their performance, as to have been soon laid by as useless.

This, which they take the liberty to offer to the public, is elegant in itself, most conveniently used, perfectly correct, and, what is desirable in all machines of fancy, cheap, not liable to pe out of order, and is a most amusing companion to gentlemen, who are fond of walking and shooting.

Flattering themselves the great improvement lately made, has carried it to its ultimatum, they take this method of making it public, to secure to themselves at least the credit thereof, having been materially injured by plagiarists, who have copied their machines, and passed them off to gentlemen as their own inventions, though at much higher prices, and very inferior work.

An apprentice to a celebrated surgeon, lately eloped with his master's wife. The lady complained that her husband's practice was on the decline.

We read in ecclesiastical history, says the editor of the Times, that a celebrated bishop was condemned in a synod, to destroy his novel Theogenes and Chariclea, or be expelled his see. He preferred the latter. If a modern monk were reduced to a similar dilemma, and obliged to choose between the glories of authorship and legislatorship, should we see the poet accept the Chiltern Hundred's, or M. G. Lewis burning his *Ambrosio*?

An Hibernian traveller, expressing how cheering and comfortable the roads are made by means of mile-stones, suggests to his readers that it would be a great improvement, if they were nearer each other.

We copy from the Walpole paper the following judicious paragraphs. They exhibit good sense in elegant attire.

On the interesting close of the three late general elections of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New-Hampshire, we congratulate not only the citizens of these respective states, but also the friends of good order and government throughout the union. In the language which Shakespeare, in his Henry VI. put into the mouth of Edward, we would add.

"Thus far our fortune keeps an upward course
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory,
But in the midst of this bright shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threatening cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed:
We mean, my lords, those powers, that were rais'd
In Gallia's regions, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight us."

Our "penny wise, &c." rulers, with all their ardent zeal for public economy, after all, do not understand the subject a jot better than their prototypes, of whom facetious mention is made in Shakspeare's Henry VI. The rage for reducing taxes, and alleviating the burdens of their subjects, is equally sincere, and unpatriotic. The former are very particular to reduce the price of double refined sugar, to make riding in carriages less expensive to our more wealthy citizens, and to make whiskey drinking palatable and obtainable by all. Jack Cade and others, when they were plotting the reformation of English police, mouthed much of national savings. It must be left to the reflecting mind to determine whether an adherence to promises would not have been equally beneficial to a duped community, as the system which has been since followed. Cade said, "there shall be in England seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And when I am king, as king I will be,"....There shall be no money: all shall eat and drink on my score: and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord."

A relation of the bishop of P....ter....h's lately applied to him for some small preferment which was in his gift. The learned and worthy prelate, who had never seen the candidate before, was highly pleased with his wit and sprightly conversation, but told him he was too late, for that it was already disposed of; however, as a mark of esteem he presented him with a diamond ring. The gentleman thanked him in the politest manner; but added: "My lord, 'tis a somewhat unchristian-like gift." How so," replied the bishop. "Why my lord," said the candidate, "I asked you for bread, and you have given me a stone."

London paper.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET, WRITTEN AT SEA,

After many abortive attempts to arrange my scattered thoughts, and clothe them in verse.

It may not be—the gentle muse is fled,
Fled with those scenes, which erst inspir'd her song;

No more her visions hover round my head,
Nor her wild witcheries on my fancy throng.

Yet faithful memory oft shall fondly trace
The dear lov'd spot where dwells my bosom's queen;

Even now methinks I feel her last embrace,
While my soul melts in anguish o'er the scene.

—My fair one weep not thus, tho' distant far
Drives the bold bark across the boisterous sea,
Soon, like the varying needle to the star,
Thy long lost wanderer shall return to thee:
Then never, never, from thy circling arms,
Shall commerce lure him more, or gold's delusive charms.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[In an old collection of Poems was found the following description of the vicissitudes of the tender passion in an infatuated and enthusiastic bosom. He who loves nothing but beef and beer will deride our sentimental bard. He, whose nerves vibrate at the slightest touch of beauty, will acknowledge the justice of the ensuing picture.]

THE LOVER AND THE FRIEND.

O thou, for whom my lyre I string,
Of whom I speak, and think, and sing!
Thou constant object of my joys,
Whose sweetness every wish employs.
Thou dearest of thy sex attend,
And hear the Lover and the Friend.

Fear not the Poet's flattering strain;
No idle praise my verse shall stain;
The lowly numbers shall impart
The faithful dictates of my heart,
Nor humble modesty offend,
And part the Lover from the Friend.

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my hopes away:
Then frown not, fairest, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
Or force your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the Lover and the Friend.

No perfect joy my life ere knew,
But what arose from love and you;
Nor can I fear another pain,
Than your unkindness, or disdain;
Then let your looks their pity lend,
To cheer the Lover and the Friend.

Whole years, I strove against the flame
And suffer'd ills that want a name,
Yet still the painful secret kept
And to myself in silence wept,
Till, grown unable to contend,
I own'd the Lover and the Friend.

I saw you still. Your generous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part;
Yet while your eyes with pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue bestow'd,
But mildly bid me cease to blend
The name of *Lover*—with the Friend.

Sick with desire, and mad with pain,
I seek for happiness in vain:

Thou lovely maid, to thee I cry,
Heal me with kindness, or I die.
From sad despair my soul defend,
And fix the Lover and the Friend.

Curs'd be all wealth, that can destroy,
My utmost hope of earthly joy!
Thy gifts. O fortune, I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine!
And every year that life shall lend,
Shall bless the Lover and the Friend.

In vain, alas! in vain I strive,
To keep a dying hope alive;
The last sad remedy remains,
'Tis absence that must heal my pains,
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the Lover from the friend.

Vain thought! though seas between us roll
Thy love is rooted in my soul;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart,
And death's decisive stroke must end
At once, the Lover and the Friend.

MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

(FROM THE SUN.)

[The following stanzas were, we are told, the first poetical effusion of a celebrated modern philosopher, inscribed to a lady, whom he afterwards married; they will, no doubt, be favourably received by the admirers of that writer, as they appear to contain the cream of his doctrines. Those to whom the lines may appear somewhat obscure, will find that obscurity vanish, if they take the trouble to peruse the *Strictures upon Marriage, Gratitude, and Human Perfectibility*, in a work published under the title of *Political Justice*, together with an *Eulogy on Avarice*, a *Dissertation on the Condition of Servants*, &c. contained in a late publication called *The Inquirer*.]

In spite of Philosophy's aid,
I feel the soft passion of love;
The doctrines my pages convey'd,
In practice I'm forc'd to disprove;

For oft hast thou heard me maintain,
That the mind, for eternity born,
Should the fetters of Hymen disdain,
And treat Love's delusions with scorn.

I have held it to manhood a stain,
To sigh at the feet of the fair,
In accents desponding complain,
And prattle of love and despair:

For reason with absolute sway
My turbulent passions repress'd;—
Ah! when shall its wandering ray
Revisit this love-stricken breast?

The motives (alas! 'tis too plain)
Which me to Maria would draw,
Are stronger than those which restrain;—
I submit to Necessity's law;

And G——n, the champion renown'd
Of freedom, but not of free-will,
Though conquer'd by love, will be found
The first of philosophers still.

Then turn, my fair pupil, a while
To your tutor, your lover, and friend,
On your William complacently smile,
And while he instructs you, attend.

Do not grieve if hereafter I flee
Your caresses, nor deem me capricious:
I fain would be grateful to thee;
But, alas! to be grateful, is vicious.

And should I appear in your eyes
To be what the world calls a miser,
Though others my conduct despise,
Yet you, dear Maria, are wiser:

For you know in my late publication,
I've prov'd that 'tis base beyond measure,
To give money a free circulation;
But 'tis noble to hoard up one's treasure.

And mark me, I ne'er will consent
A servant or slave to maintain;
For with these every moment is spent
In mental repining and pain:

For envy and malice combine
The mind of the servant to stain;
Restricted, alas! to port wine,
Whilst his master is quaffing champagne.

As for me, I will never confine
Your beauties alone to these arms,
Nor yet will you hear me repine,
Though multitudes taste of your charms:

You will vow at the altar, indeed.
To your husband alone to adhere,
But you're from that prejudice freed,
Which would make you perform what you swear.

Though falsehood I greatly detest,
And hypocrisy never could bear,
What must not be plainly express'd
A man may most virtuously swear.

Observe the distinction I draw,
Since clearly are oaths superstitious:
Pure truth I consider with awe,
But cannot deem perjury vicious.

Inconstant perhaps, not unkind,
'Twill be ever my study to please;
I'll teach thee, by strength'ning thy mind,
To vanquish old age and disease:

For thinking can surely restore
Your teeth and your eyes when they fall,
Give the vigour of youth to fourscore,
Make "mind over matter prevail."

SONNET TO MY LOVE.

(FROM COLERIDGE'S POEMS.)

Maid of my love! sweet Genevieve!
In beauty's light you glide along:
Your eye is like the star of eve,
And sweet your voice, as seraph's song.

Yet not your heavenly beauty gives
This heart with passion soft to glow:
Within your soul a voice there lives!
It bids you hear the tale of woe.

When sinking low the sufferer wan,
Beholds no hand outstretcht to save,
Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful o'er the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave,
And therefore love I you, sweet Genevieve!

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 29.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 24th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXVIII.

Beatrice. I pray you is signior Montanto returned from the wars? I pray you how many hath he killed and eaten? But how many hath he killed? For indeed I promised to eat all of his killing.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it: he is a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach.

SHAKESPEARE, *Much ado about Nothing*, act 1.

Hogarth, in his plate of the Industrious 'Prentice, Lord May or of London, has introduced, in the most ludicrous attitudes, the *train-bands*, as they are stiled in England, or, in other words, the city militia. These men, conformably to their habits of life, and to their unwarlike character, are aptly delineated, in every shape, except that of a soldier. One is armed with a pot of porter, instead of a firelock, and another appears terrified at a flash in the pan. The tall and the short, grey beards and youngers, are blended in this fantastic medley, and you may see the ferocious cheese-monger, the cavalier cobbler, the intrepid dustman, and the magnanimous tailor, "all clad in arms," and breathing death and destruction....to the expected sirloin, or the coming tankard.

SIR RICHARD STEELE, who had seen actual service, and behaved with great gallantry at the head of a company, cherished for these holiday soldiers that contempt, which every veteran feels for a mimic hero. While he was conducting the most airy of his papers, an incident occurred in the city, which gave a loose to all his mirth. One of those mockeries of military splendour, called a *training*, or a *muster*, was exhibited, by the *Artillery company*, a band of *harmless citizens*, who understood eating, drinking, sleeping, or any thing, but sieges and battles. Steele, who, both as a soldier and a wit, could not avoid adverting to the ridiculous imbecility of such a clumsy pageant, amused himself by transcribing from one of the daily papers, the original plan of these military operations. This, together with his remarks, it will be pleasant to read, and the philosophic observer will readily perceive, that it is no caricature of the visage of the *citizen soldier*.

"An exercise at arms of the Artillery company, to be performed on Wednesday, June 29, 1703, under the command of Sir Joseph Wolfe, Knt. and Alderman,

General; Charles Hopson, Esquire, present Sheriff, Lieutenant-General; Captain Richard Synge, Major, &c. &c.

"The body marched from the artillery ground, through Moor lane gate, Coleman street, Lothbury, Broad street, Finch lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, St. Martins, St. Anne's lane, halt the pikes under the wall, in Noble street, draw up the firelocks, facing the Goldsmith's hall, make ready and face to the left, and fire, and so ditto three times, beat to arms, and march round the hall, as up Lad lane, Gutter lane, Honey lane, and so wheel to the right, and make your salute to my lord, and so down St. Anne's lane, up Aldersgate street, Barbican, and draw up in Red-Cross street, the right at St. Paul's alley, in the rear. March off lieutenant-general with half the body up Beech lane: he sends a division up King's head court, and takes post in it, and marches two divisions round into Red Lion market to defend that pass, and succour the division in King's head court, but keeps in White cross street, facing Beech lane, the rest of the body ready drawn up. Then the general marches up Beech lane, is attacked, but forces the division in the court, into the market, and enters with three divisions, while he presses the lieutenant-general's main body; and at the same time, the three divisions, force those of the revolvers out of the market and so all the lieutenant-general's body retreats into Chiswell street, and lodges two divisions in Grub street; and as the general marches on, they fall on his flank, but soon made to give way; but having a retreating place in Red Lion court, but could not hold it, being put to flight through St. Paul's alley, are pursued by the general's grenadiers, while he marches up, and attacks their main body, but are opposed again by a party of men, that lay in Black Raven court; but they are forced also to retire soon in the utmost confusion, and at the same time, those brave divisions in St. Paul's alley, ply their rear with grenadoes, that, with precipitation, they take to the rout along Bunhill row: so the general marches into the artillery ground, and being drawn up, finds the revolting party to have found entrance, and makes a show, as if for a battle, and both armies soon engage in form, and fire by platoons."

On this *military* narrative, my sarcastic predecessor remarks, that for its style and invention, it might instruct generals and historians, both in fighting a battle, and describing it, when it is over. These elegant expressions, ditto, and so, but soon, but having, but could not, but are, but they, finds the party to have found, &c. do certainly give great life and spirit to the relation.

Indeed I am extremely concerned for the lieutenant-general, who, by his overthrow and defeat, is made a deplorable instance of the fortune of war, and vicissitudes of human affairs. He alas! has lost in Beech lane and Chiswell street, all the glory he lately gained, in and about Holborn and St. Giles's. The art of sub-dividing first, and dividing afterwards, is new and surprising; and, according to this method, the troops are disposed in King's head court, and Red Lion market: nor is the con-

duct of these leaders less conspicuous in their choice of the ground or field of battle. Happy was it that the greatest part of the achievements of this day was to be performed near Grub street, that there might not be wanting a sufficient number of faithful historians, who being eye-witnesses of these wonders should impartially transmit them to posterity. But it can never be enough regretted, that we are left in the dark, as to the name and title of that extraordinary hero, who commanded the divisions in St. Paul's alley, especially because those divisions are justly stiled brave, and accordingly were to push the enemy along Bunhill row, and thereby occasion a general battle. But Pallas appeared in the form of a shower of rain, and prevented the slaughter and desolation, which were threatened by these extraordinary preparations.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

I have often thought, that in this, our charming country, whose veriest follies we are instructed by every patriot to admire, merely because they are American, that there is some little room for a good humoured pleasantry of this kind. In celebration of one of the most glorious of our militia puppet-shows, the Grub street historian might, with the simplicity of the frank Froissart, or "such an honest chronicleer as Griffith," narrate in this wise.

This hot morning was ushered in by no cooling or courteous breeze or gentle zephyr, but in rather a boisterous stile, by the firing of cannon, and the ringing of bells. Joy sat in the countenance of every one, who either expected to make a good dinner, or to make any money by selling one. About twelve o'clock, the Presbyterian True Blue company, under the command of lieutenant Gander, paraded before Oliver's dock, and fired divers volleys over the stump of the tree of liberty, which, with grief we are constrained to say it, appeared a little decayed. The company then went through the various evolutions, with astonishing exactness, considering that from the heat, enthusiasm, and libations of the day, many of them could scarcely hold up their heads and arms. They then marched and counter-marched to their own satisfaction, and the great delight of the ladies in the windows and balconies, and of divers small boys, who had climbed "yea to chimney tops," to witness this sublime spectacle, so worthy of freemen.

After parading through the principal streets, and looking valiantly at the spectators, the company halted in Cornhill, and lieutenant Gander, flourishing his sword, addressed his heroic followers, and adverted to the feelings, manners and principles, which gave birth to militia Virtue. Though, like other infants, she was small at first, she had now grown a strapping wench, and could defy the world. This speech was vehemently applauded. The sun shone brighter than usual, the skies had on a full suit of blue and gold, the air of narrow streets grew as elastic as whalebone, and all Cornhill was changed into Olympus. 'Prentice boys mounted undauntedly the breach of the counter, and shop-keepers grew heroes at the sound.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Bad execution of the laws.... Three instances of murder left unpunished by the corruption of the judges.... The lawyers....—parlours and meets with no punishment.... Judicial proceedings not sufficiently public.... Three American citizens forcibly sent away from New-York in the night, on board an English ship of war.

The execution of the laws, however, depends upon the prevailing manners; and this is the most important object.... How they are administered in Pennsylvania, I shall shew, merely by repeating here, several examples contained in my letters to Mr. Archenholz, which were published in his *Minerva*. I have them from a German clergyman of the Calvinist church at Easton in Pennsylvania, a man of information, who assured me he was ready to attest the truth of these transactions, and that I might make them public*. In the neighbourhood of Easton, and district of Northampton in Pennsylvania, a countryman of French origin by the name of Lange, beat his wife to death, while she was big with child, in the most inhuman manner. The neighbours heard her dreadful shrieks. The body after being buried, was dug up again, examined by a jury, and the coroner's verdict returned "wilful murder." The murder was proved, and I believe, even confessed; the countryman was to have been hanged, but received at the gallows a pardon, for it seems, he or his relations had bribed— with a couple of thousand pounds, and the— have the prerogative of pardoning criminals. The murderer now cultivates his own plantation, for he suffered no other punishment.

In this same Easton, a servant maid murdered her new-born child. She threw it into the river, which was frozen over, and covered with snow. The extraordinary circumstance is related that the ice, at the spot, where the child floated, was entirely clear of snow, and transparent. The child was produced before the suspected woman, who denied it. They had recourse to superstition, and told her to lay her hand upon the child, and swear that it was not hers. Hereupon she confessed herself to be the mother and the murderess. She was sent to prison.... but as the father of the child was a man of consequence, who visited her in the prison, where he probably continued his unlawful intercourse with her, she was soon released again, without punishment, and is yet living.

In the same neighbourhood, a countryman treated with the most shocking cruelty a German boy, whom he had purchased for some years from a ship. He not only beat him with a cudgel incessantly, but made the boy eat with the swine from a trough. At length one day seeing the boy sit under a hedge, he threw an ax at his head, and the boy fell dead to the ground. He buried him immediately. This fellow was put into prison, but having money, the judicial court took that from him, and left him his life.... The murderer is at liberty, and in as good repute as another man†.

Such is the justice of Pennsylvania.... What is told of the lawyers is in the same taste.... When you go to a lawyer with your business, he scarcely hears you.... he mutters; appears absent: answers in unmeaning monosyllables, until you squeeze money into his hand. This awakens him. He grows lively.... obliging.... tells you all will go well.... you cannot possibly lose your cause, &c. In court the lawyers on both sides asperse and deride each other, but immediately after, they go to the tavern, drink together embrace like brothers, and laugh without end, at the comedy they have just performed, and at their clients, who believed such a thing to be serious. It is a principal in general practice, to bribe the lawyer of the adverse party, and thereby to gain the cause. But the great art of the lawyers is to delay the progress of the cause from one session to another, and when at length a judgment comes, the property of both parties is usually scarce sufficient to pay the costs.... Vide. the *Minerva*, for December 1796*.

Criminals ought not indeed, to be hanged and broken upon the wheel; but crimes ought to be somehow punished. This, the liberty of the innocent requires. One would wish besides in a republic, to see offenders punished, without any respect of rank, of wealth, of connections, &c. Frederick II. said, that in the presence of justice, the beggar and the prince were equal.... But the indulgence with which in Pennsylvania, rich and influential criminals are suffered to evade punishment, seems to prove that upon this point the opinions in Pennsylvania, are more aristocratic than were those of Frederick II. I shall only quote from my letters in the *Minerva*, the example of—

This— was detected in the act of stealing a bank note, from a shop keeper's drawer. It was then soon discovered that he had followed for a long time this vocation. But as he had respectable connections, the shop-keeper was persuaded not to prosecute him, and he was advised to leave Philadelphia. Some however maintained that he still appeared at the play-house as before. I must here add some explanation, for the sake of unlearned persons, who may perhaps have read those letters in the *Minerva*, of the term *prætor*, therein used. The judges were called *prætors* in Rome, not in America. However, I used in this case the particular instead of the general expression, in the hope that none of my readers would be so little versed in ancient learning as not to understand me. The judge, is a superior, the justice an inferior magistrate. It would betray extreme ignorance to confound a justice, with a village bailiff. The constables might better be compared with such an officer, if the townships could be called villages, which properly they cannot. Mr.—

— belonged to the class of *prætors* in America: he stole, had frequently stolen, and was not punished, because he had respectable connections, because— who had appointed him to his office must not be disgraced, because, as master of ceremonies to the dancing assemblies of the first class, and as a Philadelphian Muscadint, he was much beloved by that class.

The assassin— was indeed, as I heard just before I left America, condemned to perpetual imprisonment; but it was maintained that his father-in-law, — had already saved

his life once, when he had prevailed on a mulatto girl, to murder a child she had by him, for which, without the influence of his father-in-law he would have been hanged.

I was also surprised at the want of publicity, in the judicial proceedings. I saw nothing in the news-papers concerning the trial of the above-mentioned—. In England nothing that occurs in the courts of law is kept secret. This silence proceeds from a want of public spirit. That there is no sufficient security against oppression by men in power is proved by the transportation of three men from New-York, in the night to an English ship of war, which was done by command of the—. The— excused himself by saying they had been condemned to the house of correction.... Yet the prosecution had not been decided when I left America. It was further laid to the charge of this— that he had ordered persons, who had behaved rather disrespectfully towards him, to be whipped to death, and that his usual greeting to citizens of the lower class was to call them damned rascals, whenever they had any thing to do with him. The news-papers were full of all this. In Germany, no such tyranny of subordinate magistrates was ever heard of.

CHAPTER XXIX.

With respect to frauds, it is worse in America than in Europe.... Fictitious trade to deceive Europeans.... Cheats in the sale of lands.... Several anecdotes.

When I consider collectively all that I have heard during my residence in America, of a general increasing corruption of morals, and which from the unanimous testimony of all the Europeans there, and even of many Americans themselves, I have not the smallest reason to call in question, I must sincerely regret my declaration at the close of my fourteenth letter to Mr. Archenholz, that in this respect things are in America *tout comme chez nous*, and request the Europeans, to cover with the mantle of love this over-hasty opinion, and consider it as having resulted from my indulgence for the Americans. All the European nations at present complain of an unusual degree of immorality; they do not give themselves out as virtuous; whereas the Americans say of themselves that they are a people of simple manners, far exalted above the corruption of Europe: that among them still reigns the patriarchal happiness of the golden age, while Europe groans under the pressure of the iron one. European writers have believed them at their word, and the public have repeated all the errors of the writers. I thought therefore I ventured a great deal, in saying, that in respect to morals it was in America, exactly, as with us; but now, after mature consideration I say, it is worse than with us.

With respect to deception it is most certainly worse; for in Europe the laws lay more restraint upon open deceit: it must be skilfully contrived to escape their animadversion; besides this, a certain sentiment of honour keeps back the Europeans from appearing in public with brazen front, as cheats, and the public itself punishes such a transgression with such boundless contempt, as renders the life of its object very unpleasant. Not so in America. The facility which the laws there furnish, of making an advantageous bankruptcy, and then like a phoenix, rising with new commercial splendour from one's ashes, which the public does not punish with contempt, but on the contrary numbers in the class of tricks resulting from worldly wisdom, so that such a man is esteemed just as much as any other; that is, in exact proportion to the wealth he is supposed to possess; and further, the land speculations, of which there is in Europe, no conception; all this gives to swindlers there, much more room for action than in

* Mr. Becker, now minister of the Calvinistic church at Lancaster, in Pennsylvania. He was a clergyman at Bremen, before he went to America.

† Mr. Becker, in his sermons, which deserve to be known in Germany, as they are descriptive of manners, holds up to the Americans, their corruption in very forcible language.

* I could have added here an infinite number of anecdotes more, but these as proofs of character, are enough, and more than enough.

† The pedantic Americomanes, will here remark with great self complacency, that there are no Muscadins, except in Paris.... It is a real satisfaction to have such weak antagonists.

Europe. As therefore fraud, considered as a violation of the right of property is detrimental to civil liberty, and as the craving of other men's property, on account of the facilities and the numerous seductive temptations, arising from local circumstances, to become master of it, finds infinitely more subsistence in America than in our quarter of the world; it is clear that nothing stands there in the way to prevent the full enjoyment of such a liberty, so much as fraud, or swindling. I do not mean that all the Americans are swindlers; Heaven forbid that I should be guilty of such madness! There are honest men in all countries: I know among the Americans some of that description, and a state where no remnant of virtue should subsist must perish....No....I only say, that in America the enjoyment of civil liberty and happiness is prevented by nothing so much as by a miserable swindling or cheating; and as in Europe the demon of ambition keeps us in chains, so the rights of citizens are violated in America by the satan of fraud.

What possible deception is there, which the French fugitives do not charge upon the Americans in whom they have trusted? They affirm that the American masters of vessels gave the pirates of Bermuda, secret information, in what part of their ships they had concealed their most precious effects, so that the privateersmen found them immediately, and then shared the plunder with the Americans. I cannot however examine into the truth of this accusation. But the difficulty which European merchants meet with to recover their debts in America is notorious. The vain boasting of American commercial houses*, and their enormous commissions are very well known. That trade flourishes notwithstanding this, must be imputed to extraordinary external circumstances, and principally to the war; besides which, it would be found upon close examination, that the principal commercial houses are Europeans, so that it may generally be adopted as a rule, that a foreigner will do better in America, by transacting business only with Europeans, than with Americans. The frauds of the land speculators are well known; especially as there is in Germany no scarcity of sufferers by such deceptions. It is amply proved that naked rocks are sold for good land, and false maps of them exhibited to foreigners. The Indians are shamefully cheated out of their lands; for they are first made drunk, and then their lands are bought of them. As soon as they become sober, the Indians repent their bad bargain, and hence arise most of the wars, though they are likewise often provoked to hostilities by the murders committed by the people dwelling on their borders. In Georgia the land of the Choc-taw Indians used to be sold even without their consent, until the legislature of the state put an end to this scandal, whereby a most deadly hatred between the sellers of property belonging to others, and their adversaries, was kindled, which occasioned assassinations, and had very nearly kindled a civil war. In Baltimore, there were a great number of fictitious sales made between the owners of house lots, which raised them to an enormous price: the chief object of this was, to overreach Europeans, who were unacquainted with their real value. Such fictitious sales, for the same laudable purpose are doubtless very frequent. A friend of mine, of Vienna, by the name of Joubert, went with a cargo of Modena brandy from Leghorn to Philadelphia; unfortunately the brandy was in bottles, and shortly before his arrival congress had

declared all brandy that should be imported in bottles, liable to confiscation. Mr. Joubert went from Savannah, where he had arrived with his brandy, and where it was immediately confiscated, to Philadelphia, presented a petition to congress, in which he proved, that it was impossible for him to have known at Leghorn the law, which had been made shortly before his arrival, and prayed for permission to carry away his brandy again. The congress referred him to the judges, in Savannah. Joubert returned to that place; the judges had already drank up his brandy, and my friend was ruined.

I have had above, occasion to mention that the speculator— and — reciprocally revile each other in the news-papers, because the latter maintains that the former owes him eleven hundred thousand dollars, which the former denies. Count — had a bill of exchange upon — the colossal American land trader; — persuaded him to take instead of the bill, a note of hand; but afterwards when the note fell due, he would not pay it. Count — then wrote to Europe to the drawer of the bill, Mr. Parish, at Hamburg, who gave orders to other houses in Philadelphia to pay the bill, if — would not or could not pay it. Hereupon, — at length was induced — to pay the principal and interest to — after he had been obliged to wait more than a year.

Mr. — who is above named, now and then refuses to make payments, even when able to make them. The Americans, who entertain a servile respect for their reputed rich speculators, after receiving a refusal, withdraw with a profound obeisance from this gentleman's anti-chamber; but an European emigrant from St. Domingo, who had intrusted the remnant which he had saved of his property, to — because he had been told that — employed the money of other persons, and gave a good interest for it, forced himself with a pair of loaded pistols into the cabinet of the speculator, put one of them to his ribs, and asked him in an earnest tone, whether he chose to make instant payment, or to be shot? — in a fright called to a servant, and ordered him to go to — and say Mr. — requested him to send him immediately ten thousand dollars....The mouth of the pistol, which was ready cocked, remained all the while close at — side. The ten thousand dollars came, and were paid. And when all was over, Mr. — exclaimed "to what a danger you exposed yourself!" the Frenchman answered, "and you exposed yourself to the danger of being shot! and if every man whom you do not pay, were to treat you as I have done, you would soon be a man of honour." — however, supports many poor people, and exerts himself to be useful to the public, by endeavouring to set on foot, manufactures, such for instance as a glass house, not far from Philadelphia. He listens to every projector, and generally maintains about half a dozen of them. He had also some connection with the celebrated count Benjowsky....He was a school-master....His genius for speculation brought him to his elevation.

LEVITY.

[A finer specimen of the most facetious irony can scarcely be found, than this mock criticism.]

FROM THE MICROCOSM.

Res geste regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella,
Quo scribi possint numero, monstravit Homerus. HOR.

By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,
In Epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings. FRAN.

There are certain forms and etiquettes in life, which, though the neglect of them does not amount

to the commission of a crime, or the violation of a duty, yet so established by example, and sanctioned by custom, as to pass into statutes, equally acknowledged by society, and almost equally binding to individuals, with the laws of the land, or the precepts of morality. A man guilty of breaking these, though he cannot be transported for a felon, or indicted for treasonable practices, is yet, in the high court of custom, branded as a flagrant offender against decorum, as notorious for an unprecedented infringement on propriety.

There is no race of men on whom these laws are more severe than authors; and no species of authors more subject to them, than Periodical Essayists. Homer having prescribed the form, or, to use a more modern praise, set the fashion of *Epic Poems*, whoever presumes to deviate from his plan, must not hope to participate his dignity: and whatever method, *The Spectator*, *The Guardian*, and others, who first adopted this species of writing, have pursued in their undertakings, is set down as a rule for the conduct of their followers; which, whoever is bold enough to transgress, is accused of a deviation from the original design, and a breach of established regulation.

It has hitherto been customary for all periodical writers, to take some opportunity, in the course of their labours, to display their critical abilities, either by making observations on some popular author, and work of known character, or by bringing forth the performances of hidden merit, and throwing light on genius in obscurity. To the critiques of *The Spectator*, *Shakespeare*, and more particularly, *Milton*, are indebted, for no inconsiderable share of the reputation, which they now so universally enjoy; and by his means were the ruder graces, and more simple beauty of *Cherry Chase* held up to public view, and recommended to general admiration.

I should probably be accused of swerving from the imitation of so great an example, were not I to take occasion to shew that I too am not entirely destitute of abilities of this kind; but that by possessing a decent share of critical discernment, and critical jargon, I am capable of becoming a very tolerable commentator. For the proof of which, I shall rather prefer calling the attention of my readers to an object, as yet untreated of by any of my immediate predecessors, than venture to throw in my observations on any work which has before passed the ordeal of frequent examination. And this I shall do for two reasons; partly, because were I to choose a field, how fertile soever, of which many others had before me been reaping the fruits, mine would be at best but the gleanings of criticism; and partly, from a more interested view, from a selfish desire of accumulated praise; since, by making a work, as yet almost wholly unknown, the subject of my consideration, I shall acquire the reputation of taste, as well as judgment;....of judiciousness in selection, as well as justness in observation;....of propriety in choosing the object, as well as skill in using the language, of commentary.

The *Epic Poem* on which I shall ground my present critique, has for its chief characteristics, brevity and simplicity. The author,....whose name I lament that I am, in some degree, prevented from consecrating to immortal fame, by not knowing what it is....the author, I say, has not branched his poem into excessences of episode, or prolixities of digression; it is neither variegated with diversity of unmeaning similitudes, nor glaring with the varnish of unnatural metaphor. The whole is plain and uniform; so much so indeed, that I should hardly be surprised if some morose readers were to conjecture, that the poet had been thus simple rather from necessity than choice; that he had been restrained not so much by chastity of judgment, as sterility of imagination.

* The adventures of the merchant, Delius, in America, furnish the best proof of this: to the great mortification of the Americans who will foam with rage, that they make their appearance, nearly about the same time with my book, and may thus probably lead the public to conclude that they, the Americans lie, and that Delius and myself speak the truth,

Nay, some there may be perhaps, who will dispute his claim to the title of an *Epic Poet*; and will endeavour to degrade him even to the rank of a ballad-monger. But I, as his commentator, will contend for the dignity of my author and will plainly demonstrate his poem to be an *Epic Poem*, agreeable to the example of all poets, and the consent of all critics heretofore.

First, it is universally agreed, that an *Epic Poem* should have three component parts; a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an *end*;...secondly, it is allowed, that it should have one *grand action*, or *main design*, to the forwarding of which, all the parts of it should directly or indirectly tend; and that this design should be in some measure consonant with, and conducive to, the purposes of *morality*;...and thirdly, it is indisputably settled, that it should have a *Hero*. I trust that in none of these points the poem before us will be found deficient. There are other inferior properties, which I shall consider in due order.

Not to keep our readers longer in suspense, the subject of the poem is "*The Reformation of the Knave of Hearts*." It is not improbable, that some may object to me that a *Knave* is an unworthy Hero of an *Epic Poem*; that a hero ought to be all that is great and good. The objection is frivolous. The greatest work of this kind that the world has ever produced, has *The "Devil"* for its Hero: and supported as my author is by so great a precedent, I contend that his Hero is a very decent Hero; and especially as he has the advantage of *Milton's*, by reforming at the end, is evidently entitled to a competent share of celebrity.

I shall now proceed to the more immediate examination of the poem in its different parts. The beginning, say the critics, ought to be plain and simple; neither embellished with the flowers of poetry: nor turgid with pomposity of diction. In this how exactly does our author conform to the established opinion! he begins thus,

"The queen of Hearts
"She made some Tarts"....

Can any thing be more clear! more natural! more agreeable to the true spirit of simplicity! Here are no tropes,...no figurative expressions,...not even so much as an invocation to the muse. He does not detain his readers by any needless circumlocution; by unnecessarily informing them, what he is going to sing; or still more unnecessarily enumerating what he is not going to sing: but according to the precepts of Horace,

.....in medias res,
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit,....

That is, he at once introduces us, and sets us on the most easy and familiar footing imaginable, with her Majesty of Hearts, and interests us deeply in her domestic concerns. But to proceed,

"The Queen of Hearts
"She made some Tarts,
"All on a summer's day."

Here indeed the prospect brightens, and we are led to expect some liveliness of imagery, some warmth of poetical colouring;... but here is no such thing....There is no task more difficult to a poet, than that of *Rejection*. *Ovid*, among the ancients, and *Dryden*, among the moderns, were perhaps the most remarkable for the want of it. The latter from the haste in which he generally produced his compositions, seldom paid much attention to the "*limæ labor*," "the labour of correction," and seldom therefore rejected the assistance of any idea that presented itself. *Ovid*, not content with catching the leading features of any scene or character indulged himself in a thousand minute details of description, a thousand puerile prettinesses, which were in themselves uninteresting, and took off greatly from the effect of the whole; as the numberless suckers, and straggling branches of a fruit-tree, if permitted to shoot out unre-

strained, while they are themselves barren and useless, diminish considerably the vigour of the parent stock. *Ovid* had more genius, but less judgment than *Virgil*; *Dryden* more imagination, but less correctness than *Pope*; had they not been deficient in these points, the former would certainly have equalled, the latter infinitely outshone the merits of his countryman....Our Author was undoubtedly possessed of that power which they wanted; and was cautious not to indulge too far the sallies of a lively imagination. Omitting therefore any mention of...sultry Sirius,...silvan shade,...sequestered glade,...verdant hills,...purling rills,...mossy mountains,...gurgling fountains,... &c. &c....he simply tells us that it was "*All on a Summer's Day*." For my own part, I confess that I find myself rather flattered than disappointed; and consider the poet as rather paying a compliment to the abilities of his readers, than baffling their expectations. It is certainly a great pleasure to see a picture well painted; but it is a much greater to paint it well oneself. This therefore I look upon as a stroke of excellent management in the poet. Here every reader is at liberty to gratify his own taste; to design for himself just what sort of "*Summer's Day*" he likes best; to choose his own scenery; to dispose his lights and shades as he pleases; to solace himself with a rivulet, or a horse-pond,...a shower, or a sun-beam, ...a grove, or a kitchen garden, according to his fancy. How much more considerate this, than if the poet had, from an affected accuracy of description, thrown us into an unmannerly perspiration by the heat of the atmosphere; forced us into a landscape of his own planning, with perhaps a paltry good-for-nothing zephyr or two, and a limited quantity of wood and water....All this *Ovid* would undoubtedly have done. Nay, to use the expression of a learned brother-commentator, "*quovis pigro decertem*" "I would lay any wager," that he would have gone so far as to tell us what the tarts were made of; and perhaps wandered into an episode on the art of preserving cherries. But our poet, above such considerations, leaves every reader to choose his own ingredients, and sweeten them to his own liking; wisely foreseeing, no doubt, that the more palatable each had rendered them to his own taste, the more he would be affected at their approaching loss.

"All on a Summer's Day."

I cannot leave this line without remarking, that one of the *Scribleri*, a descendant of the famous *Martinus*, has expressed his suspicions of the text being corrupted here, and proposes, instead of "*All on*" reading "*Alone*," alledging, in favour of this alteration, the effect of solitude in raising the passions. But *Hiccius Doctius*, a High Dutch commentator, one nevertheless well versed in British literature, in a note of his usual length and learning, has confuted the arguments of *Scriblerus*. In support of the present reading, he quotes a passage from a poem written about the same period with our author's, by the celebrated *Johannes Pastor*, entitled "*An Elegiac epistle to the Turnkey of Newgate*," wherein the gentleman declares, that rather indeed in compliance with an old custom, than to gratify any particular wish of his own, he is going

".....All hanged for to be
"Upon that fatal Tyburn tree."....

Now as nothing throws greater light on an author, than the concurrence of a contemporary writer, I am inclined to be of *Hiccius'* opinion, and to consider the "*All*" as an elegant expletive, or, as he more aptly phrases it "*elegans expletivum*." The passage, therefore must stand thus,

"The Queen of Hearts
"She made some tarts
"All on a Summers Day."

* More commonly known, I believe, by the appellation of Jack Shepherd.

And thus ends the first part, or *beginning*; which is simple and unembellished; opens the subject in a natural and easy manner; excites, but does not too far gratify our curiosity: for a reader of accurate observation may easily discover, that the *Hero* of the Poem has not, as yet, made his appearance.

I could not continue my examination at present through the whole of this poem, without far exceeding the limits of a single paper. I have therefore divided it into two; but shall not delay the publication of the second to another week.... as that, besides breaking the connection of criticism, would materially injure the *unities* of the Poem.

..... Servetur ad inum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
HORA CE.
From his first entrance, to the closing scene,
Let him one equal character maintain.

FRANCIS.

Having thus gone through the first part, or beginning of the poem, we may naturally enough, proceed to the consideration of the second.

The second part, or middle, is the proper place for bustle and busines; for incident and adventure.

"The Knave of Hearts
"He stole those tarts."

Here attention is awakened; and our whole souls are intent upon the first appearance of the Hero. Some readers may perhaps be offended at his making his *entre* in so disadvantageous a character as that of a thief. To this I plead precedent.

The Hero of the *Iliad*, as I observed in a former paper, is made to lament very pathetically, ...that "life is not like all other possessions, to be acquired by theft."....A reflection, in my opinion, evidently shewing, that, if he did refrain from the practice of this ingenious art, it was not from want of an inclination that way. We may remember too, that in *Virgil's* poem, almost the first light in which the pious *Aeneas* appears to us, is a *deer-stealer*; nor is it much excuse for him, that the deer were wandering without keepers; for however he might, from this circumstance, have been unable to ascertain whose property they were; he might, I think, have been pretty well assured that they were not his.

Having thus acquitted our Hero of misconduct, by the example of his betters I proceed to what I think the master-stroke of the poet.

"The Knave of Hearts
"He stole those Tarts,
"And...took them... quite away!!"

Here, whoever has an ear for harmony, and a heart for feeling, must be touched! There is a desponding melancholy in the run of the last line! an air of tender regret in the addition of "*quite away!*" a something so expressive of irrecoverable loss! so forcibly intimating the "*Ah nunquam reditura!*" "They never can return!" in short, such an union of sound and sense, as we rarely, if ever meet with in any author, ancient or modern. Our feelings are all alive...but the poet, wisely dreading that our sympathy with the injured Queen might alienate our affections from his hero, contrives immediately to awaken our fears for him, by telling us, that

"The King of Hearts
"Call'd for those Tarts,"....

We are all conscious of the fault of our hero, and all tremble with him, for the punishment which the enraged monarch may inflict;

"And beat the Knave.... full sore!"

The fatal blow is struck! We cannot but rejoice that guilt is justly punished, though we sympathize with the guilty object of punishment. Here *Scriblerus*, who, by the bye, is very fond of making unnecessary alterations, proposes reading "*Score* instead of "*sore*" meaning thereby to

particularize, that the beating bestowed by this monarch, consisted of twenty stripes. But this proceeds from his ignorance of the genius of our language; which does not admit of such an expression as "full score," but would require the insertion of the particle "a," which cannot be, on account of the metre. And this is another great artifice of the poet: by leaving the quantity of beating indeterminate, he gives every reader the liberty to administer it, in exact proportion to the sum of indignation which he may have conceived against his hero; that by thus amply satisfying their resentment, they may be the more easily reconciled to him afterwards.

"The King of Hearts
"Call'd for those Tarts,
"And beat the Knave full sore!"

Here ends the second part, or middle of the poem; in which we see the character, and exploits of the hero, pourtrayed with the hand of a master.

Nothing now remains to be examined, but the third part, or end. In the end, it is a rule pretty well established, that the work should draw towards a conclusion, which our author manages thus.

"The Knave of Hearts
"Brought back those Tarts."

Here every thing is at length settled; the theft is compensated; the tarts restored to their right owner; and *Poetical Justice*, in every respect, strictly, and impartially administered.

We may observe, that there is nothing in which our poet has better succeeded, than in keeping up an unremitted attention in his readers to the main instruments, the machinery of his poem, viz. The Tarts; inasmuch, that the aforementioned *Scriblerus* has sagely observed, that "he can't tell, but he doesn't know, but the tarts "may be reckoned the heroes of the poem." *Scriblerus*, though a man of learning, and frequently right in his opinion, has here certainly hazarded a rash conjecture. His arguments are overthrown entirely by his great opponent, *Hicrius*, who concludes, by triumphantly asking, "Had the tarts been eaten, how could the poet "have compensated for the loss of his heroes?"

We are now come to the *denouement*, the setting all to rights: and our poet, in the management of his moral, is certainly superior to his great ancient predecessors. The moral of their fables, if any they have, is so interwoven with the main body of their work, that in endeavouring to unravel it, we should tear the whole. Our author has very properly preserved his whole and entire for the end of his poem, where he compleats his main design, the reformation of his hero, thus,

"And vow'd he'd steal no more."

Having in the course of his work, shewn the bad effects arising from theft, he evidently means this last moral reflection, to operate with his readers as a gentle and polite dissuasive from stealing.

"The Knave of Hearts
"Brought back those Tarts,
"And vow'd he'd steal no more!"

Thus have I industriously gone through the several parts of this wonderful work; and clearly proved it, in every one of these parts, and in all of them together, to be a due and proper Epic Poem; and to have as good a right to that title, from its adherence to prescribed rules, as any of the celebrated master-pieces of antiquity. And here I cannot help again lamenting, that, by not knowing the name of the author, I am unable to twine our laurels together; and to transmit to posterity the mingled praises of genius, and judgment: of the poet, and his commentator.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(FROM LITERARY LEISURE.)

I presume it is in literature, as in all other modes of amusement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life, the important personages who represent the kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on those petty actors who personate servants and messengers; while he, whose most exalted business is to deliver a letter with a respectful bow, despises most cordially the whole gang of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers.

In other departments of life the same gradations prevail as amongst "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time."...A merchant, whose vessels are forwarded to their destined ports by every wind that blows, who sees on his table the produce of the Eastern and Western Indies, and who can jocosely boast of his farms in either hemisphere, casts a supercilious eye on the industrious trader, who subsists by retaining these valuable commodities:...he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by those petty dealers who preside over a chandler's shop; while the chandler's shop-keeper contemns the travelling pedlar, whose whole possessions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one universal chain of subordination pervades the whole of society, and the connecting links are not more easily distinguishable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Isaac Newton, than in every particular class and order into which the human species is reducible. Authors, no doubt, preserve the same proportionable distinctions; and the important compiler of a folio scoffs at the wittling, whose labours can be comprised in an octavo or duodecimo; while he, who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however small, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiors. Thus even a diurnal or weekly essayist may fancy himself superior to the nurseling of the muses, who ventures an occasional sonnet into a Magazine, or who sends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newspaper.

There is, however, a class of writers, for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate station...men who occasionally display in small compositions, every talent requisite to adorn the sublimest...who are capable of involving an apparently clear subject in metaphorical obscurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry...some who, in the compass of twelve or fourteen lines, display a copious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language;...others who, satisfied with the intrinsic merit of the subject of their labours, content themselves with displaying its utility in specific terms of elegant and affecting simplicity. I have myself bestowed infinite attention on the compositions of this class of authors. To describe half the merits I have discovered in them, would fill a folio of no common size. Let not, therefore, these my worthy brethren suppose, that because my essays, small as they are, are more bulky than their's, I rashly imagine myself their superior. No! no! I am too good a judge of intellectual merit...I know wit is not to be appreciated by weight or bulk; and there is often more talent displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to rescue this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill;...and though I may not enumerate many of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not those who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness to their merits, but rather let them with me, candidly lament the narrow limits of my paper,

which will not allow of my extending my commendations.

In those diurnal repositories of intelligence, politics, wit, scandal, and erudition, which form the delight of a true-born Englishman, which give the highest zest to his morning meal, and enable him to decide on the character of his mind for the ensuing day, by the account they give of the complexion of public affairs, there is usually a certain number of columns set apart for the valuable essays I allude to, which are, in general, perused only by a set of readers who look less for the wit, humour, sarcasm, or learning, than for the solid information they contain. Nay, it is often uttered as a reproach to a pains-taking reader of a newspaper, that he studied every advertisement in it. Henceforth beware, ye shallow critics, how ye dart the arrows of ridicule at a study of so much importance. The advertisements! do they not contain the most interesting intelligence of the whole paper? May not every man and every woman find means to satisfy every want, every wish they may form and many they would never otherwise have thought of forming, if they will but peruse the advertisements? Are not bachelors there invited to the possession of most admirable wives? Are not spinsters courted to accept of unobjectionable men for husbands? Are not the peculiar qualifications requisite for a friend most accurately described in one of them, by a profound philosopher, who would not trust his own judgment in the selection of so important an acquisition, but who, making known to mankind at large the peculiar temper and qualities which would secure his friendship, waited with exemplary patience till the man whom the cap fitted, came, and sought the invaluable treasure. I doubt not but this admirable plan met with the desired success, and was amply rewarded. I have not been able to discover whether the advertiser was recompensed for his exertions; but by the cessation of the advertisement, after having for some time courted the attention of the public by the word *friendship* in large letters, I presume it was at length crowned with fruition.

I think I recollect but one instance in well-attested history, of any thing similar to this laudable attempt; and in that instance the event was equal to the merit of the means. I allude to the wise method taken by the king's son; of chusing for his wife that lady whose foot would go into the little glass slipper of which he was enamoured. No doubt the proclamation, by which he invited all the females of his dominions to try to obtain the crown by submitting to the appointed test, must have been worded like the advertisement I have pointed at. I am sorry I have not a copy of it at hand, that I might present my readers with a specimen of so useful a composition. But there are others with which I can gratify their curiosity; one in particular, which ought to be more universally circulated than any common newspaper can be capable of doing: and I trust these lucubrations of mine will give to the author that celebrity he so justly deserves.

The piece I am going to lay before my readers is, I will just premise, founded on the most philanthropical and patriotic principles; and I have ever observed that those two admirable qualities, when genuine, do ever go hand in hand, and are the usual concomitants of distinguished talents and deep research. But I will expatiate no longer, but instantly proceed to the advertisement itself.

SAFE WALKING IN FROSTY WEATHER.

"In consequence of many accidents that have happened, by persons falling in walking in frosty weather, J. Cooke, of Exeter, saddler, has studied a safe remedy, by reviving and improving the American creeper, to be applied underneath ladies' or gentlemen's shoes with a buckle and strap...

The creeper has two branches of iron to catch, and prevent entire sliding: they have been tried by ladies and gentlemen who have walked miles at ease with them, and they are recommended by the faculty. The price is only 2s. 6d. a pair....nothing adequate to the expense of a broken leg!....and as the thermometer stands low, the frosty weather may continue....Should his majesty's troops want them, they shall be rendered at 1s. 6d. a pair to them.

"N. B. As J. Cooke makes his business his study, he can employ his workmen in the slackest season by some invention of improvement for the public good. Any article for the spring, summer, autumn, or winter, can be had at his shop as modern as at any saddler's in London, as he deals with the very same linings, curriers, and saddle-tree-makers as they do; and if the same oil is afforded, his lamp can burn as well as their's.... He intends sending their majesties and the royal family these creepers, and, not forgetting the salvation of this kingdom, to the right honourable prime minister, to support him in all weathers.... as his ways and means are just."

Not the most superficial reader can peruse the foregoing composition, without being struck with the various good and benevolent qualities of the heart displayed by J. Cooke; his general philanthropy and attention to the good of the public, awakened by witnessing many melancholy accidents occasioned by walking in frosty weather. He could not hope so to reform mankind as to confine them to their houses during the continuance of the frost, particularly, as it appeared, from the state of the thermometer, likely to endure a considerable time; he therefore humanely studied for a safe remedy, and appears, so great is the force of example, to have communicated the fervour of his benevolent zeal even to the faculty.

Inimical to their interests as must have been the recommendation of these American creepers, they have laudably conspired with J. Cook to induce the public to adopt them; for I cannot, in this instance, submit to the opinion of Aunt Priscilla, that this apparent candour of the faculty is, in fact, no commendation at all of this invention of J. Cooke's, since she cannot suppose that any set of men can be so liberal as to advise the adoption of methods which would effectually deprive them of so beneficial a branch of practice, as arises from fractured limbs and broken skulls, occasioned by falling in frosty weather.

The force of argument with which Mr. Cooke recommends his creepers, is at once clear to every comprehension, and demonstrated with mathematical precision. The inadequacy of the expense attending the first purchase of these useful articles, to that arising from a broken leg, the merest tyro in arithmetic can calculate. The loyalty and public spirit he evinces in sending them to the royal family and to the right honourable prime minister, can never be too warmly extolled; but it now remains for me to praise the language and style of this small composition. It is a perfect example of the middle style, not rising to the ponderous sublimity of Johnson, nor sinking into the familiar vulgarity which debases many modern writings; not disclaiming the aid of metaphor to illustrate and adorn his subject, yet not fetching such ornament from any obscure or distant topics; but, as his essay was intended to meet the eye, and speak to the understanding of his countrymen of all descriptions, adopting the domestic, yet expressive allusion to a lamp.

Nor does Mr. Cooke, with the false modesty of many modern writers, fastidiously conceal his acquaintance with that book, to deserve whose expressions is the highest of all praise. I cannot indeed but approve of the propriety with which he applies to the prime minister, one of the few phrases from that book, which can with any jus-

tice be used in a public sense; but, happily, this is the concluding sentence of Mr. Cooke's advertisement. He felt, no doubt, with the nice discrimination of an author, that he could rise no higher in the scale of sublimity, and he had the judgment to avoid an anti-climax.

To one other performance of this kind I beg next to call the attention of my readers; though, from the singular modesty with which it is introduced, it scarcely arrests the eye in the same manner as more splendid advertisements. It does, however, sufficiently partake of their nature to be pronounced to belong to that class of writings; and I shall not scruple to declare it one of their brightest specimens, though simply called

A HINT.

"Any person nicely sensible, irritable, hypochondrical, hysterical;....or who, again, is dyspeptic, hepatic, splenetic, gouty, paralytic, rheumatic, of an evil habit of body, scorbutic, asthmatic, dropsical, corpulent, bloated, yellow, flabby,....or otherwise, thin, dry, and rigid; who (harassed with spasms, cramps, wind, hiccups, belchings, acidity, distracting dreams, depressing thoughts, and sleepless nights) is uneasy, anxious, low, wandering, dissatisfied; who without being able to present an adequate cause or reason, fears fever of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who, thence, dreads to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmost confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) case, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, surgeon and apothecary, at Reigate, Surrey, for advice, and (*Deo lubente et juvante*) relief. Letters may be sent, post free....See Mr. Rymer's tract, price 1s. upon indigestion, hypochondriacism, gout, &c. sold by Evans, Paternoster-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-street; and No. 63, Bishopsgate-street within; where may be had, by the same author, 'Physiological Conjectures relative to certain Functions of the Animal Economy,' price one shilling."

All compositions, of whatever size and extent, usually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteristic. As that of Mr. Cooke's advertisement was philanthropy and patriotism, no one can hesitate in pronouncing this to bear the stamp of peculiar modesty. I own I am myself more immediately struck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the singular humility of Mr. Rymer's address, than with his unequalled display of erudition.

In the first place, not to dwell on the delicacy with which he contents himself to hint to his countrymen the service he may do them, rather than to compel their attention by those traps so easily seen through, how guarded is the tenor of his expressions! The afflicted may apply to him for advice, and....for relief; they may apply, but he makes no pompous promises of acquiescence. He does not even boast of his talents. He also kindly permits those who are willing to become his patients, to send their letters post-free; and for the certainty of this privilege, refers them to his "Tract on Indigestion, Hypochondriacism, &c." He does not even tell them that the above-mentioned Tract will confirm their opinion of his medical knowledge....he merely introduces the mention of it, to prove that letters may be sent post-free.

The title of his other Tract is another instance of his singular modesty. He calls it "Physiological Conjectures." This is indeed candour. Many modern infidels have endeavoured to decry the system of medicine for its pretended infallibility. Mr. Rymer here overturns that opposition from its foundation, by styling his opinions *conjectures*; but charmed as I am with the author's modesty, candour, and docility, I must not omit to notice the blaze of erudition with which he dazzles his readers. The catalogue of diseases is so learnedly written, that it cannot but enchant the sapient, and

astonish the unknowing. The elegant conciseness and laconic energy of the diction are wonderful, and prove his intimate acquaintance with his own language, while his quotations sufficiently evince his familiarity with the Latin. Of Greek he avoided making any display....he is not a man to affect parade. I cannot forbear remarking that he has, through the whole of this most perfect little essay, made the most uncommon selection of well-adapted terms. He has also judiciously classed and divided his disorders, and heightened the effect of his diction by the use of contrast. He has most accurately and impressively described the alarming and uneasy symptoms which afflict so many patients, who are ill without being "able to present an adequate cause or reason;" and has furnished them with specific expressions, by which, hereafter, they may more fully state what it is they fear.

If any ill-natured critic should observe, that he ought not to have used Latin words for this purpose, since many honest English patients may by this means be prevented from understanding their own alarms, I can only say that I doubt not but Mr. Rymer had good reason for what he did; and I would advise him to adopt the well-known answer of the philosopher to the man who inquired what he had got hidden under his cloak...."I carry it there," replied the sage, "that you may not know!"

THE FARRAGO.* FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*His secura quies, et necia fullere vita
Dives opum variorum; hic latia otia fundis,
Spelunca, vinique lacus, hic frigida Tempe
Mugitusque bovm, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

VIRE. GEORGICORVM, LIB. II.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,
A harmless life, that knows not how to cheat,
With home-bred plenty the rich owner bless,
And rural pleasures crown his happiness.
Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturbed with noise
THE COUNTRY KING, his peaceful realm enjoys:
Cool grots and living lakes, the flowery pride
Of meads and streams, that through the valley glide;
And shady groves, that easy sleep invite,
And, after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night,
DRYDEN.

Here peace is thine, and life, that knows no change,
And various wealth in Nature's boundless range,
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade.
SOMERSET.

The courtly reader of these essays, will readily acknowledge, that they have not....*a torn air*. Sequestered in a hamlet from "the busy hum of men," and knowing but little of the world, except from the map over my chimney, I allude chiefly to rural events, and the scenes of my speculations are naturally laid in the country. This is a formidable objection to the Farrago, among those "in populous city pent," who can relish no description so well as of streets and alleys. I sometimes regret for the sake of modish readers, that I have receded so far from the sea-shore as to be incapable of narrating the vicissitudes of fashion, the length of a shoe-string, or breadth of a bonnet. But the good natured will attribute my silence on these momentous topics no less to my situation, than to my choice. It is natural for a hermit to talk much of his cell, and for the water drinker, who, in the words of Waller....

Rarely has the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,

to harrangue in praise of brooks, and to deplore the mischief of wine. Instead of the rustling of silks, my rustical ears hear only the rustling of leaves, and the distant waterfall. A robin, whistling under my window, wake me at the dawn, instead of a serenade from the theatrical band; and at the twilight hour, while city beaux are hurrying to hear the Syrens at a concert "utter dulcet breath," the uniform moan of the night-raven composes my solitary music.

* Written originally in the country, but never before published.

One evening, last week, conformably to my usual custom, I drew my lamp to my bedside, and read, with rapture, that inimitable ode of Horace, in which he so poetically paints the landscape of Italy, and the innoxious pleasures of the rural life. I slept and dreamed of Arcadia. My social robin caroled at the dawn. I rose and read Rousseau. There is so much of the enthusiasm of genius, in all the works of the citizen of Geneva, that his volumes are seldom closed, till the tremor of my nerves becomes insupportable. His eloquent letter in *Liloisa*, descriptive of his enchanting country, on the banks of the lake of Lausanne, I continued to peruse, till the sun, firing the tops of some old oaks in front of my window, warned me to walk before his beams should become oppressive. With spirits, light as air, I ascended the mountain, that overhangs the village in which I reside, and leaning against a rock, whose side had been chiseled by time, and fashioned into a fantastic chair, I contemplated the magic of Nature. The prospect comprised all, which constitutes the perfection of landscape. Wood and water, broken and cultivated surface, "hills umbered by shade, and vallies gleaming with the sun." The spiral smoke rising from the peasants' chimneys, the river of Connecticut winding slowly to the ocean, the slender birches on the adverse bank, surveying their fair forms reflected in the water, and the whole country, in the bold phrase of Thomson, "unbounded, tossing in a flood of corn," formed a scene, of which those who breathe the polluted air of cities have no conception.

While busied in these rural contemplations, I had forgotten that the coffee, prepared by my maid Dorcas, was probably cold, as the usual breakfast hour had glided away. I, therefore, searched around for some cottage, where my solitary six-pence would purchase a bowl of milk, and a seat at the door. After walking over an acre or two of compacted brakes, which, in Fancy's eye, appeared ranged in battalia, to oppose me, a winding path, fringed on each side by a strip of vivid green sward, conducted me to "a low roofed peasant's nest." A couple of flaxen headed little boys run rapidly to the door, and I had approached so near, that I could distinctly hear them warn their father of a strange gentleman's approach, who, in their simple phrase, "*looked a little crazy*." The proprietor of the rural tenement, at whose entrance I stood, advanced to meet and welcome me. He was an old man. His rough hand, which grasped mine, had held the plough for fifty summers, and there was a warmth in the cordial shake, which ensued, worth more than all the ceremonious civility of those, who hold... a fan. I "sat in the sun, at his door," and heard the narrative of the farmer's life. From habit, as well as principle, agriculture was his profession. "The day," continued the honest ploughman, "that I was twenty-one, I married that little, brown woman, whom you see yonder, spinning in the shade, and settled in a hut, on this mountain. I remember the parson of the parish once said, in a sermon, that every man should be the builder of his own fortune. My only implements have been the ax and the plough; so you must not wonder, young gentleman, at the lowliness of my dwelling. When I went out to my first day's work, I remember, that, I slept more soundly, under an old log, which partly sheltered me from the night dew, than ever you could, on down. For I see, by the paleness of your cheeks, and the languor of your air, that you are wasted by cares, which consume, and that, amidst the blandishments of cities, and the roses of the feast, you have chased the fairies of pleasure, and drank wine, instead of milk. But, on these hills, Health and Husbandry are joint tenants with me and mine. I labour through the week, and independency crowns my toil. On Sundays, I read a few books, which a brother, who died at college, bequeathed me; and in one of them, which, it seems, was composed many years ago, in old Rome, I learn, that, even the misers of those days would gladly ex-

change their gold and care, for such a hut, as mine. You see, continued he, leading me to a gushing spring, that my wine flows from nature's press, pure as the air we breathe. Half the dishes I taste, are filled from the beds in that garden, and, in the words of the farmer's ditty, "my ploughing, my sowing, my reaping and mowing," are the *spice* by which those dishes are seasoned.

To this simple narrative I listened with rapture, and wished that false philosophy had never induced me to barter sylvan for city cares. After cordially thanking the aged peasant for his hospitality, and repeating that, when I could extricate myself from the chains of care, I would again repose myself in his hermitage, and hear lessons from its benignant proprietor, the sun growing fiery, I wiped the dew from my forehead, and a tear of regret from my cheek, and pensively quitted the mountain.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

Nothing is more common than the disappointment felt and expressed by those, who are eager to be introduced to an *Author*. Expectation having been highly raised, it is almost certain it will be mocked. He, whose writings have pleased, disgusts us by his talk, and men are astonished to find him, who is so correct in his pages, so careless in his life. The admirer of a fine stile is vexed that an author should descend to common topics and the ordinary phrase. The moralist grieves that any thing issues from the author's mouth but the proverbs of Solomon. Some are chagrined that he is sullen, and others are offended by his loquacity. The ladies do not find him so handsome as was expected, and the coxcombs discover that he is unfashionably dressed! On the difference between an author's talents in his closet and in company, let us hear a sensible writer.

I have seen men remarkably lively and well informed in conversation appear to great disadvantage on committing their thoughts to paper; and others who write learnedly, elegantly, politely, and acutely, so dull and apparently so weak in conversation, as to be considered as unpleasant and uninteresting companions. I have observed this so often, as to be led to think, what may appear paradoxical, that a genius for writing and a genius for talking are different in their nature.

It appears to me that superficial men talk most fluently, and, in mixed companies, most agreeably. They are usually gay and cheerful, for their spirits are not exhausted by deep thought, nor drawn from things before them by absence. But gaiety and cheerfulness give them, in the convivial hour, a grace which the profound scholar, who utters his thoughts with gravity and hesitation can seldom display.

A man of a superficial mind and little genius has no diffidence arising from those delicacies and sensibilities, which often cruelly distress men of real ability. What he thinks, or has read, or heard he utters with the confidence of an oracle: ignorant of objections, and fearless of mistake. His confidence gives him credit. The company is always disposed to listen with attention when any man speaks with the assurance of undoubting conviction. Attention gives him additional spirits, and he begins to claim the greatest share of conversation as his right, and at length, overpowers with volubility and emphasis the silent or gentle diffidence of modest merit.

Ignorant and superficial admirers finding a voluble speaker just calculated for the meridian of their understandings are highly delighted with him as a companion, and cry him up as a prodigy of parts and abilities.

Their voices uniting in his favour, procure him, perhaps, some professional, or official employment, in which composition may be necessary. He writes; and the wonder is no more. How are the mighty fallen! *Quantum mutatus!*

Applauded by a few, he ventures to publish. A fatal venture! For he, who appeared in conversation a giant, becomes, when approached in the closet, a pigmy or a Lilliputian.

I wish to prevent the hasty formation of the idea of a man's intellectual talents or genius solely from his pleasantness or vivacity as a companion. Constant experience proves it to be a fallacious criterion. Men of great thoughts, solid judgment, and well digested learning are able indeed to speak to great advantage on great occasions; but they are not sufficiently interested in trifling, or ordinary company; and without pride, or any intention to slight, naturally retreat from nonsense or levity to the pleasant indulgence of their own contemplations; therefore, they say but little in such company, and that little often from civility rather than because they are struck with what passes, or impelled to speak by the interesting nature of the question, or the manner in which it is discussed. In the meantime, a feather will tickle and excite a fool.

It is wrong therefore, I conclude to form a decisive opinion of a man's professional abilities, from what appears in common conversation. The only true criterion is the exercise of those abilities in some act of his profession. I judge of the companion in company, but of the lawyer's abilities at the bar or from his written opinion; of the clergyman's from the pulpit or the press; of the physician's from the repeated success of his actual practice; judge of the merchant from his *punctuality* and *payments*, from his behaviour on the mart, and not from his volubility at the coffee-house.

It is an erroneous judgment, which is often formed of children, as well as men, when those are supposed to have the best parts, who talk most. Excessive garrulity is certainly incompatible with solid thinking, and is the mark of that volatile and superficial turn, which, dwelling upon the surfaces of things, never penetrates deeply enough to make any valuable discoveries. But, as no rule is without exceptions, some great thinkers, it must be confessed, have also been great talkers.

No man can unite in himself every excellence. He, who excels as a pleasant and lively companion, may be deficient in judgment, in accuracy, in a power of attention and labour; and he, who excels in these, may want the versatility, the gaiety, the cheerfulness, which are necessary to render the communication of ideas in a mixed society, agreeable. Men associate in the convivial hour of leisure, from their professional or commercial employment, more for the sake of passing their time with ease, and even mirth, than of being improved, or lessened by the sage remarks of austere philosophy.

Addison, who could write so agreeably on all subjects, was not an entertaining companion, unless the circle was select. Johnson loved company, because he found himself attended to in it, as an oracle of taste and wisdom; but he could not be said to possess companionable agreement. His character ensured him respect, previously to his speaking, and what he said, justified it; for it was original and solid; his authoritative tone and manner compelled acquiescence, even if conviction was not produced; but after all, he was not what the world calls a *pleasant* companion. Some of his contemporaries of far inferior merit, and more circumscribed reputation, diffused joy and information wherever they went, and were beloved, at the same time that they were admired. They have also written books, but their books are not to be compared to Johnson's. Their books were forgotten or despised, even while their conversation was sought and enjoyed by all ranks of people.

But, as universal excellence is desirable, it seems right, that men should labour to supply every defect, and, therefore, I wish writers to cultivate the art and habits of conversation, and talkers, on the other hand, to obtain the solidity and accuracy of writers; and thus the advantage derived to hearers and readers will be augmented."

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,
[About three years since, in the course of a journey up the lakes, I had the pleasure, at Detroit, of becoming acquainted with a gentleman, who had travelled much among the different Indian nations, and understood the languages of several of them: from him I received an account, of which the following is a copy. I think it very curious, and worthy of preservation in your entertaining miscellany.]

According to your request, sir, of yesterday, I send you the song of a Chippeway Indian, composed on leaving his mistress, to go against a large party of the Ottagamies, that had attacked his nation. What his fate was I am unable to inform you.

I send you also a bad translation, in which much of the strength of the original is lost. I would have sent it in plain prose, in which I could have done it more justice, but your observation, that "a song in one language, ought to be a song in another," induces me to give it you in its present form. The Indian songs, however, have neither the rhythm of the English, French, &c. nor the measure of the Greek and Latin poetry: but their language is strong and impressive. They are dictated by uncultured nature, and are well calculated to call into action the passions of mankind in a rude state, as the images, with which, like the poetry of the Orientals, they abound, are mostly familiar to the senses. Their language, like the characters they use to write in, may be called hieroglyphical; of this, you see instances in the speeches, made by their chiefs, at the different treaties with the whites. They speak, for example, of the *tree* of peace, the *chain* of friendship, the *hatchet* of war; and, in like manner, when they declare war, a messenger is sent to their enemies, who, perhaps, without saying a word, delivers them a *hatchet* or *tomahawk*, painted *red*, with the *symbol* of the nation (as a tortoise, buck, &c.) marked on it. When they sue for peace, a *band* of wampum is sent.

The pronunciation and length of their words, render it difficult to confine them to any measure; but still a choice is much attended to, in the formation of their songs, which are mostly epic, and few possessed of the tenderness of the following.

I remain, &c,

Mohegon pichebo teskenekaw Matenah, makawalah nepish, saumaganosh! temante metoka, caulachee nepish.

Tauncendah mittah natchemowee, edawlah wawkeec, neremosa Matenah, natchewah Mohegon, Matenah nepish.

Natchewah mawah, temaune sauokee, endaulah! commawin nautagetchemegaugh, towah makawatah, tawawmissec.

Katcheh! nepish Matenah, tomatewatsaw Mohegon; topawah matakeeneh, topawah sauokee topawah.

Katchekee Mohegon maneto petontec, Mateneh maneto semakawingosh, wakaw watsaw, tapin kooli saumaganosh.

TRANSLATION.

See, Matenah, Mohegon flies
At glory's ardent call,
Where, gash'd with wounds, the warrior dies,
Yet triumphs in his fall.

And if decreed my life to give,
To keep our nation free,
My Matenah, my charmer, live
For him, who died for thee!

Ah! live to hear thy lover's name
Prais'd for his patriot fire,
And join the glorious song of fame,
His warlike deeds inspire.

So, when those eyes are clos'd in night,
Shall great Mohegon prove,
Renew'd the scenes of dear delight,
Which taught him here to love.

Katchekee* shall his shade convey,
With thine to make it blest,
Where, far beyond the western ray,
The brave forever rest.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following, gleaned from an old magazine, is a good description of the pensive pleasures of a lonely enthusiast.]

While busy mortals crowd around
The city, court and throne,
Intent to see, and to be seen,
To know and to be known;
I turn away, content I turn
To sweet domestic bowers,
And ponder how I best may spend
My life's few fleeting hours.
The twinkling twilight oft I trace,
Sometimes the dusky dawn,
My steps unseen by human race,
I love to be alone.

Yet sure my thoughtful musing mind
The social transport knows,
Round many a friend these opening arms
With extacy would close.
Sure I could leave my couch by night,
To serve my greatest foe;
And quit the brightest hour of joy,
To wipe the tear of woe.
'Tis giddy, trifling, vain parade
My heart and mind disown,
The endless buzz, by folly made;
I love to be alone.

Yet not averse, when duty calls,
I leave my quiet sphere,
And mingle in the walks of men,
The walks of men are dear.
I love the intellectual feast,
Shar'd with the good and wise,
Nor less the little temperate meal
Simplicity supplies.
I freely join the rustic throng,
Licentious scenes unknown,
With children play; but ere 'tis long,
I wish to be alone.

But oh! while sorrow's mingled cries
Through earth's fair vales resound,
The ear of pensive fancy tries
To catch the piercing sound;
Her wishful eye surveys the shores,
Where *sable* lovers part;
His trembling limbs fell iron tears,
Keen anguish breaks her heart.
Oh! could I aid this injur'd race,
I'd seek their flaming zone,
The white and sable tyrants face,
Nor wish to be alone.

* Katchekee is the name of a spirit, who, they believe, conveys the warriors, who fall in the defence of their nation, to a place of perpetual happiness; where the sky is constantly unclouded, and where, under the shade of spreading trees, they taste delights, which, in their former state, they were too weak to bear. The Supreme Spirit they call Katche-maneto, i. e. Governor of souls.

And oh! for sweet sincerity
The pensive muse shall guide;
I feel the lonely lot of man
Has happiness denied.
Unblest is he that wanders o'er
The varied paths of time,
Without a kind and gentle maid,
Companion of his prime;
Good natur'd, gentle, kind and fair...
Were such a maid my own,
Better with her my lot to share,
Than live and die alone.

[The suavity of the subsequent stanzas will sooth the ear of the poet, and the gallant may repeat them to himself.]

FROM HAFEZ, THE PERSIAN POET.

SOFTLY.

Disguised last night I rush'd from home,
To seek the palace of my soul;
I reached by silent steps the dome,
And to her chamber *softly* stole.

On a gay, various couch reclin'd,
In sweet repose I saw the maid;
My breast, like aspens to the wind,
To love's alarms *softly* play'd.

Two fingers then to half expanse,
I trembling op'd with fear oppress'd;
With these I pull'd her veil askance,
Then *softly* drew her to my breast.

"Who art thou wretch?" my angel cry'd,
Whispering I said, thy slave, thy swain;
But hush my love, forbear to chide,
Speak *softly*, lest some hear the strain.

Trembling with love, with hope and fear,
At length her ruby lips I press'd;
Sweet kisses oft...mellifluous...dear,
Softly I snatch'd...was *softly* blest.

"O, let me" now inflamed I said,
My idol clasp within these arms;
"Remove the light," deep sigh'd the maid,
Come, *softly*, come, prevent alarms.

Now by her side, with bliss I glow'd,
Swift flew the night in am'rous play;
At length the morning's herald crow'd,
When *softly* thence I bent my way.

EPIGRAM.

ON MR....THE WINE MERCHANT.
His cursed compounds while Balderdash vends,
And brews his *dear* poisons for all his *dear* friends,
No wonder they never can get him to dine;
He's afraid they'd oblige him to drink *his own wine*!

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULG'D."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 30

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 31st, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXIX.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night;
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

.....Here be all the pleasures,
That Fancy can beget on youthful thoughts,
When the fresh blood grows lively, and returns,
Brisk as the April buds, in primrose season.
MILTON'S CONUS.

It has been a common custom among my predecessors in this department of composition, to relieve the dryness, or the sameness of prose, by an occasional article of poetry. In this manner, many minor poems of celebrated authors, have been, without much parade, ushered into life; and I cannot help thinking, that a paper, thus variegated, will be considered, by the lovers of miscellany, as having fully answered the end of its being. In grave and scientific works, a departure from system offends; but in the lucubrations of the desultory essayist, men look for varied hues, and fantastic combination. For comfort and for use, the quaker simplicity of drab broad cloth, is chosen, but to please the giddy eye, and to add to holiday splendour, we spangle our drapery, and call on Iris for her most vivid colours.

In the twenty-first number of this year's Port Folio, there occurs a prose version of a Persian madrigal in an extract from the works of sir William Jones. The Editor expressed his hope, that P. D. a classical correspondent, would decorate this Persian beauty, with poetical ornaments. As this expectation was not realized, a new and volunteer translator has appeared; and, without farther preface, we introduce him to our readers. As he makes his bow gracefully, and expresses himself in the fluent diction of a well-bred scholar, we are confident, that he will meet a polite and gracious reception.

MR. SAUNTER,

As your correspondent "P. D." has not complied with your request, and the wishes of your readers, I send you a versification of one of your Persian translations; which, if I remember right, is part of an ode of Hafiz. I would have attempted the others, but that I have too much diffidence to adventure far in a path, that has been trodden by sir William Jones, and professor Carlyle.

Accompanying this, are two others, from the book of Solomon; which, however, rather appear to have been written by a fine, lively, and amorous girl, who, like Sappho, complains of her colour being too deep a shade.

My intention was, merely to point out, by putting them into the same measure, the similarity between

the poetry of the Persians, and that of Solomon. We find both frequently speaking in the female character; and very similar to some of the stanzas of the latter, is the following, from the Oriental Collections, No. 3, page 204. "My soul longs to clasp my beloved in my arms! I will put on my ornaments; I will prepare the bed, and the garlands of flowers." The stanzas of both have little, or no connection; so that, you may, in general, take any one from the rest, or alter its position, without injury. The imagery, too, of both, is much the same; though indeed, Solomon has some figures, wilder than any I have seen, in the translations from the Persian.

When I turned to "Solomon's Songs," I must confess, it was with somewhat of an inclination to versify them all; but that vanity, which induced me to think myself equal to such a task, was instantaneously annihilated, on finding the fair one's eyes compared to "the fish-pools of Heshbon, by the gate of Bath-rabbim;" and her nose to the tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damascus." This is a sublimity, to which I am perfectly conscious of being unable to soar; I have, therefore, left it to those of happier genius, and contented myself with selecting a few of the simplest stanzas from the first and second songs.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

The rose can never boast its sweet,
Without the cheek of her I love;
Nor without wine, the cool retreat,
Where gush the fountains in the grove.

Nor walk along the fragrant bower,
Nor in the garden gives delight;
If in the calm and pensive hour,
We miss the minstrel of the night.

The cypress, dancing in the breeze,
And flowers, by gentle Zephyr blown,
Cannot, without her presence, please,
Whose cheeks are like the tulip's down.

Nor does the presence of a maid,
Whose lips each balmy sweet possess,
In whom is either rose display'd,
Delight, without the sweet caress.

Sweet is the place, where roses grow,
And sweet is wine, within the grove;
But yet, less sweet the roses glow,
And wine, without the maid I love.

Not all the pictures art can form,
Not all, that Fancy can devise,
So much this am'rous bosom warm,
As rosy cheeks, and radiant eyes.

FROM THE FIRST SONG OF SOLOMON*.

O, clasp me in thy close embrace,
And press those balmy lips to mine!

* Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: for thy love is sweeter than wine.
I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon.

Thy love, dear youth of matchless grace,
Thy love is sweeter, far, than wine!

Though oe'r my slender form the sun
Has all his fiercest radiance thrown,
What youth my proffer'd love would shun?
What maid my beauty will not own?

Tell me, beloved of my soul,
Where thou thy gentle flocks dost feed,
Where rest'st at noon....nor let me stroll
To those, that thy companions lead.

More sweet than myrrh, when zephyrs spread
Its perfumes, as they, wanton, fly;
O, quickly come! and let thy head
All night, upon my bosom lie.

What youth shall e'er to thee compare?
Whose charms shall vie with thine, my love?
Thy skin excels the lily fair,
Thine eyes, the mildness of the dove.

O come then! come, in all thy charms,
By thousand softest wishes led;
O come! and clasp me in thy arms,
Where, green and mossy is our bed!

FROM THE SECOND SONG OF SOLOMON*

What music was it to my ear,
When thus did my beloved say,
Awake! arise, my charming fair!
Arise, my love, and come away!

For, lo! the wintry clouds are past,
The tempests all away are flown,
The chilling winds no longer last,
The rain is over, too, and gone.

All nature now incites to love;
The flowers display their gayest hue,
The songsters warble in the grove....
Hark, how the am'rous turtles coo!

Now, while the budding figs appear,
And round the grape, rich perfumes play,
O haste! arise, my charming fair!
Arise, my love, and come away!

Tell me, O thou, whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon: for why should I be as one, that turneth aside by the flocks of thy companions?

A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.

Behold thou art fair, my love; behold thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes.

Behold, thou art fair, my beloved; yea, pleasant: also our bed is green.

* My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away:

For lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXX.

More murders committed in six months, than throughout the Prussian dominions, in three years.... Two children murdered in one week, at Philadelphia.... Incestuous offspring of a father by his daughter.... Frequency of the venereal disease... Report of a senatorial temple of wantonness; not however to be warranted.

During six winter months which I passed in Philadelphia, I heard of more murders, committed in that space of time, within the United States, than happen in three years, throughout the Prussian dominions, although they contain nearly two millions more inhabitants. In the state of New-York, a judge was murdered upon the high-way, by persons who had disguised themselves as Indians. In one of the southern states, a father killed his own son. A baker's boy threw a new-born child, which he had found in the street into an heated oven, in order to appropriate to himself an hundred guineas, which, probably the mother, wishing to remain unknown had left with the child, to induce the finder to take care of this fruit of a false step. In the last week before my departure from Philadelphia the discovery of two dead children, one in a privy; the other upon a dung-hill, was a general subject of conversation.... The woman who murdered one of them was taken up; but was discharged again. The frequency of infanticide in America, the more forcibly proves a dreadful pitch of corruption, because neither the laws nor the prevailing opinions punish with infamy a girl, for bringing into the world a child unlawfully begotten. If I had taken pains to hunt up such anecdotes, I should perhaps have many more to relate. What I have told, is however unfortunately for the honour of human nature too much, and I have noticed only transactions generally known, detailed in all the newspapers, and never contradicted by any one.

Several German clergymen in Pennsylvania, have published their sermons there.... They describe the moral condition of the country people in a shocking point of light. You read in these discourses of nothing but adultery, perjury, harlotry, theft, drunkenness, brawling &c. Not far from Lancaster, it was said a countryman had children by his daughter. The venereal distemper is likewise very common in the country, as all the physicians and surgeons, who have a great practice there, unanimously assured me.

The murder of infants, and the number of exposed children, give no favourable idea of the continence of the unmarried women. The married ones, at least of the higher classes are said to be tolerably regular, and cuckoldom is not very frequent. Yet others again maintained that there were in Philadelphia, bawds, who for an adequate sum of money, knew how to procure women of reputation. But perhaps this was slander. I remarked however a general report in circulation that a temple of wantonness had been built upon speculation, where the fathers of the land, in congress, might relax a little from their numerous cares for the public good. I only had the outside of the house pointed out to me. It is in New-street; but farther distant from the river Delaware than fourth street. A thing of this kind cannot be closely inquired into, but such a thing ought not even to be said; for if there be no reason

whatever to doubt the moral purity of the senators in a republic, no such reports will be circulated. Livy does not tell us that Cato the censor or Regulus, Fabricius or Cincinnatus, were suspected of visiting such houses. Caesar and Pompey frequented them; but in their time the republic was at its last gasp, and they were no republicans.

The part of a republican is in this world rather difficult to perform. Among royalists, people are not upon the subject of morals quite so scrupulous; they do not give themselves out for models of virtue. With the idea of a republican is connected that of severer morals, of an heroic contempt of all selfish interest, and of a mind steeled against all the fascinations of the senses when duty forbids their indulgence. The Americans, therefore, from the period of their independence have assumed a difficult part; but they perform it desperately ill, and they are as it appears to me, republicans with royalist manners.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

..... Labor omnia vincit,
Improbis.....

VIRGIL.

Industry in youth is a duty we owe our parents; our country, ourselves, and, above all, our beneficent Creator. Idleness is the mother of vice, activity of virtue; from that originate the calamities and misfortunes of human life; from this its blessings and delights. How wonderful is it then, that the majority of mankind should trifle away their time so prodigally, in frivolous pursuits; and rather than use a little exertion, suffer continual inquietude!

Inertia has spent the early part of her days in fashionable pleasures and amusements; and now, at forty, reclines in an easy chair, a ponderous mass of useless matter, tortured with the constant dread of catching cold. The least damp gives her death, and she has been killed a thousand times, with a breath of pure air. Her tongue is the only active part of her; which is engaged alternately in preaching and scolding. She exhorts those around her to the practice of virtues, which she has long possessed unseen unknown, "for no person yet, herself excepted, has had the penetration to discover her latent good properties." But candour must confess, Inertia is productive of some advantages. The tender minds of her children are not tormented with study; 'tis enough for them to administer to the numberless wants of their almanac. A cook finds employment, the pharmacist is enriched, quacks encouraged, and physicians daily visit their debilitated patient, while careful Coniux finds, incessant toil essential, to support his amiable valetudinary wife.

The fate of Vertumans is more tragical. He was a young man whose prolific mind led his friends to expect an exuberant harvest from his ripening talents; but alas! virtue and excellence are not the natural productions of any soil. His volatile mind grew weary of restraint. "I will not, said he, cramp my spirits with books and business, now is the time for enjoyment." Then mixing with the multitude; dissipation enervated his intellects, the tyrant passions uncontrolled set up their principalities and waging war, anarchy seized the presidency. His patrimonial estate was squandered; he was deserted by his associates; harassed by creditors and the contending powers within, premature old age came on, and bewailing his mispent time, he made his miserable exit, leaving behind a striking example of the fatal consequences of inert-licentious youth.

Exercise improves the faculties, promotes health, and gives energy to the whole system; and if we are ambitious of arriving at the summit of that

eminence, to which indefatigable industry alone is capable of elevating us; can we commence the work too early! Our evil propensities must all be eradicated, and stubborn self subdued before we can proceed with any degree of facility. Then is it not more eligible to pluck them up, before they become too deeply rooted? The opinion, that we are at liberty in wild and varying adolescence "to play the fool" with time, is a mistaken and dangerous one. Agricola might with equal propriety say, when nature animates her vegetable dominions, and moistens the earth with refrigerant showers, "I will take my ease through the spring and summer, my corn may be planted in autumn," and suffer his fences to lie neglected, and his meadows open to the invasion of neighbouring cattle. What would be the result of his shameful indulgence? His fields might produce a luxuriant crop of weeds; but would they afford him sustenance through the hibernal season? No, verily, he must perish with hunger during the winter. So the mind uncultivated, and destitute; loaded with the infirmities of age and intemperance, and with no other support than rank, vice, and overgrown folly, must totter beneath the load, and fall with the first blast of cold adversity.

Very different is the decline of a well spent life, where the venerable "tenant of clay," can look with approbation on the manual and mental toils of his youth, and see a farm improved.... walks extended.... prospects cleared.... trees planted by his own hand, offering their umbrage to shield him from the fervid sun, and a garden exalting the senses with its odours; while his frugal dome contains a worthy partner in his felicity, surrounded by a family of well taught active offsprings. With a mind thus stored, a man cannot be unhappy. He

"May quit a cottage or a throne,
May leave the world and dwell alone
Within his spacious mind."

Contemplation never tires, nor do reflections consume; death is divested of his terrors, and he slides into eternity with a placidity, never to be felt by the slothful and impious.

Rise, sons and daughters of Columbia, from the allurements of inglorious ease, and pursue in due season the path of virtue, which conducts to happiness. Let none hesitate at the magnitude of the enterprise. Labour will remove every obstruction, and the reward of perseverance is immense and infallible. Can any loiter in so momentous an undertaking? The wise I know will press forward, amongst whom, I humbly hope, will not be last, she who, with expanded heart, signs herself.

RURALINA.

(FROM LITERARY LEISURE.)

I shall not scruple to devote this paper to a consideration of the proper employment of time; nor will it deter me from undertaking the subject, that it has been frequently considered before: that which is important to all, can never be thought of too often, and we fail more frequently for want of reflecting on, than of knowing our duties.

There can be no subject of more consequence to every individual, than the proper disposal of that portion of time allotted to us, since whatever our depraved fancies look upon as valuable, and whatever is really and intrinsically so, alike depend upon it. It is strange, that of a life which we all pretend to value, and which is so perpetually escaping from us, any one should suffer a single hour to pass by unmarked by some useful exertion; it is still more surprising that any one should voluntarily submit to the cruel punishment of total inaction. The utmost malice of the most inveterate enemy could not invent a severer torment than the stupid inactivity to which some persons devote themselves. To pass whole days in watching the slow lapse of time, and rejoicing at the end of every hour, is indeed natural to those

who languish under the pressure of severe bodily or mental calamity; but that those who enjoy health and liberty, should so groan under the heavy burden of time, not only claims our pity, but our wonder! If those who feel their hours thus oppressive, would but seek employment, and pursue it steadily,....if they would but resolve that either mind or body should be usefully and actively employed, they would find the intolerable weight of existence lessened! The hours would no longer heavily lag in their flight, nor would the temporary death of sleep, nor the eternal sleep of death, be any longer looked to for relief.

Can any one of these languid beings, who waste whole hours in inaction, and fancy they have been thinking, mention one useful reflection, one salutary resolution, as the fruits of their long indolence? A mere reverie, that flits across the speculum of the brain, and leaves no trace behind it, merits not to be dignified with the name of *thought*.

In constant and actual employment alone can we seek for unwearied cheerfulness....that delightful sunshine of the soul. Those who, from situation, are privileged....and those who from disposition are prone to be indolent, are those who are most subject to causeless dejection of spirits. No fancied uneasiness can stand against useful activity, and even real distress will lose much of its poignancy, if some profitable and interesting occupation be steadily pursued....by *profitable* I mean that which is ultimately so, which tends to improve, to fortify the heart....to enlarge, to enlighten the understanding.

"The time of life is short!
"To spend that little basely, were too long!
"Tho' life did ride upon a dial's point,
"Still ending at th' arrival of the hour!"

SHAKESPEARE.

Every one who has leisure, and who means to be happy, either has, or must adopt some favourite hobby-horse with which to amuse that leisure. Without some pursuit, which from its pleasantness engages the mind, that very leisure would be the most insupportable burden! It were to be wished that the favourite pursuits of every one were of a nature to strengthen the good dispositions of the soul, to extend its capacities, and to improve its moral character. The gradual effect of an habitual pursuit is so indubitable, that it behoves every one to lead their fancy to select that which will best contribute to some virtuous end.

That the amusement of leisure hours should be innocent, is perhaps hardly sufficient: If it be frivolous,....if it tend to lead the mind away from the due consideration of its relative duties,....if it be of an enervating kind, however innocent every particular act may appear, the general complexion of character produced by its frequent recurrence, is not innocent. The end, therefore, should always be kept in view; this should be the grand criterion, and by the end, be always understood the final end with respect to our future hopes and prospects....not the mere termination or aim of each particular pursuit. It is, indeed, a maxim, that has often been prostituted to the worst of purposes, *that the end will sanctify the means*; and so it will, if properly apprehended: for if the true end be the main object, no means will be either acceptable or convenient, except such as are in themselves laudable and virtuous.

"Procrastination is the thief of time."

YOUNG.

And few faults, more certainly, though imperceptibly, destroy the energy of character than procrastination. Every one undoubtedly, in those moments of reflection which must occur to all, must have formed many good resolutions; but the execution of them being postponed to a more convenient season, is too often postponed forever! and those good and virtuous motions in the soul leave us more guilty when disobeyed or disregarded.

That which it is right to do, it is right to do now! Begin therefore to-day, lest thou be prevented to-morrow!

Why, if the present time have not all the fitness required, should the future time be more advantageous? Why wait for any era from which to date the beginning of reformation? Is not every era auspicious on which so good a work is begun? Will not other avocations arise? Will not other projects be formed, and prove equally abortive? It were well if in a morning, during those cool moments we most of us enjoy before we quit the pillow, before the cares and inquietudes of the world perplex our thoughts, while the mind is calm and active, and the heart glowing with gratitude under the consciousness of renewed existence, it were well, I say, if we were then to arrange a plan of moral conduct for the day....if frequently too, in the course of that day, we were to ask our own hearts what report the hour last elapsed would carry of us to heaven!....and if at night, when again returned to the couch, of rest, while we thankfully acknowledge the protection and safety we have experienced, we were to examine how we have fulfilled our intentions, taking into consideration the real value of time, and the incalculable importance to our individual welfare of a proper distribution and employment of it, we should then blush to have passed a day unmarked by some vigorous or laudable exertion....we should shrink from the contemplation of many precious hours wasted in inactivity....hours which will return no more, and which, having thus elapsed without notice, swell to a bulk that would surprize and alarm us, could we behold at one view the portion of time thus thrown away.

"On all-important time, thro' every age,
"Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd, the man
"Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour!"

YOUNG.

Mr. Shenstone has among his "Observations," a sentiment dazzling at first view, but, on mature consideration, its intrinsic value seems but trifling....His words are...."It is a miserable thing to be sensible of the value of one's time, and yet to be restrained by circumstances from making the proper use of it."

To try the value of this axiom, let us inquire what is the proper use of time? Is it not that which arises from actual circumstances? and is there any possible circumstance which does not afford some opportunity of laudable moral occupation? If we ask ourselves these questions without prejudice, we shall not hesitate about the answers; but, in general, if we are prevented from pursuing our favourite or our intended employment, we are apt to think we are hindered from making a proper use of time. A man ought not to lament in society that he is interrupted in some pursuit which requires solitude and thought,....nor if he be in solitude, should he regret being precluded from the exercise of the social virtues: nay, when, by some casual accident, an intended plan even of moral excellence is impeded, does not that very obstacle itself give room for the exertion of patience and forbearance? The appropriate employment of every moment is that duty which the circumstances of the moment demand; and even if called away by some impertinent visitors from the contemplation of virtue, or the exertion of talent, a man may be not less laudably, though less agreeably, employed in the practice of that familiar benevolence which diffuses good-humour and pleasantry, nor less usefully engaged for his own private advantage in repressing the sallies of impatience, or the inroads of ill-humour.

Shenstone was of a querulous, irritable nature. He thought every moment ill employed that was not given to his Muse, to gardening, or to sentiment. People, in general, have their favourite pursuits, from which they are equally reluctant

to be drawn; but if we divest ourselves of prejudice and partiality, we shall discard Shenstone's, attractive tinsel, and conclude with the nobler poet, that

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
"Does well!....acts nobly!....Angels could no more!"

YOUNG.

Every day, if rightly employed, undoubtedly affords some useful reflections; and were these noted down, it would be amusing, at some future period to recal the occurrences, by the observations they had produced: but it would also be far more useful than amusing, by shewing the improvement, the increased maturity, or the perfect stability of our judgment. Were we to preserve a register, not merely of bare facts, but of the thoughts and feelings of our minds upon them, how accurately should we be enabled to trace the rise or the demolition of some prejudice....to mark by what gradations our opinions attained their present form, and to detect the almost imperceptible shades by which, in a series of years, our characters receive a totally different hue! In a record such as this, a blank day would be to us a reproach! The due improvement of time ought to be the great aim of life; and there can be no better means pursued for so desirable an end, than extracting from every incident some moral or mental advantage. Surely, of the scanty portion of time allotted to those beings who ought to aim at perfection, no part should be suffered to elapse, without some trace worthy of remembrance.

A general habit of activity best enables us, who are the mere creatures of habit, to make this due improvement of our best possession. Mental activity as far surpasses that which is merely corporeal, as the works of genius exceed the manufacture of art. Yet they rather assist, than impede each other; but never should mere personal industry lay claim to that praise which is due to its more excellent counterpart. Far be it from me to rob activity of its just reward; it is not in the power of any declaimer to deprive it of that which its own exertion alone secures, for happiness and contentment are ever the prize of activity; but while the body, while the hands are strenuously employed, the mind may remain indolent.

Many persons reckon that day well spent, in which they have forwarded or concluded any busy undertaking, and perhaps it has been so; but mere personal industry, except where subsistence depends on it, is rather innocent than meritorious. The woman who, from her fortune, is exempted from the necessity of incessant needle-work, is surely far better employed in rendering her house agreeable, and her society happy, than in working her finger to the bone under the pretence of industry, while her mind, intent upon her needle's point, sinks into a most deplorable apathy towards all exertion of agreeable or engaging talents. Was Shenstone so well employed while he was fretting at the waste of time when chased from his pen by casual visitors and while framing elegant aphorisms expressive of his regret, as if he had resolutely conquered the rising peevishness within him, and seen his guests with a determination to please and be pleased? Great virtues and heroic exertions seldom fall in our way; but the due employment of every moment is in every body's power; nor will any pursuit, any occupation, tend more decidedly to our final advantage, than the continued practice of those social and familiar exertions which every minute demands.

Time is a possession, of which the enormous value has never perhaps, been accurately computed. If every moment were uniformly employed to the best advantage, it would be difficult to ascertain to what degree of perfection human nature might attain, even during a moderate life. Some few instances of wonderful application have proved that human faculties are capable of almost

infinite extension; but dazzling as are abilities of every kind, and fascinating as is their pursuit, in which perfection is not only more visibly approached, but with more immediate gratification to the pursuer, let it be remembered that the moral and religious use of time alone will ultimately benefit us.

Let us beware, then, of confounding our prejudices or partialities with our duties, and of thinking, like Shenstone, all time misemployed, that is not devoted to our favourite hobby-horse.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

My excessive love of biography often urges me to postpone every other study and engagement, to indulge myself in contemplating the lives of the learned. I find my industry more stimulated, and my emulation more quickened, by particular lives, than by general history. The one is a single portrait in a strong light. The other is the rapid succession of figures, multiplied, or confused, as in Chinese shades, or a magic lantern.

While I content myself with the annual perusal of Gibbon's history, I pore almost every week over the record of his studies, and the history of his life; and I care not so much to discover on what hour Prynne, the Puritan, stood in the pillory, or when the scoundrel, Bradshaw, settled his scheme of regicide, as to learn that Edmund Burke was an early riser, and yet conversed late with Mrs. Woffington; and that, to an accidental fall from a pear-tree, which happened while sir William Jones was at school, we are indebted for the industry of his literary habits, and for the variegated entertainment, afforded by his works.

Southey has translated from the Spanish of George de Montemayor, the following stanzas. They are eminently beautiful.

Here, on the cold clear Ezla's breezy side,
My hand amid her ringlets wont to rove,
She proffer'd now the lock, and now denied,
With all the baby playfulness of love.
Here the false maid, with many an artful tear,
Made me each rising thought of doubt discover,
And vow'd and wept, till Hope had ceas'd to fear;
Ah me! beguiling, like a child, her lover.

One evening, on the river's pleasant strand,
The maid, too well-beloved, sat with me,
And with her finger trac'd upon the sand
Death for Diana...not inconstancy!
And Love beheld us, from his secret stand;
And mark'd his triumph, laughing to behold me
To see me trust a writing, trac'd in sand,
To see me CREDIT WHAT A WOMAN TOLD ME.

I am in doubt whether a happier conceit in the amatory stile of writing, can be found than the following. In the whole collection of the epigrams of MARTIAL, I do not remember to have discovered a finer turn, or a neater point.

Fair and young, thou bloomest now,
And I full many a year have told,
But read the *heart*, and not the *brin*,
Thou shalt not find my *Love* is *old*.

My Love's a child, and thou canst say
How much his little age may be;
For he was born the very day,
That first I set my eyes on thee.

The French are generally distinguished for the warmth and elegance of their compliments to feminine beauty and merit. But they are sometimes bitter and contemptuous, even when woman is their theme. The following Epigram upon a slattern, is a point.

EPIGRAM.

D. ANNE LA NOIRE

Anne se fisoit a croire
Que se lavant dans cette eau
Blanche y deviendrait sa peau
Mais sa peau rendit l'eau noire.

IMITATED.

Ann, in yon transparent laver,
Though to wash your face you seem;
Trust me, tis a vain endeavour....
You but soil the limpid stream.

In the Windsor Forest, a striking specimen occurs of Mr. Pope's fondness for that family, memorable for its misfortunes, its genius, its energy, and its giving birth to an Augustan age of literature.

Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And PEACE AND PLENTY TELL A STUART reigns.

Gilpin, in one of his *picturesque* essays, has introduced the following description of a cormorant. Of this bird of prey, one would hardly suppose it possible to say any thing, striking or elegant. But let us attend to the art of the author, and observe how highly the pencil of genius can colour even the meanest objects.

The cormorant is not without beauty. His eager, steady, determined flight; his plunging into the waters; his wild look, as if conscious of guilt; his bustle on being alarmed, shaking the moisture from his feathers, and dashing about, till he get fairly disengaged, are all amusing circumstances in his history. But he is a merciless villain; supposed by naturalists, to be furnished with a greater variety of predatory arts, than any bird, that inhabits the water. When the tide retires he wings his ardent flight, with strong pinions and outstretched neck, along the shores of the deserted river; with all the channels and currents of which, he is better acquainted than the mariner, with his chart. Here he commits infinite spoil. Or, if he find his prey less plentiful in the shallows, he is at no loss in deeper water. He dives to the bottom, and visits the eel in her retirement; of all others, his favourite morsel. In vain the fowler eyes him from the bank, and takes his stand behind the bush. The cormorant, quicker sighted, knows his danger, and parries it with a glance of his eye. If he choose not to trust his pinions, in a moment, he is under water, rises again, in some distant part, instantly sinks a second time, and eludes the possibility of taking aim. If a random shot should reach him, unless it carry a weight of metal; his sides are so well cased, and his muscular frame so robust, that he escapes mischief. If the weather suit, he fishes dexterously at sea. When he has filled his maw, he retires to the ledge of some projecting rock, where he listens to the surges below, in doting contemplation, till hunger again waken his powers of rapine.

In the Town Talk of sir Richard Steele, he has preserved the song of Amintor and the Nightingale, by Leonard Welsted esquire, a gay writer, unjustly calumniated by Pope, and, perhaps, somewhat extravagantly extolled by Steele, who calls him "a noble genius;" and declares of the following ballad, that the scene, the persons, the time, and all the circumstances, contribute to make this as proper a subject for a song, as can be imagined. The delicacy of the thought and phrase, and the sweetness of the numbers, are circumstances, that conspire to make it most exquisitely agreeable. All this, is, indeed, rather above the merit of Mr. Welsted; but, perhaps, the reader will be curious to examine what so ingenious and noted a writer, as Steele, has thus praised.

As in a blooming jasmine bower,
Where Envy's eye could ne'er disclose 'em,
Enjoying ages in an hour,
Amintor lay in Chloe's bosom.

A nightingale renewed her song,
In such a sad, complaining measure,
In notes, at once, so sweet and strong
The enchanting grove was fill'd with pleasure.

O! lovely songstress, said the swain,
Thy idle melody give over;
To me, alas! thou singst in vain,
To me, a panting, wishing lover.

Thy sweet complainings now dismiss,
Thou heavenly, yet unkind intruder;
Nor rob me of a gentler bliss,
To give me in its place, a ruder.

When I am sunk in Chloe's arms,
The softest moment love possesses;
E'en Philomel has lost her charms,
And Harmony itself displeases!

Bright Chloe all my powers employs,
And all beside is fond delusion;
While she alone completes my joys,
Variety is but confusion.

EPISTOLARY.

[The ensuing letter, from the pen of Dr. FRANKLIN, has been communicated by a friend, from whom we expect, occasionally, more communications of a similar nature, written during the revolution, and illustrative of that event. The curious cannot fail of being gratified in the perusal of a correspondence, which will probably reflect much light upon many of the obscurer events of a interesting epoch.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM DR. FRANKLIN TO MONSIEUR DUMAS.

Philadelphia December 9, 1775.

DEAR SIR,

I received your several favours, of May 18, June 30, and July 8, by Messrs. Vaillant and Pochard; whom, if I could serve upon your recommendation, it would give me great pleasure. Their total want of English is at present an obstruction to their getting any employment among us; but I hope they will soon obtain some knowledge of it. This is a good country for artificers or farmers, but gentlemen, of mere science in *les belles lettres*, cannot so easily subsist here, there being little demand for their assistance among an industrious people, who, as yet, have not much leisure for studies of that kind.

I am much obliged by the kind present you have made us of your edition of *Vattel*. It came to us in good season, when the circumstances of a rising state make it necessary frequently to consult the law of nations. Accordingly, that copy which I kept, (after depositing one in our own public library here, and sending the other to the college of Massachusetts Bay, as you directed) has been continually in the hands of the members of our congress, now sitting, who are much pleased with your notes and preface, and have entertained a high and just esteem for their author. Your manuscript *Jdee sur le gouvernement et la royauté*, is also well relished, and may, in time, have its effect. I thank you, likewise, for the other smaller pieces, which accompanied *Vattel*. *Le court exposé de ce qui s'est passé entre la cour Br. et les colonies*, &c. being a very concise and clear statement of facts, will be reprinted here, for the use of our new friends in Canada. The translations of the proceedings of our congress are very acceptable. I send you herewith what of them has been farther published here, together with a few newspapers, containing accounts of some of the successes providence has favoured us with. We are threatened from England with a very powerful force, to come next year against us. We are making all the provision in our power here to oppose that force, and we hope we shall be able to defend ourselves. But as the events of war are always uncertain, possibly, after another campaign, we may find it necessary to ask aid of some foreign power. It gives us great pleasure to learn from you, that *toute l'Europe nous souhaite le plus heureux succès pour le maintien de nos libertés*. But we wish to know whether any one of them, from principles of humanity, is disposed magnanimously to step in for the relief of an oppressed people, or whether if, as it seems likely to happen, we should be obliged to break off all connection with Britain, and declare ourselves an independent people, there is any state or power in Europe, who would be willing to enter into an alliance with us for the benefit of our commerce, which

amounted, before the war, to near seven millions sterling per annum, and must continually increase, as our people increase most rapidly. Confiding, my dear friend, in your good will to us and our cause, and in your sagacity and abilities for business, the committee of congress, appointed for the purpose of establishing and conducting a correspondence with our friends in Europe, of which committee I have the honour to be a member, have directed me to request of you, that as you are situated at the Hague, where ambassadors from all the courts reside, you would make use of the opportunity that situation affords you, of discovering, if possible, the disposition of the several courts with respect to such assistance or alliance, if we should apply for the one, or propose the other. As it may possibly be necessary, in particular instances, that you should, for this purpose, confer directly with some great ministers, and show them this letter as your credential, we only recommend it to your discretion, that you proceed therein with such caution, as to keep the same from the knowledge of the English ambassador, and prevent any public appearance, at present, of your being employed in any such business, as thereby, we imagine, many inconveniences may be avoided, and your means of rendering us service, increased.

That you may be better able to answer some questions, which will probably be put to you, concerning our present situation, we inform you....that the whole continent is very firmly united....the party for the measures of the British ministry being very small, and much dispersed....that we have had on foot, the last campaign, an army of near twenty-five thousand men, wherewith we have been able, not only to block up the king's army in Boston, but to spare considerable detachments for the invasion of Canada, where we have met with great success, as the printed papers sent herewith will inform you, and have now reason to expect that whole province may be soon in our possession....that we purpose greatly to increase our force for the ensuing year; and thereby we hope, with the assistance of well disciplined militia, to be able to defend our coast, notwithstanding its great extent....that we have already a small squadron of armed vessels, to protect our coasting trade, who have had some success in taking several of the enemy's cruisers, and some of their transport vessels, and store ships. This little naval force we are about to augment, and expect it may be more considerable, in the next summer.

We have hitherto applied to no foreign power. We are using the utmost industry in endeavouring to make salt-petre, and with daily increasing success. Our artificers are also every where busy in fabricating small arms, casting cannon, &c. Yet both arms and ammunition are much wanted. Any merchants, who would venture to send ships, laden with those articles, might make great profit; such is the demand in every colony, and such generous prices are and will be given; of which, and of the manner of conducting such a voyage, the bearer, Mr. Story, can more fully inform you. And whoever brings in those articles, is allowed to carry off the value in provisions, to our West Indies, where they will probably fetch a very high price, the general exportation from North America being stopped. This you will see more particularly in a printed resolution of the congress.

We are in great want of good engineers, and wish you could engage and send us two able ones, in time for the next campaign, one acquainted with field service, sieges, &c. and the other with fortifying of sea-ports. They will, if well recommended, be made very welcome, and have honourable appointments, besides the expenses of their voyage hither, in which Mr. Story can also advise them. As what we now request of you, besides taking up your time, may put you to some expense, we send you, for the present, enclosed, a bill for one hun-

dred pounds sterling, to defray such expenses, and desire you to be assured that your services will be considered, and honourably rewarded by the congress.

We desire, also, that you would take the trouble of receiving from Arthur Lee esquire, agent for the congress in England, such letters as may be sent by him to your care, and of forwarding them to us with your dispatches. When you have occasion to write to him to inform him of any thing, which it may be of importance that our friends there should be acquainted with, please to send your letters to him, under cover, directed to Mr. Alderman Lee, merchant, on Tower Hill, London: and do not send it by post, but by some trusty skipper, or other prudent person, who will deliver it with his own hand. And when you send to us, if you have not a direct safe opportunity, we recommend sending by way of St. Eustatia, to the care of Messrs. Robert and Cornelius Stevenson, merchants there, who will forward your dispatches to me.

With sincere and great esteem and respect,

I am, Sir,

your most obedient, humble servant.

B. FRANKLIN.

Mons. Dumas.

THE FARRAGO.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"One, who had gain'd a princely store
By cheating master, king, and poor,
Dared cry aloud "the land must sink
For all its fraud," and whom d'ye think
The sermonizing rascal child?
.....A glower, that sold lamb for kid."

MANDEVILLE.

Among the high privileges, which we digressive writers enjoy, may be reckoned that, which Don Quixote gave his horse, to choose a path, and pursue it at pleasure. In another point there is an affinity between us and that errant steed, so renowned in the volumes of Cervantic chivalry. When we begin an excursion, the Lord only knows how it will be prosecuted, or where it will end. Whim and caprice being commonly our guides, and those personages never keeping in their almanac a list of stages, we are sometimes most sadly benighted. As this is my day for similitudes, I stop not here; having so modestly compared myself and other ramblers to a quadruped, I will descend still lower into "the valley of humiliation" and liken them to an insect, which is a spider. Though their stock is confessedly small, they have the art of drawing out a most extended texture. Thus an essayist, conscious of the scantiness of his stores, handles a topic, as a farmer's wife manages her annual pound of tohea, in such a manner, as to make it last.

When I began my second speculation with some general remarks on the utility of an alliance, between application and genius; I little thought that I should quit my sober task, and commence character painter. When fancy handed me a pencil, and bade me sketch a likeness of Meander, I had no design to ransack his room, or transcribe his dairy; and lastly, when the journal was published, I tremblingly thought I had said too much, and dreaded lest my readers should complain, that they were surfeited by the Farrago. But they, who are even tinged with the metaphysical doctrine of ideas flowing in a train, will not be confounded, though they see one speculation rising from another, when I narrate the following incident. A friend who had attentively gazed at the portrait of Meander, saw me the day after its exhibition. So, Mr. Delincator, cries he, must you become a dauber in caricature? One so fond of the zigzag walk in life, as you, is hardly entitled to ridicule deviation in another. I blushed; and the suffusion, like Corporal Trim's bow, spoke as plainly as a blush could speak, "my man of remark, you

are perfectly sage in your opinion." This trivial circumstance led me to reflect, first on my own inconsistency, and next on that of others. By exposing the rambles of genius, I virtually made proclamation for dissipation to depart, but she taxed me with issuing contradictory orders, and pertinently asked how she could go into exile, when I insisted on her keeping me company? I then looked on my neighbours. Their characters were similar to mine, and they wore not the uniform of regularity more than myself. Celia, who murders reputations, as "butcher felleth ox" pronounced, t'other day at a tea-table, a most bitter invective against scandal, though five minutes before, she had invented a tale of calumny against her friend. Vafer censorially cautions a young gallant to beware an indulgence of the licentious passion, but forgets, while reading his lecture, that he once was amorous, that he solicited the virgin and the wife, and that, unsatisfied with the ordinary mysteries of intrigue, he elaborately refined on the system of seduction. Vinoso, whose face is as red-lettered as the court calendar, and who makes his Virginia fence at nine in the morning, applauds a very heavy excise on distilled spirits, and zealously damns every drunkard in the nation. Bobbin the haberdasher, who in vending a row of pins, defrauds the heedless customer of four, and who, when furnishing a chamber maid with a set of apron strings, pilfers from her a portion of the tape, exclaims against a vintner for adulterating his liquors, and wittily wonders, that he can adopt the christian scheme so far, as to baptize, even his wine. Messalina, whose chastity is valiant as a holiday captain, because no enemy is at hand, and who produced a lovely pair of twins six month before marriage, frowns at the forwardness of young flirts; and a decayed maiden, "far gone in her wane, Sir," who has been but twenty these ten years, and who has more wrinkles in her forehead, than dimples on her chin, even she scoffs the vestal sisterhood, and turns up her nose at the staleness of antiquated virginity.

In literature as well as in life, we may recognize this propensity. Authors are noted for inconsistency. Instances might be selected from almost every writer in our language. Pope, in conjunction with Arbuthnot and Swift, composed a satirical treatise, the design of which, was to lash his poetical brethren for attempting to soar, when their wings only served them to sink. Yet Pope, after some fine panegyric verses upon Lord Mansfield, fell from a noble height of poetry to the very bottom of the bathos, by concluding his eulogy with the following feeble lines,

Graced as thou art with all the power of words,
So known, so honoured in the house of lords.

Surely this was as risible a couplet of anticlimax, as the distich the bard ridicules, by merely quoting it.

Thou Dalhoussey, the great God of war,
Lieutenant-colonel to the earl of Mar.

In the works of Swift, who omits no opportunity of damning dullness, may be found some compositions where the disappointed reader, instead of being dazzled with the gleam of fancy, sorrowing sees nothing, but the vapid insipidity of a poet laureate's ode, and eagerly inquires if it be upon record, that Swift ever studied the sing song of Cibber. Knox, a classic writer, censures in one of his essays, the bombastic style; yet, were his own effusions arraigned in the court of criticism, they would, sometimes be found guilty of turgidity. This critic, who heated in the glowing forge of zeal, gives Gibbon to the Devil, and his writings to Lethe, condemns that elegant historian for superabundance of epithet, though a reader of Knox would suppose that the favourite page of this schoolmaster's grammar was that, which contained the declension and variation of adjectives. Dr. Beattie, in the warmth of his wishes to promote

social benevolent affections, almost hates the man who does not practice philanthropy. Rocked in the cradle of the kirk, and implicitly believing all that the nurse and priest had taught him, this zealot declaims in terms so acrimonious against the sceptics of the age, that one is led to think his "milk of human kindness," had become sour by the means he employed to preserve it.

Juvenal, the ancient satyrast, in one of his virulent attacks on the reigning Roman follies, avers that the most profligate of the senate were invariably strenuous advocates for a revival and execution of the obsolete rigid laws against debauchery. The indignant poet declares that if such glaring inconsistencies continue, none could be astonished should Clodius commence railing against libertines, and Cataline be first to impeach a conspirator. Were a name-sake of this bard to arise, I should tremble for the sect of modern *inconsistent*s. He might brandish the lance of satire against such characters, with more justice, though perhaps with less dexterity, than his classic predecessor. The field of foibles and follies is so fully ripe, that some one should put in the sickle. In this field appears, and will again appear, a labourer, who though awkward, may be useful, and who will be "worthy of his hire;" if he cut up nothing but tares.

BIOGRAPHY.

Peter Charron, author of a famous book "On Wisdom," was the son of a bookseller at Paris, where he was born in 1541. He was educated for the law, which he studied at Orleans and Bourges, taking his doctor's degree in the latter university. He was admitted an advocate in the parliament of Paris; but after attending the bar five or six years, he found it was impossible for him to make his way without stooping to court the favour of attorneys and solicitors. In disgust he renounced his profession, and applying himself to the study of divinity, he took priest's orders, and became a celebrated preacher. Such was the reputation he acquired, that several bishops desired to engage him as theological canon of their churches; and he successively occupied this post in several cathedrals of the kingdom. Queen Margaret nominated him her preacher in ordinary; and he was in the retinue of cardinal d'Armagnac, legate at Avignon. After an absence of many years from Paris, he returned thither in 1588, with the intention, in consequence of a vow, of entering among the Carthusians in that city. The prior of the Chartreux, however, refused to admit him, as being too old to adopt their discipline; and for a similar reason, the prior of the Celestines also rejected his application. Three casuists, thereupon, pronounced him absolved from his vow, whence he resolved to remain in the character of a secular priest. He resumed his function of a preacher; and coming to Bourdeaux, he there contracted a very intimate friendship with the celebrated Michael Montagne, whose philosophical sentiments he deeply imbibed. Such was their mutual affection, that Montagne by his will gave Charron the privilege (a high one in the esteem of a Gascon) of bearing his arms; and Charron made Montagne's brother-in-law his residuary legatee. In 1594 Charron published his work, intitled "The three Truths;" a piece strictly orthodox and professional, since its purpose was to maintain, 1. that there is a God and a true religion; 2. that of all religions the christian is the only true; 3. that among christian communions, the Roman-catholic is the only true church. It accordingly obtained for him from the bishop of Cahors the dignity of grand-vicar, and a theological canonship; and in 1595 he was deputed to the general assembly of the clergy, and made secretary to that body. In 1602 he printed a volume of "Christian Dis-

courses;" and in 1601 appeared the first edition of his "Treatise on Wisdom." He went to Paris in 1603, in order to print a second edition of this work, and died there suddenly in the street. Charron was a man of unblemished character, and, as far as can be judged, sincere in the belief of the religion he professed. Yet his book on wisdom has caused him to be ranked among the most dangerous of freethinkers; and the Jesuit Garasse does not scruple to bestow upon him the most opprobrious epithets. The truth seems to be, that Charron, like many others brought up in systems of faith irreconcilable to reason, was led to consider the two principles as totally opposite to each other; and in order to bow the mind to passive submission to authority, thought it necessary to depreciate as much as possible the conclusions of mere reason. Hence he seems to insinuate, that strength of mind naturally leads to atheism; and asserts, that the immortality of the soul, though almost an universal dogma, is founded on very weak natural arguments. Another sentiment that gave much offence was, that though all religions pretend to have come from heaven by divine inspiration, yet all have been received by human hands and means. In his second edition he thought proper to make the christian religion an exception; yet, in a certain sense, the assertion is universally true. He likewise dwelt more than was thought prudent or decent on the differences that have always subsisted in christianity, and the unparalleled evils to which they have given birth; and he stated with more strength and fairness than some approved, the arguments used against revelation. On these accounts, when the second edition came to be printed, great opposition to it was made by theologians; and it was only through the interest of the president Jeannin that the impression was allowed, after some of the most obnoxious passages were softened. Many of the moral observations in this book are original and ingenious, yet the picture given of human nature and society is upon the whole gloomy. In character, however, Charron was gay and cheerful, with a smiling countenance, and ready conversation. He has met with very respectable defenders, and his liberty of philosophising has been thought creditable to himself and the age. In some places he has been too close a copyist of Montagne, whose Essays may certainly be considered as the parent of the "Treatise on Wisdom."

FESTOON OF FASHION.

The ancient and the Oriental nations all delighted in perfumes. Horace bids his attendant "sparge roses;" and Hafiz, in many an ode, calls for odours, as well as for wine and beauty. Of one of the most delightful of the Turkish perfumes a learned London barber thus speaks.

Davidson's elegant perfume, or extract of roses, is now generally used in the most fashionable circles. The genuine otto, or odour of roses, has long been admired for its exquisite fragrance; but its great scarcity and high price have prevented a more general use of that elegant perfume. Messrs. Davidson have, however, removed these difficulties, by producing an extract, exactly of the same flavour, and at a very reasonable price, which is esteemed the finest and most fashionable perfume, now in use, both for retaining its scent, and yielding the most delicious fragrance. A few drops, on artificial flowers, the handkerchief, &c. will be sufficient to use at a time.

Suwarrow boots are quite exploded at Paris. A sort of Spanish boot, similar to those, worn on the stage, appears to be "the thing and the go."

Madame Recamier, the wife of the rich banker, at Paris, whose house is the head-quarters of the

beau monde, and one of the most beautiful of women, has promised some of her friends, in London, to appear there soon, dressed in the highest Parisian style.

The London ladies of vestal reputation, are extremely unwilling to repair to Paris, they are so sorely afraid of being tainted in their reputation; by breathing the infectious air of that corrupt capital.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

We learn, with much pleasure, that the Oration of John Q. Adams, Esq. has reached, at this early period, a second edition; that it is very generally considered as far above the common character of fugitive pamphlets. This is the just reward of a writer who strives to emulate the classic authors. Let us hear no more of that plan of study, which should exclude the ancients. Mr. Adams writes with spirit, sense, and melody, because he has translated SALLUST, and meditated TACITUS.

DREAMS, FROM A PARIS PAPER.

A poet of the day dreamed that he had written an excellent comedy, and that sylphs had administered incense to him in salvers of gold. He said to himself, "I have driven Moliere from the stage." He awoke amidst the hisses of the pit.

A Parisian husband fell asleep on the pillow of Hymen. He dreamed that his wife was faithful and constant. He was awakened by an officer, who informed him that his chaste Penelope had divorced him, and that she was about to marry his valet.

A coachman fell asleep upon his coach-box, and awakened upon a chair of state. Every body congratulated him on having awakened to so much good fortune, and the coachman would not believe that he had been asleep.

A washerwoman, in the Rue St. Honore, while asleep, fell from the fourth story of a house into an English curricule, and received no injury.

A lacquey fell asleep behind a carriage, and when he awoke he was in the inside of it! Numbers have lately fallen asleep in a garret and awakened in a drawing room!

A young warrior dreamed upon the banks of the Nile that, guided by his fortune, he should traverse the ocean, covered with hostile fleets....that he should rescue a whole people from the yoke of folly and frenzy, and that with his own hand he should plant the olive of peace, which in two years should spread its shade over all Europe.....He awoke, amidst the acclamations of the Universe astonished that *this was not a dream!*

We observe that the first number of the present year of "The Gentleman's Magazine," contains the initial number of a new periodical work, called "The Projector," it is elaborately written, and tho' the themes of the essayist are singularly hackneyed, yet genius still discovers new paths, and traces them successfully.

In the Monthly Review, a journal, notoriously conducted by those, who are dissatisfied with almost every thing in church and state, we are surprized to find a candid judgment upon Mr. WINDHAM's late exertion in the British senate. How transcendent must be the talents of a statesman, who can thus extort reluctant praise from obstinate foes.

"This protest against the peace is very spirited, and perfectly in unison with the sentiments of the right honourable gentleman during the war. It appears to be correctly given; and those, who cannot yield to the despondency, which it endeavours to excite on the prospect of peace, must at least allow that it proves him to be an able orator.

We are extremely impatient to receive Mr. Gifford's new translation of *Juvenal*, of which we are promised one of the earliest copies. No poet is so well qualified to render into vigorous and elegant English, the stern severity of Juvenal's indignant verse. We are peculiarly solicitous to remark in what manner Mr. G. will render the third, the sixth, the seventh, and the tenth satires. We rejoice that to Mr. Gifford is reserved this privilege,

"In virtue's cause once more exert thy rage,
Thy satire point, and animate thy page"

A commentator, says a late critic, may be described as a dealer in obscurity, and a haberdasher of difficulties.

A late novelist, speaking of a mere household animal, says, she was "one of those useful women, who seem to be sent into the world, for the express purpose of making puddings and of producing children to eat them."

Mudge in a sermon, describing *innovation*, degenerated into *anarchy*, has compared it to a dead animal in a state of *putrefaction*, when instead of one noble creature as it was, when life held it together, there are ten thousand little, nauseous reptiles growing out of it, every one crawling in a path of its own.

Furetiere, in his dictionary, has these verses at the word *marriage*.

"Boire et manger, coucher ensemble
C'est mariage, ce me semble."

Which somebody has very well translated.

Meat drink and bed in concert taken
Is marriage, or I'm much mistaken.

In an old volume, entitled "Historical Rarities" is the following quaint epitaph on the Maid of Orleans.

Here lies Joan of Arc: the which
Some count *Saint*, and some count *Witch*;
Some count *Man*, and something more,
Some count *Maid*, and some a *Whore*.
But reader be content to stay
Thy censure till the judgment day,
Then shalt thou know, and not before
Whether *Saint*, *Witch*, *Man*, *Maid*, or *Whore*.

At the first representation of the "Gamester" the critics were much divided in their opinion, respecting the fate of Beverly. This gave rise to an Epigram.

In a coffee-house ring, where the chat ran on plays
A clergyman spoke of the *Gamester* with praise,
I could wish, says the parson, poor Beverly's life
Had been saved; for the sake of the sister and wife,
How quoth a physician; should Beverly live?
That Lewson escap'd I can hardly forgive,
With errors like these, can a scholar be bamm'd,
I speak from the Greek Sir, the play should be damn'd.

Thus each in his way was his duty fulfilling
The divine was for *saving*, the doctor for *killing*.

Oppression, says Edmund Burke, makes wise men mad; but the distemper is still the madness of the *wise*, which is better than the sobriety of fools.

The London editors, alluding to the late exertions of a celebrated statesman, declare;

It was to the effect of a speech of Mr. Windham, that we owed the vigorous measures, which brought about the conclusion of peace. His speech of Monday evening was uncommonly brilliant and acute; it reminded us of former days, when the talents of both parties used to be displayed in oppo-

sition to each other. In the present case, all that we can expect to result from it, is, that it may put the nation on its guard, and shew the world the finesse and duplicity, which the French have exercised, pending the treaty.

Mr. Burke thus contemptuously speaks of the republic of Algiers.

I know something of the constitution and composition of this very extraordinary republic. It has a constitution, I admit, similar to the present tumultuous military tyranny of France, by which an handful of obscure ruffians domineer over a fertile country, and a brave people. For the composition, too, I admit, the Algerine community resembles that of France, being formed out of the very scum, scandal, disgrace and pest of Turkish Asia. The grand seignior, to disburden the country, suffers the dey to recruit in his dominions, the corps of janissaries, or asaphs, which form the directory, and council of elders, one and indivisible.

A Bond street lounge being told that the captain Pacha had killed all the *beys*; exclaimed damn him, why did he let the *duns* escape.

In the absence of Talleyrand, his deputies twice a week, entertain the foreign ministers, with tea. Such entertainment is proper enough for those, who wish to keep Europe in hot water.

Mr. Thynne married a young lady of fourteen, when he himself was only sixteen, and immediately sat out upon his travels, leaving his bride in England. During his residence on the continent, he formed a very strong attachment to a lady of family and fortune, who lived with him as his wife; and the young lady, to whom he was actually married, attracted the attention of the celebrated count Koenigsmark, at whose instigation, as it was suspected, Mr. Thynne was shot, in his own coach, in Pall mall. Upon which occasion, the following epigrammatical epitaph was written.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

[The elegance of the enclosed piece of French poetry, no less than the singularity of its rhyme, forcibly arrested my attention on accidentally turning over the leaves of the Baron de Pollnitz's Memoirs. I could not refrain from attempting an English imitation of them...you will of course perceive it to be the rhyming of a tyro in verse.... but, if you please you may honour it with a place in the Port Folio; at least, I wish the French to appear, and it may perhaps induce some of your correspondents to offer a better English dress.]

A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN, RETIRED FROM THE WORLD, TO HIS FRIEND FROM THE 2ND VOL. P. 223 OF THE BARON OF POLLNITZ'S MEMOIRS.

Je vois regner sur ce rivage
L'innocence et la liberté.
Que d'objets dans ce paysage,
Malgré leur contrariété,
M'étonnent par leur assemblage!

Abondante frugalité,
Autorité sans esclavage,
Richesses sans libertinage,
Charges, Noblesse, sans fierté,
Determine ma volonté
Bienfaisante Divinité
Ajoutez y votre suffrage.

Disciple de l'adversité
Je viens faire dans le village

* It is firmly believed that, notwithstanding all the delightful and deceptive things, said in favour of pure democracy, so far from its diffusing equal blessings to all, it is the most summary mode, which a Cataline could employ, to depress the high, and exalt the mean; to plunder quiet opulence, and enrich restless and unprincipled poverty. It

Here lies Tom Thynne, of Long-Seat Hall,
Whose affairs would not thus have miscarried,
Had he married the woman, he lay withall,
Or lain with the woman he married

Mr. Caleb Whitefoord, was said to have in his possession a dried butterfly, for which he was offered one hundred guineas, by Sir Joseph Banks.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our elegant correspondent "O," in the Lounger, is very cordially thanked for his mellifluous translations from a Persian chieftain, and from a Jewish Prince. We pronounce the literary diffidence of our correspondents wholly without foundation. He has the abundant powers of a legitimate writer, and we intreat him to versify the other odes from the Persic, and as much as he pleases from Solomon, the Lover and the Sage.

"H. E." will oblige us, by imparting some of his sensible reflections.

From the describer of the "Bull feasts in Spain," we expect further extracts of his journal.

"ASMODEO" will oblige us by communicating in the essay form his prose effusions, that they may receive, what they justly deserve, a liberal place in the Lounger.

No indifference to "N." has occasioned the delay of his translation. We wish that he would address us frequently.

We suppose that our correspondent "M." will find, in retirement, new reasons for writing. Soft air, tranquil hours, and embowering trees are propitious to poetry. Why is HARLEY silent?

S. C. has forgotten his history of the British Cabinet.

Upon this shore how beauteous reigns
Sweet innocence with liberty!
What num'rous objects on these plains,
Spite of their contrariety
Together mingling, meet my eyes,
Exciting wonder and surprize.

Here wealth is lodg'd in frugal hands,
Laws rule, but not o'er slavish bands;
Abundance breeds not luxury,
Nor birth, nor place, contumely.
My choice is made: this favour'd spot
Be mine to enjoy, and may my lot,
By heaven's approval here be cast
And I resign'd here breathe my last.

Train'd in adversity's hard school,
I freely join the village throng

is, indeed, almost a worn out imposture, and men, in many countries, in the year 1802, wonder by what servility of abasement, by what abuse of reason, and contempt of experience, they can bear to see their families plundered, and themselves degraded, while a handful of coarse ruffians domineer over a fertile country, and a brave people.

[Note, by the Editor.]

Le volontaire apprentissage
D'une tardive obscurité:
Aussi bien de mon plus bel âge
J'aperçois l'instabilité:

J'ai déjà de compte arrêté,
Quarante fois vu le feuillage,
Par le zephyr ressuscité.
Du printemps j'ai mal profité:
J'enai regret; et de l'été
Je veux faire un meilleur usage.

J'apporte dans mon hermitage
Un coeur dès longtemps rebuté,
Du prompt et funeste esclavage,
Fruit de la folle vanité.
Païsan, sans rusticité,
Hermit sans patelinage.
Mon but est la tranquillité.
Je veux pour unique partage
La paix d'un coeur qui se dégage
Des filets de la volupté.

L'in corruptible probité,
De mes aïeux noble héritage,
A'la cour ne m'a point quitté.
Libre et franc, sans être sauvage,
Du courtisan fourbe et volage
L'exemple ne m'a point gâté.

L'infatigable activité
Reste d'un untile naufrage.
Mes études, mon jardinage,
Un repas sans art appâté.
Dûne Epouse économe et sage,
La belle humeur, le bon ménage,
Vont faire ma félicité.

C'est dans ce port, qu'ensuréte
Ma Barque ne craint point l'orage.
Qu'un autre à son tour emporté,
Au gré de sa cupidité
Sur le sein de l'humide plage,
Des vents ose affronter la rage:
Je ris de sa témérité,
Et lui souhaite un bon voyage,
Je réserve ma fermeté
Pour un plus important passage;
Et je m'approche avec courage
Des portes de l'éternité.

Je sais que la mortalité
Du genre humain est l'appanage:
Pourquoi seul serois je excepté?
La vie est un pèlerinage:
De son cours la rapidité
Loin de m'alarmer me soulage.
De sa fin quand je l'envisage
L'infallible nécessité
Ne me sauroit faire d'outrage.

Brûlez de l'or empaqueté,
Il n'en perit que l'enbaloge:
C'est tout. Un si léger dommage
Devroit il être regretté?

Nor fear to meet the dreaded rule
Of dull obscurity, for long
I've learnt to know how quickly fly
The hours of youth; how soon must die
Our proudest hopes, and each delight,
Be lost in time's unsparing night.

Now forty times the leaves I've seen
By zephyrs wav'd in fresh'ning green.
Days of my spring, ye are gone to waste!
Lamented days! since you are past,
Midst summer's heats I must repent,
And make amends for time mispent.

To my retirement I bring
A heart which long has been the prey,
And felt the sharp and biting sting
Of foolish, fatal, vanity.
A rustic....yet I'm not a clown,
A hermit....yet I've charity,
I seek not glory or renown,
My only aim....tranquillity.
I only want that peaceful mind,
Which all must prize, yet few can find,
Which all who leave the dreary maze
Of vice, will find in virtue's ways.

I owe to honest ancestry
A name unsullied with disgrace,
And midst a court's debauchery
Preserv'd the honour of my race,
Ingenuous, frank and yet polite,
The greedy courtier's wiles in vain
Spread their examples in my sight;
They rais'd my pity and disdain.

I know the faults of early youth,
And henceforth shall with industry,
Strain ev'ry nerve to dwell with truth
In peace and calm felicity:
With elegance and letter'd ease,
My garden and my little field,
My table deck'd in neatest style,
A frugal wife's enchanting smile....
What blessings will not these all yield!
Hear, Heaven! my prayer.....Oh grant me
these!

When once I've reached this happy mark,
I'll smile in fond security
Nor e'er again my little bark
Trust to the waves of vanity.
Let others, smit with thirst of gold,
Presumptuous plough the surgy sea,
And risk their all in ventures bold,
I laugh at their temerity.
I wish them well....but I reserve
My firmness for that trying hour,
When the great God I humbly serve,
Shall in his majesty and power,
Eternity's wide door unbar
And call me from this world of care.

I know that all mankind must die....
Yes....all must fall....and why not I?
Then why dismay'd at this last stage
Of our terrestrial pilgrimage?
Time's rapid course will comfort lend,
And even its necessary end,
Ev'n death in vain the soul assails,
Here breaks its power, its might here fails.

Into the fiery furnace blast
A box of gold we vainly cast....
The box alone's consum'd....the pure
And precious metal lies secure,
And unalloy'd defies the flame,
Whose raging leaves it still the same.
Then since so slight the loss in death we
meet,
Why with regret its coming should we greet?
N.

SELECTED POETRY.

TO HIM I MOST ESTEEM.

Yon little cot, so neat and white,
By woodbines half conceal'd from sight,
Where the old elm excludes the light,
Of Phœbus' noontide beam.
With wealth enough to keep us free,
From the cold gripe of poverty,
Would more than palace be to me
With him I most esteem.
Or was you lofty mansion mine,
Where art and nature, both combine.
To make it elegantly fine,
What joy in the extreme,
(Possessed of all that's rich and rare,
With boundless wealth, and free from care,)
T'would be an envied lot to share
With him I most esteem.
But whit'ned cot, nor woodbine bower,
Nor lofty dome, nor hall, nor tower;
Nor boundless wealth, possess the power,
To cheer life's languid dream.
Nor joy, nor peace could they impart,
Unless I knew the blissful art,
To win and ever hold the heart
Of him I most esteem.

FROM MOORE'S TRANSLATION OF THE
ODES OF ANACREON,

The Phrygian rock, that braves the storm,
Was once a weeping matron's form
And Progne, hapless, frantic maid,
Is now a swallow in the shade.
Oh! that a mirror's form were mine,
To sparkle with that smile divine;
And like my heart I then should be,
Reflecting thee, and only thee!
Or were I, love, the robe which flows
O'er every charm that secret glows,
In many a lucid fold to swim,
And cling and grow to every limb!
Oh! could I, as the streamlet's wave,
Thy warmly-mellowing beauties lave,
Or float as perfume on thy hair,
And breathe my soul in fragrance there!
I wish I were the zone, that lies
Warm to thy breast, and feels its sighs;
Or like those envious pearls that shew
So faintly round that neck of snow,
Yes....I would be a happy gem,
Like them to hang, to fade like them:
What more would thy Anacreon be?
Oh! any thing that touches thee.
Nay, sandals for those airy feet...
Thus to be press'd by thee were sweet!

EPIGRAM.

A Dutchman's breeches in full taste
Two opposite extremes divide
Buttons, like platters, at the waist
And studs, like peas, along the side
Each site presents in emblem true
A genuine Dutchman's constant trim
The large marks, what he'd get by you
The little what you'd get by him.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 31.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7th. 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXX.

The Persian poet Cálédása, in one of his charming compositions has the following stanza, "The intoxicated bee shines and murmurs in the fresh blown Mellica, like him who gives breath to a white conch."....A critic to whom Cálédása repeated this verse, observed that the comparison was not exact, since the bee sits on the blossom itself and does not murmur at the end of the tube, like him, who blows a conch. "I was aware of that," said the poet "and therefore, described the bee as *intoxicated*: a drunken musician would blow the shell at the wrong end." There was more than wit in this answer: It is a just rebuke; for poetry delights in general images, and is so far from being a perfect imitation, that a scrupulous exactness of descriptions and similes, by leaving nothing for the imagination to supply, never fails to diminish or destroy the pleasure of every reader, who has an imagination to be gratified.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

My love of the oriental style, and my respect for the most venerable of volumes urge me immediately to publish the following letter.

MR. SAUNTER,

In your last speculation, you have introduced to the public two elegant articles of poetry. I allude to the versification of a prose translation by Sir William Jones from the poesy of the Arabians, and to a metrical version from the Song of Solomon.

These elegant efforts of no unwilling muse would have passed with silent approbation, had not the author, unfortunately, talked some where of the wildness of Solomon's figures, and of the incomprehensible sublimity of that passage, in which the eyes of the fair-one are compared to "the fish pool of Heshbon, by the gate of Bathrabbim, and her nose to the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus."

From the pen of so ingenious a writer I was grieved to discern this common cavil, unworthy of the acumen of the Critic, and injurious to the transcendent genius of Solomon.

This sneer at the oriental metaphors is originally derived from the lively petulance of VOLTAIRE. This superficial infidel in his "Philosophical Dictionary" a work deformed not less by innumerable errors of science than by its audacity of scepticism and the effrontery of its blasphemies, has assailed the above expressions, and striven to render them both weak and obscure. With what success let us now examine.

A rhetorical mode of expressing most of the motions of the mind has prevailed from time immemorial in Asia. Among the rudest tribes of

the red men of America, we find a violence of hyperbole, and a wildness of metaphor not less memorable. Indeed, it is incident to all men of strong passions and ardent imagination to express themselves in glowing words, often snatched hastily from the vocabulary of exaggeration. The slightest analogy satisfies, and the most remote resemblance is intuitively discerned by the lynx eye of genius. Moreover, the mind of man, as an elegant scholar disciplined in all the learning of the east assures us, sinking under the magnitude of the subject, and struggling to express its emotions has recourse to metaphors and allegories, which it, sometimes, extends beyond the bounds of cool reason, and often to the brink of absurdity. Now let the Song of Solomon be emphatically scanned by the above principles, and I think this charming composition of the Hebrew prince will appear *natural and correct*, as well as beautiful.

Without contending with the orthodox theologians, respecting the mystical sense, I shall simply consider it, as an epithalamium on the nuptials of Solomon with the princess of Egypt. It is of a style vivid and amatory. The natural language of a solicitous lover to his charming mistress. It describes all the hopes and fears of a tender passion; and the enraptured poet, eager to commemorate every charm of his beloved, in his zeal to omit no encomium, perhaps, renders more than justice to his favourite.

In describing her personal graces, the lover indulges himself in all the luxury of Asiatic images, and amid this glow and medley of metaphors, we come to the celebrated similes, which first provoked the malignant smile and impotent criticism of the brilliant, but noxious Voltaire. The eyes of the Egyptian beauty are compared to the fish-pool of Heshbon, and her nose to the tower of Lebanon, which looketh toward Damascus.

I confess I can discern in these similes nothing more, than an extravagance and eccentricity of expression which may be found in all the poets: which GRAY indulged in the cold cloister of Peter Louse, no less than Solomon or Haliz under the solstitial rays in Asia. HOMER and SHAKESPEARE indulge themselves in a similar licentiousness, in the use of figures; and some of the most brilliant passages in those writers, whom the world has agreed to salute with the epithet of classical, are replete with these wild fancies. When a feature was likened to a tower, nothing more was intended than to associate an idea of its symmetry and dignity; and when the sparkling eyes of beauty were compared to a fish-pool, nothing so readily occurs, as the idea of "liquid lustre," of softness, placidness and brilliancy.

I remember once, in the course of a conversation, into which I was forced by a puny deist, a minor infidel, than whom a more contemptible caviller can scarcely be imagined, that he objected to that passage, in which Solomon exclaims "behold thou art fair my love, thou hast *dove's eyes*." It was insisted that Solomon was a fool, his song spurious, and scripture a jest, because dove's eyes being of a reddish hue could not illustrate the fine eyes of a woman. But this darkling mole of

criticism, this grub of the sacred volume could not perceive that this simile was the aptest which could be employed to express the most gracious benignity.

I confess, Mr. Saunter, though it is not a common custom of my countrymen, I continue to read the bible with an enthusiastic fondness. I hope that my heart will be always affected by its precepts, and I know that my judgment and taste according to their measure, are always satisfied with its style. My zeal to defend its beauties from the slightest touch of criticism has induced me to employ an ardency of phrase, which I hope will not offend your ingenious correspondent. I wish that he would continue his liberal, and I will add, his poetical versions; and, as he appears to possess much of the amicable docility and ingenuousness of youth, he will forgive an old man who cautions him against objecting even to the style of the wisest and brightest of mankind.

I am, sir, yours,
SENEZ.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Fanatic sects.....Shaking quakers....Anecdote of a Methodist preacher....Methodist negro society at Philadelphia.....Quaker meetings....A vain boasting quaker's liberality.....Presbyterians.....Anabaptists.....Moravians....Club of Atheists at Philadelphia.

If any inference can be drawn from cause to effect, the situation of religion among the Americans may easily be inferred from that of morals. True religion is practical morality, observed, because there exists an original moral source, or deity, and in respect of a perpetual existence after this life. It is truth, in the understanding and the mouth; goodness in the will and the actions. There is however, little of this among the Americans. But on the other hand, the universal toleration, as is well known, besides the proper christian churches now extant, such as the Protestants, in the extensive sense of the word, and the Roman-catholics, has drawn to America, all the fanatical sects extant, such as Puritans, Methodists, Moravians, Quakers, Anabaptists, Baptists, Dunkers &c. and given rise to some such there. In the state of New-York for instance, there is a sect calling itself shaking quakers. They assemble together by night, in the open field. If it be severely cold, or if it rain, or snow, so much the better. In that case they always follow in the dark their right hand, which they keep stretched out before them; for in this right hand sits the holy-ghost, and no misfortune can befall one, no error happen, so long as it is thus held before the body. Thus with the right hand stretched out before them, they go through hedges, marshes and ditches, over

mountain and valley, amidst horrible yells, constantly forward. Then they whirl themselves round upon one heel with astonishing swiftness; then dance in a round, and proceed in this manner with dreadful howling, the whole night through. All this diverts the holy ghost excessively, and is absolutely necessary for eternal salvation. In the Tennessee country, an old hag travels about with her votaries, and gives herself out for God....She makes proselytes. Whenever an old woman says she is a deliverer, and prophecies, they call it in Connecticut a new-light. Methodist preachers wander all over the country, and wherever a knot of people are assembled they are sure in a trice to have a sermon. They often practice likewise something worse than sermonizing. A methodist preacher for instance, met in the highway, in a wood, a common loose woman. He grew warm; and made proposals, which found a ready ear. He could not part with his prize; and took the wench to a tavern, where he gave her out for his wife. One bed was at the desire of the parson prepared for them both. In the night, the woman was delivered of a child; and lo! it was a mulatto!...The methodists vehemently thunder forth from the pulpit...."I see," they cry out furiously to their hearers, whose faces turn to a cherry brown at the denunciation "I see the jaws of hell already open to devour you all." In Philadelphia there is a methodist society of free negroes; who usually assemble together in the evening. Nothing is more shocking than to see by candle-light, the convulsions of so many horrible black faces, accompanied with hollow groans proceeding from their beating their breasts, and at the same time to hear the thundering fury, of a raving black priest pouring forth with the utmost rage, the words "eternal damnation, endless torments and hell." The quakers on the other hand speak through the nose, and for the greatest part absurdities, which are then laid to the account of the holy ghost. It is even maintained that most of them no longer believe in quakerism. The rich among them, make the most of this world, without troubling themselves any more about the holy ghost; but I have remarked in their meetings undeniable symptoms of remaining fanaticism. They sit hours long, in universal silence, and rock themselves to and fro with their eyes shut. You then hear all at once an internal whining with the mouth shut. One of them then rises, and prates unconnected stuff, while his eyes sparkle with a wild fire, and he throws about his hands in convulsive motions. During the discourse, the rocking to and fro is continued. But it is horrible to hear an old woman, amidst convulsive distortions squeaking nonsense through the nose. Such a creature prophesied in my presence the downfall of the minister Pitt. One of my friends was present, when a woman, rose at a quaker-meeting; and gave utterance to a few words, that bear a double and very indecent meaning in English....This was all that the holy ghost inspired into her; she sat down again; and the assembly appeared much edified.

The quakers are royalists and friends of England, while the methodists on the contrary, are so far republicans, that they pray the lord, in their churches, to destroy all kings....The moderation of the quakers, is the principal cause of their prosperity. In their houses, all is elegance. Their clothing is always of the best materials, but plain in the fashion. They are accused of being extremely self-interested in their trade....And they readily boast of their benevolence....In New-York, a quaker published in the news-papers, that he would give away lands. He found claimants in abundance, but when they came the generous donor was never at home, or if a solicitor of his bounty was admitted to him, his answer was "I am very sorry; but you come too late; I have already given all away."

The presbyterians defend especially the sovereignty of God; that is, they make of the supreme being a despot who without binding himself to his own laws, rewards and punishes whom he pleases. They exclaim from their pulpits; "children, a span long, there are, roasting in hell!" These words were really spoken. It has always been the rage among mankind, to make to themselves a god after their own likeness....Harsh manners, and hypocrisy, allayed, with a dose of selfishness which often degenerates into fraud, form their character. In New-England, severe presbyterianism is yet very common, though it pretty rapidly declines, in proportion as socinianism &c. spreads itself. But as foreigners in New-England complain very much of deceit in their dealings with the natives; as these hypocrites practise their evil arts, concealed behind a pedantic mask of religious rigour, and as fraud and theft are one and the same thing, it may in fact be said, they hold the bible in one hand, while they steal with the other. Such conduct naturally flows from their principles: for if good actions, are only splendid sins displeasing to God; if faith alone is adequate to save; if every one, let him do what he will, is inevitably predestined either to heaven or to hell, the best thing he can do is to steal. The presbyterians are besides almost as hostile to the fine arts as the quakers, those true adversaries of all taste....Both these sects, as also the methodists, cherish a true tartuffian hatred against every thing that can move or exalt the heart. Self-interest is the idol they worship, and gold in truth the sole object of their adoration. From them proceeds the absurd law, with respect to the sunday, which forbids all singing, unless it be of psalms, upon that day, but not, the commission of all sorts of vice. Even in Charleston every person who makes his appearance during church time, in the streets, is taken up, and foisted into some church. In a country of universal toleration it is very extraordinary that even the Jews are obliged to shut their shops upon Sundays.

The anabaptists wear a long beard, which is a sign of the true faith. But I cannot much celebrate their humanity; for one of them accosted me with the following christian wish...."I wish you had a mill-stone fastened round your neck, and were sunk to the bottom of the sea!"....When I asked, being quite frightened, how so!...he answered, "How so! my dear Sir! why all the Germans who now come to America ought to be sunk with a mill-stone about their necks. They deserve nothing better." He was a Pennsylvanian, born of German parents. Young, grown up anabaptist girls, many of whom are very pretty, are baptised near Philadelphia, in the Schuylkill. They undress themselves; the priest takes them before him, and throws them down backwards into the river. This happens both morning and evening, even in cold weather....I have often met them upon their return from this baptismal bath, to the city: they were always remarkably frolicsome. This custom evidently supposes orthodoxy to consist in following literally the usages of the first christians. It would be wrong to class the moravians among the fanatical sects: they have an internal and an external doctrine. The multitude, which among them is only admitted to the porch of the temple may be numbered among the fanatics; but in the holy of holies there is no fanaticism. They believe there, nothing of what they profess to believe: it is considered only as useful means to obtain the favourite objects, which are, the possession of the goods of this world, and the gratification of ambition. No sect more resembles the Jesuits. The same desire to make converts is found among them. They had really succeeded in making some Indian tribes moravians. Whether the savages gained any thing by this, I know not; but the foundation of a second Paraguay

in the centre of North-America was laid, when the borderers of Virginia and Pennsylvania most inhumanly butchered all these Indians. Since which no Indians, to my knowledge have been Moravianized. This hypocritical sect would be wonderfully dangerous, if it could once be powerful: but the spirit of our age is not favourable to it, and threatens with destruction all religious systems founded in error.

The moravians however have contributed most to the preservation of the German language in Pennsylvania. Their industry has established several manufactures. In North-Carolina they work in pottery. At Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, they brew good beer, make combs, embroider, spin, make point, artificial flowers, gloves, &c. With respect to industry, they are very good citizens.

The German Lutheran and Calvinists churches, are with respect to religion, about fifty years behind hand of Germany: Mr., a lutheran clergyman at Philadelphia declared in print, that the yellow-fever was a visitation of God, to punish the admission of a company of stage players at Philadelphia, such a godless crew, never having been before tolerated there. Mr. has too much understanding to believe this; but he knew what sort of people he had to deal with. The parishes choose for their clergymen whom they please. There are preachers in Pennsylvania, who were formerly Prussian corporals. When a man knows no other trade, he commences preacher. One Spangenberg, formerly a Prussian officer of artillery, turned preacher in Pennsylvania. After having carried on the preaching business long enough, he grew weary of it, and demanded of his flock a pension during life. The church-wardens would not consent to this, whereupon he run one of them through the body. He was for cutting down more yet, but was taken up, and sent to jail. The judges wished to save his life under the pretext that he was insane....But he wrote them that they were scoundrels, and he was resolved to die. He was hanged.

I have already observed that socinianism, arianism, deism, and atheism, are constantly gaining proselytes. Mr. Priestly enjoys the triumph whenever he comes to Philadelphia, of preaching to the most numerous congregations. In these sermons he explains to the great instruction and edification of the ladies, the theory of generation. In New-England, deism is constantly spreading, and especially among the persons in authority throughout all the states it makes numerous converts. The American deists and atheists concern themselves very little about the theory of their doctrines, to examine which they are too indolent. Their ordinary maxim in this case is "I dont care." They love these systems because they consider them as allowing a freer scope, and as furnishing a greater variety of means, to their exertions for the gratifications of their favourite passion for the goods of this earth. And as men commonly adore or set up as their God, whatever they love above all things, these people are painted in the truest colours, when we say that a round sum of dollars is the idol of their worship. Most of them love the dollars for the sake of squandering them away again. Pure avarice is seldom seen. Few give themselves out for atheists: and the deists, so called, do not wish to pass for such. There was however a small knot of atheists, who for some time met every Sunday at a tavern in Philadelphia, where they parodied the christian church service, instead of psalms, sung bawdy songs, talked blasphemy, obscenity &c. A German fool, by the name of, sub-director of the of the United States, who possessed however some mechanical genius, (for he is the inventor of a ship, to navigate a river upwards, without sails or oars,) was at the head of this virtuous society. They endeavoured to make proselytes by giving out,

that in their society all property was held in common. Most of these bedlamites, however were Frenchmen. One of them proposed to deliver lectures of atheism, at the theatre, upon the days when no play was performed. But his proposal was ridiculed, and he did not put it in execution. Conceive, a Frenchman trying to make converts to atheism by discourses in the English language! The whole atheistical fraternity, were very soon sent to jail for debt, excepting, who had some property....Many of them turned beggars; every one, then, declared all the rest to be rascals, who had never performed their promise of sharing all their property in common; and the charge was on all sides well founded.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[We perused the pamphlet entitled a "View of the Political Conduct of Aaron Burr, Esquire, Vice President of the United States."]

As citizens of the Union, we should observe with no small concern the symptoms of irreconcilable dissensions between the two highest official characters of the national government, had we reason to believe that their harmony would contribute to the general welfare, and promote the true interests of the country.

But this is not our creed....We have no faith in the infallibility either of the head of the established church, or of his vicerent....We are heretics....We are sectaries....And we hope that good rather than evil will result from the discords which have arisen in the holy church of Jacobinism.

To understand the origin and motives of the publication before us, and all the designs it is intended to promote, a more intimate knowledge of the state of parties in New-York, would be necessary, than we possess....We know, however, that for the purpose of bursting open the doors of public confidence, a coalition of the most heterogeneous materials had there taken place, and we did not expect that the concord of such men as the Clintons, the Livingstons, and the Burrs could long subsist after they had attained the object which alone had linked them together....We are not surprized to find, as by this pamphlet is ascertained, that the source of their present divisions, was in the distribution of the booty among the several door-busters of the band....It was no great question of national interest, of deep and perplexing intricacy....No important principle of internal administration or foreign negotiation, upon which honest and enlightened minds might differ, and differing might see in the magnitude of the object a justification for inflexible perseverance on either side....No question of peace or war with a powerful European nation; no altercation to destroy or to save the constitution or the union of our country, which separated these fast-bound friends....No!....It was the dissention of a doit....Whether Mr. George Clinton junior, or W. P. Van Ness should be palmed upon the citizens of New-York, as a member of assembly?...Whether Mr. Matthew L. Davis or Mr. Bailey, should turn out the federal clerks in the New-York Custom-house....Whether the twenty-four auctioneers in the city should be taken from among the tools of Mr. de Witt Clinton, or those of Mr. Burr?...We say we are not surprized at all this....The character of the party is as strongly marked in the causes of their dissolution, as it has been in the effects of their coalescence.

Who the author of this pamphlet is we know not....From its internal evidence we presume him to be a Clintonian....Mr. Burr is the great and professed object of his attack; and of course he is an assiduous courtier to the sage of Monticello....At the same time all Mr. Burr's friends come in for a share of his malignity: and something more than coolness is observable throughout the work, towards the Livingstons.

The style is below criticism....There are not three sentences of grammar together, in the whole book....The language is coarse and inelegant; with an affected intermixture of foreign phraseology, and unusual expressions....Yet as a party production it bears marks of considerable address....The writer appears to be a man conversant with the manœuvres of his party, long habituated to their intrigues, and hackened in their ways, but very ignorant, very illiterate, and very full of malice against all the world, excepting only the sage of Monticello, and the Clintons of New-York.

We are not, and never were admirers of Mr. Burr....He has long and we believe justly been viewed by the federalists as one of the most powerful men in the opposite party; but they have always considered him as a man of worse than questionable character, for the very qualities with which this pamphleteer now reproaches him....When once reduced by an unfortunate provision of the general constitution and by the perverseness of the opposite party to make an election between two great evils, part of them did indeed consider him as the least; but he never was, and never could be, the man of their choice.

We say they were driven to this election by the perverseness of the opposite party; for what milder name can the conduct of the jacobins deserve, who freely, with their eyes open, and without compulsion gave an equal number of votes to this selfish, intriguing, unprincipled, political trimmer, for the office of president of the Union, as to the sage of Monticello, the admirable man, the frank and easy inhabitant of the charming mansion.

This instance of political profligacy is so glaring and of such an odious complexion that the author of the narrative himself has anticipated the charge, and endeavoured to rescue his party from the imputation....We subjoin as a specimen of the author's style, of his address, and of his ingenuousness, the manner in which he states this serious question.

"The character faithfully drawn of Mr. Burr in the following pages, is so complex, so stript of precise and indelible marks; so mutable, capricious, versatile, unsteady, and unfixed,* one to which no determinate name can be given, and on which no reliance can be placed, that serious questions may arise from it. It appears that from his debut on political life, he has been every thing and nothing: that he has been ascending the ladder of fame and power by means on which no honest man can reflect with satisfaction, and it may be added that all this must have been known to those who raised him to his present eminence in the government; and being conscious that he was no less destitute of a determinate principle than of political consistency, it were criminal to exalt him to an height from which he might hurl destruction upon the people. This it must be admitted, has some weight; it has at least a plausible appearance."

We have said there were not three sentences of grammar together in the whole pamphlet....We request those of our readers whose proficiency in literature has extended to the study of Lowth's Introduction, to examine the sentences they have just read, by his rules, and we assure them that the whole book is written in the same manner.

But how does the narrator answer the serious question?

"I candidly confess I am one of those who were unacquainted with the true character of Mr. Burr, until his singular conduct since the election of Mr. Jefferson, induced me to examine the more early parts of it.".....

* These five epithets to express one idea, go beyond Captain Fluellen's description of Fortune. "And she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and variation, and mutabilities." V. Shakespeare Henry V.

....."It will give no offence to the majesty of truth to say, that the PEOPLE, the great mass, were like myself, strangers to the conduct of Mr. Burr. It is doubtless to this ignorance of character that he owes his elevation.—The people cannot wittingly be guilty of a *faute de se*."

The truth of this statement so far as it respects the people, may be admitted—But the candour of the confession is not so obvious. In paying perpetual and affected homage to the People, the writer follows the example and the precept of his party. In all countries where the people are the dispensers of greatness, the parasites of power cringe and fawn to them, as in monarchies they are the most servile worshipers of the reigning prince. This observation is as old as the age of Aristotle, and it will remain true so long as there shall be kings to flatter and people to delude.

But if the people, whose voice by their electors, carried Mr. Burr to a competition for the first magistracy of the union, were so utterly ignorant of his character, why does not the author of the Narrative tell the whole truth?...Why does he not explain the deceptions, the falsehoods, the impostures by which the people were induced to favour thus highly Mr. Burr?...For this plain reason....that he could not unfold these mysteries without exposing the foul intrigues of his own party; without plucking the mask from the sage of Monticello, as well from the son of president Burr; without detecting the forgery of two counterfeit patriots instead of one, and without convicting the whole jacobinic faction to which he still adheres, of knowing the counterfeits to be of the basest metal, and passing them for sterling gold.

That the author of the *View*, was ignorant himself of Mr. Burr's character, when friendly to his election as vice president, will hardly be believed by those who see how much he knows of it now.... There is but one transaction exhibited in the pamphlet, tending to fix upon Mr. Burr any charge of a deeper dye, than that of being a political intriguer, willing to be president of the United States if he could....We mean the dispute with Angerstein....This had been a matter of public notoriety for years, in New-York, for it had been a subject of suits both at law and in chancery....As the pamphleteer represents it, the transaction was on the part of Mr. Burr scandalous in the highest degree; but notorious as it was, with what colour of credibility can a New-York republican come and tell the world, that he knew nothing of it when he supported Mr. Burr....If he did not know it, his ignorance was his fault, for he had the means of information in his power, and he was bound in duty to use them....If he did know it, how dares he now hold it up as rendering Mr. Burr unfit for the confidence of the people?

There is no sort of obloquy, which the author of the *View* is not endeavouring perpetually to cast upon the federal party; yet we remark in this instance, and in many others, that his facts separated from his invidious comments, and impartially considered, not only afford justification to the federalists against his imputations but contrast the conduct of the two parties in a manner very honorable to the federal side and very disgraceful to his friends.

He states that during the contest at Washington for the choice of president, by the house of representatives, some intimation of Mr. Burr's dishonourable conduct, in this affair, reached that place.... That a partial investigation of the fact was there had; "by which party he cannot imperatively (positively) say," but in all probability by the federalists. Copies of the papers in the chancery suit between Angerstein and Burr, were sent for to New-York, and were transmitted by Thomas Smith, a clerk in the chancery there. The narrative strongly insinuates that Smith, who was a partizan of Mr. Burr, falsified the copies of the papers or garbled

their contents, so as to conceal the real state of facts.

Our author argues with painful labour to prove that this investigation was made by the federalists, and not by the opposite party: but much of his labour was unnecessary; we readily believe such to have been the fact, for it is perfectly consistent with the character of the two parties; the federalists in the dilemma to which they were reduced of voting for one of two men, alike obnoxious to them, were generally disposed to take Mr. Burr, as the least objectionable of the two: in the process of electioneering, however, surmises were raised that he had been concerned in disgraceful transactions, of a private nature, and the federalists immediately pursued the proper measures to ascertain the fact.... Not so the jacobins.... They had no doubts, which Smith's documents could chase away.... With such a fact staring them in the face, they were perfectly willing, and had strained every nerve to raise Mr. Burr to the second office in the union; and as it was not their purpose then to exalt him to the first, they were perfectly indifferent whether his conduct in the affair with Angerstein had been criminal or innocent.... In the minds of the federalists, the question is he honest? was of important consideration to fix their votes.... To the jacobins, no such odious scrutiny occurred.... The days were come when a formal and avowed departure from that inquiry was to be made.... The moral character of the man, was to them less than the dust of the balance.

Thus the author of the View, together with the rest of his party, are deprived even of their humiliating plea of *ignorance*, to excuse their support of Mr. Burr.... They cannot be admitted to stultify themselves, by way of salvo for their honesty.... That they are very wise or very well informed, we do not suspect; but that they were unacquainted with the character of Mr. Burr at the last presidential election is not true.... They knew him then as well as they know him now; and they stand responsible to the whole nation, for having employed every influence and every artifice to elevate a man, whom they then believed, and whom they now proclaim to be one of the most unprincipled and profligate men in the union.

FROM THE EVENING POST, STATE OF EUROPEAN POLITICS. FRANCE.

In reviewing the political state of Europe, France obtrudes itself first on our notice, not because it possesses any superior claim to respect, but because its revolutions have been the source of an entire new order of things in Europe; and because from its universal encroachments either by conquest, intrigue, or negotiation, the political concerns of every country in that quarter of the world are more or less affected by or interwoven with its external policy.

The history of human affairs from the beginning of the world, contains nothing to be compared to that of France for the last ten years, as a lesson in one sort of instruction.... as a scourge at once and a warning to mankind. What the wise and learned alone had collected and digested from ancient history, the populace, and the ignorant can now read while they run in those recent events. Those who admired the French revolution as a system of liberty, are now put into the most ridiculous, whimsical, and contemptible situation imaginable.... Their great high priest Bonaparte has left them all completely in the lurch. Their dogmas and favourite opinions he has trampled under foot. Revolution or innovation can no longer be very gravely pointed out as the road to liberty! Patriotism can no more be pressed into the service of democratic fraud. Demagogues will henceforward want even a plausible pretext for their delusions and at first sight be recognized for what they really

are and ever have been, *tyrants in embryo*.... The first consul has entirely torn the mask from democracy, and branded its forehead with infamy *forever*. France has bled through millions of veins, but she has not bled uselessly. Ages upon ages to come will profit by her losses, her misfortunes, and her crimes; the bloodshed of the last ten years may be considered as put out at enormous interest to save the shedding of blood hereafter.

The right of every nation to choose its government will not be denied by us. The tranquillity and even joy, that has succeeded the elevation of Bonaparte, is some proof that the present government is more palatable to the people of France than the revolutionary despotisms which preceded it. At all events it is not our business here to discuss a subject which belongs to the people of France alone, and on which they have given a decision. Every good man, however must rejoice at the emancipation of that ill-starred country from the merciless tyranny of jacobinism.... Every pious man rejoices at the restoration of christianity. We cannot help thinking that the *true believers* of Egypt have as great a right as the infidels and jacobins of Europe to complain of the treatment of Bonaparte. They have both been completely gulled. The idol of the jacobins and infidels has seated himself on the altar and the throne.... and the quondam disciple of Mahomet, "the cheeld of circumcession" (as Sir Archy McSarcasm says) has established *christianity* in France, and even taken the sacramental test.

Whatever may be the internal state of France, her external aspect is extremely formidable. Let it be remembered that in the most feeble periods of the monarchy, when her territory was confined within the limits prescribed by the old treaties, she was held to be an object of continual jealousy, apprehension, and alarm to Europe. Her advantageous local situation, the extent, even then, of her territory, the fertility of her soil, the military talents and enterprize of her people, and their restless and intriguing spirit rendering her, in her most crippled state, dangerous to the independence of Europe. At that time too she was circumscribed by stronger barriers than any that paper and wax could form. The Austrian Netherlands, Holland, Switzerland, and the immense fortresses on the confines of Germany on that side of the Rhine covered the empire, and shut out France from the ports on the North Seas, while Savoy, particularly Turin, Mantua, and the Tyrol covered Italy. Add to this, that the fleets of Spain and Holland were always at hand to be thrown into the scale for the preservation of the balance of power. Such was her state when she could be formidable to Europe: Now mark what is her state when the right of the British ministers, and the wisdom of parliament can contemplate her power not only without fear, but with complacency.

In Europe she may be truly said to possess a far greater part of the continent. The barriers against her encroachments are not only removed but transferred to her own use and behoof.... The Netherlands and the fortresses in Germany, in full *sovereignty*.... Holland, Spain, Switzerland, Mantua, Turin, and all Italy in provincial dependence.... Her influence over Denmark, Sweden and Prussia is incontestably established. Portugal is in no state to resist her mandates. Every port and post in the Mediterranean, with the exception of Gibraltar, are under her. The fleets of Spain and Holland swell the force of her navy, and the hardy seamen of the latter are added to hers; besides timber of the best kind, sufficient for an unlimited navy, on the banks of the ceded rivers of Germany, is now in her possession.

In addition to her former possessions she has got in the East, Pondicherry, Malé, Cochin, Nagapatnam, the Spice Islands, and the Cape of Good Hope; and in the West, the whole of St Domingo,

(worth all the English islands together) Martinico, St Lucie, Guadaloupe, Tobago, Curacao, St. Pierre, Miquelon, Louisiana, Surinam, Demarara, Berbice, Essequibo, Guiana, and the mouth of the River Aurazem.... All these she either has in possession or commands, because she commands the countries to which they belong.

To such an enormous power, wielded by a government which unites in itself all the wild energies of one form of government, and all the arrangement, promptitude, decision, concentration, and wisdom of another, with above a million of men trained and inured to arms, ready at a moment's call for any enterprize, we confess ourselves at a loss to find a counterpoise or resistance in any probable combination in Europe, when France shall have breathed and recruited its strength. The peace has therefore opened for her an easy passage to that perpetual object of her wishes and pursuits "UNIVERSAL EMPIRE."

The only power which can at all be looked up to by Europe as a standard at once to rally round, and a bulwark to resist the encroachments of France, is

ENGLAND.

And we confess, that secure as some statesmen in that country feel, or pretend to feel, we are at a loss to find any just grounds for their confidence. Security has often been destructive of safety, and must be the worst of enemies where it is the offspring of the will more than of reason. To the benevolent politician, who wishes to see established such a balance of power as may preserve the nations of Europe in perfect independence, the present aspect of British affairs bears nothing in it very consolatory or promising. That latent energies and unexpected powers have burst forth in nations, at the moment they have been considered as sunk forever, history produces some proofs; that they may still exist concealed in England we admit: But we will say, that they must be immense to keep pace with the enormous increase of the power of France. Let us, however, examine the subject more closely.

When the force of a nation, whether offensive or defensive, is to be considered with a view to the security it may afford her, it must be taken in a two-fold way; that is to say in its relative as well as intrinsic effect. To speak of it in mathematical terms, it is in the direct ratio of its own strength, and the inverse ratio of that of its adversary. In estimating the power of England, therefore, we must take into consideration that of France, and from a comparison of both, determine on which side the balance lies. In this way the statesmen who in the British parliament defended the peace as advantageous, would find it hard to point out any thing that England has got by the war or by the peace to put into the scale against the enormous increase of power which France has acquired by the war, and still more by the peace. We are aware of the great superiority of British troops and seamen; we recollect that during the contest with this country England fought with success against France, Spain, and Holland, and in the east against Hyder Ally, at the head of an army of half a million of soldiers. But France was then comparatively small; France then wanted "republican energies," she had a mild monarch on the throne, more fitted for peace than war: she had not a Bonaparte, either in the cabinet or the field; she was not as now, an *armed nation*. Yet with all these advantages on her side, if the contest were reduced to a mere affair of arms, England would have little reason to fly the field. As long as she can support her navy she can wage war with success, and preserve her territorial possessions and her honour; but it is in this very point of her strength she may be most deeply wounded. The peace, which has put all the ports in the Mediterranean, and in Holland, and the

Scheldt, &c. into the dominion of Bonaparte, has bestowed along with them the power of stopping the importation of British merchandize into any of those countries. The ships of England may thunder at their ports, and silence their batteries, but not a bale of goods will find its way beyond the reach of their guns. Her commerce will be gradually crippled, her manufactures decay, and the very life and principle of existence of the British navy, will be extinguished. Mr. Windham's opinion that it is through her commerce the arts of France will destroy England, will then be verified. It seems to have been a strange oversight or else a very extraordinary concession of her negotiators, to give up all former treaties, to make no provision for the usual commercial relations, and thereby to leave so much of the vital principle of English independence and security, at the mercy of France. The consequences are already before the world.... British merchandize has been pushed from the shores of France; and Holland, at her invitation no doubt, is following the example. The first consul has led the card of his choice and Holland dare not *renege* to his suit; "a patient shrug" is all that is left now to the *protéges* of France.

From the kind of peace establishment proposed in Great Britain, and the language of the ministers as a comment upon it, it should seem as if the peace would not be of long duration. Should the war break out afresh, after France has got possession of all the colonies, Malta, &c. &c. England will have the work of a very long war to recover what she has just ceded, so that France will stand on new and ten-fold advantageous ground. Candor must own that the concessions in the treaty on the part of France, are but a sorry equivalent for such immense and important sacrifices; not to mention the almost exclusive commerce of the world, which was England's the day of the signing of the preliminaries, and which she might have retained by prosecuting the war, but which are now handed over to France. On the other hand, if the peace shall be faithfully and strictly maintained, the natural course of cause and effect must cease, or England sink to the condition of a subordinate state. By negotiation, that is to say, by solicitation mixed with threats, the French government will exact from every state of Europe, commercial regulations, to restrain the trade of England and promote that of France. Manufactures will of course follow commerce, and be encouraged in the latter country, while the manufacturer himself tempted by novelty, by enterprize, by well applied encouragement, and by the cheapness of living, will migrate to France and settle there. Thus the prop of the British navy will be frittered away, and the continental powers of Europe losing the support of England, will dwindle, and at last merge in the GREAT NATION.

Meanwhile the armed truce (for a peace with a war establishment can be considered as nothing better) will exhaust England, and the danger of invasion keep her in perpetual alarm. The whole shores of the British islands from Caithness to Kerry, are continually exposed to French ships; and out of every port, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, squadrons may issue to invade England. Nominally at peace but menaced by invasion, England will undergo all the hazard, the hardships, the expenses, and the ruinous effects of war, without any of those set-offs which actual war would afford to her.

All those advantages on the part of France, will be sedulously improved by Bonaparte; exalted to an usurped throne, his personal safety will call upon him imperiously to keep the public mind engaged; to dazzle the people with conquests; to glorify their national pride with triumph over an old rival; to prove his claim to their loyalty by substantial services, and to stop the mouth of malecontents by brilliant acts of republican magnificence

and enlightened benevolent institutions....Already he professes his intention to augment his marine....already he discloses his views to commerce....already he talks of a navigation act for France; and he will, no doubt, strain his mind, capacious of such things, to the accomplishment of the ruin of England, in order to put his adversaries in France to silence. Even the peace itself, on which such reliance is had, may, perhaps, soon turn out (to use the words of a great statesman in England) "to be only a piece of legerdemain to get possession of Malta; to establish France in her new colonies; to re-enter Egypt; to receive back thirty thousand seamen, (prisoners of war in England;) and to put the chief consul in a situation to recommence the war with new and decisive advantages."

MISCELLANY. CHARACTERS.

A SAILOR

Is a pitched piece of reason caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled; a fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing out of sight; as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying: Time and he are every where: ever contending who shall arrive first: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and outruns darkness: his life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed; and if he lives till three coats, is a master: he sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as they rather appear his playfellows, than stirrers of his zeal. Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither, for his hold neither fears nor hopes; his sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he awakes, it is but next stage to dying; his wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the north, and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide overflow it. In a storm it is disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements', and which will first leave scolding? on which side of the ship he may be saved best: whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven! His keel is the emblem of his conscience: till it be split he never repents....then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations: his body and his ship are both one burden: nor is it known who stows most wine or rolls most, only the ship is guided....he has no stern; a barnacle and he are bred together both of one nature, and, it is feared one reason: upon any but a wooden horse he cannot ride, and if the wind blows against him he dare not: he swarms up to his seat as to a sail-yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flag staff; if ever he be broken to the saddle, it is but a voyage still; for he mistakes the bridal for a bowling, and is ever turning his horse-tail; he can pray but it is by rote, not faith, and when he would he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quicksand pluck him before he is ripe, else he is gathered to his friends at Wapping.

A SOLDIER

Is the husbandman of valour; his sword is his plough, which honour and aqua vitæ, two fiery nettled jades, are ever drawing. A younger brother best becomes arms, an elder the thanks for them; every heat makes him a harvest, and discontents abroad are his sowers; he is actively his prince's, but passively his passion's servant: he is often a desirer of learning, which once arrived at proves his strongest armour: he is a lover at all points, and a true defender of the faith of women. More wealth than makes him seem a handsome foe, lightly he covets not....less is below him; he

never truly wants but in much having, for then his ease and affluence afflict him. The word peace, though in prayer, makes him start, and God he best considers by his power; hunger and cold rank in the same file with him, and hold him to a man; his honour else, and the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the sons of ANACK; his religion is commonly as his cause is, doubtful, and that the best devotion keeps best quarter: he seldom sees gray hairs, some none at all; for where the sword fails, there the flesh gives fire: in charity he goes beyond the clergy, for he loves his greatest enemy best, much drinking. He seems a full student, for he is a great desirer of controversies; he argues sharply, and carries his conclusion in his scabbard. In the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel*, his ally (for else you cannot work him perfectly) continual duties, heavy and weary marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases: no time to argue but to execute. Line him with these, and link him to his squadrons, and he appears a rich chain for princes.

EFFECTS OF THE ATMOSPHERE

UPON

THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

BY WILLIAM BECKFORD, ESQ.

It is generally allowed that the state of the atmosphere has a very sensible effect upon the human mind; and to this natural barometer is, in a great measure, owing, the rise or depression of the animal spirits. That climate has an influence upon the intellectual, as well as upon the corporeal powers, we are led by observation, and taught by experience, to believe; and this *datum* cannot fail to be corroborated by those whose curiosity or pursuits have induced them to visit, or to reside in, the different latitudes of our terraqueous globe.

That the rigours of frost and snow benumb, and that the warmth of the sun invigorates, the ideas of those who are born and educated under a more genial sky, the productions of the human intellect, in the different walks of philosophy, of science, and the arts, will bear an incontrovertible as an honorable record: but, as the investigation of this subject would lead to a disquisition, too general and minute, I shall content myself with such observations, as more immediately interest our personal feelings.

If our sensations are to undergo a change, in conformity to the variations of the weather, in a climate like this, in which the sun-shine and the gloom are so successive and inconstant, how irregular must be our elemental enjoyments, and how very precarious their duration? The seasons do not gain upon us with any regular recurrence; and when we look for the month, that should bring us back the promise of fruits and flowers....instead of refreshing dews and salutary rains, we are disappointed by the unexpected continuance of winds and frost. The winter makes an inroad upon the autumn, and not only tyrannizes over, but annihilates the spring; and when we should expect the breezes of the west, and the temperate zephyrs of the south, the biting east continues to blow, to delay the verdure of the advancing year, and to triumph over the hopes of industry and vegetation.

The spirits of some men are entirely graduated by the appearance of the day; a cheerful morning will make them buoyant, a passing cloud rebate their happiness, and a settled gloom involve them in despair. Unconscious of the romantic perceptions of lightning and of thunder, of tempest and of rain; unaroused by the beauties of horror† which

* An old word for enamel.

† *Les belles horreurs*, a favourite expression of the French

bespeak the magnificence of nature, and the attributes of the Deity; they know not those enjoyments, that proceed from melancholy, and are hence deprived of the highest rapture that can be sustained by rational and enlightened minds.

I have known those, whose whole nervous system has been, as it were, untuned by the prognostications of rain, when the gathering clouds appeared to throw a darkness over the understanding, and the whole frame to vibrate at the sounding of the deluge.

Of what rational pleasures, of what rural delights, and of what sublimity of observation must be those individuals deprived, who, unmindful of the opportunities, which, in all seasons of the year, recur, to enable him to ascertain the causes, and to trace the effects, of the varieties of nature, are only anxious to pass these moments of inquiry; and, absorbed in the vacancy of their ideas, detract from that enthusiasm, which was a physical instinct, or is become a habit, in others.

If we read, with complacency, in the harmony of our poets, the fascinating descriptions of a simple and a rural life, every minute of the day, every occupation of the hour, every transition of light and shadow, that irradiates or overcasts the pastoral scene, has, by turns, its different effect, and speaks a language, which, one would suppose, to be common to all; and if they please by *reflection*, how enchanting must be the *reality* of their objects?

How often have I observed, under the leafy protection of an oak, the sudden tempest burst around me: how often seen the playful lightning dart among the trees and illuminate with lambent rays the deep recesses of the forest? How often have I listened, with an emotion, arising from the awfulness of repercussion, to the heavy peals, that rumbled over head, and followed, with attentive ear, the hollow cadence, until it became fainter by degrees, and at length died away amidst the hills? How often have I traced the torrents, impetuous in their course, and, undermining the sapling and the shrubs, impel them through the valley, or leave them, in gathered masses, to impede the passage of the road? How often have I attended, with a speechless delight, to the rain-drops, pattering upon the thatch, depending from the eaves, or distilling from the flower?

I cannot easily forget my walks, so frequently interrupted by the coming of the deluge, when exposed upon the heath, and at a distance from protection; nor when sheltered, have I ceased to observe the fretting of the storm, the nutations of the trees, and the drivings of the blast. I have seen the drops disturb the dimples of the lake, or exciting bubbles in the stream, while the moor-hen and the coot have dived amidst the tides, or wantonly disported amidst the sedges and the reeds.

By some men these observations may be considered as idle and useless; as an unnecessary waste of that time, intended for more sedentary and profitable employments; but how futile would be the pursuits of the closet, did not the philosopher enrich his mind with external objects, and cull from the general laboratory of nature, that multiplicity of resources, which refines his moral intellect, at the same time, that it improves his general and experimental inquiry.

If we admire the instinct of the bee, and observe the economy and the wonderful regularity of the political hive, we cannot help being surprised at their incessant labour and perseverance, and, while we dwell with delight upon their domestic cares and occupations, we still know that they are the natural consequences of external selection, and proceeding from the bounties of that general Provider, who has so kindly afforded the materials upon which they work. When these ingenious, as industrious, artificers are obliged, by wind and showers, to refrain from their aerial excursions,

yet has their provident foresight directed the means of local employment. Equally sedulous at home, as inquisitive upon the wing, they form an epitome of what should be the practice and imitation of the governments of men, and exhibit a striking example of patience, frugality and order, when opposed to the ruinous contrast of inactivity, dissipation and tumult. It is, however, melancholy to think that their little endeavours are consumed for the profits of the ungrateful; and that they are not only plundered, but sacrificed at the shrine of the voluptuous and unreflecting.

If manual labour is to be suspended by elemental impressions, what would become of those innumerable tribes of population, who are dependent, for the supply of their necessities, upon their laborious and unceasing operations? The languor, resulting from heat, and the rigour proceeding from cold, may certainly incapacitate some particular constitutions from strong and active exertions: but then, are there not many of our artificial wants, that are only supplied by the hands of debility and indolence? And of this latter description, are almost all those luxuries, which are derived from the East.

I cannot envy the feelings, nor adopt the philosophy, of that man, who can only be said to exist, under the impressions of a serene and a cloudless sky; who can only contemplate Nature, under her most graceful appearances, and think her only a subject of observation and delight, when all her beauties are irradiated by the sun-beam, and all her landscapes are made perceptible by a profusion of light. Such transcendent brilliancy would rather appear to me to satiate, than excite enjoyment, as the most refined sweets are more apt to cloy, than provoke the appetite. Besides, the pleasures they afford, are merely ebullitions, and, like the finer wines, evaporate before we can determine upon their flavour, or their spirit. If a sudden cloud shall intervene, to obscure the prospect, fruition is converted into regret, at least, if not into spleen, and the mind becomes gloomy in proportion to the splendours, that are now withdrawn.

After having long sustained an intemperate and intermitting drought, with what anxiety do we behold the gathering cloud, and how much are our languid perceptions relieved by the coolness of the shower? With what delight do we attend to the descent of the rain, made vocal, as it falls by domestic projections, compressed into lakes, or gathered into torrents, by the artificial confinement of cisterns and of troughs? The very gloom seems to throw a reflective complacency, if not a pleasing melancholy across the soul; and, when contemplated through this medium, how little to be dreaded, even amidst their frowns, are the concussions of the opposing elements?

To me, a lowering morning, or a stormy day, affords a species of gratification, I know not how to express. My mind seems imperceptibly to accommodate itself to the appearance of the atmosphere; and, without being depressed, my spirits enjoy a calm....a serenity of action, if I may so express it, which light and sun-shine cannot bestow. No extraordinary darkness overshadows my mind, in consequence of the menace of the surrounding atmosphere; and, accustomed to hurricanes and elementary destruction, I feel not appalled at the rapidity of the lightning, the roarings of the thunder, or the terrors of the tempest.

If the storm shall rage without, yet, if peace shall inhabit within, how little cause have we to deprecate its impression? The perceptions, as the eye through a mirror, may contemplate these external scenes, that vary with the seasons, may bring all nature into one intellectual focus, and select such prospects and situations, as may best answer her purposes and enjoyments, and, being able to discriminate between the imaginary wretched, and those poor objects of creation, who are really and

undeservedly so, may pass by the fictions of the one, and relieve the necessities of the other.

RECLUSE.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

Looking over a well conducted miscellany, published some time since, abroad, I found a pretty imitation of WALLER's delightful address to his mistresses, under the names of Amoret and Sacharissa. Of classical poems, imitations and parodies are sufficiently numerous, and often deplorably defective. Every stripling in love, who, of course, turns poet, and weaves a few rhymes, calls them an imitation of SWENSTONE, especially if he can introduce the pastoral vocabulary, sheep, crook and fountain. The Imitation, introduced in this evening's speculation, was written by an eminent person, lately deceased. It was composed we hear upwards of fifty years ago, and has not, till lately, been published. We cannot refrain from stopping an instant, to admire the inimitable delicacy, grace and address of the original. WALLER has been justly surnamed the *Courtly*.

TO AMORET.

Fair, that you may truly know
What you unto Thyrsis owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sacharissa love, and you.

Joy salutes me, when I set
My blest eyes on Amoret:
But with wonder I am struck,
When I on the other look.
If sweet Amoret complains,
I have sense of all her pains;
But, for Sacharissa I
Do not only grieve, but die.

All that of myself is mine,
Lovely Amoret, is thine;
Sacharissa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,
And, those scorching beams to shun,
To thy gentle shadow run.

If the soul had free election,
To dispose of her affection,
I would not thus long have borne
Haughty Sacharissa's scorn.
But 'tis sure, some power above,
Which controuls our wills in love,
If not love, a strong desire,
To create, and spread that fire
In my breast, solicits me,
Beauteous Amoret, for thee.

'Tis amazement, more than love,
Which *her radiant eyes* do move;
If less splendour wait on *thine*,
Yet they so *benignly* shine,
I would turn my dazled sight,
To behold their *milder* light.
But as hard 'tis to destroy
That high flame, as to enjoy;
Which how easily I may do,
Heaven, as easily seal'd, does know
Amoret's as sweet, and good,
As the most *delicious food*,
Which, but *tasted*, does impart
Life and gladness to the heart.

Sacharissa's beauty's wine,
Which to *madness* doth incline;
Such a liquor, as no brain,
That is mortal, can sustain.

Scarce can I to heaven excuse
The devotion, which I use
Unto that adored dame,
For 'tis not unlike the same,
Which I thither ought to send;
So that, if it could take end,
'T would to heaven itself be due,
To succeed her, and not you;
Who already have of me
All, that's not idolatry,
Which, though not so fierce a flame,
Is longer like to be the same.

Then smile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is shorter liv'd than Love.

IMITATION.

TO DR. DENNIS.

Jolly Dennis, wouldst thou know
Who's the lass, that wounds me so?
Wouldst thou have me tell thee true?
Dennis, I'm in love with two—
Julia fair, Belinda coy,
All my amorous hours employ.
Julia, more than mortal fair,
Like Diana doth appear,
When, amid the sacred groves,
With the virgin choir, she roves,
Graceful and majestic,
Thus she overtops them all;
Nor her dart more fatal flies,
Than the wounds from Julia's eyes.

Not with charms, so fiercely bright,
Soft Belinda cheers the sight,
Yet, with no less force, impart
Pleasing raptures to the heart.

Julia's charms are like mid day,
Scorch'd by Titan's fiercest ray,
Whose immoderate heat does harm,
Whilst it only means to warm.

But Belinda's beauties, like
Evening mild, our senses strike;
Yet no less they surely move
The beholders' hearts with love.
'Tis not every blooming grace,
That adorns her lovely face,
Nor the nameless beauties, seen
In her amiable mien;
But the charms, which she displays
In whatever she does and says,
And that sweet, engaging air,
So peculiar to the fair,
That, without my knowledge, have
Made me more than half her slave.

Julia, amorous, blithe, and gay,
Sports the dancing hours away,
Mirth and jollity attend,
Whereso'er her steps may bend,
Whilst the lightnings of her eyes
Make a thousand hearts her prize,
Yet on me alone dispense
Their benignant influence,
Yes, tho' mighty be the boast
Charming Julia loves me most,
Most of all the rival swains
That possess the fertile plains.

But, tho' gentle, as the pair
Of immortal Doves, that bear
Cytherea, when she flies
In her car adown the skies;
See Belinda, beautiful maid,
Of her tender heart afraid,
Round her, sacred person keep
Guards alas! that never sleep;
Lo, Discretion seated there,
Cold her looks, and grave her air,
And, with downcast looks stands by
Ever blushing modesty,
Who, with countenance severe,
Feed my Love and my Despair.

As beneath some fragrant shade
My faint limbs supinely laid,
While Sol's beams intensely beat
I secure me from its heat,
And each aromatic bough
Sheds its sweets on me below,
So methinks with Julia blest
On her bosom I could rest.
But time flies with envious haste,
Halcyon days wont always last;
When the spring of life is o'er,
Sickly Autumn tries its power,
Then, what boots the leafless shade?
Soon its verdant honours fade,
And its store of odorous sweets
Now no more my senses greets,
But loud storms and rains instead
Beat on my defenceless head.

But Belinda I compare
To a mansion large and fair,
Under whose commodious roof
All corroding cares aloof,
Blest with happiness and peace
I could lead a life of ease,

And despise, in plenty bold,
Summer's heat and Winter's cold.

N.

Dr. JOHNSON, in his life of Cowley, tells us that a *Coal mine* has not often had its Poet, and yet in the stanzas by Cleaveland on so humble a topic, we discover a pleasing fabric of poetry raised. Of the lowly *bramble* a despised plant, Mr. GILPIN thus elegantly draws the picture.

Of all underwood, I know but one plant that is disagreeable, and that is the bramble. We sometimes see it with effect, crawling along the fragments of a rock, or running among the rubbish of a ruin; though even then, it is a coarse appendage. But as a *pendent plant* it has no beauty. It does not hang carelessly, twisting round every support, like the hop, and others of the creeping tribe, but forms one stiff, unpliant curve. Nor has it any foliage to recommend it. In other pendent plants, the leaf is generally luxuriant, and hangs loosely in rich festoons; but in the suckers of a bramble the leaf is harsh, shrivelled, and discoloured. In short, it is a plant, which one should almost wish to have totally exterminated from landscape. It has neither beauty in itself, nor harmonizes with any thing around it; and may be characterised, as the most insignificant of all vegetable reptiles.

The name of Little, prefixed to the volume of Poems, whence the following are extracted is a fiction. The real name is Thomas Moore, Esq. of the Middle Temple, whose splendid and perfect translation of Anacreon is at present a reigning topic in the learned circles. He has been charged with copying too closely the voluptuous stile of OVID and CATULLUS, but,

The following stanzas prove that the author can be moral, tender and impressive.

Oh woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honour's track
Tis mercy only can beguile
By gentle ways the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears may yet decay
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in showers away.

Go go... be innocent, and live....
The tongues of men may wound thee sore,
But heaven in pity can forgive
And bids thee go and sin no more.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

It is well known that in Egypt, India, and the hotter parts of America, that abound with poisonous serpents, there are certain individuals, who possess the power of entirely disarming these formidable animals, and are able to handle them with perfect impunity, at the very time that any other person, approaching them incautiously, would be fatally convinced of their ability to destroy. This happy exemption is attributed by the people themselves to the preservative effects of certain vegetables, the knowledge of which has hitherto been carefully concealed. Many of the European philosophers have, however, treated the affair as a mere juggle. This state of uncertainty is now, happily for humanity and science, relieved by the most important communication from Don Pedro D'Orbieres Y Vangas, through the medium of Count Rumford, which, if entirely to be depended upon, will entitle the communicator to high rank among the benefactors of mankind. Don Pedro is a native of Santa-Fe, and, in the year 1788, being at Margarita, he met with a slave who possessed the power of charming the most venomous of the American serpents; after the negro had exhibited his skill, he was induced by a reward to promise to discover his secret. The next morning he returned with the leaves of a plant called *vejugo du guaco*, and having bruised them in

the presence of Don Pedro, gave him two large spoonfuls to drink...then making three incisions between the fingers of each hand, he inoculated the Spaniard's with the same juice, and performed a similar operation on each foot, and on each side of the breast, after which he informed him that he was no longer accessible to the poison of serpents. Don Pedro then, after making the negro answerable for any ill consequences, took into his hands, several times, one of the serpents that had been brought by the slave the day before, without receiving the smallest injury from the animal. Encouraged by the first attempt, two domestics, being in like manner prepared by the guaco juice, went into the fields, and soon returned with another kind of serpent equally venomous with the former, without sustaining any hurt; another person, being similarly prepared, and afterwards bitten by a poisonous serpent, received no further injury than a slight local inflammation. Since this period, Don Pedro has repeatedly caught serpents with his own hands with absolute impunity, employing no farther preparation than merely drinking a little of the guaco juice. The plant, whose effects are thus attested, has not yet been admitted into any botanical system, but it is amply described in a memoir by the Spanish gentleman already mentioned, inserted in a weekly paper published at Santa-Fe. It is not of the compound-flowered or syngenesious class. The stamina are five in number, united by their anthers into a cylinder, through which rises the pistil with a deeply divided summit. The corolla is monopetalous, infundibuliform, with five indentations, and of a yellow colour; each oalix contains four florets, and several of these grow together, forming a corymbus: the seeds are broad and featured; the root is fibrous, perennial; the stem straight, cylindrical when young, but when old becomes pentagonal; leaves are heart shaped, opposite, of a dark green mixed with violet, velvety on the upper surface. It grows by the sides of rivulets and in shady places, in the viceroyalty of Santa-Fe.

Sir Frederic Morton Eden, Bart. in a late pamphlet, elegantly and temperately written, thus speaks of the London Porcupine. "I, with pleasure, profess myself a friend to the Porcupine and its principles; and I write with no view to disparage, or bring into disesteem, your exertions in the public cause; but, in that spirit of independency which you have so laudably laboured to raise and cherish in us, I cannot help thinking you have carried, or are in danger of carrying, your dislike of the peace too far; and that, in your anxiety to keep down the exultations and insolence of jacobinism, you run no ordinary risk of exciting a no less dangerous spirit, that of despondency. I am not insensible of your merits in other respects; were this the proper place, I should most willingly compliment you on them, and particularly on the altered and improved language of your paper, in which you have, in good time, substituted British and monarchical urbanity, for American and republican coarseness and vulgarity."

A patent has been granted to Mr. Pott, of Belford, Northumberland, for an artificial leg, which is made of light materials, and has great resemblance to the bony and fleshy parts of the natural leg. By this, the wearer is enabled, to avoid those semi-circular motions, which most artificial legs require: all its motions are perfectly at his command; he has the power of turning inward and outward, and can imitate almost every motion that can be performed by the natural leg. The wearer of Mr. Pott's artificial leg, can, with the utmost ease, sit, kneel, rise, pull on and off, a boot, and even walk several miles, without incurring great fatigue.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PARTERRE.

[Charles Cotton has attained high reputation for his 'Travestie of Virgil'; a work inspired by all the powers of laughter and burlesque. The following witty perversion of Homer's sublimity was the ludicrous effusion of a poetical physician, whose premature death forbade him to protract life, by his science, or to gladden it by his humour.]

Parody of that noted passage in Pope's Homer, beginning with

"AURORA NOW, FAIR DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN."

Aurora now began to rise,
And light her flambeau round the skies.
When Jove arose from lousy bed,
And yawn'd, and stretch'd, and scratch'd his head.
His sleepy followers next he call'd,
To them assembled thus he bawl'd:
"Ye half-dress'd lazy dogs! give ear!
And what I say, with patience hear:
If one of you, or man, or boy,
Assist the Greeks, or succour Troy,
Nay, if he only will to do it,
I swear I'll make the rascal rue it:
His martial vigour I shall cool,
And send him homeward like a fool:
Nay, he may think me wond'rous civil,
If I dont hurl him to the devil:
There, held by lock, and bolt, and fetter,
'Till the presumptuous dog grows better;
And plung'd as far beneath hell's centre,
As that from us, to speak at venture.
Let him, who thinks this vain parade
Stand out....I'll thwack the doughty blade.
And, if ye dare to claim controul,
I'll baste the ribs of every soul,
Come on, for form's sake let us try,
Whether be stronger....ye, or I.
Here....see my leg? clap on a chain,
And lug and pull with might and main,
Haul till you're tired, I'll never stir,
Nought can remove the thunderer.
But when I lift my brawny fist,
I knock ye all just where I list.
I take the chain, from off my leg,
And fix it on yon wooden peg.
To 'to'ther end I hang the earth,
And mock your pride with hearty mirth,
'Tis thus I rule such brainless clods,
Nor care a groat for men or Gods!"

He ceas'd, the fools were sadly scar'd,
And not a single whoreson dar'd,
To contradict or make reply;
While Jove with laughing shook the sky.
But, when his godship ceas'd his laughter,
Pallas, his dearest baseborn daughter,
Came driving in, all wet with tears,
Her flaming locks about her ears,
With one shoe on, and one bare foot,
And but one ragged petticoat,
And sniv'ling cry'd...."well....well....we'll yield
To leave the Grecians on the field,
And, when the rogues are maul'd and die,
Let us with due devotion cry,
For, faith, they'll fall in shoals, like mice,
Unless you let us give advice."
At this the surly god relented,
And of his purpose half repented;
Flew to the slut with eager pace,
And warmly kiss'd her dirty face,
Call'd her his dearest baseborn honey;
Then bade his lackey saddle poney;
In haste the lad his signal took,
While all heavens craggy timber's shook,
And instantly with wond'rous speed,
Produc'd a rawbon'd founder'd steed.
Unshod, uncomb'd, with rotten rein,
Coarse shaggy sides, and tangled main.

Jove mounted with his spur and boot,
And in his stirrup stuck his foot.
The nag put on in haste to fly,
And cut his capers round the sky.
Pluto, as usual ev'ry sunday,
Had just set down to taste his 'gundy,
When, hearing some unusual clatter,
He rose, and overset the platter.
But, being hind'ed in retreat,
The gushing porridge scal'd his feet.
He roar'd....a thousand devils stept in,
And strove amain to keep out Neptune,
For Pluto fear'd, lest in the fright,
His dark designs would come to light;
And Jove would see in luckless hour,
How far he stretch'd his lawless pow'r.

Such are the troubles, such the cares,
When Gods neglect their own affairs,
And, meddling in our mortal matters,
Tear all the world to rags and tatters.

[I have just read Mr. Mulligan's account of our club in your paper, and I must tell you, that I don't think it at all right for Mr. Mulligan to have given any hint about my being put in the watch-house; for he knows very well, so he does, that I could tell of a worse place he has been in, and for a longer time too: not that I care much about such reports, for I am pretty well used to them, but that I think he might have asked my leave first, and not try to get off, as he does now, by saying, that nobody knew it was me he meant, since he did not mention my name.

As I think I may as well be in print as Mr. Mulligan (for I look upon myself to be as good a man as he by night or by day), I take the liberty of writing you this bit of a letter; and since I don't know what more to say, I'll just send you our club-song, which was written by Mr. Fagan, who is a great dab at those things, and has made a great many more.

I know that this was written by Mr. Fagan, though Teddy Conner says, they can't make any songs in America, and that all they do make, were first made in Ireland.

So no more at present from

Yours, &c.

RICHARD NOGGLE.]

DEMOCRATICO—REPUBLICAN SONG.

Come hither my lads, push the whiskey about,
As you're true, let it circulate quicker;
For when we are drunk, and our courage is stout,
Thus we'll chorus, inspir'd by our liquor:

Let anarchy rule! let confusion increase!
And extending to each distant region,
May the horrors of war scare the goddess of peace!
And a downfall to law and religion!

Like the viper, of which in the fable we read,
That was hurt by the file it had bitten,
When our country we'd stab, ourselves only bleed;
On that cask was the *excise-law* written.

Let anarchy rule! &c.

And scarce had our scuffle 'bout that been subdued,
When our rulers, to tighten our tether,
Decreed it *sedition* to swear by their G....
That we thought them all rascals together!

Let anarchy rule! &c.

When hither, escap'd from both gallows and goal,
Of the democrats myriads were flocking,
Lest when they arriv'd they'd at government rail,
If *shut fast the doors 'gainst them....how shocking!*

Let anarchy rule! &c.

Since we've had our hands on the reins of the state,
In spite of all federal reproaches,
Poor virtue displac'd, we've turn'd out at the gate,
And all vices have rode in their coaches.

Let anarchy rule! &c.

Poor 'Virtue (that thing which the preachers oft praise)

While they get most power who most knave it,
We're sure in *our* presence will ne'er shew its face;
So....let Adams and federalists have it!

Let anarchy rule! let confusion increase!

And extending to each distant region,
May the horrors of war scare the goddess of peace!

And a downfall to law and religion!

SELECTED POETRY.

[The authority of COLERIDGE will be respected as a poet. He has observed that the following song, simple, deeply pathetic and even sublime, may, without exaggerated praise, be pronounced the most exquisite performance in our language. It was written by Mr. LOGAN, a Scotch divine and historian. As its popularity is by no means equal to its merits, we reprint it, confident that to be admired universally, it needs only be known.]

SONG.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream!
When first on them I met my lover:
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream!
When now thy waves his body cover!
Forever now, O Yarrow stream!
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow!

He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring....
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow!
Now he is wedded to his grave....
Alas! his watery grave in Yarrow.

Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I us freely told him!
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost!
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow....
Thrice did the water-wraith * ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow!

His mother from the window look'd
With all the longings of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother.
They sought him East, they sought him West,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!

No longer from the window look,
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid!
Alas! thou hast no more a brother.
No longer seek him East or West,
And search no more the forest thorough;
For wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow!

* The Water-fiend: sometimes called the Kelpie.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 32.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 14th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

No. XXXI.

Logos ridiculos vendo. PLUATUS.

A couple of wags, at Cambridge University, having, as it seems, escaped from what JUNIUS has called "the learned dulness of declamation, in the following airy frolic of genius, exhibit a sort of shop-bill of their wares. The idea is not novel, but I think my facetious correspondents have followed it up, always with levity, and sometimes with wit.

TRISTRAM DACTYL & IGNATIUS COMMA,

FORMERLY JOURNEYMEN IN THE SHOP OF VERBAL

AND TROCHEE,

GIVE NOTICE

That they have commenced business, under the firm of Dactyl & Comma, and have opened a warehouse of wit, at No. 2, Poet's Corner, Cambridge, where, beside the usual assortment of Epigrams, Anagrams, and other Grams, they have for sale Puns and Witticisms, with, or without points; Odes of all measures from one to fifty-nine syllables. One ditto double twisted, strong enough to lift up the voice on the fourth of July. One to Jefferson and Liberty, a little faded and will be sold a great pennyworth. One to a Swine, in the manner of Robert Southey. One to a Sheep, sacrilegiously slaughtered by the arm of Aristocracy, written in the most approved bleating style by Charles Lamb, Esq. One to a dead Negro, choaked in a rice swamp, by one of the President's house-maids; and one to a Cuckoo, composed on the fourth of March.

They likewise import, or make tools, for shaping all kinds of prose and verse into any form. Hammers to beat out an idea, and rasps to file away the asperities of any composition.

Also, a pair of Poetical Jackboots, with spurs complete, which will suit any calf whatever. N. B. The tops of the aforesaid boots are slightly defaced, by pressing the sides of an unruly Pegasus. A Della Cruscan Mantle made by Anna Matilda entirely of cast off epithets, lined with "the moon's translucent rays" and the pockets well stuffed with "withering anguish" and "treasured tears." A Patent Play-mill, carried by Steam: it boulds tragedy, comedy, or farce, from one to eleven acts; prologues and epilogues ground gratis. A two foot Rule to measure poetry, with notches for Hexameter, Alexandrine, or any other metre.

Moulds for Tales and Ballads, after the manner of M. G. Lewis, and high Poetical Thrones for Vegetable Kings, "Quadruped Kings," "Birdings," and Insect Kings, not forgetting "the Oyster King".... Ghosts, goblins, apparitions, spirits, robbers, banditti, assassins and other amusing personages may be had at the shortest warning. Speaking trumpets to wake spirits from "the vasty deep." Ready made caverns and dungeons, replete with horror.

Hooks and eyes for coupling marvellous marriages arising from a concatenation of curious names. Example, married at Stillwater, Mr. Bass to Miss Bait, a witty correspondent observes, &c. A portable loom for weaving paragraphs, addresses to readers and correspondents, &c. recommended to all editors of newspapers.

Whetstones for sharpening the edge of dull jests. Razors for satyrists. Lancets for lampooners, and sheet lead for the Aurora.

Poetical spirit from first to sixth proof.

Wooden steel-traps to catch Irish bulls. Crutches for lame poets, journeying to Parnassus. Toasts for infuriated man, recovering his long lost liberty; and harangues for militia officers gratis. Sattin speeches of the most transparent texture, and letters of compliment and condolence for the use of the post-master general.

N. B. At the above warehouse Mr. Gallatin may be always supplied with the purest English and arithmetical calculations of any length or complexity. Swords and spears for the secretary at war.

N. B. Both a little rusty and blunted.

Town meeting speeches, either loud or murmuring. Long winded farmers for the service of the attorney general. Everlasting essays for the National Intelligencer. A felt hat to cover the baldness of the New-York "Citizen," and hemp for the lengthy rope-walk of "old South." All federalists, and all republicans, all Genevans and all Algerines are cordially invited to the above warehouse. Men of any "sect" may be sure of the most marked attention from their humble servants,

DACTYL & COMMA.

N. B. They constantly supply orations, with "feelings, manners, and principles;" they draft descriptions of duels in the most vivid style, with or without red ink. They compose challenges in a style of the most polished politeness, and they have a curious shew glass to set off seconds to the best advantage.

To pursue their own allusion, I fear my volatile correspondents will not keep open shop till they have realized a competency. Dr. Radcliffe once said to a merry mason, "here is money, you dog, you are a wit, therefore you must be poor." However, I hope they may not prove bankrupt, and, whenever I am in want of their wares, I shall certainly saunter into such a shop.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXII.

Drunkenness very common at the southward....Yellow fever....Diet of the Americans....Want of hospitality of the Philadelphians....Tea-parties....Public dinners. Luxury in the article of furniture. Luxury among the women....Want of moral sensibility. Buildings. Horse races.

We are at this day sufficiently informed of what we ought to do, and what to omit; but in order to induce us to act conformably to this knowledge, a rational religion seems to be a necessary requisite.

Practical morality is therefore in America, as we have now seen, perfectly upon a level with the state of religion; and what I have further to say, concerning the manners of that country, will be altogether correspondent with it. In the southern states, especially Georgia and South-Carolina, a fine gentleman, so called, is regularly every evening so drunk, as to be unable to walk, and lays therefore in the streets. In the streets of Savannah, you stumble at every step, over the body of a beastly drunken gentleman of liberal education, upon which you hear people say "never mind; the gentleman is a little in liquor." The women are deserted by their husbands, who all run after the negro wenches. Gaming is very much in practice in all the southern states. But on the other hand there is much more hospitality towards foreigners than in Pennsylvania. Among the country people in all the southern states, provisions are very scanty and bad, so that a traveller finds but wretched entertainment. There is no bread, but in its stead a sort of cake is made of Indian meal, which is not very nourishing. In the sea-ports there are many licentious houses, full of victims from New-England, especially from Rhode-Island, because in those northern regions the girls have a fresher colour. Whereas every countenance at the southward is deformed by a sickly, yellow paleness of complexion. The Yellow Fever prevails much oftener at the southward than in Philadelphia. The conduct of the inhabitants of Philadelphia, during the Yellow Fever, such as children forsaking their parents, &c. I have not quoted as characteristic, because the same thing, upon similar occasions has been done, and would again be done in Europe. A French physician in Philadelphia, who has written upon the subject ascribes this horrible distemper partly to the bad water of the city, which, as he asserts, filtrates through the church yards. It is remarkable that this distemper appeared at the same time with the increased depravity of manners. Without having recourse to an immediate judgment of God, this circumstance may easily be accounted for. We can readily conceive that envy, hatred, and the whole tribe of evil passions, must impart an unusual acrimony to the bile, and this disorder is a putrid bilious fever. It is not properly infectious, and can be caught by infection only when the seeds of the distemper, are beforehand lurking in the body. The diet of the Americans likewise contributes much towards it, for under a climate which in summer and autumn, grows every year hotter, they eat more flesh than the English. They are true cannibals. The French, who eat more vegetables, and drink less spiritous liquors, were in a great measure exempt from this dreadful disease. Devouring immense quantities of flesh, the Americans call living rich. Their drink is for the most part brandy and water, and Madeira-wine, so called, which is, however, made in their own country, or at least strongly adulterated with brandy. French wines are not strong enough for them. Their way of living is adapted to a cold climate, and that of their country has been very much changed by cultivation. The Philadelphians have no great reputation for

hospitality. An Englishman who had arrived there with many letters of recommendation, burnt them all, because they procured him every where no other benefit than a glass of brandy and water. In Boston and New-York they are more civil to strangers.

The tea-parties were invented by avarice, in order to see company cheap. They give on the other hand occasion for the display of some silver furniture, which flatters the owner's vanity. The behaviour of the company at these parties is very stiff. A deadly weariness hangs upon all present. They yawn, they drink warm water, they eat, for the most part, bread smeared with butter. The rule is to drink only two cups. After tea they drink a glass of Madeira-wine. All this is carried round by servants, mostly negro boys, who commonly make their appearance bare-footed. At a sociable tea-party you sit round a table, and have various articles handed you, to eat, such as cold meat, fish, &c. If these tea-parties were not so stiff, they would be a very good invention to see company at home without much expense. There are not many clubs extant, and none at all for political purposes. But on the other hand, there are many public dinners set on foot, at which every person present, pays four or five dollars for the eatables alone. The drink amounts much higher. They drink toasts, as in England, and give sentiments. This is an excellent custom. For twelve persons upon such occasions you may always reckon sixty bottles of Madeira-wine; judge in what a condition the people return home. In general the Americans make it a point of honour, to spend a great deal at taverns: hence tavern-keeping would be a very profitable business, if there were not so much toying upon credit, and the payment did not so often fail. A bad custom for moderate persons at the taverns is, that all the liquor drank is paid in equal proportion by every guest, whether he drink or not. The greatest expense is for furniture, which must all be made of mahogany. Travellers have been astonished to find handsome carpets, and mahogany tables and desks, &c. in log-houses, or rather huts. Among the German peasants you meet no such incongruities, and they are almost the only people of that class who possess any property. The free trade of English goods, and the facility of purchasing upon credit, are the causes of this corrupt luxury, which keeps the farmer dependent upon the country shop-keeper, him upon the merchant in the sea-ports, and him upon the merchant of London, Bristol, &c. and consequently forms a chain of dependence from the American woods to the counting houses of London, which must in substance if not in form subject the American people soon or late, or rather has already subjected them again to the English. Nothing but a radical revolution can put an end to this evil. That the female sex, to the great satisfaction of the English, is addicted to luxury in dress, is understood of course. In a colonial state, such an impudent female luxury as prevails in the sea-ports of North-America, must draw after it the most pernicious consequences. Luxury in North-America always turns upon objects of vanity; never to the productions of the fine arts. The Americans in respect to their sense of the beautiful, may be compared to the mathematician, who after reading a fine tragedy, I believe of Corneille, exclaimed, "What does that prove?" only with this difference, that they enquire, not as mathematicians, what it proves; but as shop-keepers and tradesmen, what is it good for? can it be eaten or drank? A glass of grog or of cold punch, is worth more to them than the most beautiful picture or statue. They are fond of going to the Theatre, but it is to see, and to eat. Between the act, they go, in Philadelphia, to a neighbouring town, to take regular meals, and even during the representation, to be fashionable, it is necessary

to eat something. The Theatre at Philadelphia is a very handsome building, well lighted, and the company consists of the better sort of English performers. For there are among them no Americans. They entertain indeed an extreme contempt for the profession of an actor. In music, they hold Scotch jigs, reels, and hornpipes to be the ne plus ultra of perfection. An Italian came to Philadelphia with some copies in plaister of Paris, of some excellent statues; but he could sell none of them, and went away again. A handsome statue, of Dr. Franklin, in white marble, made in Italy, by order of Mr. Bingham, a rich inhabitant of Philadelphia, and member of the senate of the United States, stands in a niche, before the entrance into the library at Philadelphia. The Americans say they are yet too young a people for the fine arts; but they are old enough it seems, for mere sensual luxury. The fine arts, by ennobling and exalting the soul, would counteract their coarse sensuality, and their mean, usurious spirit, and at least in the absence of simplicity would serve as a palliative. The American architecture falls into the gothic style, when they are left to their own ideas. I have seen for instance upon many new houses at Philadelphia, round turrets, like the towers upon the old robber castles in Europe. Among the new houses at Philadelphia, the most fantastic caricature shapes are found. There are, however, in that city, many neat houses, and country seats in a very good taste, in its neighbourhood; but all closely copied after the English taste. The presbyterian church at Philadelphia, in Market street, has a very handsome portal of six Corinthian pillars. St. Paul's church at New-York has likewise a handsome portal of porphyry pillars. The steeple of the episcopal church in Philadelphia is in a very good taste. It bears the greatest resemblance to the dome of the parochial church at Berlin. In the country the American fashion of building has something characteristic; they place a row of wooden posts, covered with a roof before the house where they can sit sheltered from rain or sunshine. This is very pleasant. There is no where any want of materials for building. They have stone every where; and even some quarries of marble; in the cities, however, they almost always use bricks for building. Horse races are a favourite popular amusement. They are held every year in April and in October at Germantown, six English miles distant from Philadelphia.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In our last observations upon the "View of the political conduct of Mr. Burr," we attempted to prove that the excuse offered by the writer, for himself and his party, to escape the odious imputation of having imposed upon the union a vice president whom they knew to be a vicious and depraved political character, was lame and groundless. In following the author through his biographical sketch of Mr. Burr's career previous to his election for his present station, we find our opinion fully confirmed by his own statements. He tells us that selfishness and cupidity were *always known* to be the primary regulators of all Mr. Burr's movements. That he began his course as a public man in the year 1789; with the federal party. That he soon quitted them, instigated by his envy of general Hamilton's superior influence, and by the prevalence of the antifederalists in the state politics. And that these *have always been considered*, as his motives. That in 1791, he was elected a federal senator, merely because *it was known*, his personal enmity to Hamilton would make him oppose his measures of finance. That *it was generally believed* Washington would never confer an office upon him; because he knew his character. That in 1793, when he wished to be

held up for the office of governor, he obtained only six out of forty votes at a meeting of influential members of the party; and these six were *supposed* to be victims of his intrigue. That in 1797, he *was suspected* of having tampered with some of the federal party in the state legislature, to get support as a candidate for the vice presidency. That in 1798, as a member of the same state legislature, his conduct "*furnished abundant reason* to suspect the purity of his views, and the sincerity of his political professions." That in 1799 he continued to furnish great and repeated causes of distrust and suspicion. That selfishness really was, and was generally known to be the sole impulse under which he acted upon every public question. And that in the year 1800, his exertions to secure the preponderance of his party, at the state elections, were well understood to be dictated solely by the expectation that they would support him in his views to the office of vice president.

We do not mean to adopt the opinions of an inveterate and invidious enemy of Mr. Burr, respecting the motives by which he has been influenced in his political progress. We are aware that the facts previous to the last election alleged by this writer, may, in almost every instance be ascribed to pure and honourable, as well as to base and disgraceful purposes. In a free country, where parties run high, moderation is one of the first virtues of a statesman, though by the raging spirit of party, it will often be mistaken for indecision and versatility. We hope Mr. Burr's motives were good; but we know that his character has generally been considered by the federalists as unsafe and dubious to say the least, and he never has had their voluntary support. The inference which we think unavoidable from the pamphlet under consideration, is, that the opposite party have always viewed him in the same light, but that no depravity of character, could be any objection against a candidate, to them so long as it suited their views to promote him.

In May 1800, it seems, Mr. Burr repaired to Philadelphia, and at a meeting of certain members of congress, was fixed upon as a candidate for the place of *vice president*, in which office, "after some affected squeamishness, he consented to serve."

From this moment, until the final issue of the presidential election, the pamphlet unfolds a scene of intrigue, of artifice and of duplicity on the part of Mr. Burr, first to obtain an equal number of votes with Mr. Jefferson, and afterwards to carry the election as president against him, which we recommend to the most serious attention of our fellow-citizens. We are far from giving credit to the whole story. We have the strongest reason for believing that the insinuations respecting Dr. Smith of New-Jersey and Mr. Reeve of Connecticut are totally destitute of foundation, and we presume much of the remainder is equally groundless; yet after every allowance for possible mistakes and probable misrepresentations on the part of the author, when we reckon up the *journeyings* undertaken, the *expresses* and *agents* employed, the expenses incurred, and the artifices used by Mr. Burr "in the fond chace of still escaping power," it is impossible to avoid a sentiment of compassion for the state in which his mind must have been, mingled with a sigh for the condition of our country, at this discovery of the manner how our important elections are already managed.

The persons implicated in these transactions, either as the instruments, or as the dupes of Mr. Burr are stated to be

1. Mr. Timothy Greene an attorney of New-York, sent as Mr. Burr's agent to canvass votes for him in South-Carolina. This mission was successful. The electors in South-Carolina, before they were chosen, were all *pledged* to vote for Jefferson and Burr.

2. *Mr. John Swartwout*, now marshal of New-York District. He was the medium of communication between Mr. Greene and Mr. Burr.

3. *Mr. Abraham Bishop* sent to Lancaster, to canvass the votes of Pennsylvania, for Mr. Burr. The pamphlet says he was the dupe of Mr. Burr's intrigue without perceiving it.

4. *Mr. Pierpont Edwards*, the uncle of Mr. Burr.

5. 6. 7. 8. *William P. Van Ness*, *Matthew L. Davis*, *Thomas Smith*, the clerk in chancery, and a young man by the name of *Monfort*...All of New-York.

9. *Mr. Alston*, the son-in-law of Mr. Burr. He is charged with having published in the South-Carolina papers, under the signature of a "Rice Planter," an extravagant eulogy on Mr. Burr, containing "misrepresentations to deceive persons at a distance, which must appear as the offspring of the most inordinate vanity, or the most unprincipled ambition."

And several other persons whose names are reserved.

We have before observed that the pamphlet discovers, or rather betrays something more than coolness towards the Livingston family. Yet we believe the author was disposed to conceal this temper for the present. On the first transient perusal, it is scarcely perceptible, for a sort of formal and affected respect for them is attempted to be maintained. The chancellor is often mentioned; and once spoken of as a learned candidate for the office of Governor. But the writer takes care to remind the public that the "deafness of chancellor Livingston rendered him unfit to preside over a deliberative assembly."

We know not how far Mr. Edward Livingston is concerned in the following CAPITAL denunciation, which the author of the View pronounces to be no less authentic than astonishing.

"Mr. Burr, while in the city of New-York, carried on a negotiation with the heads of the federal party at Washington, with a view to his election as president of the United States. A person was authorized by them to confer with him on the subject, who accordingly did so. Mr. Burr assented to the propositions of the negotiator and referred him to his confidential friend to complete the negotiation. Mr. Burr stated that after the first vote was taken in the house of representatives, New-York and Tennessee would give into (in, to) the federalists!!!"

But we are told, p. 61....That Mr. Burr "had some secret reason for believing that New-York would be one of the states which would yield to his views after one or two votes in the house of representatives.".....That as the state of New-York "was represented in the federal house of representatives by six republicans and four federalists, by gaining two of the former to his side the state would have been for him...."That "Mr. Burr's 'play thing, William P. Van Ness,' wrote a letter to Mr. Edward Livingston at Washington, then a member of congress for the city of New-York, stating it as the sense of the republican party, that after some trials in the house of representatives, Mr. Jefferson should be given up for Mr. Burr!" And finally "That while the house was going through the process of election, Mr. Edward Livingston was suspected (by Mr. Jefferson's friends) but on what account was not stated."

We say we do not know how far Mr. Edward Livingston is concerned in the capital denunciation above quoted. But after collecting and comparing these passages from different parts of the pamphlet, we have no doubt, as to what the writer wishes us to believe.

As this pamphlet is intended to exhibit only one side of the transactions to which it alludes, and as the author is ever ready to prostrate himself with due servility to the name of Jefferson,

we were surprized at the coolness with which he relates the following.

While Matthew L. Davis, had hopes of obtaining the naval office at New-York, "he openly insinuated that the election of Mr. Jefferson was the result of a compromise, which he stated to be of the following nature.

"Mr. Linn had alternately voted with the federalists and republicans, General Bailey voted against the republican party in the house of representatives on the question for making appropriation to carry into effect the British treaty. This he (Davis) believed, was the only time he (Bailey) had abandoned the republicans. It was, however, enough to shew that he was not always to be relied on. Mr. Edward Livingston, too, was suspected; but on what account was not stated. Apprehensive, said Davis, that the firmness of these men would yield to the stubbornness of the federalists, a proposition was made to them by a confidential friend of Mr. Jefferson, to this effect; if you, Mr. Linn, will continue to vote for Mr. Jefferson, you shall be appointed supervisor of the District of New-Jersey: if you Mr. Livingston, will do the same, you shall be District attorney of New-York; and if you, General Bailey, will also continue to vote for Mr. Jefferson, you shall be Naval-Officer of the Custom-House of New-York." Accordingly, said the little disappointed applicant, "Mr. Livingston has been appointed, and so has Mr. Linn; and the naval-office, it appears, is reserved for general Bailey. But why, Mr. Davis, is not Mr. Bailey appointed? Because I AM strongly recommended by Mr. Burr for that office, and Mr. Jefferson is afraid of offending him! These remarks came originally from Mr. Burr: Davis was only the open and licensed retailer of them."

The pamphleteer, in a note on this passage, remarks that Mr. Bayard, in his speech on the abolition of the judiciary law, alluded to the same circumstances: but knows not whether he got these unfounded notions from Mr. Burr. He advances not a syllable to disprove the facts.

We call upon every honest and independent citizen, to reflect upon these facts. If the virtue and happiness of the American people depend upon any one thing more than all others, it is upon the purity of their elections. If it be possible for Americans to behold with indifference the secret history of the last presidential election, which is bursting out from the very centre of its corruptions, and blazing forth in every direction, they may boast of their republicanism and their liberty as they will, the curse of Jugurtha's prophecy will soon befall them. "Farewell thou venal city! doomed to destruction, the instant when thou shalt find a purchaser."

N. B. Since the above was written, we have seen the letter of Dr. Smith of New-Jersey, to the editor of the New-York Evening Post. It fully confirms our statement, that the insinuations in the "View," respecting him are totally without foundation.

MISCELLANY.

FROM LITERARY LEISURE.

"Tir'd Nature's sweet restorer! Balmly sleep!"

YOUNG.

Authors of all ages have agreed in dignifying sleep with the engaging name of the friend of the wretched! Poets have concurred to bestow on it the most delightful epithets! The miserable have implored its succour, and the weary have sought the blessings it confers! The ancients were so convinced of its benignant influence on the human race, that they deified it; and Sanco Panca exclaims...."Blessings on the man that invented sleep! It wraps a man round like a warm blanket!"

After these concurring testimonies of all ages and species in favour of this periodical image of death,

bold must be the man who should presume to suspect that fiction has more to do in the business than truth....who should dare to hint that sleep, far from being the universal benefactor of mankind, the grand panacea for all human evils, is in fact deprecated by innumerable personages, and utterly defied by many more than Macbeth or Crononothologos. When a man sedulously employs all his waking hours in the diligent increase of either knowledge or wealth, and finds them insufficient to satisfy his thirst....when a lady passes every moment either in the contemplation of her charms, or in receiving the incense of innumerable lovers....when the mind is perpetually agitated by the interesting freaks of Fortune at the gaming-table...or when any other pursuit of equal magnitude (if such there be!) engrosses the whole of life, I can conceive that sleep may be an unwelcome intruder.

But it is not merely those who are thus importantly occupied, who condemn and defy the inroads of that soft deluder! Many, who, as philosophical observers might imagine, do nothing but sleep, feel it an insult to be suspected of giving way to so opprobrious a weakness. The shifts and subterfuges to which many well-disposed dreamers have recourse to prove themselves awake, at the very moment when their companions have been disturbed by their snoring, resemble the ingenious evasions by which accused culprits endeavour to establish the plea of an alibi. I have seen a man taxed with being asleep, rouse himself indignantly from a dream, which perhaps had placed him on a throne, and assume an air of jocularly, to prove how well he had been attending to the conversation, which had been for some time employed on a very melancholy subject.

Numbers of people, too, assume a consequence to themselves from no other circumstance but that of "enjoying" (as I have heard it expressed) "very bad nights' rest in general;" and though they affect to envy the happy forgetfulness of those who sleep soundly the night through, they well know they would not relinquish the superiority of broken slumbers for all the advantages of undisturbed repose; while the sound sleeper listens with envy to the history of the night's adventures, sighs over every recounted blast of wind or shower of rain which had escaped his notice, and is ready to hang himself if a thunder-storm has taken place while he was locked in the embrace of slumber!

This extreme objection to sleep extends itself in a very great degree, over the whole female world. A lady would as soon be praised for devouring a whole shoulder of mutton, as congratulated on a night passed in sound repose! Nay, the idea is very prevalent indeed among the fair sex; for I remember my mother's maid-servant used to complain that "she had no comfort of her bed," and explained the circumstance by saying that she went to sleep the moment she laid down, and never woke again till it was full time to rise. I was partly led into these reflections by the conversation of a young lady, who called the other morning on my cousin Dulcibella. I was sitting writing at the table, and Bella, who knows I would at any time lose the thread of my ideas for the sake of listening to any traits of character, told her, when she saw her embarrassed, not to mind me, for I was writing, and should not hear her.

The young lady began by complaining heavily of her unhappy situation. Bella was not wanting in assurances of sympathy, nor in requests of fuller confidence; and though it was some time ere the young lady could disclose the cause of her disquiet, yet at length the soothing endeavours of Bella, added to the natural wish, an oppressed heart feels to unburden itself to a friend, induced her to acknowledge, that indeed her misery was very great.

"To be sure, my dearest Bella," said the weeping fair one, "I seem to enjoy all I could wish.... money, admiration, gaiety, some beauty, and more than one faithful lover; yet I am indeed miserable!"

"But why, sweet Maria," said Bella, "tell me why?"

"Oh my dear creature," replied Maria, "I am so very sound a sleeper, that I am quite distressed! It is that circumstance which prevents my obtaining that languid elegant complexion I dote on; besides, it seems as if I had no feeling! I read the most delightful Novels, and though my mind is full of the distresses of the heroine, I sleep as soundly as if I did not sympathize in them! Nay even when Mr. Dashly behaved so ill to me the other day, though I wept sincerely and bitterly about it, yet I cried myself to sleep like a child! and then my aunt, who knows my infirmity, is always rallying me about it."

"That is cruel," observed Bella.

"It is indeed," replied Maria. "Do you know she tells me I may try as much as I please, but I never shall resemble any of my favourite heroines while I sleep so well. Now, Heaven knows, my mind is well stored with all their virtues, and I am continually exercising myself in real action, by fancying very interesting scenes, and determining how I ought to conduct myself, but my aunt is very right: I cannot, for the life of me, keep my eyes open five minutes after I lay my head on my pillow."

"But how does your aunt know this to be the fact?" asked Dulcibella.

"Oh," replied Maria, "I am unfortunately her bedfellow; and such a number of proofs, has she to bring of my unfortunate drowsiness, that I really blush whenever she opens her lips on the subject. Then it is so provoking to hear her envy me, for the very heaviness she laughs at, when I would give my ears but to be able to catch her napping."

"To be sure," said Dulcibella, "there is something vastly engaging in that delicacy of feeling which keeps the eyes awake to weep, through the whole of a long winter's night, which strews the pillow of down with thorns, and deprives its elegant possessor of the vulgar comforts of oblivion."

"Oh my dear Dulcibella," replied Maria, "how charmingly you express yourself! I dare say you are not oppressed by this nocturnal invader as I am."

"No indeed," answered my cousin, "I rarely sleep above an hour in a night, and that only at intervals; if the least thing presses on my mind, I cannot close my eyes."

"Ah," cried the petulant Maria, "how provoking! This is the way with every body but me, and I am sure it is not for want of feeling, for at this moment I could shed tears by pain; but so invincible is the power of sleep, that though I had my little cousin Fanny to sleep with me, when she had the hooping-cough, I never awoke even with her fits of coughing."

"Drink strong green tea," said Dulcibella.

"I do, I do, my dear creature," answered Maria, "but it never answers."

"Commit a murder!" exclaimed I, unawares.

This inadvertency, by convincing Maria that I was attending to the conversation, put an end to her lamentation, and the two young ladies quitted the room together, leaving me to reflect on the strange perversion of taste and intellect which could lead authors and moralists in all ages to bestow their commendation on a power so deprecated. Nay, there are many other possessions enumerated as blessings by that mistaken race of men that are equally objected to, by those who are gifted with them. How many men and women furnish themselves with additional eyes, not from any defect in their own visual organs, but because it is vulgar to

see too well. Undoubtedly, in fashionable life, it is often convenient not to see very plain; but this is almost a solitary instance, in which convenience is allowed to regulate fashion. Then again, health is a blessing equally opprobrious with sleep; and many more instances might be enumerated, if the minds of my readers were not capable of recalling them in an instant I will not even instance memory, a talent in which all the world are ambitiously defective. Here, indeed, is another sacrifice to convenience; it is so possible to remember just what is agreeable, to have forgotten every thing and every body but what reflects honour on ourselves, and the self-accusation of a treacherous memory affords so many little loopholes to vanity, that it is a subterfuge very pardonable.

THE FARRAGO. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"There is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality, generally possessed by the duller sort of men, and, in common speech, called *Discretion*."

DEAN SWIFT.

A cloudy atmosphere and a fit of the spleen having confederated, and locked up all the powers of my invention and memory, I sallied out of my chamber, and sought for a key to liberate them, that they might furnish a Farrago.

I was proceeding, thrice gentle reader, to tell thee a story of "a king of Bohemia and seven castles," in the Shandean style, which rejects Aristotle's modes, and Dr. Wall's figures, and the figures of Franklin's arithmetic, and, in short, all figures.... but figures rhetorical; when, whom should I meet, in my flowery path, but one of "their worship and reverences," who, austere bending his brow, cried out, with a true critic's yell, "How now, madcap, whither do you wander? You are metaphor mad.... the devil's in you. You are on the very verge of absurdity. None of your flights, in the name of Locke and Leibnitz, but talk like a man of this world. Why what a curvetting palfrey, more restive than any in romance, is that same imagination, on whose neck you have thrown the reins. Do dismount my frantic friend, and stride some sober beast from our stable; or if, obstinately attached to your hobby, you will ride on, at least procure a martingale, and then your vicious jade will pace all gently, like a blind horse at a funeral, as the curate of Coventry saith."

This *alderman's* advice so damped my volatile spirits, that were hurrying me, as usual, "to Thebes, to Athens" or the Lord knows where, that, after taking two or three pensive turns through the street, I returned to my desk, and, with chastised feelings, immediately wrote the following

ESSAY ON WORLDLY PRUDENCE.

When we meditate the history of man, or nations, we find individuals opulent, and communities powerful, if the cold maxims of rigid prudence are punctiliously observed. On the other hand, when the eccentric, impatient of the boundaries, which this *Frow* virtue has marked out, presume to wander, at the beckon of passion, or fancy, then poverty, distress, and contempt from the world, form only a small part of the catalogue of inevitable consequences. Dryden, Otway, Savage, Shenstone, Goldsmith, Chatterton, Burns, the younger Lyttleton, and Rousseau, were men of sublimated imagination, children of impulse, contemners of authority. They despised the perfect law of prudence; and, *gentiles of genius*, were a law unto themselves. Rejecting the steady light, which the planets of prudence would shed on their way, they chose to follow the meteor of fancy, whose aspect was brilliant, though its guidance was delusive. What baleful consequences have ensued from this ill-starred preference! Did not the want of prudence compel Dryden to huddle together the discordant scenes of rhyming tragedy, to become a conveyer in a cook-

seller's shop, and to leave his classical versions unfinished, that *obscenity*, exchanged for an *obvius*, might be ready at the period of stipulation? Was not Otway choaked by a biscuit, greedily swallowed to appease importunate hunger, because he chose poetically to paint an *orphan's* distress, rather than by Cheapside industry to relieve his own? Did not titled Tyrconnel turn Savage out of doors, for not retiring to bed at midnight, and, amid the fervours of poetry and wine, for "madly chaunting his joy," at unseasonable hours? Did not ruder beings, than the nymphs and dryads haunt the garden of Shenstone; and were not his bowers blighted, and his days embittered, because he loved rural elegance, a fantastic mistress, rather than the frugal crone, Economy, that domestic animal? Did not imprudence exile Goldsmith to Flanders and to France, to propose tame theses at Leyden, and to fiddle to the peasants of Provence? Did not Chatterton indignantly swallow arsenic, because he would not obsequiously bow to a patron, and because he would turn over the volumes of *the ancient time*, rather than "the tape tied trash" of an attorney? Did not Burns, by a hasty marriage, postpone his interest to his affection, and from excess of social ardour, and the unbridled love of fame hurry from safe obscurity to the perilous metropolis, where the bowl of pleasure debilitated the finer energies, and abridged the life of the improvident bard? Was not the junior lord Lyttleton, the gallant and the gay, shunned by every woman in Worcestershire, as if, to quote his own expression, "he had been *Tarquin* himself, because he was an *imprudent* lover?" Yes, he who was "all charm," who could thunder, with vehement eloquence, against a proud and imposing ministry, and "witch the world," by the brilliancy of effusions, most careless and confidential, has been bespattered from obloquy's foulest kennel; a theme for sobbing Puritans, and for bridling prudes, because he chose for his motto

"Indulge; and to thy genius freely give,

"For not to live at ease, is not to live."

Lastly, to conclude this melancholy description of "the follies of the wise," Rousseau, who, though justly censurable for many faults, must be allowed to possess much of the inspiration of genius; having attempted to teach man in "Emilius," govern him, in the "social compact," and enchant him in "Eloise," has been persecuted for eccentricity of conduct, and paradox of expression. He was banished from his natal canton, his book was burned by a common hangman, and, perhaps, misconstrued, in an archiepiscopal mandate; the sanity of his intellects has been doubted by Burke; a positive preceptor is sure that he was a madman; and the genius of Geneva has been canned at Tunbridge, by the Reverend Vicessimus Knox.

Let us turn aside, O ye careless ones, from such "a stone of stumbling," and a "rock of offence," as indiscretion, and strive to attain the Dutch virtues. No longer dream of the vale of Vacluse, or rove through the classic groves of Tuscany; expatiate no more over French or Italian lawns, but hasten to the dykes of Holland. Plunge into the Scheldt, or the Maise, and, like the souls of the fabled ancients, recent from the lake of Lethe, ye will rise and leave behind, not only memory, but imagination, passion, genius, and all which to imprudence appertains. Like Hollanders be prudent, and, like Hollanders, you will be rich. Remember the arts, by which, the Dutch merchant, or the American speculator

..... "Encrease their store
From six in the hundred, to six hundred more."

Remember that at Japan, where the paganism of the natives demands, as a preliminary to traffic, the abjuration of our religion, that a Dutchman cheerfully tramples on the cross, and renounces christianity for cinnamon and cloves. Remember that, when the Netherlands, impatient of the Spanish

yoke, implored Elizabeth to rescue them from the tyranny of the prince of Parma, the prudent mynheers were willing to sell, at an *advanced price*, gunpowder for the use of that very artillery, which was to be employed *against themselves!* remember that your fat-headed, leathern-eared, cold-hearted American speculator, the greatest scoundrel in the universe, is one of the most circumspect and cunning of mankind. He has the wary caution of the cat, and prowls as providently, as the Hyena. Remember, therefore, whether you are at Amboyna, or in America, to cut the throat of the dearest friend, if, by such a gallant deed, you can keep your purse strings whole. This is worldly prudence, this the *Vrouw* virtue, whom as she trudges along, each wondering worldling bids the poet admire. What, though to your keen eyes, she appears like an old marketwoman, counting the *cents* she has received in exchange of eggs, still this is she, by whose blessing the Hollanders once immured in the bank of Amsterdam half the coins of Europe. If, therefore, like them you would be rich, beware of enthusiasm, renounce indiscretion, burn your "books of curious science," tamper not with poetry, go to Rotterdam or Batavia, "and get ten tun of gold."

A SPECIMEN OF ALLITERATION.

Parkplace, Nov. 20, 1797.

Sir,

Perceiving your desire to know how I passed my time in Pembrokeshire, I here present you with an account of my proceedings, in a progress I lately made to a gentleman's house, purely to procure a plan of it.

I proceeded in a party of pleasure, with Mr. Pratt, of Pickton-castle, Mr. Powel, of Penally, and Mr. Pugh, of Purley, to go and dine with Mr. Pritchard, of Postmain, which was readily agreed to, and soon put in practice. However, I thought it a proper precaution to post away a person privately to Mr. Pritchard's, that he might provide for us, and we proceeded after him. The town, where Mr. Pritchard lives, is a poor, pitiful paltry place, though his house is in the prettiest part of it, and is a prince's palace to the rest. His parlour is of a lofty pitch, and full of pictures of the prime pencils; he hath a pompous portico, or pavillion, prettily paved, leading to the parterre; from hence you have a prodigious prospect, particularly pointing towards Percilly-hill, where he propagates a parcel of Portuguese and Polish poultry. The name of his house is Prawfenden, which puzzled me most plaguily to pronounce properly. He received us very politely, and presented us with a plentiful dinner. At the upper end of the table was a pike, with fried perch and plaice; at the lower end, pickled pork, pease, and parsnips; in the middle a pidgeon pye, with puff paste; on the one side a potatoe pudding, and on the other side pig's pettytoes. The second course was a dish of pheasants, with poults, and plovers, and a plate of preserved pine and pippins; another with pickled podd pepper; another with prawns; another with pargamon, for a provocative, with a pyramid of pears, peaches, plumbs, pippins, pine-apples, and pistachios. After dinner there was a profusion of port and punch, which proved too powerful for poor Mr. Peter, the parson of the parish; for it pleased his palate, and he poured it down by pints, which made him prate in a pedantic, pragmatical manner. This displeased Mr. Price the Parliament-man, a profound politician; but he persisted, and made a prolix preamble, which proved his principles prejudiced and partial against the present people in power. Mr. Price, who is a potent party-man, called him a popish parson, and said he prayed privately in his heart for popery; and that he was a presumptuous priest for preaching such stuff publicly. The parson puffed his pipe passively for some time, because Mr. Price was his patron; but at length losing all

patience, he plucked off Mr. Price's perriwig, and was preparing to push it with the point of the poker, into the fire; upon which Mr. Price, perceiving a pewter pot in the passage, presented the parson with the contents in his phiz, and gave him a pat on the pate, the percussion of which prostrated him plump on the pavement, and raised a protuberance on his pericranium. This put a period to our proceedings, and patched up a peace; for the parson was in a piteous plight, and had prudence enough to be prevailed upon to cry *peccata, with a parce, precor*, and in a plaintive posture to petition for pardon. Mr. Price who was proud of his performance, pulled him out of the puddle, and protested he was sorry for what had passed in his passion, which was partly owing to the provocation given him from some of his preposterous propositions, which he prayed him never to presume to advance again in his presence. Mr. Pugh, who practises physic, prescribed phlebotomy and a poultice to the parson, but he preferred wetted brown paper to any plaster, and then placed himself in a proper position, that the power of the fire might penetrate his posteriors and dry his purple plush breeches. The pother was succeeded by politics,....as Mr. Paltney, the patriot's patent for the peerage, the kings of Poland, Prussia, Prague, and the Palatine, panders, and partizans, Portsmouth parades, and the presumption of the privateers, who pick up prizes almost in our very ports, and places and pensions, pains and penalties. Next came on plays and poetry, the picture of Mr. Pope perched on a prostitute, the price of the pit, pantomimes, prudes, the small-pox, and the primate of Ireland, and printers, and preferments, pick-pockets, and pointers, and the pranks of that prig the poet laureat's progeny, though his papa is the perfect pattern of paternal piety. To be brief, I prophesy you think I am prolix. We parted at last, but had great difficulty in procuring a passage from Mr. Pritchard, for he had placed a padlock on the stable-door, on purpose to prevent us, and pretended his servant was gone out with the key; but finding us peremptory, the key was produced, and we were permitted to go. We pricked our palfrics a good pace, although it was as dark as pitch, which put me in pain, because I was purblind, lest we should ride plump against the posts which are prefixed to keep horse passengers from going the path that is pitched with pebbles.

Mr. Price, who was our pilot, had a very providential escape, for his pad fell a prancing, and would not pass one step farther, which provoked him much, for he piques himself on his horsemanship. I proposed to him to dismount, which he did, and peeping and peering about, found he was on the point of a perpendicular precipice, from which he might probably have fallen, had not his horse plunged in that particular manner. This put us all into a palpitation, and we plodded on the rest of the progression *pian piano*, as the Italians say, or *pazz a pazz* as the French phrase has it. I shall postpone several other particulars till I have the pleasure of passing a day with you at Putney, which shall be as soon as possible.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

PEREGRINE PIPKIN.

To Mr. PETER PETTIWARD,
at Putney,
(*Penny post paid.*)

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

In the prosecution of literary labour, scholars differ widely in their choice of means. Some idly toy with books, and others waste the midnight taper, and their own slender forms in ceaseless disquisition. In our eagerness to enlarge the empire of the mind, care must be taken, not to violate

the rights of the body. The following directions may be of use to mitigate the ardour of intemperate study, and to correct the ills of a scholar's life.

Whoever labours under the mania of excessive study will, I think, find effectual cure in reading Tissot on the diseases incident to literary persons. Tissot, however, appears to me to have exaggerated his descriptions so as to render them truly terrifying, and sufficient to deter most men from the common and moderate employments of a literary life. I mention it only as my opinion, that he has exaggerated his descriptions; and I think so, because I have known many persons devoted to letters, who enjoyed remarkably good health, and were instances of singular longevity. They probably had sense enough to take precautions against the effects of great application, and to relieve their labour by air and exercise. But Tissot's book may yet be very useful, as it cannot but deter the rational student from excessive application: the evils of which he enumerates so copiously, and paints so formidably, that a man who duly regards his happiness might fall into a *bibliophobia* from reading it, and fly from a library with as much horror as a mad-dog from a pond.

A moderate application is sufficient for the attainment of all necessary and useful knowledge; and the excessive attachment, which some men display is chiefly in trifling pursuits. Not satisfied with the great and essential objects, pursuits. Not satisfied with the great and essential objects, which answer every purpose of real utility, they pursue their inquiries into matters of mere curiosity, with no other intention, however, they may plausibly disguise it, than their own amusement. But time, health, and life, are too precious to be sacrificed to the pleasure of gratifying mere curiosity.

No man comes into the world, without many obligations of the moral and social kind. No man can, consistently with his duty, suffer himself to be engrossed with contemplation. Some sort of social activity is necessary, in the most retired scenes, and in professions and modes of life, the most distant from commercial, and political employment.

Few stand so insulated, as not to be nearly connected with others, by friendship or kindred; besides the general connection with all men, which arises from a participation of the same nature. But how can he, who is immured in his closet, or abstracted by perpetual absence from the busy scene before him, attend to the claims, which others may justly make on his active beneficence? He will feel as little inclination as ability to serve them. Every call upon his exertions in their favour, will be considered as an importunate interruption, to be checked by a morose reprimand, rather than listened to with humane condescension. He may, indeed, labour in the recesses of his study; but as his labour terminates in his private gratification, as it produces no external fruits, as it prevents him from taking an active part in society, it is a labour, which entitles him to no esteem. He is, in truth, to be numbered among the most selfish of mankind, as he sacrifices all his social duties to the pursuits of his own solitary pleasure.

Prudence has taken care, that such conduct should bring upon itself its own punishment. For this gloomy, reclusive, selfish mode of living never fails to produce dejection of spirits, and the top of that health and vigour which are necessary to sweeten all enjoyments. Languid, enervated, and feeble, the student who follows his pursuit with unreasonable and excessive ardour, exhibits, when he comes from the shade of his retirement, into the sunshine of active life, a phantom, pallid as a ghost, and silent as a statue, and excites, in some, horror, and in others, ridicule.

That golden mean, therefore, so celebrated by all the sages of the world, in the active world, must be observed with no less reverence in the conten-

plative. For man being a compound of mind and body, departs no less from nature and wisdom, when he devotes himself wholly to the mind, than when he attaches himself exclusively to the body. Till we have shuffled off this mortal evil, we must pay great attention to our animal nature, in order to preserve in its due vigour, the energy of the intellectual.

The University of Oxford, I view with admiring eyes. I deeply deplore that I had not the high privilege of being educated in a seminary, where learning and loyalty are united. I like the political principles of this seat of learning. I venerate its classical discipline. I admire the brilliant characters, whose powers have been awakened in this haunt of all the muses, and I copy with pleasure the following just encomium.

I was educated, says BISHOP LOWTH, in the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. I enjoyed all the advantages public and private, which that famous seat of learning, so largely affords. I spent many years in that illustrious society, in a well regulated course of useful discipline and studies, and in the agreeable and improving commerce of gentlemen, and of scholars; in a society, where emulation, without envy, ambition without jealousy, contention without animosity, incited industry and awakened genius; where a liberal pursuit of knowledge, and a genuine freedom of thought, was raised, encouraged, and pushed forward by example, by commendation, and by authority.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

The Comic Opera of *Love in a Village* attracted an elegant and overflowing house here last night, before the rising of the curtain. A variety of circumstances contributed to give it more than ordinary eclat. At the head of these, we must place Mrs. Billington's first appearance in the character of *Rosetta*. Much as every one admired her late representation of *Clara*, all must have regretted the comparatively narrow limits to which it was confined. *Rosetta* is a more prominent part, without overburdening the performer. This piece has also the farther advantage of a greater diversity of music, the melodies being a compilation from various masters, among whom Arne stands the most conspicuous. It consequently afforded an ample opportunity of displaying the varied excellence of this incomparable woman...If in *Gentle youth, ah tell me why*, she poured forth all those sweet and delicate tones that vibrate to the heart, and put its sensibilities in motion; so in *Shun, ye fair, each gay seducer*, she had room for that flowing swell and rapid flight of notes in the bravura stile, which astonish by the difficulty of the execution. In most of the other songs these two characters are blended, and hence we have a treat to every taste; and every palate. The poetry of each never exceeds a few lines; and thus the performer has room for displaying every advantage of embellishment without the fatigue of repetition. Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we may pronounce Mrs. Billington's *Rosetta* far superior in attraction to any character in which she has lately appeared. The *Traveller benighted*, and one or two others belonging to the part, have been generally considered the foremost in beauty, but every air last night was a *chef d'œuvre*, and each received particular admiration only as it became last in succession. The air of *How blest a maid whose bosom*, can alone be urged as an exception to this rule, as it was the only one *encored*; but this does not justify the inference which would be drawn in ordinary cases. An *encore*, which is considered a favour to others, is a mark of cruelty to Mrs. Billington. Accordingly the audience have adopted a more significant mode of testifying their disapprobation of any attempt to

impose an additional labour. Instead of hissing, a cry of "shame, shame," was raised upon these occasions. She was equally happy in the department of sense and sound. Never was the coquettish scene with *Justice Woodcock* acted with more exquisite humour, chasteness, and vivacity. Any attempt at an adequate description of it would, we fear, subject us to the censure of hyperbole. To represent her as a sweetly smiling Venus, adorned with all the loves and the graces might be considered by many as an exaggeration, and yet we may safely appeal to every eye that beheld her last night whether it would be a flattering likeness.

It cannot be expected, that in the neighbourhood of such a constellation, the *Lucinda* of Mrs. Akins should shine with extraordinary lustre. Her talents, however were far from suffering an eclipse, and received a considerable share of approbation. The Air, *We women like weak Indians trade* was executed with peculiar taste and delicacy.

Loud and prolonged plaudits greeted the debut of Mr. Munden in the character of *Justice Woodcock*....There were two distinct bursts of acclamation. He received them with the profound respect and gratitude due to so marked a testimony of the general joy excited by his recovery. His confidence in his own penetration, of which he becomes the dupe, and the spirit of contradiction to his sister Deborah, both of which render him blind to the love affair between *Eustace* and his daughter, were given with great truth and discrimination....His personification of the old loving dotard in the scene with *Rosetta* was a piece of excellent humour, of the chastest yet richest description. Extreme situations of the comic kind, like this scene, are the more difficult from the danger of running into the caricature. Mr. Munden charged the character sufficiently for the ludicrous in dress, look, manner, and action, without subjecting himself in any point to the imputation of extravagance.

Inledon was in excellent voice; and, in *Young Meadows*, had all the advantage of a variety of beautiful Airs, adapted to his best style of execution; as also, a part in which, as an actor, he has been always considered particularly successful. The Airs, *Oh! how shall I in language weak...In vain I every art essay...and O! had I been by fate decreed*, pouring their plaintive melodies through his fine deep and harmonious voice, sung into every heart, and excited a congenial feeling. They were followed with loud applauses, and are finely contrasted with the duet, in the *brovura* stile in the last act between him and *Rosetta*, which was executed with admirable taste and more embellishment than any of his previous songs properly admit. Mr. Knight, in *Hodge*, had also a character of the rustic class, in which he has displayed such uniform excellencies; his humour was perfectly natural, and his performance in every respect equal to his best essays in the same line. Mr. Johnstone in *Hawthorn*, and Mr. Hill in *Eustace*, contributed largely to the support of the vocal department, and Mrs. Martyr in *Mudge*, Mrs. Davenport in *Deborah*, and Mr. Waddy in *Sir Win. Meadows*, sustained their several parts with the greatest success.

The statue dance closed the first act with eclat. We never saw it executed with more humour: Mr. Simmons, in the character of the female cook, kept the house in a roar with his clumsy capers....No piece could be better got up, or maintained throughout in a more uniform style of excellence.

FESTOON OF FASHION. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It has been frequently suggested by the wits of old time, that the trivial events of domestic life, related in the pompous style of the diurnal historians would increase merriment, if they did not enlarge knowledge. Arthur Murphy has given us a hint, and we will endeavour to pursue it.

On Wednesday last, Miss Giggie had her ears bored, for the first time, to the great joy of all her female friends.

On Sunday last, a bottle of Noyau, belonging to a lady, not many miles from Market Street, fell from the top of a chest of drawers, and broke its neck. This has almost broken the heart of its fair owner.

The same day a fire broke out in Barnaby Blood's cigar, and entirely consumed the same.

Yesterday evening, a duck was seen to walk by the side of the river, and after some time threw herself in. The reason why she committed this rash action is not yet known.

Letters from Irish town advise that a contagious distemper rages there with the utmost virulence. Several new cases occur daily, and all the faculty are positive that the disease is of domestic origin.

They write from South Street, that on Tuesday evening, a young man of a very sober family passed through that quarter *incog*.

The last accounts from Cherry Alley and Artillery Lane, report that the war is carried on there with the greatest gallantry on both sides. Considerable loss has been sustained, and it is thought many overtures will be made before the close of the campaign.

TEA TABLE TALK.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Well says Doris to me, as soon as Giggie's prattle allowed me to attend, while you are engaged in plodding over your worm-eaten volumes of the last age, I was last night, after my party had retired, delightfully engaged in the perusal of a certain fashionable register. It contained the new titles of various *Patches*, and directions how they should be placed. Pray publish them at large, for the common benefit of the belles.

The *impassionate* at the corner of the eye
The *gay* upon a dimple
The *gallant* on the middle of the cheek,
The *kissing* at the corner of the mouth,
The *dashing* upon the nose,
The *coquette* upon the lips,
The *languishing* under the left eye,
The *secret* upon a pimple.

Lucetta says that Miss Varnish employs Spanish wool to bolster up her beauty, and Miss V. declares of Lucetta that the price of carmine is enhanced, since Lucetta protested against painting. Which of these charmers can poor Lysander believe? In the picture shop of delusive beauty how numerous are optical deceptions. The poor youth is confounded by the various colours of his mistress and he sometimes sees a *rain-bow* on the same cheek.

LEVITY.

PHYSIC VERSUS MUSIC.

The lady of a country apothecary, who, although she did not know *gamut* from the ace of spades; yet, from having picked up some technical phrases, was reckoned by the other ladies of the neighbourhood, to be a prodigious musical cognoscenti, and was constantly shewing her taste, by inviting thrumming and squalling evening parties, to the no small disquiet of her husband, Mr. Lenitive, who thought not any compositions so good as those of his own drugs, nor any strains so harmonious, as those produced by his pestle and mortar; and, after labouring all day for the "*publico bono*," was not in a humour to relish, but rather inclined to be surfeited by, such discordant bars to his domestic rest; he, therefore, concerted a plan with his journeyman, to put a final close to these meetings: accordingly, one evening lately, after Mrs. Lenitive

had assembled her guests, and administered the usual dose of toasted muffins and *superbendum* of decoction of souchong, he led her diffident and blushing daughter to the piano-forte; but, alas! poor Miss Lenitive had not got half through *Go to the Devil and shake yourself*, which mama was, with her usual *sapience*, passing off to the *scientific* auditors for a valuable manuscript piece of the dear delightful Viotti, when honest Label, true to his master's prescriptions, began to play his part in the room below, and so placed his brazen instrument, wherein were valerian, and other ingredients equally *odoriferous*, in a state of *ebullition*, that the fumes ascended in *alt*; and so *impressive* was the effect of his performance upon *olfactory* faculties, as to produce the most unpleasant consequences....Poor dear Mrs. Lenitive, who was always tremblingly alive to, and distrust at the bare idea of any thing that smelled of the shop, made an abrupt *cadence* into hysterics, and the party separated *presto e agitato*, in the confusion....several of the old ladies left their youthful wigs behind them, and are likely to receive the visits of the apothecary, and four nervous draughts a day for some weeks to come. It is feared that it will be a long time before Mrs. Lenitive will recover the shock her feelings have sustained by this vulgar accident; the only symptom in her favour is, that she takes every thing but Physic.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

G. M. Woodward, the facetious author of *Ec-centric Excursions*, *Olio of Good Breeding*, &c. has lately published in London *The Musical Mania*, for 1802, illustrated by six characteristic plates, with metrical elucidations and a *Bravura*, dedicated to Mrs. Billington. A production of this class from such a Momus, as this Mr. Woodward, must cause all our risible muscles to "keep moving."

R. Duppa, a gentleman of exquisite taste in the fine arts is publishing a collection of "Heads from the Fresco paintings of Raphael in the Vatican" and one of his majesty's engravers is copying, we understand, from the cartoons at Hampton Court. Messrs Rivingtons advertise *The Poetical Register and Repository of Fugitive Poetry* for 1801, intended to comprize all those pieces of Fugitive Poetry, worthy of preservation, which are to be found in the various periodical publications; original contributions from literary characters; selections from scarce English poets, with Biographical notes of their authors, concise criticisms on the principal poetic and dramatic productions with a complete catalogue, notices of works designed for the press, and biographical sketches of celebrated poets, who died in the course of the last year. The original department of this work will be supported by several writers of poetical eminence.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

On the question proposed by our correspondent, Z. "How is the phrase, patronage of literature to be interpreted in this country," the Editor feels a sort of gloomy unwillingness to enter. His friend Z. will excuse him for avoiding a topic equally unpleasant and unedifying. It seems to have been agreed among the ancients, though their authority is of very little worth in this country, that the reign of an Augustus and the liberality of a Mæcenæ were vital to the existence of men of letters. JUVENAL says expressly in one of the most sensible of his satires, that the whole hope of learning reposes on CÆSAR alone. But this might be a piece of court flattery, and therefore justly derided by every republican banterer. Let us hear for a moment the opinion of an *ancient poet* as it is expressed by the numerous of his translators.

Henceforward let no poet
CÆSAR will give, if the

But, if from other hands than his, you think
To find supply 'tis loss of pen and ink;
Let flames on your unlucky papers prey,
Or moths through written pages eat their way.
The muse's ground is barren desert all
If no support from CÆSAR's bounty fall,
The rest is empty praise, an ivy crown
Or the lean statue of a star'd renown.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

THE FOLLOWING IS A WHIMSICAL LIST, OF THE
PRESENT IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

A Man	A Ram	A Penn
A Wild Man	—	A Comb
A Hard Man	A Bird	A Patten, and
A Honey Man	A Rook	A Spencer
A Savage	Two Martins,	—
A King	A Heron	Law
A Page	A Finch	Power
Two Pastards	A Cock, and	Hope
A Knight	A Cricket	A P.
A Major	—	A Husey
Two Clerks	A Temple	A Shalk speare
A Bishop	Four Fanes	A Calender
An Abbot	A Wood House	A Little Town
Three Taylors	A Barn	A Moor's Head
Seven Smiths	Three Heath Cots	Two Scots
A Steward	A Birch	A New Bolt
Two Butlers	An Orchard	A Brag
A Baker	Two Woods	A Crew
A Cook	A Honey Wood	A Flooder
A Gardener	Three Pits	A Beach
A Fuller	Three Hills	A Sergeant
A Porter	A Hunting Field	An East Court
A Carter	Two Long Fields	A Monday
A Cartwright	A Lake and its	Two Wall Poles
A Forrester	Banks.	A Burden
Two Riders	Two Brooks and	A Mill Bank
Two Turners	A Trench	A Chamber
A Cooper	Two Lemmons	Two Fellows
Three Moors	Two Roses, and	A Strut
A Buck	A Garland	A Warren
A Bullock	—	A Somerset, and
Two Foxes	A Band	A Dance.
A Hare, and	—	—

FROM BOURDEAUX.

"Bonaparte is momentarily expected to visit this city, and the greatest preparations are making to receive him with every mark of honour and respect. He is elected Consul for life;....and the Sovereign Pontiff of the Catholic Church has pronounced him the greatest man that ever existed excepting the Saviour of the World."

MISS WILLIAMS.

Miss Helen Maria Williams continues *conversations* at Paris, in a great style....every other evening a number of *literati* and distinguished characters meet in her library, where tea and refreshments are presented from eight, to eleven o'clock, and where the merits of works newly offered to the public, are discussed....Authors recite their introductory poems, or their *jeu d'esprits*, and seem to augur, from the reception their productions meet with amongst these chosen few, their future success with the public. Miss Williams professes herself of no political party; and to judge from the heterogeneous mixture which she assembles, it seems but justice to believe her. The constant visits of Kosciusko, the famous abbe Gregoire, and other republican chieftains, might induce a cursory observer to believe she was not much attached to monarchical principles, if the presence of an English peer lord Mountcashel, of lord King, of many Neapolitan nobles, and other foreigners of distinction did not in some degree justify Miss Williams's assertion.

A Lady well known in the Gay World for the artificial beauty she adopts, was lately determined to appear in disguise, and she actually effected her

In the neighbourhood of Ostia, near Rome, there has lately been dug a most noble statue of Achilles, nine and a half Roman palms in height, and in perfect preservation. The hero holds a metal lance in his right hand, and the paragonium in his left; the helmet on his head is surmounted with a large plume of feathers resembling that of the celebrated statue of Villa Borghese, which, however, is not of equal workmanship. This work, which certainly is one of the finest that Greece has produced, does not exhibit the name of the artist: the inscription *notice marti* engraven on one of the legs, proves that it had been consecrated to the God of war.

Mr. Rusher, of Banbury, will soon make public his improvements in typography. These improvements are described as likely to render printing more uniform and beautiful. The type will occupy less space, without being less legible, and will be particularly advantageous in those cases where it is desirable to combine economy with a full faced letter. It is calculated that the expense of printed books will, by the new mode, be diminished one fourth.

A gentleman from France, informs us, that as far as his observation extended, the French people were unanimously in favour of electing Bonaparte for life, and investing him with sovereign power and authority...They were entirely sick of revolutionary expedients, and loose inefficient government....So they can but enjoy the fruits of their industry; and be secure from the tyranny of mob leaders, they care not who guides the vessel of State; or who makes or administers the laws. The common people, under the monarchy, knew they were the happiest on earth, and they sigh for the return of old times.

An indignant political writer, speaking of the new and dangerous power, acquired by the French in Louisiana, thus justly describes a large portion of our unprincipled republicans. "The inhabitants of Kentucky and Tennessee have very little attachment to their eastern brethren. Their interests are totally separate. They are, indeed, the rivals of the latter, and can be expected to make no sacrifices for the preservation of union. All the protection they want is occasionally against the Indians, which would be much more effectually afforded by the legions of France than by their own distant, and, in a military point of view, feeble government. As to *patriotism*, he must be very little acquainted with their history, who expects to find it among them. Not one of them, who are arrived at years of maturity, was born upon the spot. They are entirely composed of emigrants; all *speculators*, or agricultural *adventurers*: men who understand *soil* indeed extremely well, but who know nothing of *country*; who, like the late Duke of Bedford of glorious memory, can distinguish "with a learned spirit," all the various qualities of land and gravel, and loam, and marle, and chalk, and lime, and mud, and dung, but who have no more idea of national honour and independence, who think no more about their ancestors, or their posterity, than the gamblers of Change Alley, or the framers of the treaty of Amiens.

So early as the year 1797, a Belgian wit wished to perpetuate the memory of the French revolution by painting from the following illustrative symbols from fabulous and modern history.

The Revolution,	By the Box of Pandora
French Liberty	Saturn devouring his Children
National Convention	Tygers fighting
French Constitution	The Chaos of Ovid
French Equality	Circe transforming the companions of Ulysses
French Religion	Artemise in Mourning
The French people	Clouds driven by the Wind
The present Prospect	Snow before the Sun
The Future	The head of Medusa.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMMA.

TO AN OLD FRUIT WOMAN.

Poor *hag*, what time the earliest sun beams shed
Their splendid lustre round thy wretched head,
Each morn I see thee quit thy low-thatched stall
And take along with thee thy *little all*,
The table, chair, of *fruits* the varied stores,
Which bounteous nature at this season pours.
There near yon church, which shoots its spire on
high

Thou sit'st to lure the traveller passing by,
Thy *ale* inviting, foaming in the glass,
Calls to thy table many a thirsty lass,
Who stops to sip, and bending forward shows,
A *bosom* fairer, than the Alpine snows;
While amorous swains, in wonder view the maid,
And gaze enamour'd, at the charms display'd;
Her loose thin robe plays fluttering to the breeze,
And *fancy* pictures what no optic sees.

Say as you see the fair trip lightly by
Hear the gay titter, and the love lorn sigh,
Do they not call those feelings to thy breast,
Which sported there, while once by friends
caress'd;

When *innocence* glow'd blooming in thy face,
Thy *mind* was *virtue* and thy *form* was *grace*.
I knew thee well, where broad *Potomack* pours
His dimpling flood along the verdant shores,
In early youth through all the virgin train,
None danced so feath'ly o'er the enamell'd plain;
When thy soft voice tuned the gay notes of love,
The melting strains an anchorite would move;
Who view'd thy charms, or heard thy voice, was
fired;

Each *belle* was envious, and each beau admired....
Alas, how changed! o'er thy once beauteous face
The marks of guilt and misery I trace;
Seduced to sin, then by the wretch betray'd,
Thy virtue gone, the once fond lover fled....
Scorn'd now by those, who once your friendship
prized,

Cast on the world, abandoned and despised;
What were thy feelings at that mournful day,
When from your home you came in tears away,
When thy stern father spurned thee from his door,
And *bade* his child behold his face no more;
That sire, who once in fond caresses pressed
His much loved daughter to his feeling breast.
I saw him late upon his dying bed,
The shades of *death* were hovering round his head,
"I had a child," he cried "the loveliest maid
That ere upon *Potomack's* meadows stray'd;
I know not now, if through the earth she strays
Or, chill'd by cruelty, has closed her days....
From *Virtue's* path by my unkindness hurl'd,
Perhaps she roams an outcast on the world;
But, oh! my friend, if ere you chance to see
This long lost girl, oh! tell her this from me,
Tell her, her sire repents, tell her in death,
For her in prayers he spent his latest breath;
Remorse thou viper of the soul" he cried
"Tell her likewise"....He press'd my hand and
died....

And could a father thus his daughter spurn?
To virtue doom her never to return?
Small was thy crime compared to that which
moves

A *sire* to sacrifice the child he loves.

Poor wretch forlorn I see thee turn thy eyes
In sullen misery to the pitying skies....
"Then shall I rest in peace at last, for there,
No father scorns his suppliant daughter's prayer;
No *female* whispers cruel slander's raise,
No *friends* desert no *lover* there betrays."

Cambridge, July 14th, 1802.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE 21ST. OF ANACREON, TRANSLATED BY
T. MOORE, ESQ.

Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To ev'ry thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep!
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her pale stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam....
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of Nature mine.
And pledge the universe in wine.

APOLLO TO A MAN OF GENIUS, ON HIS BEING
SATIRIZED BY A WITLING.

Whether he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine:
I wish my friend a nobler lot,
Than that of trampling vermin.

A blockhead can't be worth our care,
Unless that we'd befriend him:
As you've some common sense to spare
I'll pay, what you may lend him.

BROKEN CHINA, A FALL.

Soon as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Doris from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

A guardian sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had teas'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the timorous maid;
What do these horrid dreams imply?
My Cupid can't be dead?

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap;
Wagging his tail her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

And now the best of brittle ware
Her sumptuous table grac'd,
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the moring treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

Well, chatting on of that and this,
The maid reversed her cup,
And, tempted by the forfeit kiss
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

With transport he demands the prize;
Right fairly it was won!
With many a frown the fair denies,
Fond baits to draw him on!

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this;
So, Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kiss.

But as he strove....O dire to tell!
And yet with grief I must,
The table turn'd, the china fell,
A heap of painted dust.

O fatal purport of my dream!
The fair afflicted cried,
Occasioned, I confess my shame,
By childishness and pride.

For in a kiss....or two....or three,
No mischief could be found;
Then, had I been more frank and free,
My china had been sound.

TO THE AUTHOR OF A COLLECTION OF POEMS, PUR-
PORTING TO BE WRITTEN BY NOBODY.

Advance to fame....advance reveal'd!
Let conscious worth be bold:
Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan Phœbus did with joy discern
Your genius brought to light,
And many a *somebody* should learn,
From *nobody* to write.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE APPROACHING NUPTIALS OF A YOUNG LADY
WITH A MR. GREY.

[Found in a very ancient manuscript.]
With all that blooming sweetness in thy face,
With beauty, radiant as the god of day,
With active limbs, shape, elegance and grace,
With all these *tests* of youth....thou'lt soon be
Grey.

[On seeing the lady of Sir John DAY, and her cousin Miss
Orchard, pass through Birmingham, in December, on their
way to London.]

While nipping frosts with deadly bite,
Our choicest fruits consume;
Behold to feast, at least, our sight,
An ORCHARD, in full bloom.

And what is passing strange besides,
With equal truth we say,
That, just preceding *Christmas* tide,
Came smiling LADY DAY.

The CAPRICIOUS

Old Noll, as city prattlers tell,
Was always known to *promise well*;
Appoint your time to ask him home,
"He'll come, indeed, he'll surely come,"
Engaged at six, "he'll come at seven,
And chat away until eleven".
Now all seems fair and fix'd, but yet
How soon the *old one* can forget
His word, and teach his friends to know,
He'll never come if *promis'd* to;
When next you wish false Noll to see,
And *bind* him to your company;
Bid Betty tell him "not at home,"
Or charge him strictly not to come;
He who ne'er calls, when most desir'd,
Eccentric comes, when least requir'd.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 53.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Anti-democratic gradations of rank. Anti-republican sentiments and opinions. National phlegm....Green creoles. Gougers. Indifference for the sciences. Jefferson....Bartram....The Americans bear little resemblance to the English.

Various gradations of rank may be observed in America, as well as in Germany. The first class, as they call themselves, consists of the land speculators, the principal public officers, and in general, those who live the most expensively. They look down with the greatest contempt upon the second class. The respect of the Americans for money is very great. They submit with great humility to this contempt. This first class are full of the most ridiculous vanity. Their fashion of having arms painted upon their carriages is peculiarly laughable. This class is altogether anti republican, and at heart, devoted to the English constitution, which they would be glad to see introduced in America. This aristocratic order, attempted to give the title of "his Highness," to the president of the United States, in order to familiarize the people with monarchical ideas. What this class most desire, would be to have a son of the king of England, king of America, in which case, they would be the lords. The French revolution is a very unpleasant dash across their account; and therefore they bear a most raging hatred to the French nation. At present their policy consists in connecting themselves again as closely as possible with England, and we see that in this they have been hitherto tolerably successful. The second class again cannot bear, in their company any one belonging to the third, which consists of the tradesmen, whom they call mechanics. These classes are all discriminated by the degree of expense in their living, or their apparent wealth. The Americans have inherited from the English a detestable expression which fixes the worth of a man, solely in the quantum of money, which he is supposed to possess. They say very gravely "such a man is worth ten," or "he is worth twenty thousand pounds." They have another expression which seems to have been dictated by the same spirit; they call a republic "a common-wealth," a word tantamount to "the general riches, estate, or property." We see by this, very clearly that they consider liberty, as consisting singly and alone in the protection, acquisition, and enjoyment of property; that they can imagine no higher object of human society, and that they would certainly stare at the man, without understanding him, who should tell them, that the object of society, is no other, than the utmost possible cultivation and perfection of all the faculties of man. When they mean to confer their highest eulogium upon a nation, they say it is "a money making country," they usually boast of their own in those terms,

hence it is evident that they view money making as the highest purpose of life. They appear to look upon the essence of a free state, as consisting in the smallness of the sacrifices necessary for the public good. They generally deem it folly, to hazard ones blood and treasure for the national honour. They cannot bear the French nation, for being so devoted to its national honour. The comparison is too humiliating for them. Nothing excited among them so deep an horror as the operation of a forced loan. Such a thing would be utterly impracticable in America. Others may, if they please, admire such self-interested republicans as in my opinion, are the Anglo-Americans; I for my part, with good leave, will for the present, be dispensed from sharing this admiration. They do themselves justice in calling their state a common-wealth and not a republic. The Greeks and Romans, and the modern French, they call republicans. "All these," say they "are military states whose citizens in a foolish quest of glory sacrificed themselves for the public good." They cannot endure any of them. They might add, that if the Athenians had been wise, they would have submitted themselves to Xerxes, and never have ventured the battles of Salamis and Plataea. The Americans indeed, as we have seen, in their war for independence had already submitted themselves to the English, excepting only two thousand men, with whom general Washington effected the surprise at Trenton, and among this little band, most of the soldiers were native Europeans. General Washington, who well knows his countrymen, says in letters to his friends which the Americans pretend to be forgeries, but which he has never disavowed, and which are altogether worthy of him, "our want of virtue makes me despair of a successful issue to our undertaking." He wrote this at the beginning of the war.

An extraordinary phlegmatic turn, is observable in so many individuals, that it seems in fact to be an effect of the climate. I have often had time to repeat in English, a German phrase to the Pennsylvanian Germans before they would draw out in a sluggish tone their answer. I believed indeed they had not understood me, as their German is not proper German, but they assured me to the contrary. This slowness of conception seems to proceed from an obstructed circulation of the blood, and the same cause produces the numerous instances of insanity, which are at the same time usually accompanied with epileptic fits. The New-Englanders are equally phlegmatic. I made acquaintance on a journey with a person from that country, who in his most animated exertions for conversation, could bring out about two words in a minute. Nothing appeared to him so ridiculous as warmth. He was, however, a man of some understanding, and sighed to think how much his country was in want of able men. He went even so far as to wish, that some such goods might be imported from Europe.

They are not fond, at least in Pennsylvania, of seeing Europeans come among them, unless it be such as, are obliged to sell themselves, and whom they can employ at hard labour. They are morti-

fied again, when an European returns home, because this seems to indicate, that all among them is not so admirable, and that they themselves have been found not so extremely amiable, as they believe themselves, and as writers, blinded by prejudice have told them, they were. Egotism is never to be satisfied.

Young Americans are for the most part, excessively silly company, the well educated and travelled persons excepted. The French call such inexperienced uneducated boys, green creoles, (des créoles verts,) as in German we usually say of such a person, "he is not yet dry behind the ears." These green creoles believe that their country is a paradise, and every other a hell. This is natural: for they have been told so, and have seen nothing. Of Germany in particular they have the absurdest ideas. They enquire, for instance, whether there are stone houses in Germany, and whether a house as big, as that of Robert Morris, is to be met with there? Whether any corn grows in France, seeing that the French import some from America? whether people sometimes eat roast-meat in Germany, or nothing but potatoes, as in Ireland; and other like stupid absurdities. These green creoles are peculiarly insupportable, by their attempts to play the rake, for which they are not properly organized. They mutually laugh at one another's wretched nonsense, and think to assume thereby the reputation of a witty society. I was prevented from sleeping, a whole night through, at an inn, by one of these ingenious green creolising companies. I paid particular attention to what they said; and heard nothing, which among persons of any taste, could have excited the smallest sensation. Yet they laughed immoderately, and continually until broad day, when these green creoles disappeared.

These green creoles are in truth very tiresome company, but they are harmless; on the other hand, the sect of the gougers, is much more dangerous. This academy of eye-pluckers, does not extend itself to the northward of the river Potomac. These fellows are much in the habit, by the pressure of the thumb, to pluck a man's eye out of his head. They are especially dangerous to travellers whom they think they observe to be well educated. They are at first civil; then without cause grow insolent, and if you resent this, your eyes are gone, in an instant. None but a true green creole, could understand here in a literal sense, the expressions of "sect" and "academy," which I have used. I only mean by them a set of people, who have used themselves expressly to the practice of this hellish art, who mutually instruct one another in it, who properly make a trade of it, and seek their greatest pleasure in it. Eye-plucking is in Virginia practised even by the gentlemen. They challenge one another to it, as others do, to fight with pistols; notwithstanding this, they are not properly gougers, or eye-pluckers, as every fencer is not a fencing-master. I beg those of my readers, who know how to read, to forgive this explanation, it is made only for a certain sect, which can understand nothing, but what is expressed in a plain literal sense; this sect is that of the Americanes!

It appears always to be the national opinion of the Americans, that with the exception of reading, writing, cyphering, and, for surveyors, a few rules of geometry and trigonometry, the sciences are of no great utility. The New-Englanders have more respect for them, but even their regard is confined to the knowledge, immediately useful to the farmer, the merchant, &c. such as may chiefly be collected in the "young man's companion." The Germans in Pennsylvania, however, are above all the rest, enemies to literature. The only German books sold among them, and at a profit of 70 per cent. are song books imported from Frankfort, on the Mayn. Besides, the barbarians who speak German in Pennsylvania have brought the language into such extreme discredit, that Americans born even of German parents, if they have any education, are ashamed to speak it—Such a country offers no good refuge to German men of letters, and the schoolmaster Reiche, a man well known in Germany, died there in wretched poverty. America possesses some men of science, yet living, at the head of whom stands Mr. Jefferson of Virginia, known by an ingenious book in opposition to Buffon. Bartram, who has published a bombastic, though in a botanical point of view, not a contemptible description of his travels in Florida likewise lives, not far from Philadelphia. Mr. Muhlenberg, minister of the German Lutheran church at Lancaster in Pennsylvania, is esteemed the first botanist in America.

The Americans bear very little resemblance to the English. Their form of stature is altogether different. The English are a much handsomer nation. There are indeed, strong, nervous men, to be met with in America, but they are generally the first generation from European parents. Upon these, the climate has not produced its full effect. The Americans of the second or third generation, are tall, but surprisingly thin, and weak in the bones. I have seen persons of fifty, so extremely thin, as to have a ridiculous half-grown appearance, though, at the same time, considerably tall. They are further, active, but feeble. Their flesh is soft and flabby, or as the French expresses it *flasque*. This is very detrimental to the fair sex; for in this respect, I once saw in company a person who observed of a lady then present, that she must have been very handsome in her youth, but thereupon was informed that the lady, was not yet eighteen. There are very handsome faces, but they are ephemeral flowers. Fair female complexions are uncommon. Handsome heads of hair not very frequent. The bosom for the most part is flat, and flabby, the shoulders round and arched, and the back crooked. This is at least generally the case in Philadelphia. Blooming colours are seldom seen. In New-England, fresher colours, and in general a greater share of beauty is prevalent.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To form a just estimate of Mr. Burr's political conduct, since his elevation to the Vice-Presidency, it is of no small importance to ascertain, how far he has approved and promoted, or censured and opposed the system of removals from office, on the sole ground of political opinions. The immediate operation of this system, as it has been carried into effect, we are not disposed to comment upon. The American people, throughout the union have witnessed it. They are neither callous to the feelings of humanity, nor deaf to the voice of Justice. They have sense to see, and sensibility to feel, amply sufficient for this occasion. Their judgment we believe is made up in this case, and we leave it with them to pronounce it. Neither shall we here descant upon the more remote consequences of this new principle introduced into the administration of our government: upon its tendencies to whet the edge

of civil dissensions, to embitter the cup of social life, to add ten-fold venom to the stings of faction, to corrupt and degrade the morals of our citizens, and to make war instead of peace, the fundamental principle of mutual relation between man and man. These consequences have not yet had time to unfold themselves. But they are imminent; they are inevitable. The nation will feel them in the spasms of internal convulsion, and will know where to fix the responsibility of its first introduction.

If we believe the writer of the "View," Mr. Burr's conduct upon this subject has been doubly exceptionable. He has at once been culpable in recommending forcibly the new system, and in pretending to disapprove it. This charge is direct, and explicit, nor can we disguise the impression that it has some colour of evidence to support it. The eloquent writer of the pamphlet signed Lucius Junius Brutus, had already suggested suspicions of the same nature, and since the publication of the "View," Mr. Duane, who is understood to be in the peculiar confidence of the President, and who in these party-bickerings at New-York, has hitherto professed a sort of stately neutrality, declares in the most formal terms, that all the removals of national officers in that state were made by the advice of Mr. Burr, and all the new officers appointed at his recommendation; excepting only the naval-officer. He adds that Mr. Burr was very desirous that this place should be bestowed upon Mr. M. L. Davis, and expressed much dissatisfaction, upon being disappointed of this wish. Thus far his statement corroborates that of the pamphleteer, and in this instance, being in some sort official, it is entitled to more credit, than the representations of Mr. Duane generally deserve.

Another measure of the present administration which will furnish one of the most decisive features of its character, for the animadversion of posterity, has been the repeal of the judiciary law, for the sake of removing from office, contrary to the letter and the spirit of the constitution, sixteen individual judges. From the conduct of the Vice-President, in senate, upon that occasion, the men who have the real liberties of this country sincerely at heart, did see cause to hope that he would eventually defeat that shameless violation of the most precious principles of freedom. In him they thought they perceived some "compunctious visitings of Nature" in favour of his solemn oath, and his country's rights. At the moment when the arm of infuriated faction was raised to aim a vital stab at public justice, and the rule of equal laws, they saw the murderous hand for one moment suspended! A ray of light glimmered across the deadly gloom of that cruel hour. The genius of American liberty, prostrate at the feet of Mr. Burr, like Arthur at the feet of Hubert, was imploring for mercy; the irons destined to put out his eyes were heated—Mr. Burr relented, and gave them time to cool. The pure and genuine patriots throughout the union, had one moment of soothing hope. They cherished the belief, that the malice of the burning coal was gone; that

"The breath of heaven had blown his spirit out,
"And strew'd repentant ashes o'er his head."

This hope was but a pleasing illusion. Faction in frenzy, gnashed his teeth; called in all his scattering forces—Rudely thrust aside the interposing shield, and without even averting his face, consummated the crime, in the blood of his helpless victim. The guardian angel of our union, shriek'd at the deed, and wing'd his flight to purer worlds. The independence of our judiciary is no more.

We believe the day will come, when Mr. Burr will himself consider his conduct on this occasion among the most meritorious actions of his life. We believe the day will come, when full justice will be given him for it in the public opinion. But we wish it were in his power to prove that he had

always been averse to the sacrifice of the judicial department. What says the author of the View?

"Mr. Burr was in the first ebullition of his patriotism, so decidedly for the measure, that no time in his opinion ought to be lost. An extra session ought to be called to abolish the system before it could be put in operation. Such was the tinkling, and high sounding professions of the man. Let us now look at the event."

He then goes on to show, that the act was perpetrated *without the aid of Mr. Burr!* and argues that his real intention, in referring the repeal to a select committee, by his casting vote, was to defeat the bill itself. We are willing for the honour of Mr. Burr to believe this; and we think that nothing but a formal avowal of his intention was wanting, to make it the fairest of his titles to the esteem of his country. Yet without that formal avowal, and on the supposition that Mr. Burr had previously been so urgent for this wicked prostration of principle as he is represented, we must consider it as an equivocal act, the real character and motives of which can only be explained by the future conduct of the Vice-President.

These are the only objects of a public nature, in the course of Mr. Burr's career in his present office, upon which the writer of the pamphlet can cast a colour of reproach. For it is indeed requiring too much of us, to say we must believe Mr. Burr averse to the proposed amendment of the constitution directing separate and specific votes for the offices of President and Vice-President, because he trembled upon reading the bill introduced in the senate for that purpose. It is exacting too severe a tax upon our credulity, to contend that Mr. Burr is a traitor to his country, for having toasted "an union of all honest men," in a company of federalists on the anniversary of Washington's birth-day. These accusations, trivial in their nature, and lame in their evidence, prove much more forcibly the malice of their author than the guilt of their object.

The remainder of the pamphlet relates to Mr. Burr's transactions in the state of New-York, first as a member of the convention which assembled in October 1801, for the purpose of altering the state constitution; and afterwards at the spring elections for members of Congress and of the state legislature. Here it was that the long dissembled and smothered animosities, between his party and that of the Clinton family blazed out. The coalition between them had never been cordial, and by its nature could not be durable. The first public question upon which they met in formal opposition, was upon the numbers to which the senate of New-York should be reduced. There had been some thoughts among the united faction, to abolish the senate because it "had become a perfect aristocracy," and was "unpopular."....But Mr. De Witt Clinton was a member of the body, and had then no prospect of being so soon translated to the senate of the union. To keep open the senate, was therefore an object to him, and to other Clintons, who must all be provided for some how or other. Mr. Burr too had his friends to prompt, for which purpose a senate was a convenient machine. Such, as may be collected from the pamphlet, were the only motives which guided these pretended republicans in their final determination to spare one of the vital members of a free government. But for the private personal views of De Witt Clinton and Aaron Burr, the senate of New-York, would have been sacrificed without a struggle. In agreeing, however, to preserve this aristocratic institution, they determined to reduce its numbers. What necessity there could be for curtailing the numbers of a legislative branch, consisting only of 43 persons, it is not easy to perceive. But the diminution of expense was a bait for the multitude; and the weakening of aristocratic influence, was an argument suited to the intellect of the faction. Burr was for pushing it to

its utmost excess; for cutting down the senate to 15 or 18, fixing at last, however, upon 24. His secret object in this was to render the body more easily manageable by himself; and to deprive De Witt Clinton, of the chance of getting re-elected, at least for some years. The Clinton's saw the absurdity of the argument that the influence of an aristocratic assembly is proportioned, to its numbers; but they dared not meet the popular, though paltry consideration, of saving a few annual hundreds of dollars. They were content therefore to clip away the numbers of the senate, just so much as should leave De Witt Clinton's expectations of reelection unimpaired; and their standard number was 32. Such was the issue upon which the party first divided. Mr. Burr at first carried his point in the convention. But the next day George Clinton, jun. rallied the troops of the family, and bore away the palm of victory from the Vice-President.

From this time the discord between these virtuous republicans became irreconcilable; and at the spring elections, though acting with apparent unanimity they were in fact manœuvring with the utmost activity against each other. In this party management the Clinton's had the advantage, and excluded every one of Mr. Burr's friends from the nomination list, which they confined altogether to themselves, and their adherents. The same George Clinton, jun. who had triumphed over Mr. Burr in the convention, was now brought forward again, as one of their candidates. Upon which, Mr. Swartwout, the marshall of the district, and the ardent friend of Mr. Burr, could no longer contain his boiling resentments. He declared the expulsion of George Clinton's name from the list, was his ultimatum, and without it hostilities should instantly commence. The Clintonians were intimidated. They consented to strike out the obnoxious name; but the man and his family would not abide by the bargain. They endeavoured to carry him against the final agreement of their own committee of nominations, but failed of success. The furies of rival ambition and mutual disappointment were all let loose, and the voice of the Clinton's, seizing instantly the trumpet, proclaimed to all the world, that Mr. Burr is, and was, and was always known to be a base, and selfish hypocrite, a treacherous political impostor!

Since the publication of our first remarks upon this pamphlet, evidence from various quarters has arisen to prove, what we believed upon the first perusal; that it teems with a multitude of misrepresentations. The author's historical chain is composed of here and there one solitary link of facts, connected together by five or six of his own rancorous suspicions: the chances of truth in such a narrative are small.... As a statement of facts therefore this work is entitled to very little credit; but as a document of the views, the principles, the moral and political character of the party which now governs the American Union, of the means by which they burst open the doors of public honours and confidence, and of the causes which now lead them to drag one another before the tribunal of the public, as the vilest of malefactors, it is an historical voucher of no trivial importance. This consideration alone has induced us to bestow so much notice upon a work, which, as a literary performance, is worthy of such a cause. We presume it is from the same pen, which has so laboriously vindicated, in Cheetham's newspaper, the use of the third person plural, *We*.

It has been above remarked, that the editor of the Aurora, who, as the President's confidential friend and publisher, so happily styles himself the "Organ of the popular will," has hitherto maintained a sort of neutrality, between the rivals of New-York. This neutrality, however, is not partial to Mr. Burr. With him, Mr. Duane has dealt very roundly; and told him, without ceremony, "that if the motives for the suppression of Wood's history were not

"satisfactorily explained to the public, his (Burr's) standing with the republican interest was gone." The Vice-President of the United States, must have thought this language somewhat extraordinary, addressed to him by William Duane, unless he considered him as the organ of another will: as the Talthybius of the American Atreides.

The declaration of war, therefore, between the first and second officer of the union is not yet formal; and the following passage in the last page of the "View" must be looked upon as premature.

"Mr. Burr is sensible, that, previous to the adjournment of Congress, the republican members had given him up! and it only remains for the people to confirm the opinion of EVERY BRANCH OF THE GOVERNMENT, concerning his political conduct. He no longer enjoys the confidence of the government! He is no longer viewed as a man attached and belonging to the republican party."

We believe it, however, impossible for these two eminent personages cordially to coalesce again, for some years. Mr. Burr's reluctance at being placed in the chair of the union, appeared to be so very faint; in renouncing the competition for the tempting prize he cast so many "longing, lingering looks behind;" his scruples were so willing to be overcome, his resistance so anxious to be subdued, that they will not easily coincide with the stubbornness of the President's virtues, in behalf of the "man of the people." Some other candidate for the Vice-Presidency must be selected by the "cabinet council of the national elections." But we think Mr. De Witt Clinton's candidate, will not yet be likely to succeed. In comparing the first presidential election under the federal constitution with the last, we think the people of the United States have made no small proficiency in the bathos of government, or art of political sinking: but we must confess they have many gradations deeper to descend, before they can reach the level of De Witt Clinton.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[It is not the habit of the Editor to read attentively, or to copy frequently, the speeches of the opposition in Great-Britain. The following speech of Mr. Sheridan is preserved, not for its rectitude of reasoning, or the correctness of its politics, but because it is a lively specimen of brilliant wit, and because it contains a compliment to a great statesman, whose mighty talents thus challenge the respect of one of the keenest of his political foes.]

SHERIDAN'S SPEECH,

ON THE DEFINITIVE TREATY.

IN THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FRIDAY, MAY 14.

"Sir, at this late hour, (about 2 o'clock) it is with extreme reluctance I rise to address the house, and to trespass upon your time and patience. I shall not be singular to-night in the professions I make you of avoiding details; but sir, in one respect, my conduct will differ from any other gentleman's who has addressed you. I will keep my word—(A laugh.)—If I feel repugnance to rise at so late an hour, I feel equally strange with respect to the unpopularity, which I fear I must experience. It is natural to every person to have pleasure in voting in a majority, though to that pleasure, I believe, I have long been a stranger—Among the strange things we are continually witnessing, is the strange division of parties at present in this house. Sir, I have heard it said, that there are about twelve or thirteen different parties among us! Nay, some carry the number much farther. Now I scarcely expect a single vote with me beyond that little circle of a constitutional party, who have, for the last ten years been the objects of so much unqualified abuse; but those men who have so often been held up to public opprobrium, are the very same whose every prediction has been fulfilled, and every fear real-

ized. The discussion of this necessary but disgraceful treaty of peace to night, is a confirmation of the propriety of their political conduct during the whole course of the war.—My friends must feel poignant shame and deep humiliation at the situation to which by these terms the country is reduced, but which they have laboured steadily to avert. Those who oppose this peace have been arraigned as aiming at a censure on the issue of the negotiations, and on the ministers themselves. And certainly, sir, their object is to condemn the peace and cast a slur on the abilities of his majesty's ministers. But, in this conduct of theirs, they have, at least, the merit of being consistent. I support the peace, because I feel confident no better terms, considering all circumstances could be got. Their predecessors had taken care of that. They had left them no choice, but between an expensive, bloody, and fruitless war, and perilous and hollow peace. They have chosen the best of the alternatives. Now, says the minister, they who oppose me depress the country. I thank these new oppositionists for their manly firmness, in coming forward, and opposing upon their own principles, this degrading treaty. Let the people of this country be fully aware of all the circumstances of the peace. They have done their duty then, in thus publicly discussing them. But a right hon. gentleman—not here this evening—an ex-minister too—suspects something more. If he has not altered his opinions since yesterday, he suspects their motives. They, says he, disapprove the treaty, and attack administration, because they wish to drive out ministers, and succeed to their places, and for that purpose, they have formed a confederacy. Truly, sir, a heavy charge; but I must declare, that they have never veiled their opinions. Some of them especially have at all times been very open. And I conceive that it would be high injustice to suspect them upon slight grounds of a dirty cabal to turn out the present ministers. Says the hon. gentleman, upon their principles, they would never have made peace. Why so, we have always said! It is now therefore confirmed, that a leading part of the late ministry acted upon such principles. But the right hon. gent. (Mr. Dundas) yesterday denounced their foul ambition, and their design to trip up the heels of their successors! Another great discovery is now made—These person's principles were such as rendered a peace impossible, and yet the very men who say so, have been thanking them all, as the saviours of the country!!! Can the Rt. hon. gentleman account for his inconsistency? I should think not; and yet he looks so confidently, I almost think he could. He thought I was cheering him, as if I did not suppose him a constant supporter of the war, and he assures the house "he was a steady friend to it!" But he has now found out that it was necessary to stop. I say, why not have stopped a little sooner? Why not before you were so much exhausted? For instance, when Bonaparte made you an offer? Now, however, he finds the necessity of peace. But is this such a peace as will give us real repose? Consider your debt and taxes, and the necessity which seems to be at length coming upon us of keeping up a peace establishment unknown in this country. It is lamentable to see you all split into miserable parties, when your great enemy is uniting every possible means of extending his power? You are squabbling about the measuring of ribbands and tapes and the paltry revenues of Malta, when much greater objects are before you! the events of every day seem to call more and more for the expression of that public feeling, that the time will come when French encroachments and oppositions must cease, and when the voice of this country must be clearly raised against their atrocious and tyrannical conduct? the Rt. hon. gent. says "we have preserved our honour!" Honour depends more

on the manner of doing a thing than on the thing itself. We had a great armament at the time of negotiation, but I don't hear that it carried any one whatever! This, say they is a peace in which we relinquish nothing, and gain much! Will any man of common sense undertake to prove that? I defy him to name the single *object*, ever varying, ever shifting, unrelinquished. What did we go to war for? Why, to prevent French *aggrandizement*. Have we done that? No. Then we were to rescue *Holland*! Is that accomplished or relinquished? No, *Brabant* was a *sine qua non*! Is it gained? No. Then come *security* and *indemnity*! Are they obtained? No—The late minister told us that the example of a *Jacobin* government in Europe, founded on the ruins of the Holy Altar, and the tomb of a martyred monarch, was a spectacle so dreadful and infectious to Christendom, that we could never be safe while it existed, and could do nothing short of our very last effort for its destruction. Now, Sir let us see what we have got. But what have we laid out for all these *fine words* which at last gave way to *security* and *indemnity*? Why, near 200,000 *lives* and 500 *millions* of money? And we have gotten *Ceylon* and *Trinidad*. I should propose, that, as we have given to our heroes titles from the places where there laurels were won, our *St. Vincents*, *Nelsons* of the *Nile*, &c. so we should name *Ceylon*, *Security Island*, and call *Trinidad* the *Isle of Indemnity*!!! Now if we look at the state of Europe, we find the Noble Lord opposite, has a most curious and convenient epithet, which he applies to what is rather a disagreeable object to him (Lord Hawkesbury)! He talks of its being in an *uncomfortable*—Was it?—Oh no!—*unsatisfactory state*.—Germany, Holland, Italy, they are all in an *unsatisfactory state*; and so I suppose is Switzerland, which now seems likely to undergo a division among her powerful neighbours. That innocent and virtuous, suffering, venerable country is now I suppose in an *unsatisfactory state*! But Great-Britain is all this time far from languor. She is in an *unsatisfactory state*. However, a grave and learned gentleman, (Master of the Rolls) tells us for our comfort, that notwithstanding all that has happened, here we all are debating and doing business in all the old forms and customs of the House! Pray now could not this have happened, supposing we had never gone to war? I think that he should have made that out before he congratulated us so warmly upon our present debate “under all the old forms of the house!” The Minister too, goes on according to old forms: he has his majorities according to custom. Prussia can go on too in its old forms! Is this armed repose, this hollow peace, then, the fruit of our long and glorious war! A great deal too has been said to be gained by the disposition of France to lay aside Jacobinism. But the grand consolation of all is in looking to Bonaparte as the *extirpator of Jacobinism*. The learned gentleman however states to this house, that it is the nature of Jacobinism, if driven from any country, always to look with pride and ambition to a settlement in the place where it had birth, and to fix itself there. So now, this “child and champion of *Jacobinism*,” as she was styled, is to become a *parasite*. The *child of sin* is to *destroy his mother*! As this Jacobinism is by the late minister stated to be a vice, never to be eradicated from the *bosom* when it has once been implanted, all Europe will doubtless look to this great consul for its destruction. Indeed he seems very desirous of extending his care to his neighbours! Suppose you make him *king of Europe at once*, and he will soon extirpate all the Jacobinism that infects it! My alarms begin when the alarms of some persons cease. The great question about the dangers of the French revolution were always upon the degree of the danger to be apprehended. Some danger was always allowed: but to suppose the people of this country so miserably infatuated

as to fall in love with dirt, and blood, and guillotines, with all the atrocious deformities of the system of Robespierre, and that now when France is “covered with glory” though certainly without liberty, or any thing that much resembles it, there should be nothing to dazzle or captivate, is out of my comprehension. If there be in this country men of dangerous ambition, Bonaparte is the man to hold out to them, by his ambitious and successful conduct, an example! An example however much stronger than any thing that could attract the people in the exhibitions of riot and murder, unsociality and ferocity of manners! But they say—He has begged pardon of God and man by his piety and penitence! No—he has restored bishops with the salaries of curates, and made them all spies and informers in his favour by a solemn oath! He has made his own use of them all. How has he acted to Switzerland? How to us? Why by condescending to receive our humiliating submission of every thing you had acquired by the powers of your army and navy! I must trust to our valour to defend us against his armies; and I pray heaven to protect us against the effects of his *penitence* and *piety*! I must confess, that nothing has been stated against this peace unaccompanied by proofs.—I had rather given to France Malta, and taken the Cape, than have made this absurd arrangement! If the late secretary for the war department were here—who is perhaps (*looking at Mr. Pitt*) by proxy—he might have made a whimsical charge against the present ministers. He (Mr. Dundas) said, that “the minister who should give up the *Cape* would deserve to lose his head!!!” There sits the minister however, with his head safe upon his shoulders. I have almost a mind to attack him on the authority of Mr. Dundas! Malta would have been a great acquisition to us, and therein I agree with the war secretary. It would have stood, with the British standard flying in the centre of the Mediterranean, “like a great seamount saving those that eye it!” Ministers affirm the emperor of Russia would not take care of Malta. If they will tell me so upon *their honor*, I will believe them—otherwise, upon *my honor*, I won't believe any body that says so. That did not appear to be Paul's idea of it. Perhaps he was mad! There was, however, some method in his madness: but, sir, there's a message that Bonaparte has sent to his tribunate concerning some Russian soldiers who are to go and take good care of the republic of the Seven Islands, and they may, probably be intended for Alexandria, and may be connected with some plan against Turkey. Sir, if any *thing* in the *shape* of a *statesman* will say in this house, that he looks at that power, “at which the world turns pale,” without apprehension, as the ministers seem to tell us to night, I must say he has a prodigious *stock of courage*, or no *skill at all in politics*! But let France have colonies! Oh, yes! Let her have a good trade that she may be afraid of war, says the learned member! that's the way to make her love peace. He has had, to be sure, a sort of military education. He has been abroad and is rather rough company; but if you put him behind the counter a little, he will mend exceedingly! When I was reading the treaty, I thought all the names of foreign places, viz. *Pondicherry*, *Chander-nagore*, *Cochin*, *Martinico*, &c. all *cessions*. Not they: they are all so many *traps* and *holes* to catch this silly fellow in, and make a *merchant* of him! I really think the best way upon this principle would be this: Let the merchants of London open a *public subscription*, and set him up at once! I hear a great deal respecting a certain *statue* about to be erected to the right honourable gentleman (Mr. Pitt) now in *my eye*, at a great expence. Send all that money over to the *first consul*, and give him what you talk of so much, *capital*, to begin trade with. I hope the right honourable gentleman over the way, will, like the first consul,

refuse a statue for the present, and postpone it as work for posterity. There is no harm, however, in marking out the place. The right honourable gentleman is musing, perhaps, on what square or place, he will choose for its erection. I recommend the *bank of England*. Now for the materials. Not gold: no, no; he has not left enough of it—I should, however, propose *Papier Mache* and old bank notes!—Ministers recommend us to make France commercial, for the sake of peaceful habits; and then tell us how impossible it is for her to increase in trade or commerce for want of the necessary credit and capital. There my prospect was damped! I was going now to India, but I remember I promised to avoid detail. I must keep my word. There was some northern logic here last night; something specious—a kind of *northern lights*—pretty enough to look at, but not very useful, about our possessions having a better security in India, without than with our enemies' recognition of our rights. This I confess I cannot understand. The right honourable gentleman asks whether they would have been justified in breaking off the treaty? That's a question between him and those who like the preliminaries: but it is otherwise with those who like neither. The secretary of war (Mr. Yorke) has said, Bonaparte will look at us with a “*Soldier's Eye*.” I think he will with that of a *Statesman*! Now the *city militia* and some other *corps*, are disbanded; it is not exactly a spectacle for a soldier's eye. One cannot walk along the streets without hearing doubts expressed of the nature and security of the peace! And the next enquiry is, “pray who is the minister now?” Is there an interior and exterior prime minister? one who appears to the world and another secret, irresponsible, directing minister! Certainly in several respects I have given my testimony in behalf of the present ministers. In nothing more than for making the best peace, perhaps, they could after their predecessor had left them in such a deplorable situation! But the present ministers continue to identify themselves with the former. They have ministerially supported a refusal to enquire into the state of the country, just as they were about to take the government they have passed an *indemnity bill*, and since that a *security bill*, in a resolution of thanks, and these are the only *indemnity and security* acquired!!!—The ex-ministers are quite separate and distinct, and yet they and the ministers are all *honourable friends*! What is the meaning of this mysterious connection? Why don't the minister defend his peace on the only good grounds of defence?—Does he hold that situation only to make peace, and leave it for his predecessors? No minister of this country ever condescended to act under such an incomprehensible connection, and to receive such equivocal support! Part of the cause is clear. If the late minister attacks the treaty, the present would turn round and say—“You brought me into a situation of necessity—You compelled me to sign a disgraceful treaty—You were arrogant, and I have put up with indignity—Bonaparte, by his minister Otto, would laugh at me!—This work is yours!—You placed me in this dilemma!” The minister takes no strong ground of defence: I won't say he dare not take it. There he sits to receive the attack of the new confederacy, who are not great in numbers, but in talents. The ex-minister is mounted on a kind of *hill fort* to fire down on the assailants, but the *garrison* is all manned with deserters from the principles of the war! I should like to support the present minister on fair ground; but what is he! A sort of *outside passenger*—or rather a man leading the horses round the corner, while the reins and whip, and all are in the hands of the coachman on the box! [look at Mr. P's. elevated seat three or four benches above that of the treasury.] Why not have a union of the two

ministers, or at least some intelligible connection? When the ex-minister quitted office, almost all the subordinate ministers kept their places! How was it that the whole family did not move together? Had he only one covered waggon to carry away friends and goods? Or has he left directions behind him that they may know where to call? I remember a fable of *Aristophanes*: it is translated from Greek into decent English—I mention this for the country gentlemen. It is of a man that sat so long on a seat (about as long, perhaps, as the ex-minister did on the treasury bench), that he grew to it. When Hercules pulled him off he left all the sitting part of the man behind him! The house can make the allusion. This is not a noble, manly kind of coalition between these gentlemen.—Of that ex-minister I would just say, that *no man admires his splendid talents more than I do*. If ever there was a man formed and fitted by nature to benefit his country, and give it lustre, he is such a man. He has no low, little, mean, petty vices. He has too much good sense, taste, and talents, to set his mind upon ribbands, stars, titles, and other appendages and idols of rank. He is of a nature not at all suited to be the creature or tool of any court. (*Mr Pitt bowed repeatedly.*) But while I thus say of him no more than I think his character and great talents deserve, I must tell him how grossly he has misapplied them in the politics of this country. I must tell him again how he has augmented the national debt, and of the lives lost in the war. I must tell him he has done more against the privilege of the people, increased more the power of the crown, and injured more the constitution of this country, than any minister I can mention.....Of the resignation of the late ministry, I don't believe one word of what is said about *Catholic Emancipation*. I could as soon believe it was because they had discovered the longitude. If they did go out on that ground they were certainly at liberty so to do. But after they quitted their situations they circulated a paper in Ireland, attributing the failure of an indispensable measure to resistance in a certain quarter, and that quarter was their sovereign, and directing the Irish catholics to look to them for hope of relief. If this was short of high treason, how far short of it I cannot define. If, however, that measure was necessary to carrying on hostilities, we have certainly done right so far in making this peace. Mr. Sheridan concluded a speech, which, alternately convulsed the house with laughter, and impressed it with eloquence, by reading an amendment to be submitted to the house, charging the defective terms of the peace on the conduct of the late ministry, and expressing the painful sensation of the house at the sacrifices made.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

I have a very sincere respect for the character of an instructor of youth, and nothing, in my opinion, would more promote the substantial glory of the country, than a wide diffusion of classical literature, under the direction of men, eminent for their learning, and venerable for their piety, who should enjoy the amplest accommodations, and acquire an independent income in palaces, dedicated to wisdom, ACCORDING TO THE PRACTICE OF OUR ANCESTORS. The following wise remarks will, we hope, occasion some to reflect upon the rights of masters, and that learning is soon "trodden under the hoofs of a swinish multitude, when the persons and fortunes of preceptors are treated with contempt.

"On croit sottement, qu'il est plus honorable de conduire in qualite de capitaine une troupe d'ouvriers, ou de paysans, qu'on nomme soldats, que de commander a de jeunes seigneurs, et de leur former le cœur, et l'esprit."

CARACCIOLI.

As nothing contributes more to the encouragement, and increase of excellence in a profession, than the honour bestowed upon it, and the esteem in which it is held by the world; it is an useful and laudable effort, which some benevolent writers have made to raise some employments of great importance to society, from the contempt into which they have unfortunately fallen.

Every one is ready to allow the importance of education, yet few entertain a due respect for the profession, which is to administer it. The world is governed by names, and with the word pedagogue, has been ludicrously associated the idea of a pedant, a mere plodder, a petty tyrant and a gerund grinder.

But as the profession is not only in the very first degree useful to society, but attended with peculiar hardships and difficulties, it deserves the recompense and alleviation of public esteem.

The schoolmaster's employment has been compared to the punishment, inflicted on the Danaides, and on Sysiphus. His labour knows no end; for, supposing one set of scholars at one time to be attentive and improve, yet they are succeeded soon after by new scholars, and the whole work is to be recommenced.

He languishes over the repetition of rules and precepts,* which have nothing amusing to his fancy, or improving to his understanding. He goes his round, like the mill-horse, and his ears ring with cases, declensions, conjugations; *Propria quæ moribus; As in præsentis; hic, hæc, hoc; and di, do, dum.*

He is conversant with those, who continue in his company unwillingly, and are impatient to be gone, with the petulant, the peevish, the idle, the inattentive, the ungrateful and the refractory.†

He inhales dust and impure air, and his ears are seldom relieved from noise. His patience and temper are continually put to trial: he bears about him an instrument of torture, and is frequently obliged to inflict punishment with the reluctant severity of an executioner.

If he spare the rod he must be often busied in reprimanding, admonishing, remonstrating and advising those who hate him for his pains; and, if they cannot have other revenge, delight in giving uneasiness, by teasing the temper of their best friend, their foster father. Few occupations exercise the temper, or tend more to spoil it, than that of a conscientious schoolmaster.

He is liable to hourly insult and affronting behaviour from the senior boys, who resent with rancorous virulence the exercise of that discipline on themselves, which they at the same time have sense enough to know, is no more than the master's duty compels him to enforce.

He is exposed to continual misrepresentation. The tongue of every boy in his school, however silly or malicious, has a tale to tell, concerning his supposed mistakes, his mismanagement, his severity, his partiality, his parsimony. Himself and his family are painted to the father and mother and to all company, in the blackest colours, which malice can invent, and inexperience conceive.

The master is blamed for the faults of nature. A boy is stupid or idle and learns nothing. He is removed in wrath; the master loses his scholar and the emoluments attending him; but that is not sufficient, he loses something of his peace and

* "Quid infucundissimum in schola mihi visum sit, fatebor: illam eadem pensa retractandi, eosdemque vices vel trices scriptorum errores corrigenda necessitatem."

GESNER.

† Quam ingratus labor, totos dies versari inter pueros, inter invitos plerumque, et substrictis veluti auriculis loram, quæ se carcere emittat, expectantes; inter petulantes, morosos, pigros, reluctantes disciplinæ!

GESNER.

character: for the boy is removed by those, who must allege some fault to justify the removal. They cannot bear that an imputation should fall on the boy, and therefore, the load of censure, aggravated by a thousand falsehoods, is laid on the master.

If he ventures to vindicate himself, he is under the necessity of throwing blame on the boy, which his generosity will not permit; or if a regard to himself and justice compels him to speak, the offence already given is aggravated beyond all bounds, and both the boy and his friends become implacable enemies and bitter slanderers for life.*

These are only a few among the many evils, which attend a profession highly useful and even necessary to the existence of society. It will be urged that in some cases there are the alleviations of lucre; and it must be confessed that the world is not so bad, as not to furnish many boys of a docile and amiable disposition, and many parents, who are grateful and candid. But, still there are few employments attended with more irksome labour, more liable to ill usage, and less well rewarded by those, whom it most essentially serves, than that of the schoolmaster.

In some cases it is said to be lucrative; but it should be remembered, that the lucre, when it is considerable, usually arises from the boarding and lodging of pupils in the master's house, and not from the business of instruction and the labour of a school. And where the pupils are lodged and boarded in the superintendent's house, his trouble is tenfold greater, and the ill usage to which he is exposed, not to be described by language.

The caprice and ill humour of many boys is such as never can be satisfied. As, on the one hand, they know little of the true nature of things, so, on the other they are prone to judge of all they see with precipitancy....As they have not yet felt the ill usage of the world, so they want that sort of sympathy for others, which experience only can teach. They censure all, who are concerned with them, and happen to displease them without judgment and without mercy. They delight in doing mischief and injuries for diversion; and consequently, the superintendent of a number of boys in his own house, has an office something like that of a keeper of a mad-house, or a gaol, or a collection of wild beasts, but much more unthankful.

Yet ingenious and learned men, sometimes submit to this task voluntarily. It is upon the principle of choosing the least of two evils; for it is better than to starve, and to involve a family in all the evils of indigence.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rage is turn'd to ridicule.

DRYDEN'S JUVENAL.

Necessity forces them to submit to the yoke, and when their shoulders have become galled till they are callous, they bear it with a patient insensibility.

If there were no perverseness, obstinacy, ingratitude and stupidity, the task, to a benevolent heart might be delightful. There is something truly agreeable in assisting the efforts of a youthful mind, which is at once ingenious and ingenuous. And certainly many virtues may be advantageously exercised in bearing with ill usage, and doing good to those, who hate and despise you.

It is a fine opportunity of serving human nature and one's country, and I admire the philanthropy of those, who from so pure a motive are influenced to undergo labours so severe, contumelies so insulting, slanders so unjust, ingratitude so base. I fear the number is small.

* "Illud in primis ægre ferebam, si cum boni me viri officio functum esse putarem, expostulatum venirent necura et questum injuriam illi, quorum in e libris optime consulisse, mihi constabat."

GESNER.

Vix sunt totidem quod
Thebarum portæ, vel divitis ostia Nilii.
JOURNAL.

The greater part submit to the labour, with the common stimulus of human exertion, the hope of gain; and, when it is considered that parents purchase not only ease and exemption from the toil of instruction, and the trouble of their children's ill humour, not only accomplishments useful and ornamental, but also food, accommodations, and habitation for their offspring, the gain of the masters should not be considered as earned too easily. If the masters acquit themselves well in an undertaking so arduous, they are justly entitled not only to profit, but to honour. If I should be asked, to what purpose are these observations on the ill treatment of schoolmasters; I should answer that they are intended to vindicate from contempt, an order of men at once useful and oppressed; to induce parents to become more candid and considerate in their behaviour to them, and to persuade masters themselves, actuated by a due sense of their own value in society, to scorn that meanness, submission, and obsequiousness, which invites and almost justifies contempt.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The following is abridged from an English essay. It appears to be a very tolerable quiz upon histrionic bombast.]

PLAY-BILL EXTRAORDINARY,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD.

On Monday, &c.

Will be revived a favourite play, called

THE MOUNTAINEERS;

Containing an assemblage of all the beauties
Of Desperation, Execration, Detestation, Perturbation,
Humiliation and Ostentation.

Between the first and second act,

MRS. DAGGERWOOD,

Positively for that night only,

Will attempt a recital

OF COLLINS'S ODE TO THE PASSIONS;

In which she will introduce the admired

Rondeau of Bow, wow, wow;

Accompanied on the bladder and string,

By MR. DAGGERWOOD;

After which

DON JUAN, OR THE LIBERTINE DESTROYED,
With entire new dresses, decorations, sinkings
and flyings;

The piece composed of Mirth and Sorrow, Joy and
Horror, with Rage and Despair, most pleasingly
blended.

IN THIS PANTOMIME WILL BE INTRODUCED

A Pictresque view of a Shipwreck, a Superb
Banquet; interspersed with eating and drinking.
A dreary cave most beautifully decorated with
Skulls, Skeletons, Bones, and Monuments.

A Horn pipe, in the character of a Skeleton, by
MASTER APOLLO DAGGERWOOD.

The whole to conclude with a pleasing view of
the Infernal Regions.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

SUR,

I se Yorkshire....but don't ye be thinking that
any left-handed Irish principles brought me away from
ould England....No:....I love my county, as they
say i'th' west, fro' th' botham o' me crop....But I
thought Mr. Pitt was rather tightish about taxes,

and so determined to come to Merica, which at
our barber's shop they used to call the land o' true
freedom....Now I've gotten here, I dont know how
it is, but I dont feel mysel a bit better off....I could
sleep as sound and as free fro' fear o' thieves in
Yorkshire as I can here, and I think what wi'
house-rent and what wi' one devilment or t'other,
I have as much money, to pay as if I wur at Luom
paying Billy's taxes, and as all goes to the king,
Cod bless him, and to th' honour o' th' nation, I
think I was a fool ever to grudge them.

But there is one thing that puzzles me strangely
in this here liberty country, and as I've always
tho't you, Master Oldschool (no offence, Sur, I
huope) a cutish kind of a chap, I tho't it was best
to apply to you for a sort of reason for it, ye see....
They say your government is all for th' good o' th'
people; now, I'm an ignorant fellow, but I cannot,
for the soul o' me, see what good all this shuffing
and cutting for plans can do....Now there's B—r,
and there's J—n, and there's C—n, and there's
the Devil doesn't know who, all confoundedly lied
on, if they hav'nt done more dirty work to get
themselves made great men, than ever a member
of parliament among them all....Pray, Sur, do try
to tell me what they mean by it.

I am,

Yorkshire but honest,

JEREMIAH ROYDS.

New-York, July 10th. 1802.

N. B. I've had this sometime by me, without
thinking o'th' Post Office: there's something
queerish about bank bills, and notes, and letters, and
so on, in your Merican post offices. I huope you'll
get this seafe.

Servant,
J. R.

THE DRAMA.

[At Drury Lane, late in the spring, a new musical enter-
tainment was brought forward entitled *Urania*; or *The
Illumine*. It unites so many good qualities, that we feel
ourselves called upon for more particular notice than is
usually taken of little pieces of this class. The principal
characters were thus represented:]

An Armenian,	- Mr. Powell.
Manfred, Prince of Colona,	Mr. C. Kemble.
Conrad, Count of Porta,	Mr. Holland.
Inquisitor,	Mr. Maddocks.
Charles, an Inkeeper,	Mr. Palmer.
Pietro, Manfred's Valet,	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Rodrigo, a Gardner,	Mr. Suett.
Urania, Princess of Tarentum,	Miss De Camp.
Jaqueline, Carlos' Daughter,	Mrs. Bland.

The scene is laid at Tarentum, to which city
the Prince of Cologne comes, at the express in-
junction of his father, to seek its Princess in mar-
riage. The young Prince is quite dejected; his mind
is filled with the idea of a spiritual world, of immor-
tal intelligences, of ethereal spirits, and supernatu-
ral agents, and there is no room in his heart for a
being of a gross corporeal substance. The Prin-
cess of Tarentum, who had by chance seen and
admired him, is apprised of this weakness, and
from the plan which she adopts, in concert with
his father, who had followed him to Tarentum,
arises the interest of the piece. The father as-
sumes the disguise of an Armenian magician, and
is introduced to his son on the moment of his ar-
rival, and before he has seen the Princess. The
magician promises every thing that could gratify
his infatuation; but requires as the price that he
shall renounce his father; the Prince, though a faith-
ful disciple, spurns the terms with indignation, and
the father, having thus put his filial affection suf-
ficiently to the test, leaves him with threats of
vengeance. He accordingly strikes the side of the
room with his magic wand, and the Princess
Urania presents herself in the clouds with a celest-
tial globe revolving at her side. The Prince
immediately supposes her to be an ethereal being,
and pays his adoration to her as such. The ma-

gician retires, and she descends in a cloud, and
addresses the Prince, who is filled with love, rap-
ture, and astonishment; she renews the proposal
of the magician to the Prince, to renounce his fa-
ther as the price of her love; but his filial duty still
remains unshaken—she then leaves him, with an
assurance that she will put his affection to some
other test. He is accordingly arrested by the offi-
cers of the inquisition, upon a charge of holding
converse with evil spirits, particularly one of the
name of Urania.—The Princess having changed
her dress, presents herself in a veil, and proposes,
as the price of his liberty, that he shall renounce
the spirit with whom he is in love; he swears he
will not; though Urania were no spirit, but a cor-
poreal being like himself. The Princess then
throws aside her veil; he recognises his Urania,
and feels his love as ardent as when he thought
her an ethereal essence.—She gives him her hand,
and to complete his happiness, the Armenian con-
juror throws off his disguise, and reveals that
father who had received such proofs of filial affec-
tion.—Such is the substance of this little piece,
which in a moral view is very instructive, and full
of the purest precepts. The plot is extremely
well managed, and the interest preserved to the
last moment; for though of the simplest texture,
the *denouement* is kept farther from anticipation
than in many pieces of the greatest complexity.
These two qualities would suffice for a refutation
of that common-place apology for imbecility,
adopted by those who assert that neither plot nor
interest are necessary in a piece of this kind, which
is legitimately nothing more than “a vehicle for
the music,” no matter how incongruous may be the
scenes, or unconnected the incidents. These,
however, are not its only merits—it has still greater
claims to superiority in its machinery and embel-
lishments, which are original, poetical, and cha-
racteristic. That the prince should think he was
discoursing with a celestial being, in the person of
Urania, may be considered an improbable incident,
but nobody who saw Miss De Camp will think it
so extravagant as the most specious of Don Quix-
ote's delusions. The doctrine of the loves of the
plants, and other visionary systems, are also natu-
rally introduced in the sentiment, and happily
ridiculed. Among the latter, paper credit is
slightly alluded to. The phrase, that a bank note
is only a “visionary credit,” was particularly noti-
ced, and drew down three distinct plaudits. Of
the poetry we have subjoined a specimen. The
first song by *Jaqueline*, is very pretty, and received
an *encore*.

The piece is the production of the hon. Mr.
Spencer; the music is composed by the author's
brother and Mr. Kelly. The song to which we
have alluded, and the *finale*, which are both beauti-
ful, are the composition of the latter gentleman.
The piece went off with great *éclat*, and was
announced with applause for future representation.

SONG.—URANIA.

Sung behind the scenes.

The star-beam of thy natal hour,
Ascendant guides thy way,
A spell beyond the wizard's power,
My charmed steps obey!

If no false light thy search allures
The talisman to miss,
This visionary day ensures
An age of future bliss!

SONG.—JAQUELINEA.

(Composed by MR. KELLY.)

Nature with swiftness arm'd the horse,
She gave the royal lion force,
His destined prey to seize on:
To guide the swiftness of the horse,
To tame the royal lion's force,
She gifted man with reason!

Poor woman! what
Was then our lot?
Submission, truth, and duty—
Our gifts were small,
To balance all
Some god invented beauty.

For empire reason make a stand,
But long has beauty's conquering hand
In due subjection kept her;
To rule the world let reason boast,
She only fills a viceroy's post,
'Tis beauty holds the sceptre!

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Every one, who has read the *Spectator*, may remember the exercise of the Fan. Here follows an exercise of the *Lips*.

Moisten your lips
Bite your lips
Open your lips
Close your lips
Pout your lips
Rest your lips.

LONDON FEMALE FASHIONS, MAY 22.

Silver nets for the head are coming into vogue; white and gold have an elegant effect. Diamond crescents, in a turban *a-la-Turc* are much admired; they are emblematical of the chastity of the fair wearers. The hair worn off one eye-brow, *a-la-Recamier*, seems to obtain some partisans. For full dress robes of white Persian, covered with silver nets, sleeves *a-la-Minerva*, fastened up with diamond loops, a silver gauze petticoat, festooned up on one side; and a few dashing belles seem to sport beneath, trowsers of white satin or silver muslin, the edges fringed with silver, appearing below the petticoat.

Shoes for full-dress are sometimes discarded, and a superb sandal, in the style of the ancients, laced up with silver or variegated cords, are often substituted.

For walking a new species of hat will be adopted, consisting of straw, large, turned up at each side, the crown rather long, and to be worn without ribbon or any ornament: They are very becoming.

White Persian short pelices, trimmed with broad white lace, are extremely elegant; some prefer lilac or buff.

Lace is generally worn, it is introduced into all parts of the dress; the petticoats, pocket-holes, sleeves, scarfs, and even the parasols, are trimmed with it. The prevailing colours are lilac, pale pink, and straw.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We recommend "*Juvenis*" to the Aurora-Office. His poetry is sufficiently tuneful for the columns of that paper. Pope says "may every Bavius have his Bufo still," and nothing is so dull, but what the dull readers of that dull paper can applaud.

Happy the soil, where bards, like mushrooms, rise,
And ask no culture, but what Dysis supplies;
Happier the bards, who, write whatever they will,
Find gentle readers to admire them still.

Our political weapons of warfare are brightening. We shall shortly recommence the combat with the champions of democracy. Neither weariness, nor timidity has checked the Editor for a moment from expressing his sentiments with perfect freedom, concerning the politics of his country. He is not of a temper to surrender up even a prejudice, at the beckon of popularity. The cause of his temporary silence was a persuasion, that at a late juncture, the most energetic exertion would be worse than fruitless. But in a forest of the deepest shade,

a dauntless wayfarer does not repose that he may be run over by all the vermin of the wood, but that he may recover strength to tempt new paths, to pierce through the thickets, and regain the day.

S, we hope, will reflect on the following lines from the favorite GIFFORD.

O thou, that deign'st my letter'd cares to share,
Thou know'st when chance, tho' this indeed be rare,
With random gleams of wit has grac'd my lays,
Thou know'st too well how I have relish'd praise.
Not mine the soul, that pants not after fame....
Ambitious of a poet's envied name,
I haunt the sacred fount, athirst to prove,
The grateful influence of the stream I love.

Say, wilt thou from thy duties pause awhile,
To view my humble labours with a smile?
THOU WILT: for still 'tis thy delight to praise,
And still thy fond applause has crown'd my lays.

"*ASMODEO*" on any subject, discussed in whatever style is sure to have applauding readers. We shall shortly tempt his charming Muse with new themes.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

Moliere, it is often observed, used to read his comedies to an old woman, who had no advantages of education, that he might judge, by the manner in which she was affected, how his wit and humour would be received by the public. It is believed that clergymen might read their sermons to some aged matron, or the parish clerk, and derive equal advantage from observing the effects, which they should produce.

It is not easy to spread a passion for servitude among the people, but in all evils of the *opposite kind* our natural inclinations are flattered. In the case of despotism, there is the *fædum crimen servitutis*; in the last, the *falsa species libertatis*; and accordingly, as the historian says *promis auribus accipitur*.

Mr. Burke once said he would abandon his best friends, and join with his worst enemies, to oppose either the means or the end of democracy; and to resist all violent exertions of the spirit of innovation, so distant from all principles of true and safe reformation; a spirit well calculated to overturn states, but perfectly unfit to amend them.

It has been the desperate scheme of some political projectors to raise soldiers against their officers; servants against their masters; tradesmen against their customers; artificers against their employers; tenants against their landlords; and children against their parents. Such a scheme as this is not an enemy to servitude, but to society.

Instead of lying as dead in a sort of trance, or exposed, as in an epileptic fit, to the pity or the derision of the world, for wild, ridiculous, convulsive movements, impotent to every purpose but that of dashing out her brains against the pavement, America should rise, and redeem herself from plebeian slavery.

My lord BACON, who was at least as wise as John Hancock, or the marquis de la Fayette, tells us, that what is settled by custom, though it be not good, yet at least it is fit, and those things, which have long gone together, are as it were, *confederate within themselves*; whereas, *new things* piece not well, for though they help, by their utility, yet they trouble by their inconformity. It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations would follow the example of time itself, which, indeed innovate h greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarcely to be perceived; for otherwise

whatsoever is new is unlooked for, and though it mends some, it impairs others....He, that is holpen, takes it for a fortune, and thanks the time; and he that is hurt, for a wrong, and imputeth it to the author. It is good not to try experiments in states, except the necessity be urgent, or the utility evident, and well to beware that it be the reformation that draweth on the change, and not the desire of change that pretendeth the reformation; and, lastly, that the novelty, though it be not rejected, yet be held for a suspect; and, as the scripture saith, "That we make a stand upon the ANCIENT WAY," and then look about us and discover what is the straight and right way, and so to walk in it.

A new comedy, entitled "*Fashionable Friends*," and supposed to be the production of a man of rank, has attracted the attention of the London critics. The play has not been universally admired, but the following song merits a rescue from oblivion.

SONG,

Composed by Mr. Kelly, and sung by Mrs. Jordan, in the comedy of *Fashionable Friends*.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Ev'ry thing of moving kind
Varies with the veering wind;
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale and satire witty,
Sprightly glee and doleful ditty;
Measure d sighs and roundelay,
Welcome all, but do not stay;
For what have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lieutenant Colonel Tarlton has left on record in the history of his campaigns in America, the following instance of the martial prowess of a militia president. "As soon as one hundred cavalry had passed the water, Lieutenant Colonel Tarlton directed them to charge into the town, to continue the confusion of the Americans, and to apprehend, if possible, the governor and assembly. Seven members of Assembly were secured; a Brigadier General Scott, and several officers and men, were killed, wounded, or taken. The attempt to secure Mr. Jefferson, [the governor] was ineffectual: he discovered the British dragoons from his house, which stands on the point of a mountain, before they could approach him, and he provided for his personal liberty by a precipitate retreat." (P. 297.)

Bonaparte, says the Centinel, is now exhibiting one of the most brilliant displays of his penetration and policy....By act of oblivion, he is inviting into France all the ex-nobles, clergy, men of science, virtue and wealth, who emigrated during the reign of jacobinism and vandalism: and at the same time is transporting to Louisiana and Madagascar all the democratic insurgents in his dominions. The first consul well knows, that the former will support every well administered government; and that the latter are fit subjects for no other governments.

CROMWELL, after playing the game of republicanism, and cheating the deluded people, exercised all the powers of an absolute prince. In England, however, the delusion of democracy did not continue long, and the people themselves indignantly threw open the national doors to receive their lawful sovereign, and their "very noble and approved good" government.

It is reported, says a London paper, that Mr. WINDHAM will relinquish Norwich, and offer himself for the University of Oxford, in the room of Sir W. Dolben.

Ladies suffer from sparks at home, being put off their guard by finding those in the streets quite harmless.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

SIR,

[I have often thought that the adoption of some of the *figural ballad measures* in translations or imitations of Anacreon, would be an improvement upon the usual mode of transcribing the beauties of that lively old *bon vivant*, into our language. The frequent recurrence of lines of eight syllables tires by repetition, and indeed, as it is generally managed, is too solemn for the purpose. The line of seven syllables, appears to me much more lively, and better adapted to the Anacreontic. Perhaps one of the happiest translations of Anacreon occurs in Cunningham, beginning,

Why did I with love engage, &c.

and continued through the piece in the pure, seven syllable line. Every one will allow that the manner, the manner and the measure of Anacreon, all point out to the judicious translator the necessity of a light, airy and delicate versification. This is abundantly supplied in our numerous and beautiful lyric measures exquisitely suited to amatory and Læchanallian subjects. I have ventured to send you two specimens of the manner which I have thus endeavoured to recommend. I doubt whether the execution is equal to the design. In my next I intend to give you some observations on the translations of Anacreon, by Fawkes and Addison. Moore's translation which you mention in your Port Folio, I have seen nothing of, excepting the ode inserted in your 30th No. It is a beautiful composition, but in my humble opinion too heavy for an Anacreontic. Jenyns's translation or rather imitation of the same ode, though disgraced with some lowness of expression, appears to be much more in the manner of the merry old Greek. If I am ever remiss in my correspondence with you, I beg you to attribute it to its true cause. I have a business to attend to, and we must take care of the *roast beef* and *plumb pudding*, whatever is the fate of the *epic poem* or the *Pindaric ode*. With the sincerest respect I remain

Yours

HARLEY.]

ANACREON, ODE 4.

IMITATED.

Upon a soft carpet of latus outspread,
When myrtles their branches entwine,
I'll lean mid the richest of fragrance my head,
And quaff the pure juice of the vine.

Gay Cupid shall hand me the bumper of joy,
Which sparkles so sweet in my eye;
No tincture of sorrow my bliss shall annoy,
Nor clog the swift hours as they fly:

Ah! swift as the chariot, whose speed in the race,
The laurel of conquest obtains,
So flies winged time over life's destin'd space,
And moulders to dust our remains.

Then alas! what avails it to deck the dull tomb,
Or pour vain libations of wine?
Can garlands, can wines, can the richest perfume
Make the grave it's cold captives resign?

While life is allow'd me those sweets I'll employ,
Which some for their funeral prepare;
Haste! bring me the bumper full brimming with joy,
And call me the mirth loving fair.

For ere I'm compell'd to the regions below,
To dance with gay ghosts in the grove,
'Tis my purpose on earth every pleasure to know,
Of charming Lydus and love.

ANACREON, ODE 28.

IMITATED.

Peerless painter, take thy pallet.
Snatch the rainbow's richest hue;
Lo! a nymph demands thy pencil,
Brighter never artist drew.

But alas! shouldst thou behold her,
Rob'd in youthful beauty's pride,
Thou wouldst gaze:....Thy trembling fingers
Could no more the pencil guide.

Listen then while my endeavours
Sketch the fair one's every charm,
Let their undiminish'd lustre
All the kindling canvas warm.

First her shining jetty ringlets....
Here exert the nicest care,
Let them if thine art can reach it,
Fill with od'rous sweets the air.

Spotless as the polished ivory
Her smooth forehead next pourtray
Down to where the dusky eyebrows
Their contrasting shades display.

'Neath the nearly meeting arches
Let two sparkling orbs be seen,
Give them love's bewitching languish,
Give them wisdom's placid mien.

On her cheek let blooming roses
Mingle with the lily's white,
And her lips of rich persuasion
To the rapturous kiss invite.

Fluttering round on purple pinions,
Loves and graces hover near,
When her chin's expressive dimple,
And her snowy neck appear.

Swelling to the touch of rapture,
Bursting on the ravish'd sight,
Paint the beauties of her bosom,
Living throne of dear delight!

Let a robe of richest purple,
Half conceal the lovely whole....
Lo! she lives....her gentle accents,
Soon shall vibrate on my soul.

THE SEASONS OF LOVE.

When Spring's blooming flowrets enamel the vale,
Just peeping as fearful their charms to display,
If the cold breathing frost should their beauties
assail,
Or the thick rising vapour obscure the young
day;

Behold how they shrink, how they fold from the
blast,
How soon the short season of verdure is o'er,
While the lovers of nature survey the wild waste,
And with deep hearing sighs the din ravage de-
plore.

Thus when the first whispers of love in the
breast
With timid and trembling emotions we hear,
By one killing frown are our wishes suppress,
For the soft spring of love is like that of the
year.

When Summer's full glories abundantly rise,
And luxuriantly round us their fragrance be-
stow,
When nought but serenity smiles thro' the skies,
And nothing but extasy greets us below;

How bright is the season of hope and of joy;
No longer the frosts of fell winter we dread,
Our thoughts the fair visions of fancy employ,
And care on the wings of the vapour is fled;

Thus beauty consenting can soften the heart,
The dull can enliven, the timid can cheer,
To all the most pleasing sensations impart,
For the summer of love is like that of the
year.

When Autumn's ripe fruits bend the thick laden
boughs,
And her treasures profusely are scattered
around,

When every warm bosom with rapture o'erflows,
And loud songs of joy thro' the vallies resound.

How sweet o'er the meads or the woodlands to
stray,

At moon-silver'd eve or the red peep of morn,
Pomona's extensive domains to survey,
Or the wide waving fields yellowed over with
corn;

Thus pleasure still crowns soft affection's retreat,
Contentment and every mild virtue are there,
While life's sweet endearments in unison meet,
For the autumn of love is like that of the year.

When Winter but thou shalt not ruffle my
song,

Thy storms and thy tempests are nothing to me,
To the lyre of gay Venus blythe numbers belong,
The laureat of love has no business with thee.

Tho' short my experience of hymen's blest reign,
Yet still will I own his beneficent power,
Nor shall the chill Winter of age ever chain,
The numbers that hail my bright nuptial hour.

Still, still I'll confess in the joy-breathing lay,
That with him smiling peace and soft pleasure
appear

And, whatever the rake may licentiously say,
No winter has love to his bountiful year.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Mr. MAURICE, who treads closely in the footsteps of Sir William Jones, delights in the poetry of the Earl. He has rendered the following in a manner, which his learned predecessor would not blush to acknowledge.]

ODE TO THE MOON....BY AN ARABIAN LOVER.

[Addressed to Stella.]

Cynthia, fair regent of yon azure space,
Seize the bright reins, and chase the lingering
gloom;

Darkling I haste to Stella's lov'd embrace,
Whose lips are roses and whose breath perfumes.

As through the boundless wilderness I rove,
Beneath this robe no murd'rous falchion gleams,
To stain with blood this unpolluted grove,
And blot the brightness of thy virgin beams.

Ah no! where dwells thy influence, mighty love,
No savage thoughts, like these, the breast in-
vade,

Thou canst to pity the wild Arab move,
And wrest from his fierce grasp the uplifted
blade.

This bosom beats not with impure alarms,
But burns with fires, as bright, as chaste as
thine;

I pant to fold her in my bridal arms,
Loose her light vest and call perfection mine.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 34.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 28th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

THE RESULT.

The result of these inquiries, therefore, is, that the Americans are exactly the production of their origin, of their country, and of the circumstances in which they have been placed; that they are neither regenerated, nor yet that simple, innocent, virtuous, republican people, for which they have, in Europe, been taken; and that they may be most truly represented, by comparing them to a young man, unnerved and corrupted by sensual luxury, who has brought upon himself a premature old age, and to whom no palliatives, nothing but medicines, radically effective, can restore fresh vital powers to enter, renovated, upon a new career, and under a better order of things....I now proceed to the second part of my work.

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAND....THE CLIMATE.

Air, water, and earth, are the general elements, by which, and through which, all things, in their endless variety, exist. Air is an active, water a mediate, and earth a passive power. We shall first make the air of North-America, the object of our consideration. Several learned men have maintained that America is the coldest quarter of the earth. But America seems not to be so cold as the north-easterly half of Asia. Siberia and Tartary, according to all accounts, are, under the same latitudes, colder than North-America. In the eastern parts of Asia, no corn grows, so low as the 41st degree, which in America, may be found, as low as the 48th. Thus much, however, is ascertained, that America is incomparably colder than Europe, and the western part of Asia, under the same degrees of northern latitude. The difference has been estimated at 10, at 12, and at 14 degrees, by persons who did not consider, that the American climate, on account of its peculiarities, does under no one parallel, exactly correspond with that of the old world, in any other.

Various causes have been assigned for this superior degree of cold. It has always been imputed to the cold northwesterly winds; and that of those winds, to the continued extent of the continent to the north pole, whereas the ancient hemisphere is at the northward surrounded by water. So says Doctor Schöpf and others. Captain Carver, supposes the north-west wind, to come first from the southwest, and then to blow against the stream of the Mississippi; he then drives it over the great Canadian lakes, towards the northwest, and to the southeast, following the course of the rivers. His theory is, that the direction of the winds is fixed by the rivers; but he should have proved, that the winds always follow, or blow opposite to the course of the rivers; according to his system, only one of the two

suppositions can be true. He should not have assumed alternately, the one and the other, accordingly as he thought them convenient, for the explanation of certain phenomena. Imlay says, the air is in winter, warmer over water, than over land covered with woods, and that the colder heavier stream of air, by means of its elasticity removes to where the warmth has made the air lighter by attenuation. And this seems in fact pretty well adapted to the nature of things. An Englishman endeavours to explain the greater cold, by the proportionate smallness of the new hemisphere, and because it is surrounded by the sea. Islands, says he, are always colder than continents. We have seen just above, that the cold was derived from the extension of the continent towards the north. These theories are contradictory. Others look for the cold, to the great Canadian lakes; others to the great quantities of fresh water generally; others to the Allegany mountains. The account which appears to me the most probable of all, is that of an American, by the name of Williams I believe, published in an English Magazine.

He says this....The gulf stream on the north American coast, comes from the gulf of Mexico, where the air, and consequently the water, is at all seasons of the year considerably warm. This warm sea water, flows along, close to the American eastern coast, and parallel with it, towards the north-east. The air, over this warm stream of sea water, must in winter be considerably warmer, and of course thinner and lighter than that which hangs over a large country covered with wood. This colder, and of course heavier air, owing to the constant propensity towards an equilibrium, blows to the south-east, towards the sea. And as towards the north-west, the air must always be colder, being in a higher latitude, hence arises a general pressure, and draught of the atmosphere from north-west, to south-east. Hence, the cold north-west winds, which at least in the middle and southern United States, are the sole causes of snow and ice.

But proceeds this author, the sun's beams are reflected only by flat surfaces, and from this reflection of the sun beams, proceeds warmth. Now, the more a land is cleared of wood, and cultivated, the more level, and mirror-like will be its surface; and of course, the more will the ground be heated; consequently cultivation must entirely change the climate of North-America, and make it warmer. The cultivation has indeed already produced a considerable alteration. Ships, which during winter, were formerly kept for weeks together away from the coast, by north-west winds, are now detained for scarcely so many days.

This appears to me the best account, that has hitherto been given, to explain the American climate. If cultivation has produced so many great changes of climate in Europe, the same effects may be expected in America. It was in fact, in the days of Tacitus, as cold in Germany, as it is at present in the northern part of Sweden; and Germany has been removed by cultivation, at least ten degrees to the southward. That Horace speaks of ice and snow in Rome, is well known; nothing of

the kind is now seen there. In the time of Dioclesian, I think it was, the Adriatic sea, was mostly covered with ice. What an astonishing alteration has the European climate undergone since that period! What a melancholy picture has Ovid given us of the shores of the Black-sea! How soft and charming is the climate of the same place at present! If cultivation then, can so much improve a climate, why were any other causes of the severer cold of America sought for, than the extensive forests which cover the ground? The circumstance, that in the time of Horace, the olive-tree flourished in the southern part of Italy, seems indeed to cast a doubt upon this great alteration in the climate of Europe; but without taking into the account, the volcanic heat of the earth, in the south of Italy, which may perhaps qualify it for the production of tender plants, by making the air warmer than it would otherwise have been, it is by no means ascertained, that the olive tree would not thrive very well in the two Carolinas; especially as even to the northward of Charleston, the orange-tree grows, though to be sure, it often freezes too. We are, therefore, authorised to expect from the general cultivation of North-America, the same effects upon the temperature of the air, as have been produced by it in Europe; and the climate of North-America, with respect to its temperature, is constituted exactly, as a country covered with wood naturally must be, so that there seems to be no reason to wonder at it, or to rack one's brain about pre-supposed unknown causes of this phenomenon which is susceptible of so simple an explanation.

It is clear that when trees cover the ground, the rays of the sun cannot reach, and of course cannot warm it. The vapours from this cold ground must chill the air, and even after the trees are cleared away, the plough must break up, several times, the bosom of the soil before it can be thoroughly warmed. Consequently the improvement of the climate cannot be perceptible until after a series of years, and even until the woods are wholly cleared away.

POLITICS.

POLITICAL SATIRE.

[The New-York Evening Post is so liberally filled with the essays of the politician, and the advertisements of the merchant, that much room cannot always be found for the gay and humorous cast of writing. The following will be admired, and the Editor is more solicitous to preserve it, because he had thought Dr. Arbuthnot's "Art of Political Lying" had superseded every thing else on the subject. The author of the subsequent letter need not shrink from a comparison.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING POST.

SIR,

Your exertions in defence of the cause you espouse are laudable in the execution as well as the design, and I hope they will be successful: Your hostility to the enemies of the constitution is spirited; but there may be too much even of a good thing; or in other words, "too much of one thing is good for nothing." I praise you so far because I am a patriot; but I am angry with you as I am a friend to the arts. A notable editor generously invites you to add to your editorial code an art

(taken no doubt from the "ARTS ET METIÈRES" in French) which he professes that he and his associates have practised, with some success and great credit. But you decline the invitation for no other reason, that I can see, but because it comes from an enemy of the constitution—"Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." "You are one of those," as Jago says, "who will not serve God if the Devil bids you."—Therein, sir, you are wrong; as I will demonstrate.

The ingenious gentleman to whom I allude, tells you that you have yet to learn many of the arts of an able Editor; so far you have no cause to blush, for to my certain knowledge, nine in ten of the editors every where are in the same predicament. But then to put out of doubt what the art is, to which he particularly alludes, he adds to his precept a practical trope taken from the rhetoric of the Aurora. In short, he tells you plainly that you are deficient in the art of mendacity—vulgarly called *lying*. Your best friends are compelled to admit the charge: but you are not too old, or too obstinate to improve. Are you aware how much may be said in defence, and even in praise of lying?.... For its moral innocence, nay, for its moral excellence we have high authority....no less than that of the greatest moralist, philosopher, and orator, of antiquity; Cicero in his oration for an eminent liar of his day, called Quintus Ligarius, justifies it, and even goes so far as to say, "*Semper honestum est pro salute mendacium*."—Which may be thus translated—"It is always right to tell a lie when it answers your purpose." This liberty of speech the christian religion invaded, it is true; but what of that!—In the new code which has supplanted christianity, there is not so much as one letter of an ordinance unfavourable to lying. So that while the old heathenism and the new, are in its favour, its only interdictor, christianity, is gone to sleep.

Of innumerable instances of the utility of lying my limits will allow me to mention but a few: Troy, that old city, was laid in ashes: How? By a lie. A pauper, whose whole ways and means consisted in the art of lying—a Lazar, a foreigner, named Sinon, took refuge there, was protected, and betrayed it by a lie. If that meritorious beggar had not told that lie, that old city, might at this day be in existence; a downright insult to the rights of man, as all old establishments must be. To come nearer to our own times—Was not the celebrity of the Brussels Gazette built upon its prolific power in the fabrication of lies?—Do not we know that the French monarchy gained more victories by that *one art*, in that one paper, than by all its fleets and armies put together? Here let me ask you, sir, what should prevent us from availing ourselves of the succedaneous aid of a few Gazettes on the super-Brussalite principles laid down by the citizen, in lieu of the expensive armies and navies which our frugal president has disbanded, to his own great popularity, and the safety of—our purses? During the French revolution, the *art* did immense service to the sway of its successive rulers. A lie by implication respecting British affairs in Egypt made no small ingredient in the preliminary articles of the treaty at Paris. And surely I need not add, that if it were not for lying, the people of America would not to this day have thought of the financial skill of Mons. Gallatin, or of the wisdom and spirit of Mr. Jefferson.

Independent of the moral excellence and practical utility of the *art of lying*, it is recommended by the theory and practice of the laws of which it forms a constituent part. The best laws in Europe, I mean those of England, exhibit demonstrative evidence that it has been found incompetent to the greatest legislative wisdom to get at justice but through the medium of a falsehood. A fiction as *Brutus* calls it, or in plain language, a lie, is the ground-work of some actions at law. An action in ejectment, for instance, is a *figned* action.

For many others, let *John Doe* and *Richard Roe* be pledges for the truth of my assertion.

There is moreover a consideration of no little though I confess of inferior importance to those I have enumerated. I mean the improvement which eloquence, and particularly newspaper eloquence derives from a happy knack in the *art of lying*. What are all rhetorical figures but lies? hyperbole being what they call a thumper. What is invention but facility in making lies? What is poetry but the science of systematic lying—of couching falsehoods in fascinating sweet words?—Homer now, whose character after the lapse of many centuries blazes with increased lustre; what created that character?—Why only his being the most ingenious liar under heaven. Virgil, though allowed to be the more sweet, elegant, and correct of the two, is held to be inferior, even by the pious Fenelon, only because he was but a mere nincompoop at lying compared with Homer.

If you should be obstinate in your rejection of the *art of lying*, upon the proud, churlish consideration that your cause does not want such aid; and if, in contradiction to the advice of the kind Citizen and myself, you will persevere in making your periods in prosaic, matter-of-fact course you have hitherto preserved; be not active against the art; but take the matter up as a question of feeling—Virgil considers the art of lying to be an adjunct to misery—He says

—si miserum Fortuna Sinonem,
Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba fingit.

Which my schoolmaster has translated into American, thus,

A fugitive, bereft of pence,
In lying finds his best defence.

I apprehend, sir, you have not dipped deep enough in the book of fortune, to acquire a taste for lying from those motives. Yet you ought, like many others, to take for granted that which you have not read, upon the ipse dixit of him that has. With such men 'tis true, you can have no sympathy; but there is principle which stands in the place of sympathy—exercise it in this—recollect that the *art*, to a share of which those gentlemen so generously invite you is their all—their whole stock in trade, and that if you take that from them you "not enrich yourself, but make them poor indeed"—recollect the exclamation of poor fat Jack Falstaff when robbing the carriers.

"Young men must live."

And let them live. Do not like the dog in the manger surlily bark them away from that which, though to you bitter as *Coloquintida*, to them is food. Consider that nothing dejects a trader so much as the interruption of his profits—and that by injuring them in unadvised haste, you may stop their career before they have accomplished the great purpose for which they seem to be designed. Cease therefore to interrupt them—let them proceed—and I will stake my life upon it, that, in a few months the *arts of an able Editor*, which they have so prosperously practised and so generously invited you to share in, will be clearly understood by every man in America, who is not shut out from the truth by a corrupt heart or a muddy understanding. Join me then in exhorting them to proceed, and in the words of an antiquated epigram vamped up for the occasion, say,

Lie on Duane, lie on for pay,
And Cheatham thou lie too,
More against truth you cannot say:
Than truth can say 'gainst you.

If you are immovable, others are not. So pray give this a place in your paper, pro bono publico, and you will find me a friend to

THE ARTS OF AN ABLE EDITOR.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Loiterer.)

PEREUNT ET IMPUTANTUR.

As I was going the other morning to Dr. Hornsby's lectures I saw an acquaintance of mine lounging against the college-gate, and gazing about with that vacant look, which generally indicates that a man does not know what to do with himself. I therefore offered to take him with me, and added by way of inducement, that the lecture was remarkably entertaining. He thanked me for my good intention, said he should like it above all things, but that at present he was very busy, and really had not time. I was, I confess, rather surprised at this answer, considering the character of the speaker, but I said nothing, for every man is the best judge of his own concerns....My astonishment, however, was not a little increased, when on returning about two hours afterwards, I saw the very same person in the very same place, and nearly in the same attitude; and where, I found on inquiring, he had remained ever since I left him. I was at first a little inclined to laugh at my friend's method of making the most of his time, but when I came to set down, and think the matter over coolly, I found, or fancied I found, so many instances of the same conduct, amongst those whom age and experience might have better taught the value of days and hours, that his folly was lost amidst the follies of a thousand others, and his behaviour no longer appeared extraordinary, because no longer singular....There is most certainly no apology, for not doing what we do not choose to do, so often made use of by one half of the world, or so readily admitted by the other, as this very complaint of want of time.... And yet, perhaps, none was ever more void of foundation.

That there are indeed certain descriptions of people in the world, who find their time more than equal to the necessary duties of their station in life, cannot be denied; but it unfortunately happens that from these quarters we hear no complaints of this kind, and that they who are ever loudest on the subject of time, usually make the least use of it....Thus for example, I will readily allow that foreign ambassadors and their secretaries, compilers of newspapers and their runners, ministers to great monarchs, and waiting-maids to great beauties; nay, and even great beauties themselves, have always business enough to employ both their heads, hands, and time, and may occasionally find all three insufficient for their purpose. But how an honest English country gentleman, or a young member of this university (who are exempted from the troublesome duties which attend the above mentioned ranks) can with any degree of reason complain that their time is not sufficient for any thing they have to do, I own I am at a loss to guess.

But what makes the matter more extraordinary, is the extremely irregular and inconsistent effect which the want of time has on their actions, and how very different it operates at different periods—I perfectly remember a country squire, who, though seldom in bed at day-light, and who, in the space of thirty years was not once known to be too late at the finding a fox; was yet always so hurried on Sunday morning, that he never, poor man! could find time to go to church; and I have been told that there are to be found young men in Oxford, who are just in the same predicament. For all such reasons I am decidedly of opinion, that so far from not having time enough, our greatest misfortune in this world is the having too much, that our business is to make it as short as we can, and that he who does this best—best answers the end of his creation. Nor let this assertion, if a little bold, be deemed rash; since I have the opinion of a very clever man, and the practice

of half the world in my favour.—For if mankind do not think of time as I do, why are many amusements so eagerly pursued which have little besides the destroying it to recommend them?—And if *Mr. Soame Jennings* was not of the same opinion, why should he have taken so much pains in his celebrated *Disquisition*, to prove that there is no such thing as time at all? Could he have made good this assertion, great would have been the happiness of mankind, and proportionably great their eputation of an author.—But, alas! *Mr. Jennings's* arguments are more ingenious than solid, and rather plausible than convincing; and many of my unhappy countrymen still find to their cost, that time is no imaginary foe, but a real enemy, whom it requires all their invention, and all their perseverance to get the better of.—It has been observed, however, that human industry and human invention redouble their efforts, and act with increased powers in proportion to the difficulties which are thrown in their way:—and we accordingly find that they, whose situation most expose them to that sort of *ennui*, which arises from having more time than employment, have ever been remarkable for a greater variety of those resources, which are properly enough said to kill time.—Hence the ingenious devices which have been practised by those hapless beings whom a grand monarch, in his paternal goodness, thinks proper to furnish with a *chambre garni* in some solitary dungeon, and support at his own royal expense with bread and water.—Hence too, the scarce less ingenious inventions, those time-destroying amusements, which are so much in use among those warlike youths, whom a sense of honour, and thirst of military glory, impels to carry a pair of colours from one market town to another, for the good of their country. But whatever can be said in favour of any of the above-mentioned personages, and their inventions, I am of opinion they all fall exceedingly short of some of the members of the University, who are greatly their superiors in the art of killing time. And that my partiality may not here be supposed to have got the better of my judgment, I shall bring an instance or two to prove that the pre-eminence I contend for, is founded on real precedents, and supported by historic facts.

Every one is doubtless acquainted with the fray which happened in the reign of Richard the Second, between the Pope's legate and some Oxford men. I do not mean to enter into the particulars of the story (which for obvious reasons is better forgot than remembered) but shall only observe that the *row* (and a fine *row* it certainly was) took its rise from a number of scholars who were lounging in the legate's kitchen, and looking on whilst his holiness's dinner was preparing. This, though rather an extraordinary amusement, shews that lounging was at least as fashionable in the fourteenth as in the eighteenth century. But the next proof I shall bring is still more weighty and convincing, as it is drawn from no less respectable authority than the Statute Book of the University. For if there was not an innate love of lounging in all Oxford men, why should a law have been enacted forbidding them, under very severe penalties, to loiter away their time in sitting on Pennyless Bench? which (as some of my readers may not be acquainted with Oxford) it is necessary to say stood exactly opposite to the city conduit, on each side of which the butchers' shambles appeared in beautiful perspective, and must consequently have been a comfortable situation.—To trace the various modes of killing time down to the present day, would open a field much too large for the compass of my paper. The History of Ancient Lounging would be a work nearly as voluminous as the History of Ancient Poetry. I shall therefore only observe, that as we have not yet degenerated from our predecessors, so we have every reason to hope

that our posterity will act up to the example set them by their fathers, and that the art of killing time will continue to be practised till time itself be no more! And to convince the world I am not too sanguine in my expectations, I shall close this number with a weekly journal of a modern Oxford man, which, though I do not vouch for its being genuine, is as much so as many of those found in the works of my ingenious ancestors, *Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff*, or the man with the short face.

DIARY OF A MODERN OXFORD MAN.

Sunday.

Waked by eight o'clock by the scout, to tell me the bell was going for prayers....wonder those scoundrels are suffered to make such a noise....tried to get to sleep again, but could not....sat up and read *Hoyle* in bed....ten, got up and breakfasted....*Charles Racket* called to ask me to ride....agreed to stay till the president was gone to church....half after eleven, rode out, going down the High-street saw *Will Sagely* going to St. Mary's....can't think what people go to church for....Twelve to two, rode round Bullington-green, met *Careless* and a new freshman of Trinity....engaged them to dine with me....two to three, lounged at the stable, made the freshman ride over the bail, talked to him about horses: see he knows nothing about the matter....went home and dressed....three to eight, dinner and wine....remarkable pleasant evening....sold *Racket's* blind horse for him to *Careless's* friend for fifty guineas....certainly break his neck....eight to ten, coffee-house, and lounged in the High-street....Stranger went home to study; am afraid he's a bad one....engaged to hunt tomorrow and dine with *Racket*....twelve, supped and went to bed early, in order to get up tomorrow.

Monday.

Racket rowed me up at seven o'clock....sleepy and queer, but forced to get up to make breakfast for him....eight to five in the afternoon, hunting....famous run, and killed near *Bicester*....number of tumbles....freshman out on *Racket's* blind horse....got the devil of a fall into a ditch....horse upon him....but don't know whether he was killed or not....Five, dressed and went to dine with *Racket*....Dean had crossed his name, and no dinner could be got....went to the Angel and dined....famous evening till eleven, when the proctors came and told us to go home to our colleges....went directly the contrary way....eleven to one, went down into St. Thomas's and fought a ruff....one, dragged home by somebody, the Lord knows whom, and put to bed.

Tuesday.

Very bruised and sore, did not get up till twelve....found an imposition on my table....meant to give it the hair-dresser....drank six dishes of tea....did not know what to do with myself, so wrote to my father for money....Half after one, put on my boots to ride for an hour....met *Careless* at the stable....rode together....asked me to dine with him and meet *Jack Sedley*, who is just returned from France....two to three, returned home and dressed....four to seven, dinner and wine....*Jack* very pleasant....told some good stories....says the French women have thick legs....no hunting to be got, and very little wine....won't go there in a hurry....seven, went to the stable and then looked in at the coffee-house....very few drunken men, and nothing going forwards....agreed to play *Sedley* at billiards....*Walker's* table engaged, and forced to go to the Blue Posts....lost two guineas....thought I could have beat him, but the dog has been practising in France....ten, supper at *Careless's*....bought *Sedley's* mare for thirty guineas....thinks he knows nothing of a horse, and believe I have done him....Drank a little punch, and went to bed at twelve.

Wednesday.

Hunted with the duke of B....very long run, rode the new mare, found her sinking, so pulled up in time, and swore I had a shoe lost....to sell her directly....buy no more horses of *Sedley*....knows more than I thought he did....Four, returned home, and as I was dressing to dine with *Sedley*, received a note from some country neighbours of my father's to desire me to dine at the Cross....obliged to send an excuse to *Sedley*....wanted to put on my cap and gown;....cap broke and gown not to be found, forced to borrow....half after four to ten, at the Cross with my lions....very loving evening indeed....ten, found it too bad, so got up and told them it was against the rules of the University to be out later.

Thursday.

Breakfasted at the Cross, and walked all the morning about Oxford with my lions....terrible *fit* work....lions very troublesome....asked an hundred and fifty silly questions about every thing they saw....Wanted me to explain the Latin inscriptions on the monuments in Christ-church chapel!....Wanted to know how we spent our time!....forced to invent answers as well as I could....Four, forced to give them a dinner, and what was worse to sit with them till six, when I told them I was engaged for the rest of the evening, and sent them about their business....seven, dropped in at *Careless's* rooms, found him with a large party, all pretty much *cut*, thought it was a good time to sell him *Sedley's* mare, but he was not quite drunk enough....made a bet with him that I trotted my poney from Benson to Oxford within the hour....sure of winning, for I did it the other day in fifty minutes.

Friday.

Got up early and rode the poney a foot pace over to Benson to breakfast....Old *Shrub* breaks fast....told him of the bet, and shewed him the poney;....shook his head and looked cunning when he heard of it....good sign....after breakfast rode the race, and won easy, but could not get any money; forced to take *Careless's* draught; dare say 'tis not worth two-pence; great fool to bet with him....Twelve till three, lounged at the stable, and cut my black horse's tail....eat soup at *Sadler's*....walked down the High-street....met *Racket*, who wanted me to dine with him, but could not because I was engaged to *Sagely*....three, dinner at *Sagely's*....very bad....dined, in a cold hall, and could get nothing to eat....wine new....a bad fire....tea-kettle put on at five o'clock....played at whist for six-pences, and no bets....thought I should have gone to sleep....terrible work dining with a studious man....eleven, went to bed out of spirits.

Saturday.

Ten, breakfast—attempted to read the *Loiterer*, but it was too stupid; flung it down and took up *Bardlet's Farriery*—had not read two pages before a Dun came, told him I should have some money soon—would not be gone—offered him brandy—was sulky, would not have any—saw he was going to be *savage*, so kicked him down stairs to prevent his being impertinent.—Thought perhaps I might have more of them, so went to lounge at the stables—poney got a bad cough, and the black horse thrown out two splints; went back to my room in an ill humour—found a letter from my father, no money, and a great deal of advice—wants to know how my last quarter's allowance went—how the devil should I know?—he knows I keep no accounts—Do think fathers are the greatest *Bores* in nature.—Very low spirited and flat all the morning—some thoughts of reforming, but luckily *Careless* came in to beg me to meet our party at his rooms, so altered my mind, dined with him, and by nine in the evening was very happy.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

The papers have announced that a certain critic of Mr. GIBBON, and a grammarian who had the hardihood to oppose Bishop Lowth, and fairly kick the *subjunctive mood* down stairs, is about to publish a Dictionary of the *American vulgar tongue*. We deem it, therefore, our duty as good patriots, and as fond lovers of provincial idiom, and colloquial meanness, and, in short, of every thing, hostile to English sense, and English stile, to furnish this great lexicographer with all the barbarous words and phrases which we can procure. We add a short specimen of our vulgar vocabulary, fortified by numerous classical authorities. We hope, in process of time, to add to our collection, and every one who is laudably anxious to debase his diction; to degrade the language of literature, to the low level of vulgar life; and to deride the study and imitation of the ancients, will do well to profit by our labours.

<i>Evincial</i>	- - -	Boston newspaper.
<i>Lengthy</i>	- - -	True American.
<i>Strengthy</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Spry</i>	- - -	Provincial.
<i>He's quite chisk¹</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>If I was he.</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Carnivorousity</i>	- - -	Boston newspapers.
<i>Nexus paporial</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>The Boston, market, but- ter box, inspection bill.</i>	- - -	Boston newspaper.
<i>I most guess.</i>	- - -	Provincial.
<i>Heltniferous.</i>	- - -	Officers of the Federal army.
<i>Its a dead set</i>	- - -	Provincial.
<i>Neat as plush.</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Happify.</i>	- - -	Presbyterian clergy.
<i>I rather expect.</i>	- - -	Provincial.
<i>The flies is thick</i>	- - -	Boston Ladies.
<i>Thats disingenus.²</i>	- - -	
<i>La! for me</i>	- - -	A Connecticut exclamation.
<i>He laughed and gurned,³</i>	- - -	Provincial.
<i>Rowen.⁴</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>On the Side Hill.⁵</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>My dafter.</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>I snore.⁶</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>By Jinks.</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Swapping Horses.</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Truck trade⁷</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>We spent two hours, a dickering.⁸</i>	- - -	ditto

1. The meaning of this beautiful expression when translated into English, is, he is very cheerful.

2. A very general substitute for *disingenuous*.

3. Gurned a corruption of *grinned*.

4. *Rowen*. I was sadly puzzled, when this strange word first entered my ear, in my boyhood, which was passed in New-England. I was told by the learned among the *baymakers*, that it signified the second crop, or cutting. I have hunted with many a "black letter dog" in a vain chase after this fantastic word, and verily believe that I was in pursuit of a phantom. The elegant scholar will find the *legitimate* word in the sixth chapter of Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. "In the morning early, I called out my whole family to help at saving an after-growth of hay," &c.

5. *On the side bill*. This is what, in the schools, would be expressively termed the *cart before the horse*. An English author of some little reputation for learning and genius, says, in his tractate upon education, addressed to Samuel Hartlib, "we shall conduct you to a *bill side*," &c. But what is the name of MILTON opposed to American authority?

6. *I snore*. Of profaner exclamations this is a pious substitute, by the "swains, an I meaner sort of folk" in New-England, who are afraid to adventure on a bolder wing of expletive. *I snore* is less flagitious, than *I swear*; and farther, when you hear a yanke, with his eyes open, aver that he *swears*, it may serve to give you an idea of our invention, wit, and humour.

7. *Truck trade*. This is nothing more than *barter*.

8. *Dickering*. Both the splendour and sense of this fascinating word claim more than a transient memorial. In the gibberish of Connecticut horse jockies, an order of men distinguished for pure morality, *Dickering* signifies all that

<i>I dont know, but you might,</i>	- - -	Connecticut idiom.
<i>Engagedness,⁹</i>	- - -	Presbyterian divines.
<i>I cooh it,</i>	- - -	Cornhill shop-keepers.
<i>Deadheartedness,</i>	- - -	Presbyterian divines.
<i>Stilish,</i>	- - -	Boston advertisement.
<i>A likely pair of oxen,</i>	- - -	New-Hampshire idiom.
<i>Amiability,</i>	- - -	Boston newspaper.
<i>Of, and about,¹⁰</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Go betweenity</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Applicatory</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Caucus¹¹</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Three quarter dollars¹²</i>	- - -	Philadelphia idiom.
<i>He done it</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>A little bit ago¹³</i>	- - -	ditto
<i>Timeously</i>	- - -	Puritan.
<i>More, about the Negroes.</i>	- - -	Southern papers.

LEVITY.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG OFFICER OF THE MILITIA.

DEAR TOM,

I am informed by colonel Maraud, that you have obtained a commission in his battalion. I know not, as yet, whether to congratulate or condole with you on your promotion; for I have not yet weighed the disadvantages and advantages of it, so as to give a decided opinion upon the subject. However, as it is, no doubt, very agreeable to yourself, I would not be thought to dissuade you from the career of glory which probably your stars have marked out for you; but, on the contrary, presuming on my superiority in point of age, and my long experience in the service you have embraced, I trouble you with this letter, to let you partly into the nature of that service, and to offer you some advice respecting those parts of it, which to a young man are most important, and may seem most arduous.

The grand divisions of your duty are:

First, To handle the bottle with a good grace.

Secondly, To intrigue with the girls without any grace.

Honest conversation, preliminary to the sale of a horse, where the parties very laudably strive in a sort of gladiatorial combat of lying, cheating, and overreaching. It is unlucky that this mellifluous word does not begin with an A. It would deserve the first place in the lexicon of the vulgar. It is the "red lattice" phrase of fools to express the deeds of knaves.

9. *Engagedness*. Colonialist discourses abound with words of this description. Mr. William GODWIN, who was for a short time a dissenting minister, in his "Caleb Williams," a book of exquisite morality, delights to employ words of this harmonious termination. Example. "Mr. Tyrrel discovered no contemptible sagacity and quick-wittedness," Vol. I. See also St. Leon, *passim*, for more examples of the same "verba ardentia," employed to astonish the lovers of romance, not less than they once confounded the whining hearer, when the Reverend Mr. Godwin was in the noviciate of his religious exercises.

10. *Of and about*. This is a very pleasing circumlocution. This loving pair of synonymies grin at each other, like the two kings of Brentford.

11. *Caucus*. No research has penetrated through "the vast inane" of the seven fold obscurity of this rare expression.

12. *Three quarter dollars*. Having, from my youth, been taught to think liberally of money matters, and not being very profound, either in pure, or mixed mathematics, I am unwilling to dispute with Philadelphia about *fractions*. But I reverently suppose, when she talks of *three quarter dollars*, her meaning is good, and if expressed, according to the laws of language, that this phrase signifies three quarters of a dollar.

13. *A little bit ago*. Meaning, I weat, not long since, or, perhaps, as Mr. W. Godwin would finely express it. "In no long time." See Caleb Williams, a book, which I cannot refrain from recommending to all, who wish to corroborate habits of what Dr. Franklin himself would call New-England curiosity. Moreover, this novel is worth regarding on another account, as it objects to the whole system of human life and manners, and, as for the first time, we hear the upright administration of the English laws, and the purity of British justice called in question. If this be not invention and novelty, why then I have no conception of paradoxes.

* See *Shakespeare*.

Thirdly, When you leave a place, always to leave something behind you.

Lastly, When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you.

The first of these duties is considerably dangerous, and has been found to add greatly to the horrors of war. But inheriting, as you do, the spirit of a long line of ancestors, whose love of liquor may be traced up to the flood itself, it is impossible that you can shrink from your duty, though you should fall a victim to the fatigues of the day. It will be necessary for you, therefore, to study the whole art of *military libation*, and be perfect master of the whole manual and vocal exercise, such as *twirling a cork, inspecting the crust, calling for a toast, giving a toast, saying more, challenging with pint bumpers, or filling the constable*.

On the right performance of this part of your duty depends much of that courage which your country will expect you to exhibit in the day of battle. Why is it that men are given to fighting in their cups, if not from their drinking in fresh draughts of courage, which enables them to defy, as colonel Toper of our regiment used to say, even the devil himself? It is very necessary to acquire a dashing, helter-skelter kind of heroism, which impels a man to fight with no matter *whom, when, or where*. In all the annals of the art military, I never knew any good done by an army who went to work soberly.

Again, to show how generally the principle of drinking in military affairs is adopted, consider that our language has borrowed a set of phrases from this only. How often, for instance, do we hear gentlemen say, "our courage is out;" when you know this means no more than that the bottle is out? Happy is it, my dear Tom, that we have acquired such skill in the philosophy of the human mind, as to be able to recruit and repair its best passions by mechanical means, and that now-a-days a gentleman may lay in a pipe of fortitude that shall invigorate him and his friends for a twelvemonth.

The second branch of your duty, or your employment (which is just the same thing), is *intrigue*. As by the laws of war the women are not allowed to follow the regiment, it is very proper that the regiment should follow the women. But *intrigue* is necessary to you on another and more important account, namely, that it includes in it all the various stratagems, dangers, and manœuvres of war, and particularly is a happy emblem of that very momentous art, the art of besieging. Some towns are to be approached gradually, some to be taken by storm, and some, no doubt, assailed by treachery; for, "tricking in love is all fair."

With respect to the mode of intriguing, I do not know that it is necessary to give you any rules: such as are necessary will readily occur to you. To have as many intrigues upon your hands at a time as possible, and where you have been successful, to make it as public as you can—is one precept. Another is, to enjoin the common men to meddle with no intrigues at their quarters, without giving you notice.

I should pay a poor compliment to your courage, were I to hint that the dangers on this service are considerable. I trust you are a stranger to fear. As to fathers, uncles, brothers and such troublesome fellows, they may be intimidated in various ways; you may easily turn their pitchforks against themselves, and make their horse-ponds a covering for their impertinence.

The third branch of your duty is, "When you leave a place, always leave something behind you." To the performance of this duty you will be induced from gratitude. For, where you have been well treated, it is but natural to think you would wish to make some return. The two presents most commonly made on such occasions are *children and debts*. How the former may be procured I have already hinted; and as, from their tender years,

some not perhaps a month old, and some not born at all, it is impossible you can take them with you, and turn majors into milk nurses, or a battalion into a baby-house, you must of course leave them to those who may be inclined to take care of them from natural affection. *Humanity* also requires this, for what can be so shocking as to render a mother childless?

No, my dear Tom, leave it to foreign monsters to tear from mothers their innocent offspring. Be it yours to repair the ravages of foreign wars, by cultivating the arts of population, and providing for the necessities of posterity. I beg leave here to allude to the present state of oak in this country: it was lately discovered that that valuable tree was becoming scarce, owing to the narrow notions of some noblemen, who would not plant young trees, because, forsooth (they said), they could not live to see them full grown....narrow and selfish is such an idea! It reminds me of a man who would do nothing for posterity, because posterity had done nothing for him.

No....I trust that, if military propagation continues as it has begun, a regiment may perpetuate its existence, and, all but commissioned officers, exhibit a series of generations as regular as Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I have dwelt so long on this part of the subject, to convince you that, if you think you are doing good to yourself, you are at the same time doing good to your country. I have heard it said, that "He is a patriot who makes a blade of grass grow where grass never grew before." I need not make a *parody* on this position, to show that children are preferable to clover.

As to the leaving *debts*, the subject is so well known and understood, that I will not affront your experience by supposing you ignorant of it. In point of *fame*, however, it is necessary you should leave something of this kind behind you wherever you go; for, if it should happen that history is silent as to your deeds, your memory will not perish, but be recorded in black and white in every town through which you pass. It is not material how one obtains *fame*. *Fame* is a variegated animal, full of spots, and stripes, and streaks....and the *credit* which has been refused to a man in the day of battle, has often been granted in the bill of parcels.

On this subject, permit me, my dear Tom, to digress a little. It sometimes happens that a tradesman will grumble, and sometimes, perhaps, really may suffer; for a vintner, for example, is not paid as an apothecary would fully be, merely by returning the empty bottles. In such cases, why cannot tradesmen take a hint from men of honour, make a bonfire of their books, and proclaim that all their debts are "debts of honour?" In this case, they would have the laws of honour to secure payment, whereas at present they actually affront men of honour by their paltry demands; and, as you read in that admirable system of morality, *The School for Scandal*, "paying tradesmen is but encouraging them."

It certainly is a most shameful thing that an officer (as yourself, I hope, will one day prove) who has undauntedly braved a battery of cannon, should turn pale at the sight of a bit of paper that would not stop a whistle.

What would you think! How would your gorge rise, if, when you had conducted some dangerous expedition, captured, for instance, a whole detachment of poultry, made a breach in the demi bastion of a tavern, marched without fear and without danger through a meadow of terror inspiring bulls and oxen, or perhaps had conducted a party of ladies through the perils of the Bridgewater canal, with one chance of being buried, and two of being drowned; I say, if, when you returned victorious from these and other like expeditions incident to your profession, you were to have your fear excited, and your laurels blasted by the vile hand of an attorney, egged on to insult you by that *discount* of human

nature called a taylor!....By the dignity of Mars! could you bear it,

....."When you might *his* quietus make
By a bare *boskin*?"

I am afraid, my dear Tom, that I have made this letter longer than you will have leisure to read, especially as you are going into a service where you must accomplish *actions*, and not mind *words*. I hasten, therefore, to close with remarking, that the fourth great branch of your duty is, "When you approach a place, to drive every thing before you." I shall dwell the less on this subject, as you must be convinced that it is essential to your progress to overcome all obstacles, and inspire a proper terror in all beholders. I would not have you, therefore, to regard such trifles as corn-fields, farmers' yards, broad-wheeled waggon, detachments of gleaners or hop-pickers. The military road has, time out of mind, been a deviation from the highway, though apparently leading to it.

I have now offered you a few hints on some of the most material parts of your service. Time will not permit me to enlarge upon all of them, and you know enough naturally to render that unnecessary. I have said nothing, for instance, on gaming, because you may soon be inoculated in that disorder, if you have it not the natural way. I have likewise said nothing of *betting*; but, by the way, I would not have you bet upon such things as battles abroad, and sea-fights; for these are generally so artfully misrepresented by both parties, that it becomes as difficult to know who gained the *bet*, as who gained the *battle*. No, I would have your bets turn on objects more within you inspection and more important....such as the race of a pair of maggots from a filbert....the colour of your landlady's stockings....two to one that Kate Matlock has twins....three to two that Corporal Filch is hanged before Christmas....five to one you don't produce a man who can repeat the Lord's Prayer, &c. &c. These are not only important in themselves, but equally so as affording materials for rational and improving conversation.

One thing yet remains, which it would be unpardonable to pass by. I suppose you have already been looking for it, and guess I mean "an affair of honour," *alias* duelling, *alias* pinking a man. This would require a treatise instead of a letter, and therefore I must be brief, and confine myself principally to one topic....the *causes* of duelling. Now, as no challenge can be refused, I hope that you will select such causes as may appear dignified and becoming your character, such as the fleetness of a horse or the flightiness of a woman. I mean no disrespect to either of these personages by classing them together, but I am vindicated in my arrangement from a consideration of the causes of above a hundred duels, which have happened in my time, and which puzzle me very much to find where the seat of honour really is. I am not, however, afraid of your personal danger in the affair of duelling: independent of your good temper, I am of opinion that duelling will very soon be banished from the army. It is impossible that gentlemen of the army can continue a fashion which has been polluted by the lowest mechanics, who now talk of their honour as formerly they used to talk of their honesty; who load their pistols oftener than they discharge their debts, and are more ambitious of a character behind Montague-house, than on the Royal Exchange.

I will now take my leave, my dear Tom, wishing you health and happiness, and a glorious retreat to the mansions of peace, when the "dogs of war" shall be again chained; when you shall pare down your spontoon to a walking-stick, shoot nothing but partridges with your fusil, and beat your sword into a carving-knife.

I am, dear Tom, yours sincerely,

CHRISTOPHER CARFONADE,
Late major of the Brentford militia.

THE DRAMA.

A new tragedy, entitled *Alfonso*, was lately performed on the Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time. The following are the principal characters.

<i>Alfonso</i> , - - -	Mr. Murray.
<i>Orsino</i> , - - -	Mr. Cooke.
<i>Casario</i> , - - -	Mr. H. Johnston.
<i>Father Bazil</i> , - - -	Mr. Davenport.
<i>Henriquez</i> , - - -	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Anselosa</i> , - - -	Mrs. H. Johnston.
<i>Ottilia</i> , - - -	Mrs. Litchfield.
<i>Estela</i> , - - -	Mrs. St. Leger.

The piece is the production of Mr. M. G. Lewis, and has been printed and published for some time, for the purpose, as the author avows among other reasons, "of depriving his censurers of the plea of *involuntary mistaking*." No disposition of that kind appeared in the audience of last night, as we never witnessed one more indulgent, although Mr. Lewis also declares in his preface, that "after the reception of his *De Montford*, he is not vain enough to expect that *Alfonso* would meet with a kind one."

Trusting, therefore, that all anticipations unfavourable to himself, or those whom he considers his censurers, grow only out of the partiality of an author for the offspring of his own brain, we shall speak with as much candour of his play, as we have done of his other productions, and....

Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.

The scene lies in Burgos, the capital of Old Castile, and in an adjoining forest. The king, *Alfonso*, who is a model of perfection, is betrayed by a false charge into the punishment of *Orsino*, a most deserving nobleman. His Lady flies from court with her only son, who afterwards, under the assumed name of *Casario*, becomes the favourite of the court. He had early pledged himself to a dying mother to revenge the wrongs of his father. In the prosecution of this purpose, he contrives the banishment of the prince, privately marries the princess *Anselosa*, who is in love with him, and then lays a plan for blowing up the king in his palace, thus making his way to the throne. From the various obstacles and difficulties which retard and finally defeat this wicked plan, arises the whole interest of the piece. The principal one is the love of *Ottilia* for *Casario*. To gratify it, she poisons her husband, and next the princess; but *Casario* still refusing to make her his wife, she threatens to reveal the conspiracy, and *Casario*, to prevent the discovery, plunges his poniard in her bosom. The other main incidents are connected with *Orsino*, who was rescued from the dungeon, in which he was supposed to have died, by the humanity of the princess: he is discovered in his retreat by *Casario*, who urges him to revenge; but nothing can shake his loyalty, and he resolves to apprise the king of his danger. It is at this point that the scene, always sufficiently active and impressive, reaches its highest degree of interest. *Orsino* and the princess are apprised of the moment when the mine is to be sprung; but there is scarcely time to reach the palace. She is desired to fly to the vault, and delay the wicked deed, until she shall hear the sound of a bugle, which is to be the signal of the king's removal to a place of safety. All is now anxiety, terror, and suspense. All entreaties are used, and all exhausted; the torch is applied to the train, and the explosion is considered certain, when the sound of the bugle is heard, and the princess passes from a paroxysm of agony into a delirium of joy. This finely wrought scene closes the fourth act, and the green curtain being let down with it through mistake, a great part of the audience thought the play was over. If the moral of the piece did not require some punishment for *Casario*, it certainly could not have a more complete end, for *Orsino* had already sufficiently proved his unshaken loyalty. *Ottilia* had previously expiated her

offence, and the original plot was apparently exhausted. A fifth act, however, became necessary, and in it the author has felt the difficulty, indeed we might say the impossibility, of reviving the lively interest which had just expired. To effect it he has recourse, in his published works, to the horrible, in a much greater degree than that exercised in the representation. The poison administered to the princess begins to operate, and she is conducted, in dying agonies, off the stage. A battle next ensues, in which *Casario* and the king meet in single combat, but are separated by *Orsino*, who, in rushing between, receives a wound from his son, of which he dies, and *Casario* concludes the scene, and with it the play, by plunging his sword into his own bosom....The only radical defect in the conduct of the plot is that already alluded to, which, by giving up a great portion of the interest in the fourth act, makes the remaining scenes go off tardily. All the other defects are remediable....in many cases they are such as may be removed, not by the difficult mode of amendment, but by the simple means of omission; of the latter class are the scenes in which the princess gives a description of the death of *Ottilia*, and *Casario* another of the manner of her murder. Every one must see how preposterous it is to exhibit the fact to the eye, and afterwards to give a description.

The language possesses many beauties, but is rather redundant. The author also admits that he has here and there, detected some trifling plagiarisms, rather of expression than of sentiment. The plagiarisms of both kinds are not so thinly scattered as he would fain believe. It would be easy, did time and our limits permit, to enumerate a variety of both. This character is so generally prevalent in the piece, that it exhibits very few instances of original thought or incident. With the morality we find no fault, the sentiments are pure and well calculated to improve the mind in the relations of public as well as private duties. Taking it therefore as a whole, with all its capabilities of retrenchment, we do think, that when judiciously compressed, it will rank higher in merit, and maintain a longer existence in public favour, than any immediately modern Tragedy, except *Pizarro*. The passions which it involves, are made in general to work with unity and effect. They are love, jealousy, ambition, and revenge. Their combination certainly produce many scenes of forceful interest; and where they fail, it is in consequence of pushing the horrible too far. It is in vain to excite terror by adding murder to murder. It is not the act, but the motive of the act, and the circumstances of the sufferer that regulate the impression. Uniform applause attended the piece throughout; in the patriotic passages particularly, it was not only loud, but reiterated. Exclusive of its own merits, it was principally indebted for success to excellent acting. Mr. Cooke, in *Orsino*, a mixture of the *Brutus* and the *Cato*, was very successful, particularly in the scenes with *Casario* and the king. Mrs. Lichfield gave to *Ottilia*, a character full of violent love and jealousy, uncommon force and energy....it could not, indeed, be better supported. Mr. H. Johnston, in *Casario*, Mr. Murray, in *Alfonso*, and Mrs. H. Johnston, in *Amelrosa*, were also very happy in their respective parts. Neither prologue nor epilogue had any merit.

The piece was got up with great splendour in decorations, and announced for future representation with loud applauses.

PROLOGUE

TO MR. LEWIS'S ALFONSO,

WRITTEN BY W. ROUGH, ESQ. OF THE INNER TEMPLE,

SPOKEN BY MR. CLAREMONT.

WITH many a fable old, through many an age,
The Muse triumphant grac'd the tragic stage.
Her power declin'd, forlorn she hangs the head,
Cold all her attais, all her vot'ries fled;

Incens'd she views her noblest effort fail,
And tells to listless ears De Montfort's Tale.
And can it be, that British hearts refuse
To feel the sorrows pictur'd by the Muse?
Can they, to whom no sufferer sues in vain,
To ev'ry grief alive, to ev'ry pain,
Can they be found thus tardy to conceive,
That ming'd woe, which, real, they relieve?
No...Nature's gushing impulse never stays
To count each chrysal drop emotion pays.
But whensoever the form of grief appears,
With liberal zeal sets wide the fount of tears:
Till fed with full supplies, without controul,
One master-stream of virtue sways the Soul.
From fancy thus compassion takes its source,
And Truth from habit boasts imparted force.
When ruthless war his thunders hurl'd around,
The laugh might soothe, the sigh, tho' just, might wound.
For reason then, whilst madd'ning passions rag'd,
And un restrain'd, tumultuous conflict wag'd,
Mourn'd o'er the scenes imagination drew,
The grief too probable, the hate too true.
Then that won most, which Judgment most disdain'd,
The Jest, that stole us from the sense that pain'd.

Britons, a fairer hour awaits you now;
Lo! peaceful olive binds each manly brow!
And as the widow's bride, whose sorrows flow,
With chasten'd emphasis and meeker woe,
Dwells on the tablet, which she shunn'd before,
And loves the cherish'd semblance more and more:
So the trac'd griefs, that now no longer harm,
Too near to please us once, again shall charm.

Yes, Britons, peace returns! once more is giv'n
The leisure to be wise, best boon of Heav'n!
Haste! hail the dawning era with delight,
Nor check the swelling transport e'en to night.
What, though our bard, no hallow'd flame inspire.
Weak to prevail, strong only in desire;
What, tho' his breast no breathing rapture move,
Like those that stamp with being, Basil's love!
Still shall your praise the drooping muse restore,
Pledge of success to those who merit more.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The latest advices from the *fashionables* of London inform us, that a new sect has arisen among the young men of fashion which threatens to banish out of vogue the Bond street Lounger. Neither promenades, hunters, curricles nor boxers can tempt these heretics from the windows, or the couch. Exercise, they assert is the evil principle and repose the first good. Some of them are fire worshippers, others adore flowerpots, and some lie whole mornings together under portable groves, suspended in balconies totally indifferent to the gaping croud and absorbed only in contemplation of themselves. A part of them complain of want of spirits, or tell you they are absent, when you are talking to them; others assert, they are not at home, while they are reading out of Casement.

RECIPE

TO MAKE A MODERN BEAU.

Take *any thing*....put it into a pair of pantaloons just large enough to contain one dozen; put a *binding* on the top of the pantaloons (called a vest) and attach to the bosom of the shirt an oval glass case with a *wig* in it; pare away the skirts of its coat to the width of a hat-band. If the subject is doomed to pass its time in the house, it will require a heavy pair of round toed jack boots, with a tassel before and behind. "Lift it up by the cape of the coat," pull its hair over its face, lay a hat on its forehead, and spectacles on its nose.

N. B. Its hands must, *on no occasion*, be suffered to escape from the pantaloons pockets, nor the spectacles from its nose.

THE FINE ARTS.

It is the honest boast of our country, that she has given birth to many of the most illustrious philosophers and artists, who are now the pride of the Eu-

* See the series of plays on the passions. The concluding lines were added at the request of Mr. Lewis.

ropean world; and by whom the arts and sciences therein are carried to their greatest perfection. It is sufficient, we think, to confirm our assertion, that we name a Thompson, a West, a Copely, a Brown, and a Fenton. The invaluable volume of inspiration assures us, "a prophet is not without honour, save in his own country, and in his own house;" and the distinguished geniuses we have mentioned, with many others, have received the liberal rewards and flattering honours of Europe. —While one of them is created a member of a noble order in Germany, another is exalted to the presidency of the Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences in Great-Britain. They both are entitled by their merit to their pre-eminence.—We have not often met with specimens of the literary talents of president West—and he has been made the subject of ribaldry by that prince of blackguards, Peter Pindar. But we have before us one of his lectures, pronounced the 11th December last, to the Royal Society on delivering the gold and silver medals, to those students who had produced the best painting, architectural design, drawing, and academy figure model.

"In his lecture Mr. West took a cursory view of the Arts, from their origin in Greece, and progress through Italy, till they obtained an establishment in Great-Britain. He did not confine himself to painting, but animadverted also on sculpture, and hence bestowed high eulogiums on Phidias, particularly noticing the celebrated work of that artist on Monte Cavallo, the subject of which, is a young man breaking a horse. Appelles was mentioned with high praise, as one of the great masters of the true sublime in the art, though unhappily none of his works descended with his fame. Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Corregio, received a distinct panegyric, and their appropriate merits were severally noticed.

"It was the main object of the president to inculcate an attention to mind, expression, energy, and truth of character, as the great qualities of the art, and a conviction, that those great qualities could only be attained by the union of philosophy with science, not a mere representative of external form, but an animated, yet correct, appeal to the imagination.

"Passing from this topic, which, however, he enforced by the example of those masters whose fame will be coeval with the arts in all ages, he illustrated the advantage and necessity of patronage. This point naturally led him to a tribute of gratitude to the present king of Great-Britain, who, by his gracious countenance of the arts, had produced the establishment of the Royal Academy.

"After this fervent and respectful homage, the president took occasion to speak in the most encouraging terms, of the progress of the British arts. The excellence attained by the Greeks was the result of many ages, but painting could be only said to have obtained an establishment in that country for a period of half a century; yet it can boast of professors of distinguished merit, and may look with proud defiance on the artists of those countries, which were once the favourite abodes of genius. But much as the arts were indebted, for their present flourishing state in that country, to the illustrious patron, to whom he had offered the tribute of respectful gratitude, he observed, that no individual, however exalted, could give sufficient animation to the powers of genius, unless the great, the affluent, instead of lavishing their possessions on the remains of any former art, gave a liberal encouragement to cotemporary talents. Without such encouragement, he observed, in conclusion, genius must languish, and become as sterile as would nature herself, if deprived of the ocean, whose diffusive streams give life, vigour, and beauty to all by which she was enriched, dignified and adorned." [Boston Paper.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Jaques" passes much of his time in solitude. we hope he will reflect there. "Under the green-wood tree" his keen eyes may discern the fairies of moonlight, and the nymphs and graces.

Ferdinando has been for a long time silent. We hope he will soon open his mouth, and warble a song.

For the translation of a "Greek Ode to astronomy," which was transcribed from a London paper, and sent us in a very obliging manner from New-York, we are grateful to an unknown correspondent, from whom we have frequently received agreeable selections from London papers.

A. has all the strong, and all the graceful features of the scholar's character.

"Shrewd and of a well constructed brain,
Keen in pursuit, and vigorous to retain."

The just and well deserved review of the sermons of the Principal of Princeton College claims our attention. It is truly pleasant to the Editor to discover that the discourses of a sound divine and an elegant scholar of his own country have been no less liberally than justly applauded by foreign critics on the highest tribunal.

The Editor sympathizes with his friend who has applied to his ill-starred fortune Dryden's well known lines,

"The lucky have whole days, and those they choose,
The unlucky have but hours, and those they lose."

and though he rarely indulges himself in the use of the querulous and elegiac style, he must apply the too faithful lines of the sensitive Cowper.

But me scarce hoping to attain my rest,
Always from post withheld, always distress'd,
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest toss'd,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some currents thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

A gentleman having lately observed in company, that a deceased friend, a lawyer, had left behind him very few effects. I can easily believe it, said a female wit present, he had very few causes.

The naked fashions must raise the spirit of those, who follow them; as it is impossible for a lady to pocket an affront who wears no pocket.

SOLOMON says a virtuous woman is a crown to her husband. By this rule, the most valuable of the sex is worth only five shillings.

In 1775 Dr. Tanner was vice chancellor of the university, and had an opportunity of evincing his attachment to the court, in a way which is supposed to have led to much of his subsequent preferment. The university had voted an address to the king, approving the hostile measures adopted against the colonies, which was, of course, opposed by Jebb, the patriot, and the whig party. One of the members actually refused the key of the place which contained the seal necessary on these occasions. The courtly zeal of Tanner supplied the defect by means of a sledge-hammer, and was, in consequence, soon after received by Lord North with a prebend of Canterbury. He was in the fullest sense of the word a tory, and an enemy to all innovation. As might be expected from such a character, he was liberal and generous, and his money was frequently bestowed in the patronage of learned men and learned publications.

A person was lately indicted at the quarter sessions for pulling the nose of one of his neighbours.

It appearing that little provocation had been given to induce him to commit this rash act, he was reprimanded and severely fined.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Paris to his friend in Philadelphia.

"On the 11th of May, I left Antwerp for Brussels. The country round the latter far exceeds any thing I ever saw. Nothing in the vicinity of Paris is comparable to it, and I think even the beautiful Hill of Richmond, so elegantly described by THOMSON, is not its rival. Country seats resemble palaces; and gardens of thirty and forty acres are very commonly laid out in serpentine walks and intersected by canals in every direction. At the termination of many a long avenue, some fanciful object is erected, a temple, a Chinese bridge, or a summer-house with fountains continually playing. The country through Belgium is a continued garden. It was much ravaged by the war, but has recovered again. I travelled from Brussels to Paris in the Diligence, the only conveyance through France, and I found it by no means so bad as I apprehended. On my route, I passed through Valenciennes, Mons, Cambray, Peconne and Roye, all fortified towns, but have every appearance of poverty. I saw more beggars in one of these towns, in getting out of the Diligence than you ever met in your life. I arrived at this great and wonderful city on the 15th inst. I have been so much occupied with my business, since my arrival, that I have seen, as yet but little. I have been in the garden of the Thuilleries, the Champs Elisees and the Palais Royale; but I have not seen the gallery of paintings and statues in the Thuilleries, nor the famous Venus de Medicis, which is there.

"I have walked over the ground where the horrid massacre of the Swiss guards took place. The recollection of that atrocious deed almost chilled me with horror. The government of France has changed by degrees from a democracy to a complete monarchy. To what but a wild spirit of democracy, which, for some years pervaded this country, can so great a change be attributed? It ought to be a lesson for us in America; for that same democratic furor, which once reigned in France, now rages in America. Not content with the mildest and best government upon earth, the democrats seek to destroy its very basis, viz. its energy, and by doing that the whole will fall.

"*Napoléon Buonaparte sera-t-il Consul à vie?* is now depending. No doubt HE WILL be Consul for life, if he please. The mode of election is somewhat curious. A book is opened with the *project* of the department, (observe, in the very face of government) where the voters are to write down their names, yes or no. Few will be bold enough thus to expose themselves, by saying no."

A heavy complaint has been made against the authors of modern romances, full of ghosts, spectres, and murderers. The young ladies are so frightened, as to be afraid to sleep alone.

It is not surprising that the Pope should have an apoplectic fit. His holiness has been afflicted with the falling sickness for many years.

At the funeral of a young lady who died lately at Brighton, the pall was to be supported by four virgins. The sneerers say that by sending couriers to several adjacent towns, the set was, with some difficulty, made up.

A parrot is at present in the possession of lady Brokerton, seventy years of age, which talks as well as ever, and increases in noise, as it does in years. The bird being a female, in some measure lessens the surprise.

Comfort for tragedy writers. "If you did not like my tragedy, why did you not hiss?" "My dear sir, no man can hiss and yawn, at the same time."

The following is copied verbatim from a northern paper, and may serve to give distant nations and a wondering posterity some idea of the July style. "The patriotism of this town, which was reluctantly confined, by the Sabbath, within the pale of religion, burst forth the next morning, with a peal of bells and thunder of ordnance. The earliest dawn offered a brilliant display of our national flag, from our shipping, public houses and places of distinction."

A lady of great wit and spirit, has been heard to declare that she was once completely silenced by a very stupid personage, in the midst of a declamation, and encircled by a large party of literary ladies and gentlemen. She was haranguing upon the preference she should feel for Tom Jones, to Sir Charles Grandison, as a brother, a friend, a lover, or a husband. The silly gentlewoman, in the mere desire of prating, and perfectly unconscious of the great force of what she was going to utter, interrupted the lady orator, with, "ladies and gentlemen, I am reading Tom Jones, but have not finished it. I have just left him in bed with another man's wife."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMMA.

THE DESERTED HOG-STY.

IMITATED FROM GOLDSMITH.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

Where yon lank grass waves o'er the silent way,
And thriving weeds their branching arms display,
Beneath the lofty maple's darkening shade
First stood a dome of firmest pine-planks made,
To beechen posts the obedient ends were joined
The flowery creeper all yon side entwined,
O'er half the fabric, were there seen to rise
An angled roof ascending towards the skies;
Oft on yon wall I've ponder'd as I view'd
The hungry inmates, there enjoy their food;
Heard the sow grunt, the barrow feebly whine,
While their shrill treble all the sucklings join;
When fill'd with food, how oft I've seen them lay,
Bask in the sun and catch his warming ray.
Then, if perchance as snoring loud they laid
They heard approach the sty the kitchen maid,
Heard on the Trough the well known swill-pail
scound,

Or the thick ears of corn fly rattling round;
How quick they started....oft I pondered then,
And oft compared the ways of hogs to men.
So the dull Democrat, his dosing keeps,
And till the leaves and fishes call him, sleeps;
But when he hears approach the long wish'd prize
To the full trough of offices he flies;
Though thousand offices the fool should clog
Still as insatiate as the ravening hog.
There, oft the swinish brood in gambols gay,
Sported the day and slept the night away.
Now all these joys are fled, as late I view'd
The site where once the cumbrous hog-pen stood;
No boar I saw his greedy jaws extend,
No parent sow, her infant pigs defend,
No squeaking pigs with pious whine implore
Their mother sow to yield her milky store;
Thither no more at summer's parting day
Shall the blythe house-maid wind her devious way:
No more the swine rear'd on their legs shall stand,
And ask the flowing beverage from her hand;
No more express their squealing rapture when
Loaded with corn the farmer seeks their pen,
Or when Aurora's crimson light appears,
No more shall whine their matins in our ears.

O *Idleness*, in thee the cause we trace
Of all the *silent sadness* of this place;
For had the *farmer's* yard with wood been stored,
The *Sty* had stood, and there *pigs* still had snored.
It was a winter's day, "fast fell the snow,"
And bleakly round the borean blast did blow,
When the stern farmer, so the fates ordain,
Doomed the warm *pen* no longer should remain,
Doomed the dry planks his kitchen fires should
grace,
And the oak *trough* supply the *back log's* place;
The swine astonished heard their cheerless fate,
And *deep despair* in every *visage* sate.
And first the good old *Boar* prepared to go,
Leave the warm sty for heaps of drifted snow;
He marched in *virtue bold* with *solemn pace*,
While the big tears bedew'd his manly face;
Not for himself he wept, the whining train
Of *infant followers*, call'd his tears amain.
The *Sow* in louder plaints expressed her woes,
With *sullen grunt* the mournful barrow goes;
yet oft he paused and looked with wishful eye,
At the lone *hog's trough* and *deserted sty*:
The *group of pigs*, groped onward, far behind,
And squeaked their anguish to the sighing wind.
Now the rank *hog-weed*, shades the dark'ned
ground,
And baleful night-shade spreads its vines around.

Cetera desunt.

Cambridge, September 3, 1802.

FROM THE EVENING POST.

"THE ARTS OF ABLE EDITORS."

LARRY O'SHANAHAN'S KIND INVITATION TO "PATRIOTIC ALIENS." (a)

[To the tune of *Ally Croker*.]

All you who'd be instructors without having any learning;
All you who would dictate, and judge, without the least discerning;
Who fain would pass for honest men, with gibbets in your faces,
And look so bold, while branded with manifold disgraces,
Come hasten here, and learn from me the
Arts of able Editors.
I'll teach you *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

Altho' from dirt and dung-hills, you like toadstools should have grown up
Or aping of the gentleman, with vanity, are blown up;
Altho' the spawn of jail-birds foul; or e'en the filthy pledges
Of mumping beggars, litter'd under European hedges,
You may thrive here by learning *all the Arts of able Editors*
So I'll teach you *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

If from the bogs of county Tip*, or from some British village,
Compell'd to fly for murder, treason, theft, or highway pillage,
Come hither to Columbia's shore, look confident, and hector,
And you'll find a certain *great man* here, your crony and protector,

If you only will but learn from me the *Arts of an Editor*,

If you'll learn *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

(a) "Patriotic Aliens," a late Democratic toast.

* This in English means the county of Tipperary, of which the assize town is Clonmell.

Altho' with peeping through the grates at *sign of bag and wattle*,† Sir,
Your face has scars of many bars, as if receiv'd in battle, Sir;
Though in each line, (I should say rope) pourtray'd are death and sin, Sir,
Sagacious J——n will find a grace in every grin, Sir,

If you'll only take pains to be his able editors,
If you'll learn *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

Altho' stag-bail‡ and perjury were written in your looks, Sir,
And though your nose should be squeez'd flat by kissing of the book, Sir,
For a *come-off*, our patron here, behind won't let you lag, Sir,
But *neatly* say, "the Bible's nought but lamp-black and old rags" Sir.

If you'll only lie and swear to it like an able editor,
If you'll learn *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

Come, Dermot, Matt, Mighel,|| and Pat, my jewels make haste over,
To milk and potatoes bid farewell, for here you'll live in clover;
And when you land, cry boldly out, "I'm now good as the best of you,
By *Jasus* now I'll lie, and *swear*, and *vote* like all the rest of you;"

And then you'll get a polish from our able little editors,
Oh! you'll learn *all the Arts of an able Editor*.

And now dear boys remember well the story of the pitcher,
And while you may, get out o'the way, of that curs'd thing the *snitcher*.**
From foggy European air this safer climate wins ye,
The *yellow-fever* may be cur'd, but not the *hempen-quinzy*.††

Come then, receive fraternal hugs from all our able editors,
You'll quickly learn to con by rote, the *Arts of able Editors*.

Explanation of one thing perhaps you may desire, Sir,
And "what's the arts of editors?" before you move require, Sir;
It is to make the whole you say, beginning, end and middle, Sir,
One burning lie, enough to raise a blister on a griddle, Sir.

So easy is't to learn, you see, the *Arts of able Editors*,
How easy then to learn, *all the Arts of able Editors*!

With heart, dear Pat, as black as hat, and front with brand of gibbet,
And some of those sweet qualities old Baili Rolls exhibit;
A head eternally confus'd with foul and noxious vapours,
With lies, impostures, and detraction, daubing *daily papers*;

Those, and those alone, are all the *Arts of able Editors*,

Oh! the precious *Arts of our able Editors!!!*

† The slang of Ireland the jail is called sometimes, "the sign of the bag and wattle," from the prisoners putting out from the upper windows a wattle, or pole, with a bag appended to it to receive the alms of passengers below.

‡ Stag-bail. A set of infamous men hire themselves to be bail, and will swear themselves worth 5000 dollars, when they are not worth perhaps five cents....this is called Stag-bail.

|| Mighel. The common Irish way of saying Michael.

** Snitcher....slang name for the gallows.

†† Hempen quinzey....The slang for hanging.

SELECTED POETRY.

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A GHOST.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO TOLD THE AUTHOR SHE PRAYED TO SEE A GHOST.

Take a man who adores you....and do but look round,
With those bright sparkling eyes, and he'll quickly be found,
Then receive him at first with good nature and ease
And use all thy ways,....thou hast many....to please;
Let him hang on thy looks, and be blest with that smile,
Which could sorrow herself for a moment beguile.
If he speaks but a word, be all quiet attention,
Affability, meekness, and sweet condescension.
But, when thus thou hast raised him to visions above,
And he figures exstatic the raptures of Love;
Then be sudden, and quickly reverse the behaviour,
Let thy cruelest scorn be considered a favour,
When compar'd with the punishment thou hast in store,
For the wretch who thy charms thus presumes to adore:
Instead of those ways you first thought of to please him,
Invent all the arts to torment and to tease him,
If he speaks to thee now, wonder at his assurance,
And esteem his civilities past all endurance,
If thou can'st, thy agreeable manners forget;
Be this moment a prude, and the next a coquette.
Not the * poppy's mild juice, thou hast made him so mad,
Can restore the sweet sleep, which he yesterday had.
See he sickens and dies, and becomes the dear creature
Thou hast long pray'd to see....without limb, without feature;
And if it be true, what great PLATO once said,
The old Grecian sage, that the souls of the dead,
For the things, which they held here in high admiration,
Still pine, and forsake not their old habitation;
He will still hover round thee a delicate Ghost,
As the dearest of things, which on earth pleas'd him most,
Then be not surprised, if you hear a deep sigh,
And should see Mr. Ghost gliding pensively by;
He will do thee no harm, but he still loves to gaze
On those charms, which have set the whole world in a blaze.

* The ingenious author of the above easy lines, evidently had in his mind Jago's remark, when he moralizes upon the perturbed features of the zealous Moor.

Not poppy, nor mandragora
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'd'st yesterday.

[Note by the Editor of the Port Folio.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 35.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF EULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER II.

*The Earth....Sulphur predominates in it....Theory of
the North-West wind.*

But, to fix the nature of the climate, that of the earth, or the kind, and mixture of its component parts must largely contribute. The northern part of Asia sufficiently proves this. It is bald, but incomparably colder than North-America. This is ascribed to the nitre, which abounds so much in the soil. In the soil of the Atlantic North-American states, sulphur appears to be predominant. It is said they cannot find saltpetre in sufficient quantity to keep the powder-mills going. Saltpetre, indeed, counteracts corruption, and no climate is so putrefactive as that of North-America. Apples and other fruits rot upon the trees. The sulphur is likewise the cause of the rapid vegetation. But this violent growth seldom allows the fruits to attain a perfect maturity. They rot before hand, and you constantly see upon the trees green fruit, half ripe, and already rotten. Among the native inhabitants, you find the same rapid development of the body, and a premature old age. To this superfluity of sulphur in the soil, may likewise be ascribed those sultry heats which come on so suddenly in the summer, and occasion fainting fits. On this account the American trees grow the quicker, and perish the quicker likewise: they are subject to premature decay, and to the attacks of numerous sorts of vermin. The earth imparts its properties to the plants; the beasts feed upon the plants; and the men upon both beasts and plants: consequently all the bodies must have properties corresponding to those of the constituent part of the earth. The frequent thunder storms prove the abundance of sulphur...That substance now and then falls in rain...The water is often covered with it. There are examples of its taking fire, in fishing by torch-light, as is customary there, and by touching the water with a torch. The frequent fevers, especially among those who dwell near the water, are also, by the physicians, imputed to the sulphureous exhalations.

The greater warmth to the westward of the Allegany mountain, than under the same latitude in the Atlantic part of North-America, may perhaps be occasioned by the extensive natural meadows, bare of wood, the ground of which was therefore accessible to the rays of the sun, and might be warmed by them. Perhaps, however, the soil is there otherwise constituted; it is at least incomparably more fertile.

We are not yet sufficiently acquainted with the general theory of the winds, to ascribe the cold of North-America chiefly to the north-west wind; for it will not answer to suppose it proceeds from the north pole. For this north-west wind does not

blow, to the westward of the Allegany mountains, at the same time when it traverses the Atlantic parts. To the westward, winds altogether different prevail, and none of them is so cold as the north-west in Atlantic North-America. If this wind came from the polar lands, it would be at the westward of the mountains, nearer to its source, and of course colder. But all travellers there affirm the contrary. Finally, the west wind is in the middle states at least as cold as the north-west, which proves that the several chains of mountains which are called the Apalachian mountains, and among which the Allegany is the highest summit, by forming the separation of the two oceans, must be considered as the cause of this cold westerly wind....Another circumstance confirms this. The north-east wind brings rain throughout the whole eastern coast....West of the Allegany mountain, it is a clear, dry, and cold wind; a proof that it has dropped in rain all its earthy vapours, upon its journey from the ocean over the mountain, and that the mountain has imparted to it, in its passage, a coldness which it did not possess nearer the coast. In travelling over the Peter's mountain, near Harrisburg, in Pennsylvania, which runs to the west of the blue hills, parallel to, and not far distant from them, I saw plainly, that a great part of the clouds of rain, which the north-east wind drove upon it, remained suspended on the eastern side, and that it was much clearer on the western side. Thus many vapours are stopped on the east side of every chain of mountains, and the wind grows continually less damp.

Though of all that has been written upon the American climate, therefore, the best in my judgment is what the abovementioned Williams has published, yet I cannot accede to his opinion, that the north-west wind comes so far from the polar lands. The theory of the winds is not yet sufficiently known to determine whether they pass over so great an extent at once. It is indeed known of the trade winds; but these are regular only upon great seas; upon large continents they are not. But, in the present case, it is utterly impossible that the north-west should blow from the polar climes, unless all the travellers have concurred not to tell the truth. The causes have just been seen.

I believe, therefore, it may be adopted for a certainty, that the Apalachian mountains, are the only cause of the cold west and north-west winds in Atlantic America, and the following fact must make it yet more probable. This circumstance, which as far as I know, has not yet been remarked by any traveller, is as follows: westward of the summit of the Blue hills, called in some places Kittatinny, in others the North-hill, it rains not often with a north-east or yet more easterly wind, but generally with the south-west wind. This proves that the north-east wind does not proceed beyond the Allegany mountain, but rebounds back, and still carries with it the watery vapours. This further proves, that when cold east and north-east winds blow at the westward, they are cold streams of air generated upon the mountain itself, which pour themselves towards the warmer and thinner atmosphere on the Mississippi; but not the

cold north-east winds coming from the Atlantic ocean, charged with vapours, which do not proceed beyond the Allegany mountain, but strike its east side, and rebound backwards. It has also been found, by corresponding observations, that when to the eastward, north-east winds blow, for several days together, altogether different winds have prevailed in Pittsburg. The rebounding north-east wind comes with its watery vapours from the south-west, owing to the following causes....The mountains run from north-east to south-west, nearly parallel with the coast. The easterly wind proceeds from the north-east point, in the neighbourhood of the banks of Newfoundland. This wind consequently strikes upon the mountains, but in an acute angle. The two considerable summits of the Blue and Allegany mountains, meet in the southern part of Virginia, not far from Staunton, in an acute angle together. Here they rise to their greatest elevation. In this angle consequently the north-east wind presses together all its vapours; and as it can proceed no farther, it must turn back, and carry them with it, by the same way through which it came. Hence it commonly rains, west of the Blue hills, with a south-west wind, originating in the north-east. And when the rain has fallen, there comes immediately from the Allegany mountain a cold west, or north-west wind, which clears up the sky again.

The cold winds always come down from the Allegany mountain. Whence proceeds then this cold property in those mountains? This question has not yet been examined. Can it be owing to the numerous iron mines which they contain? I am far from pretending to decide this question; but I shall here take the liberty to give my opinion concerning it.

The Apalachian mountains (which name I give to the whole collective chain of mountains) are not indeed all very high, if you reckon their elevation from their feet; but they stand upon a level which is itself high. For the land rises gradually from the sea, and where it begins to swell into hills, they are never so high upon the western as upon the eastern side; which is likewise the case with the great chains of mountains, so that from the ocean to the summit of the Allegany mountains you are constantly ascending. The height of the Allegany above the surface of the sea, is calculated at four thousand feet. This is six hundred feet higher than the highest ridge of the Hartz in Germany. Even the vallies, therefore, not far from this mountain top, must be at least two thousand feet above the sea. At such an elevation the air must be considerably cold. Besides, the Apalachian mountains consist of altogether barren, rocky chains of hills, whose component parts are perhaps of a colder nature. Even the larger vallies are full of stony hills, of small fertility, and there is only a very little fruitful level ground, just along the side of the rivulets. All this is covered with wood of slender growth; excepting the pines, which are tolerably stately, but grow only upon a good soil. Consider further, the great extent of this mountainous region: from the Blue hills to the Allegany the distance, in Pennsylvania, at most places, is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred English miles,

And there are considerable gaps in the mountains before you come to the Blue hills. The nearer you draw to the Allegany mountain, the colder you find the climate. The vegetation opens at Philadelphia four weeks earlier than at the Blue mountains: they are not clear of snow, when Philadelphia is surrounded with verdure.

Here then are causes amply sufficient for the cold winds. From the summit of the Allegany, westwards to the Mississippi, the coldness of the climate diminishes again, and its warmth increases, in proportion to the proximity of the river. But the cold winds from the mountains cannot blow here so often, or so strong, as to the eastward, for the following reasons: there is on that side no sea, over which in winter the air can be warmed and attenuated, particularly by the gulf-stream, flowing from the torrid zone, considerably more than over the above-mentioned terra-firma. The cold air, therefore, rushes not with the same violence down from the mountains*; for, as to the westward, there is nothing but land, the equilibrium must be more nearly maintained in the atmosphere.

The exemption from the unpleasant north-east winds, coming from the sea, must give the western climate a great superiority over that to the eastward; for after several days of heat, these north-east storms pour down a cold rain upon the Atlantic states. The air is then thick, oppressive, and relaxing. It attacks chiefly the bowels, and a change of cloathing becomes necessary.—South-east winds on their side, bring in like manner, streams of warm wind—South-west winds bring fair weather.

Beyond the mountains in the internal part of North-America, the unpleasant damp sea winds and the changes of weather proceeding from them are unknown; the climate there must, therefore, be steadier. Its greater warmth, to which almost all travellers testify, may perhaps be chiefly owing to the nature of the ground, and perhaps to the extensive natural meadows, formed, it is said, by the burning away of the woods, and exposed to the heating rays of the sun; and also to the diminished force and greater infrequency of the cold Apalachian winds.

MISCELLANY.

(From the *Loiterer*.)

Sum Animi dubius. VIRG. 3. GEORG.

MR. EDITOR,

As you have entered into a kind of contract to supply the public with a regular succession of amusement, you will not surely disdain accepting the contribution of one who is no distant relation of your family, and a great admirer of your undertaking.

On this presumption I have after much debate, and more hesitation (for it is not my way to do any thing in a hurry) set down to communicate to you some anecdotes of my family and myself; which if sufficiently interesting to amuse your readers, neither my ancestors will have lived, nor I written in vain.

I am the only son of Sir Dilatory Doubtful of Dubious-Hall, in this county, descended from an ancient and honourable family long settled at that place. Our ancestor was one of those Norman barons who did William the Conqueror the honour of accompanying him in his descent against England: Of whom it is recorded, that after every thing was fully prepared, and part of the troops were embarked, and just as he himself was stepping on board, he, all at once recollected, that he might possibly perish in the expedition, or that his estate might suffer considerably in his absence; and would

have inevitably turned back, had not some of his companions hinted to him, that malice might impute to cowardice what was really the effect of foresight. He therefore (after changing his mind about twenty times more) resolutely set forward; and in reward, I suppose for his feats of valour, received from the hands of the Conqueror the lordship of Castle Dubious, with all its fiefs and appurtenances. The curious may search for the original grant in Doom's-day book—From this time our family spread rapidly, and soon formed alliances with the most respectable of the English nobility—the Shatterbrains—the Daudlers—the Loungers—the Lingerers, and, as I before observed, the Loiterers were not ashamed to cultivate acquaintance, and acknowledge relation with the Doubtfuls. Neither the civil wars of the Henries or Edwards, nor the religious persecutions of Mary and her father, were at all destructive to our ancestors, who in the true spirit of their family, changed their party under the first, and their religion under the last, on the most moderate computation, about six times; by which trifling sacrifice they escaped those severe punishments which more obstinate people deservedly incurred. Happy! could the same timing system of politics have always preserved their persons and estates from the oppression of party, and the plunder of sequestration.

And here, were I to consult my own feelings, should I drop the pen, and leave my heroes in this state of meridian splendour, in imitation of those who finish the history of this country at the peace of sixty-three; but truth demands a different conduct, and bids me pursue the decline and fall of our race, with the same accurate impartiality, with which I have marked its rise, and traced its progress—In that melancholy period, when

"Civil dudgeon first grew high,

"And men fell out, they knew not why."

My great grandfather, Sir Ralph Doubtful was seized with the epidemic fury of the times, and after various resolutions and irresolutions, determined to raise a regiment of a thousand horse, at his own expense. One thing, however, a good deal embarrassed him; he had not yet made up his mind on which side he should employ them. Nor can it be matter of wonder that a point which has puzzled the ablest legislators, should have been too much for the brains of Sir Ralph. He had perused, indeed, with eagerness and attention, the remonstrances of the parliament, and the manifestoes of the king, but their arguments were, unluckily, so equal, that he always found himself of the same opinion with that which he read last. In this dilemma, he determined to have recourse to history, and get himself perfectly acquainted with every part of the constitution. He, therefore, instantly fell to rummaging his library, which (having once belonged to a convent, whose revenues had been granted, at the dissolution of religious houses, to our family) contained a most choice collection of books.—Here he immediately fell foul on Fabian and John Rous, who gave him a prodigious deal of information—hence proceeding in a kind of *retrogressive* motion; he next attacked the Chronicle of Croyland; and at last William of Mahmsbury, Gildas, and venerable Bede himself were forced to descend from their dusty shelves to increase the knowledge, and settle the tenets of this insatiable politician.—As some of the above works are rather voluminous, and Sir Ralph was not a very fast reader, I think it much to his credit that he fairly read through them all, and had completely finished his course of historic studies in little more than two years. At the end of which period he found himself just as wise as when he first began. And the world would have been in danger of losing the exploits of this hero, and the writings of his historian, had not the offer of a pension and a title, in case of success, determined this disinterested patriot to side with the king.—From this moment my worthy kinsman was no longer

er wavering in opinion or lukewarm in zeal; his doubts were all cleared, and his fears were all removed, he even made as much haste as he could to enrol, arm, and discipline his regiment; towards which he had not yet made the least preparation.—I have already observed, that it is not the characteristic of the Doubtfuls ever to put themselves in a hurry; nor had his love of loyalty, or his hopes of a reward, any visible effect, on determining his measures, or quickening his motions: on the contrary, he continued in his usual course to doubt, to deliberate, to approve, and to reject. A twelvemonth passed away before he could enrol a proper number of men; six months more were spent in teaching them to ride gracefully; and in settling the colour of their uniform. It took him up at least an additional six—to determine what plan of operations would be most effectually pursued.—At last every thing was settled exactly to his mind, and on the thirty-first of January, one thousand six hundred and forty-eight, Sir Ralph set forward, at the head of his corps, mounted on a most formidable charger, vowing to take signal vengeance on every ill-fated puritan who should come in his way.—His plan was the most extensive, and at the same time the most simple that can be conceived: as easy in its accomplishment as decisive in its effect. It was indeed no other than to march immediately to London, unperceived by the army of the parliament, of which there were scarce twenty thousand between him and the metropolis—as soon as they arrived there, they were to make themselves masters of the tower, and, of course, of his majesty's person. A troop was to be detached to take possession of Chatham, and all the forts on the river. About thirty privates, headed by a serjeant, were to beat the train-bands out of the city; and Sir Ralph himself obligingly undertook to murder the lord mayor. Every particular being thus adjusted, there remained not the least possibility of a disappointment; the whole party moved on cheerfully, the men in spirits from the hopes of pay and plunder, and their chief elated with the thoughts of his pension and his title. They were not, however, suffered long to enjoy their delusion; for before they had marched many hours, they were informed that his majesty had been executed the day before: this was a terrible blow both to the new colonel and his followers, for the latter deserted by handfuls, and the former, with the small remainder, quietly surrendered themselves to a party of the parliament horse, which soon after came up with them. But the worst was yet to come, for as he was taken in arms, his family were instantly voted *malignant*, and his whole estate delivered over to the care of the committee of sequestration.

The failure of his hopes, and the ruin of his estate, threw him into a violent fever—hard fare and the damps of an unwholesome prison, completed what disappointment had begun, and my unfortunate ancestor soon after finished his mortal career. From this period the glory of our house declined apace; neither my grandfather or father possessed the genius or spirit of enterprise which distinguished their ancestors, and consequently made not the same figure in history, as the illustrious personage whose memoirs I have been writing.—Before the death of the latter, indeed the estate became so much encumbered, that he found it impossible to breed me up in the hereditary idleness of the family; a misfortune which he might lament, but could not avoid; he, therefore, wisely resolved to give me such an education as should qualify me for filling some very important employment, which he intended to procure me, at a proper time; but whether it was to be civil, military, or ecclesiastic, he was not quite determined. I was accordingly sent from home to school to the university, and from thence sent abroad (where after passing a sufficient time) I returned to my father's house, in order to take possession of the aforesaid employ-

* Because it rushes towards the sea, and consequently in the eastern direction.

ment; towards obtaining which, I have reason to think, he had as yet made no great advancement. However, about a week after my return, he took me into his study, and not without a great deal of previous preparation, made me a long harangue on the subject of his provident care and paternal affection; which he concluded with the following words—"You are now, my son, entered into your twenty-eighth year, and it is not, therefore, too early to begin turning your thoughts to your future profession in life; I would not, however, wish you to hurry yourself in a point of so much importance to your own happiness, and the good of the public. Take, therefore, time to consider the matter well, and at the end of two or three years, make me acquainted with your determination."

To this affectionate speech I made as affectionate an answer, and from that moment began my deliberations; but whether the different professions are really so very equal, or whether I am but an inaccurate distinguisher, whether my genius was alike fitted for all or for none, I know not; certain it is, that at the expiration of three years I was obliged to beg a little more time to fix my determination, which my father most readily granted, and even greatly commended me for not having decided too hastily.—This was certainly not the way to quicken me, and accordingly month passed away after month, and year after year, in the same way, and it was not till the age of thirty-five, that I found my talents were best adapted to a military life. This determination was made a little too late, for just as my father was endeavouring to procure me a commission, he was suddenly cut off in his eightieth year by a paralytic stroke, and left me, as his father had left him, the inheritor of an incumbered estate and a ruinous house.

With the death of my father expired all my love of a military life, and I resolved to sit quietly down, and endeavour to find some expedient for paying off my mortgages, and re-building my mansion-house. For effecting this purpose, numberless schemes occurred, and each had their peculiar advantages, but as each had their peculiar disadvantages too, I was most exceedingly embarrassed in my choice, and some more years elapsed before I could fix upon any. At length, after approving and rejecting a variety of plans, just as I had entered my forty-sixth year, I was fully convinced, that to marry some pretty sensible girl of eighteen, of a good family and large fortune, would be the most eligible step I could take.

This resolution being once formed, there remained only to find among my female acquaintance, some person worthy of this high honour; and soon two candidates started up, whose claims were in every respect so very equal, that never throughout a life of doubt and hesitation, do I remember being so terribly put to it before.—The young ladies in question were both heiresses of good fortunes, and descendants from good families; both very amiable and very pretty. Nor do I at all know whether I should ever have settled this point, had not one of them obligingly settled it for me, by marrying a man, who, it seems, had been debating the matter with the lady, while I was debating it with myself.—The difficulty of choice was now most happily removed, and I set forward the next day with the most desperate intention of making an offer in form to the other, who now reigned sole mistress of my affections. Great, however, was my surprise to find on my arrival, the whole house was in confusion, and still greater to hear that Miss had, that morning, eloped with a young officer, who had been some time quartered at a neighbouring town.—Struck with such complicated instances of female perfidy, I returned home in a phrenzy worthy the occasion, and should certainly have made away with myself, could I have determined in what manner to effect my

bloody purpose. But I was fortunately so long in deciding, which was the most fashionable mode of suicide, that before this doubt was settled, another arose, namely, whether the reception I should meet with in the other world, would be such as to make me amends for having quitted this in such a hurry; and I therefore deferred to some other opportunity, my journey to that country from whose *bourn no traveller returns*.—This adventure having perfectly cured me of my matrimonial inclination, I have ever since led a very quiet and tolerably happy life, having my peace of mind disturbed by scarce any other doubts and uncertainties, than whether I shall put on my *blue* or my *brown* coat, and whether my Sunday's pudding shall be *boiled* or *baked*.—One thing, and one only, has at times, indeed, a little ruffled me, but that I have now settled to my satisfaction, and I hope, sir, to yours also.—For it having some how occurred to me, that as I am turned of three score, and do not intend to marry, I may possibly leave no *legitimate issue* to emulate my virtues, and continue my name, I have determined, therefore, to bequeath to you Mr. Loiterer, my whole estate, real and personal, on condition you take the name and arms of Doubtful, and promise to lay out the profits of your work in repairing the old mansion, and improving the estates.—And I do hereby assure you, on the word of a gentleman, that it is my most irrevocable determination (if you do not forfeit my good opinion, and if I do not change my mind) to make you my heir and sole executor; in token whereof, I assure you, that I am,

Your affectionate relation,
And humble servant,
DANIEL DOUBTFUL.

INCONVENIENCE OF A LEARNED WIFE.

[From the European Magazine]

SIR,

There has been a great deal of debate and much shedding of ink in the learned world for some time past, respecting the rank that women ought to hold in the scale of creation. Some sour old bachelors have thought, with Sir Anthony Absolute in the play, that women may be taught their letters, but should never learn their mischievous combinations; others, of a softer mould, have in a manner depressed while they exalted them, by bursting forth into rapturous eulogiums on their amiable virtues, which they would at the same time confine to the kitchen and nursery; while a third sort, with more liberality than the one, and more boldness than the other, have contended that literature alone exalts the female character, and that every step a woman mounts in the ladder of learning makes her more eminent in excellence:

"Victorque virum volitare per ora."

Among the votaries of the third sect I beg leave to enrol my name. I began life with a determination to run counter to the established usage of mankind, in the choice of a wife. For I sighed when I reflected on the slavish subjection in which man detains his injured helpmate, in defiance of reason, and in contempt of humanity; I burnt with all the zeal of a Don Quixote to fight the battles of this last and fairest work of nature, and resolved to show the world that I felt what I expressed, by drawing some deserving female from humble life; by providing her with books in all the learned languages, superintending her education with scrupulous anxiety, and at a fit period leading her to the altar, crowned with the never-fading flowers of sagacity and erudition. This grand scheme I immediately put in practice, in the following manner:

You must know, Sir, there is a small shop opposite my study window, which professes to sell gingerbread, earthen-ware, gilt paper, peg-tops, and

treacle. To this house of miscellaneous fame I had been accustomed to see a little girl come two or three times a week, and generally return with a handful of gingerbread. This did not at first appear very extraordinary, till I observed the gingerbread to be decorated with the letters of the alphabet, which the sagacious infant devoured more with her eyes than her teeth. This pleased me; it seemed an earnest of future literary greatness, and immediately determined me to gain some acquaintance with the damsel, in order to find whether at some future period she was likely to answer my matrimonial speculation. In a few days I found out her abode, and waited on her mother, an industrious washerwoman in the neighbourhood; told her my tale, to which she did "seriously incline;" and ended by requesting that she would put her daughter under my tuition. The old woman thankfully accepted the offer, assuring me that her daughter was one of the *'cutest girls in the whole street'*; and having called her in, and acquainted her with the subject of our conference, I had the satisfaction to find that she expressed an entire readiness to submit to my instructions. We accordingly departed, hand in hand. Little Phoebe (for so she was called) immediately entered upon her course of lectures with an alacrity that both surprised and pleased me. She learned to read even quicker than Madame de Genlis's infant prodigies; soon became acquainted with a large portion of English literature; and in the course of a few years was mistress of the French, Italian, Greek, and Latin languages.

I now considered the time as having arrived, which fate had fixed for my marriage. Phoebe made no objection; a license was obtained; and Dr. Stedfast and Phoebe Morris were introduced to the public, by means of the morning papers, as husband and wife. My pleasure did not, like that of many others, end with the honey-moon, but received a daily accession of delight; for surely no woman, since the time of Queen Elizabeth, was ever possessed of such rare and valuable virtues. The common failings of common women were unknown to Phoebe; her lofty mind "towered above her sex," and displayed such a collection of singular endowments, as, conscious as I am of my inability properly to display, I cannot resist the temptation of endeavouring to describe.

The first talent on which my wife piqued herself, was high spirit. The tame acquiescence of Mrs. Shandy she utterly despised, and indeed gave numerous and forcible proofs of the contrary extreme. For instance, she spoilt me a famous edition of Pope's Works, by throwing a volume into the fire, in which the author had stigmatized some lady in these words: "No ass more meek, no ass more obstinate." She next tore the cover from a volume of Swift's Letters, because he called her sex a race hardly above monkies. Her third stretch of prerogative was displayed by throwing Congreve's Plays out of the window, because in one of them he had declared,

"That women are like tricks by slight of hand,
Which to admire we should not understand."

Nay, she proceeded so far as to send an elegant edition of Orlando Furioso to the pastry-cook, because Ariosto expressed a wish that Angelica had fallen a sacrifice to the frenzy of Orlando; and actually banished poor Virgil from the house, because he had given her sex a neuter gender, and inveighed against them as "*varium et mutabile*." These diminutions of my library, only served to increase my admiration for my wife, as I considered them fresh proofs of that independent spirit which is so necessary to enable a woman to bear up against our encroaching sex, and is so rare to be met with in our squeamish days.

The next quality in my catalogue, for which I have to compliment my Phoebe, is her contempt of dress. It is a notorious fact, that many women

ruin their husbands merely in silk, lace, and muslin. My spouse is so far from running into extravagance in these articles, that I verily believe she has not two yards of either in her possession. Her general dress is a linen robe, floating loosely about, and fastened at the breast with a Roman fibula. In this robe, and an old pair of sandals, she is accustomed to wander through the woods, or by the side of some purling stream, with all the solemnity of an ancient sage.

The third virtue which Phœbe boasts is chastity. This you will acknowledge is no bad quality in a wife. With what rapture have I heard her read Ariosto's account of ancient Amazons, and Hayley's Dissertation on the ancient Maidens of this country! She has completely cleared my house of every female with a tolerable countenance, that I may be kept out of temptation, inasmuch that I may challenge the whole county to produce such a race of scarecrows. I have already told of the ravages she has made in my library; but I forgot to mention, that she has insisted on my parting with a volume of Greek Poems, because there was a small portion of contraband goods on board, which was no other than that famous Ode of Sappho, beginning

Φαίλαι μαι κίτος ἴσος Σαίσιον,

merely because the expressions were not reconcilable to her ideas of decorum.

Thus, Sir, I have endeavoured to give you a faint sketch of the numerous virtues of my Phœbe; owing, no doubt, to the learned education I have bestowed upon her. Her particular traits of character, her impromptus, bon mots, &c. I shall leave to some future and more able biographer to describe. But candour obliges me to confess that this blaze of excellence does not seem quite congenial to the feelings of those who frequent my house. The majority of my acquaintance, not being men of very profound erudition, endeavour as much as they can to keep out of her way; for she has an odd custom of putting questions which their capacities are not always equal to answering. She once frightened Mr. Simper, the dancing clergyman, from my table, by some inquiry relative to the *plusquàm perfectum* of a Greek verb; and no longer ago than yesterday, while Sam Sweetwort, the brewer, was entertaining the company with a description of his phæton and four, Phœbe stopt him short in the middle of his harangue by the following lines from Ovid:

*Aureus axis erat, temo aureus, aurea summa
Curvatura rotæ; radiorum argenteus ordo.
Per juga chrysolithi, positæque ex ordine geminæ
Clara repercusso reddebant lumina Phœbo.*

Such, Sir, are the various advantages, to be derived from marrying a learned woman, advantages which none but a philosopher can properly estimate, and which none but a philosopher should endeavour to secure. For it might possibly happen, that a man of confined education would not, for the sake of distant and speculative advantages, willingly forego the common routine of domestic comfort. Such a man might think his wife better employed in making custards than in making syllogisms; in pickling cucumbers than in extracting the square root. He might allow a woman a proper degree of spirit, without wishing to tear her husband's books, or box his ears; and, if he were extremely precise, might assert the possibility of preserving her reputation for chastity, without banishing her husband *à mensa et thoro*.

I am, &c.

GABRIEL STEDFAST.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

I lately listened to the conversation of two of my city friends, who were indulging some roman-

tic reveries, respecting the ease of a Farmer's life, and the profits of husbandry. These gentlemen, although both were established in a lucrative profession, were eager for an immediate migration to fields and fountains, and were positive that gold might be gathered from every haycock, and that Tranquillity had no more favourite residence than in the woods of Genesee, or on the banks of Mohawk river. I listened to their raptures with a smile of incredulity, for as I had actually lived many years in the country, I knew the fallacy of these extravagant rural speculations. The story of Dr. Shifler in the Idler tells the whole truth, and after the perusal of the following remarks by a writer of admirable sense and forcible expression, perhaps the dream of rural riches will vanish away.

"The pleasures of rural life form one of the common places of the poets, and they have adorned it with the richest colours of description. He who believes their representations will deem nothing more conducive to his happiness than to fly to the remotest wilds, to forests dark with shades, to rivulets gliding over pebbles, to plains clothed with verdure, covered with flocks, and resounding with the shepherd's pipe. That pastoral poets should indulge in such luxuriant descriptions is not wonderful; but even Horace, the man of the world, and the poet of common sense, has, in some passages, yielded to the delusion, and endeavoured to extend it."

The employments of agriculture and the life of the husbandman have also been described by the poets, to use the language of Addison on another occasion as,

Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight.

Under these two prepossessions, the one in favour of rural felicity, and the other of the joys of farming; the man of business in town, whether professional, or commercial, has toiled for gain with the hope of retiring into the country in middle, or declining life; which he indulges with no less ardour, than if he were going into Elysium on the day of his long wished for retreat.

But the blaze, which imagination kindled has been extinguished on approaching it; the vision of happiness has vanished, like a dream, on hastening to its actual enjoyment.

It is natural to inquire into the cause of the disappointment. Rural delights are certainly great; though exaggerated by the poet's fancy. Rural employments are certainly natural, amusing, and healthy; though extolled too highly when represented as furnishing delight, unalloyed with vexation.

Persons, who retire to rural life, raise their expectations too high above the pitch, which human enjoyments are ever found to attain. A golden age, when the earth brought forth her fruits with spontaneous exuberance, must be revived to satisfy the ideas of felicity, which they have connected with the operations of agriculture. Success in farming, and without success there can be no pleasure in it, depends on the labours of those, who are commonly unwilling to labour hard for a gentleman, and who, under the appearance of rustic simplicity, conceal a low cunning scarcely compatible with honesty. The defective work, the exorbitant demands, the discontented dispositions of these soon give a very different idea of rural swains, herds, and shepherds, than was received from the poets. These alone are able to convince him of his error, who retires to a farm as to an occupation of uninterrupted tranquillity. Though his circumstances should be such as cannot be affected by any of their injurious treatment, yet his temper will probably be tried by their perverse behaviour; he may not be deeply wounded, but his ease will be effectually destroyed for a time, though he should be only scratched by a bramble, or pricked by a thorn.

Inclement weather and unfavourable seasons combining with improper management, render the produce of the farm, after great expense, and no little solicitude, scanty and ill-conditioned. The object in a lucrative view is perhaps inconsiderable; but disappointment even in trifles, when the heart is set upon them is bitter. Thorns and briars, thistles and nettles are the crop, where wheat was cultivated, or where figs and grapes were expected. Instead of seeing lands laughing with corn, the disappointed gentleman farmer hangs, in a pensive posture, over the gate of the field, that smiles as it were in mockery with the red poppy, the blue bugloss, the yellow charlock, the white bearbind, the silky mallow, and the feather topped dandelion.

If he delights in a garden there are also vexations will spring up among the choicest fruits and flowers. See yonder wall most beautifully covered with peaches that blush like the cheeks of Hebe and Maria. He has chosen the tree with the nicest judgment, trained them with incessant care, and now they are ripe, and to-morrow the finest shall be culled, for it is Maria's birth-day. To-morrow's sun arises, and lo! the wall is stripped. Some caitiff, at the midnight hour, plucked them all with unrelenting hand, and by this time they are safe in the market.

He delights in poultry; he feeds the chickens and the ducklings with his own hand. He chooses the most beautiful in plumage, the largest in size, the finest for the table. But that varlet, Reinard, has stolen them all, but a few that were shut up in a coop to be fattened for newyear's day. These, however, he preserves; but, upon computing the expense, he finds that he might have bought them much fatter and finer at master Hodge the farmer's, at half the expense.

He fattens his own hogs, and every bit of pork stands him in double the money he could buy it for at the butchers. He keeps a dairy, but the cows die with disease, the calves are still-born, the butter rancid for want of care, and the milk sour. Hodge would supply his table with every article, cent per cent cheaper than he can make it at home, and without the least trouble, or hazard of a bad commodity.

Fortunately for the crows and dogs, he keeps a little flock of sheep with the prettiest musical bells ever heard in the country. But for want of skill and care in the management, half of them die of the rot, or are worried to death by curs. Those, which he kills, furnish his table with an inferior mutton, as dear as venison.

He brews his own beer, presses his own cider, and bakes his own bread; but three times out of four the beer is bitter, the cider vapid, and the bread, luckily for the pigs, heavy.

Thus disappointed, he is ready to exclaim with sighs,

Vitæ me redde priori. HORACE.

and looks back with regret on the ease, plenty, liberty, and sociableness of the city, which he once detested.

But I do not mean that a conclusion should be drawn that the country and rural employments, are not able to furnish much pleasure. My wish is to convince persons, who retire into the country late in life, for *ease only*, that they must not raise their expectations of rural happiness too high; and that in pursuit of ease they ought not to engage in farming to any great extent, because it is an employment full of anxiety and care, subject to much disappointment, and as little adapted to procure ease as the commerce of the busy trader, the employments of the statesman, the lawyer or the physician. He, who wishes in retirement to enjoy all the tranquillity, which the country can

* Ut in otia tuta recedant. HORACE.

afford should rather be a spectator, than a sharer in the employments of agriculture; and be satisfied with inhaling the sweet air and viewing the delightful scenes of the country, without troubling himself, unless he is skilled in husbandry, to raise and produce those necessary commodities of life, which he may purchase at the market cheaper and better, without any anxiety.

In the progress of my evening studies, I affect variety both for my own amusement, and the gratification of my readers. I hurry from this book to 'tother; from prose to poetry, and mingle both in my medley collection upon a plan similar to that of the purveyors of a dessert, who take care to furnish grapes and pears, and provoke the fickle palate with *piquant* ginger, or sooth it with bland almonds and the luscious fig. Moore's Anacreon presents the following, which is as sweet and fair, as the lovely flower it celebrates.

THE ROSE.

While we invoke the wreathed Spring,
Resplendent Rose! to thee we'll sing...
Resplendent Rose! the flower of flowers,
Whose breath perfumes Olympus' bowers;
Whose virgin blush, of chastened dye,
Enchants so much our mortal eye.
When pleasure's bloomy season glows,
The graces love to twine the Rose;
The Rose is warm, Dione's bliss,
And flushes like Dione's kiss?
Oft has the poet's magic tongue
The Rose's fair luxuriance sung;
And long the muses, heavenly maids,
Have rear'd it in their tuneful shades.
When, at the early glance of morn,
It sleeps upon the glittering thorn,
'Tis sweet to dare the tangled fence,
And cull the timid flower thence,
And wipe, with tender hand, away
The tears that on its blushes lay!
'Tis sweet to hold the infant stems
Yet-dropping with Aurora's gems,
And fresh inhale the spicy sighs,
That from the weeping buds arise.
When revel reigns, when mirth is high,
And Bacchus beams in every eye,
Our rosy fillets scent exhale,
And fill with balm the fainting gale!
When morning paints the orient skies,
Her fingers burn with roseate dyes,
The nymphs display the Rose's charms,
It mantles o'er their graceful arms;
Through Cytherea's form it glows,
And mingles with the living snows.
The Rose distils a healing balm,
The beating pulse of pain to calm;
Preserves the cold injured clay,
And mocks the vestige of decay:
And when, at length, in pale decline,
Its florid beauties fade and pine,
Sweet, as in youth, its balmy breath
Diffuses odour even in death!
Oh! whence could such a plant have sprung?
Attend...for thus the tale is sung.
When, humid from the silvery stream,
Effusing beauty's warmest beam,
Venus appear'd, in flushing hues,
Mellow'd by Ocean's briny dews...
When, in the starry courts above,
The pregnant brain of mighty Jove
Disclos'd the nymph of azure glance...
The nymph who shakes the martial lance!
Then, then in strange eventful hour,
The earth produced an infant flower,
Which sprung, with blushing tinctures drest,
And wail'd o'er its parent's breast,
The gods beheld this brilliant birth,
And hail'd the Rose...the boon of earth!
With nectar drops, a ruby tide,
The sweetly-orient buds they dyed,
And bade them bloom, the flowers divine
Of him who sheds the teeming wine;
And bade them, on the spangled thorn
Expand their bosoms to the morn!

BIOGRAPHY.

Robert Burton, brother to the Leicestershire antiquary, is noted as the author of a once popular book, the "Anatomy of Melancholy." He was

born at Lindley in 1576, and studied for the church, first at Brazen-nose-college, then at Christ-church, Oxford. In 1616 he was presented to the vicarage of St. Thomas in Oxford, and he had also the rectory of Segrave in Leicestershire, both which preferments he held till his death. He was a close and general student, addicted to judicial astrology, and well versed in all the school learning of the times. He was a man of great integrity and benevolence, but of a humorous and melancholic temper, which gave an oddity to his conduct. When in his melancholy fits, nothing would divert him but going to listen to the ribaldry of the barge-men, at which he would burst into loud peals of laughter. At other times he was one of the most facetious companions in the university. It was to soothe his melancholic disposition that he composed his "Anatomy of Melancholy," a singular work, treating on the causes, effects, and cure of that morbid affection, chiefly by quotations from all the authors of antiquity, which abound in every page, and are thinly interspersed with thoughts of his own. These, however, are often very striking, and display much depth and originality of reflection. The work was first printed in quarto, and afterwards went through several editions in folio, to the great emolument of the bookseller. It is now become very scarce, having been recalled to notice by an ingenious essay of Dr. Ferrier of Manchester, who, in detecting many other plagiarisms of the celebrated Sterne, has pointed out various passages copied verbatim from Burton. The author was not cured by his own remedy. He died at Christ-church in 1639, and the following inscription of his own writing was put upon his monument: "Paucis notus, paucioribus ignotus, hic jacet Democritus junior, cui vitam dedit & mortem melancholia;" (Known to few, unknown to fewer, here lies Democritus, junior, to whom melancholy gave life and death.)

LEVITY.

THE ART OF LAGONICOGRAPHY.

[From the Freeman's Magazine.]

In Gulliver's Travels we find an account of a people, or a sect of wise and economical men, who knowing what a precious thing breath is, and how frequently it is wasted on trifles, carry about with them a number of things, by means of which they make their sentiments known without the trouble and fatigue which attend speech. I am about to trouble you with some memorials of a friend of mine, whose economy extends principally to writing; and although I believe he can converse as volubly and as much to the purpose as most men, yet preserves, in all his letters, the most inflexible adherence to that kind of writing which is denominated the *laconic*.

As we live separated by some hundred miles, we have no opportunity of conference, unless by letter; and my esteem for him is such, that I am always glad to receive the smallest scrap from his pen: happy it is for me that I am so; for I assure you, sir, I never receive any thing but the smallest scraps from him; all my endeavours to draw from him a long letter have hitherto been in vain; twenty of his epistles would not make up the sum of a common letter of business: and so very saving is he of his ink (for he sends paper enough), that I very rarely can get a *dear sir* from him, and yet he thinks I am so well acquainted with his hand, that he hardly ever signs his name. As to the place of abode, or the day of the month, or even the month and year, these are things left entirely to my conjecture.

I once had an idea that my friend had taken the alarm at the too common practice of printing confidential letters after the death of a great man, and that he was determined no person should have it

in his power to serve him so; but when I consider his modesty, and that he thinks much less of himself than other people do who know him, I am satisfied that my conjecture is not just; and that with every talent for easy and elegant epistolary correspondence, he would be the only man hurt at the publication of his letters in any shape. As I told you before, however, he puts this quite out of my power; for were I disposed to publish such as I am possessed of, five hundred of them would not fill up the space of a shilling pamphlet; and, what is more, the want of date and subscription would lay me open to a flat denial of authenticity from any of his friends. Since your Magazine appeared, I have told him again and again that I would send you some of his letters, but he gave neither consent nor dissent; and I am determined to try the experiment, and perhaps draw from him eight or ten lines in answer, which will be an acquisition of no small moment.

While I am writing to you, sir, I have received a letter from him. A sister of mine who lives in his neighbourhood, being near her time, as it is called, and my correspondent being very intimate in the family, I asked him to write me an account of her health, or whether delivered; in truth, I was here choosing one of two evils, for her husband is as laconic as my friend. The letter I received contains the following twelve words, and no more.

"All tight as yet, but very weary, and looking out for land."

No signature, and no date; and a wonder it is that he took the trouble to address it to me. Many instances could I give of this provoking *laconicism*, but I shall confine myself to two or three, presuming they will be sufficient.

My friend possesses a considerable sum in the bank, and I am employed by him as attorney, to receive dividends, or sell, if need be. I wrote him on the approach of a rupture with Spain, as many conceived that the stocks would fall, and were selling out their money; the answer was,

"Dear Sir,

"Sell if you think proper, but not all."

The appearance of *Dear Sir* was novel, but so much was yet left to my judgment by the *not all*, that I was obliged to request he would let me know *how much*—and the answer was,

"I will consider of it.

"Yours sincerely, &c."

And here that affair ended, as he has never since considered any thing farther. A very great riot having lately taken place in the town where he lives, I wrote to him for the particulars, without ever reflecting that he was the last man in the world I could expect such information from. The following is a literal copy of his epistle:

"All quiet now, and no great mischief done."

The only other instance of his brevity, with which I shall trouble you, occurred on the death of an uncle: on this melancholy occasion he sent me an official notice, as follows:

"Squaretoes is gone—brush your black cloathes—but he has left you nothing."

Had not a newspaper at the same time informed me of the death of this gentleman, I should have been very much puzzled to know who was meant by *Squaretoes*! But thus it is, sir, that I am treated, in return for whole sheets of paper, closely written, and which, I am told, he is very impatient to receive.—I hope you will insert this in your next number; for if any thing can draw a letter from him, that will—and if the scheme succeeds, you may depend on my most grateful acknowledgements.

I am, sir, yours,

T. B.

THE COMFORTS OF A CLUB.

SIR,

I have read in Tavernier, or some other traveller, of an English merchant who was cured of an inveterate gout by a severe bastinado, prescribed by a Turkish chiaus in his return to Constantinople with the head of an unfortunate bashaw. It was, doubtless, a severe remedy, and not very easily administered; but it proved so effectual, that the patient never failed, during the remainder of his life, to drink every day to the health of his Mussulman physician. Though I never underwent such a painful application, I myself have been cured of a bad habit by a very unpalatable medicine; to use the phrase of Shakspeare, a certain person gave me the bastinado with his tongue.

You must know, I am a middle-aged man in good circumstances, arising from the profits of a creditable profession, which I have exercised for many years with equal industry and circumspection. At the age of twenty-six I married the daughter of an eminent apothecary, with whom I received a comfortable addition to my fortune. The honey moon was scarce over, when we mutually found ourselves mismatched. She had been educated in notions of pleasure; and I had flattered myself that she would be contented with domestic enjoyments, and place among that number the care of her family: for my own part, I had been used to relax myself in the evening from the fatigues of the day, among a club of honest neighbours, who had been long acquainted with one another. The conversation was sometimes enlivened by quaint sallies and sly repartees; but politics formed the great topic, by which our attention was attracted like the needle by the pole; on this subject I had the vanity to think I was looked upon as a kind of oracle by the society. I had carefully perused the Universal History, together with the Political State of Europe, and pored over maps, until I knew, *ad unguem*, the situation of all the capital cities in Christendom. This branch of learning was of great consequence to the members of our club, who were generally so little acquainted with geography, that I have known them mistake the Danube for a river of Asia, and Turin for the metropolis of Tuscany. I acquired some reputation by describing the course of the Ohio in the beginning of our American troubles; and I filled the whole club with astonishment, by setting to rights one of the members who talked of crossing the sea to Scotland. During a suspension of foreign intelligence, we sported in puns, conundrums, and merry conceits; we would venture to be inoffensively waggish in bantering each other: we sometimes retailed extempore witticisms, which, between friends, we had studied through the day; and we indulged one or two senior members in their propensity to record the adventures of their youth. In a word, we constituted one of the most peaceful and best affected communities in this great metropolis.

But the comforts of this and all other club conversations, were in a little time destroyed by a stranger, whom one of the members introduced into our society; he was a speculative physician, who had made his fortune by marrying a wealthy widow, now happily in her grave. The essence of all the disputants, gossips, and attorneys of three centuries seemed to enter into the composition of this son of Æsculapius; his tongue rode at full gallop like a country man-midwife; his voice was loud, flat, and monotonous, like the clack of a mill, or rather like the sound produced by a couple of flails on a barn floor—our ears were threshed most unmercifully; we supposed he was an adept in all the arts depending upon medicine, and a politician of course by the courtesy of England; but all subjects were alike to this universalist, from the most sublime metaphysics to the mystery of pin-nak-

ing: he disputed with every one of us on our several professions, and silenced us all in our turns: not that he was master of every theme on which he pretended to expatiate; on the contrary, we soon discovered him to be superficial and misinformed in divers articles, and attempted to refute what he had advanced, by breaking out into divers expressions of dissent, such as, "But, pray sir"—"I beg your pardon, sir"—"Give me leave, sir"—"I will venture to say you are misinformed in that particular," and other civil checks of the same nature; but they had no effect upon this hard mouthed courser, except that of stimulating him to proceed with redoubled velocity. He seemed both deaf and blind to the remonstrances and chagrin of the company; but dashed through thick and thin, as if he had undertaken to harangue by inch of candle. We were so everborne by the tide of his loquacity, that we sat for three successive evenings half petrified with astonishment and vexation. Sometimes we were cheered with a glimpse of hope that this torrent would soon exhaust itself; but, alas! we found him a perennial source of noise and disputation. I could not help repeating with Horace,

"Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

The most provoking circumstance of this nuisance was, that he did not speak either for the entertainment or information of the company; he had no other view but that of displaying his own superiority in point of understanding; his aim was to puzzle, to perplex, and to triumph; and, by way of manifesting his wit, he extracted a wretched quibble from every hint, motion, or gesticulation of the society. Overhearing one of the members summing up the reckoning, he denied that five and three made eight, and undertook to prove the contrary by mathematical demonstration. When I called for a bowl of punch, he affirmed there was no such thing in nature; that bowls were made of porcelain, earthen-ware, wood or metals; but they could not be mad of punch, which was a liquid—*ergo*, I had confounded the *majus* with the *minus*; for, *omne majus in se continet minus*. An honest gentleman, who sat by the fire, having burned his fingers with a hot poker, the doctor assured him the accident was altogether an illusion; that fire did not burn, and that he could not feel pain, which was not a substance, but a mode: *ergo*, not cognizable by the sense of touching.

As we were naturally quiet and pacific, and, in truth, overawed by the enormous size of his pugilistic member, as well as by his profound skill in the art of man-slaying, which he did not fail to promulgate, we patiently submitted to the scourge of his impertinence: praying heartily that he might succeed so far in his profession as to become a practising doctor. Sometimes we enjoyed an intermission for half an evening, congratulating ourselves upon the deliverance, and began to resume our old channel of conversation, when all of a sudden he would appear like the Gorgon's head... then every countenance fell, and every tongue was silent: his organ forthwith began to play, and nothing was heard but his eternal clapper. It was no discourse which he uttered, but a kind of *talkation* (if I may be allowed the expression,) more dissonant and disagreeable than the glass alarm-bell of a wooden clock, that should ring twenty-four hours without intermission. To support ourselves under this perpetual annoyance, we had recourse to an extraordinary pint, and smoked a double portion of tobacco; but these expedients, instead of diminishing, served only to increase the effect of his clamour. Our tempers were gradually soured; we grew peevish to every body, but particularly sullen and morose to the doctor, who, far from perceiving the cause of our disgust, believed himself the object of our esteem and admi-

ration; he was too much engrossed by his own impertinence to observe the humours of other men.

For three long months did we bear this dreadful visitation; at length the oldest member, who was indeed the nest-egg, died, and the other individuals began to drop off. Nothing could be more disagreeable than the situation to which I was now reduced. I was engaged in fatiguing business all day, out of humour all the evening, went home extremely ruffled, with the headach, heartburn, and hiccup, and ruminated till morning on my family discomforts. Upon recollecting all these circumstances, I pitied my condition, and compassion was soon changed into contempt. This roused my pride and resolution; I determined to turn over a new leaf, and recover the importance I had lost: I with great difficulty discontinued my attendance at the club, and my absence contributed in a great measure to its dissolution. The doctor was in a little time obliged to harangue to empty chairs, and the landlord became a bankrupt.

Thus was I delivered from the worst of plagues, an impertinent and talkative companion. I have now bid adieu to clubs, and am grown a family man; I see myself beloved by my children, revered by my servants, and respected by my neighbours. I find my expenses considerably lessened, my economy improved, my fortune and credit augmented; and in the fulness of my enjoyment, I cannot help drinking to the health of the loquacious doctor, who is likely to perform much more important cures with his tongue, than ever he will be able to effect by his prescriptions.

If you think Mr. Editor, that these hints may be serviceable to others labouring under the distemper of which I am so happily cured, you may freely communicate them to the public by the channel of your Magazine, which has been the source of much amusement to,

Sir, your very humble servant,

MISOLAUS.

DRAMA.

A new Comedy, entitled *Lovers' Resolutions*, was lately performed on Drury-Lane theatre, for the first time. The following are the principal characters:

Lord Berville	-	-	-	Mr. Wroughton.
General Wilmore	-	-	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Major Manford	-	-	-	Mr. Pope.
Jack Worthington	-	-	-	Mr. Bannister.
Mr. Mapletop	-	-	-	Mr. Dawton.
Timothy Mapletop	-	-	-	Mr. Suett.
David	-	-	-	Mr. Wathen.
Lady Caroline	-	-	-	Mrs. Pope.
Fanny Rivers	-	-	-	Mrs. Young.
Mrs. Mapletop	-	-	-	Mrs. Sparks.

The fickleness of lovers' resolutions is the subject upon which the piece is grounded, and hence it derives its name. The scene opens with Lord Berville soliciting a renewal of that love which he had once interrupted between Lady Caroline, his daughter, and her lover Major Manford. The pride of the injured officer triumphs over all the weakness of his heart, though assailed by the entreaties of her father, the threatened violence of General Wilmore, her uncle, and the still more powerful influence of Miss Rivers, an amiable young lady under Major Manford's protection, all acting in concert to effect a reconciliation. His determination appears now fixed; but it soon changes. A sight of Lady Caroline, and the belief that his unkindness would endanger her life, overcome his resolution, awake all his former tenderness, and lead the way to their union. In the progress of this piece, so long as the lover's pride remains unshaken, there is no great deficiency of interest. It is conducted according to the rules of chaste and legitimate comedy; the sentiment is happily diversified with honour, friendship, courage, and parental solicitude, conveyed in simple and unaf-

fect language, and wrought up with so much judgment as to excite a considerable degree of attention. Farther than this point, however, we cannot extend our praise. The first interview with *Lady Caroline* divests the lover, whom we admired as a brave soldier, slighted for his poverty, though rich in honour, of all his interest, and cloathes him in more than woman's weakness. The sight of a hero, who had fought and bled upon the sands of Egypt fainting from excess of feeling in the presence of his mistress, and supported by two delicate females, excited universal laughter. Nothing is so ludicrous as delicacy, when pushed beyond its limits. Into this fault the author fell, so early as the middle of the third act; and as it continued in a greater or less proportion to the end; so the effect and impression of the last half of the piece were exactly what the most successful farce might be expected to produce. There appeared to be a falling off in the latter scenes, even in the language, which was marked in many passages with common place and inelegant expressions.

It is much to be lamented, that a comedy, evidently intended to be a legitimate one, independent of all meretricious ornament or trickery, should be so defective in its essential points. As to plot, it has none. It exhibits a number of characters but they form no combination. As grave or gay they may serve as contrasts to each other; but their interests are not mixed so as to promote or obstruct the catastrophe, or constitute a connected whole. *Miss Rivers* is an interesting and accomplished girl, and *Jack Worthington* is an honest, good hearted, illiterate Kentish yeoman; but the union of two persons so unlike, gives no pleasure to the audience. The family of the *Mapletops* are also mere matter of embellishment, to fill up the scene, particularly *Timothy*, a man milliner, introduced merely as a butt for some feeble wit directed against that effeminate set of tradesmen. It is unnecessary to pursue farther a subject that is not likely, from its reception, to draw the public attention a second time. It is said to be the production of Mr. Cumberland; but, though there are some marks of his pen in the delineation of the characters, it is so much beneath his muse, we wish to doubt the report. The Prologue spoken by Mr. Raymond, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Young, were, like the play, vapid and insipid.

The house overflowed at an early hour. Mr. Bannister attempted to announce a second representation, but without success. The disappointment cannot be attributed to the performers. Mr. and Mrs. Pope, the hero and heroine of the piece, indeed all the performers without exception, exerted themselves with zeal, and rendered it ample justice. Mrs. Spark's part is of little compass, but that little was filled with merit.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Votive Ode to Philadelphia beauty, is worthy of its theme. Our opinion of the sex is as liberal as that of our captivated correspondent.

Still reign at will, victorious fair,
In British, or Columbian air!
Still with each envying flower adorn
Your tresses, radiant as the morn;
Still let each Asiatic dye
Rich tints for your gay robes supply;
Still through the dancer's labyrinth float
And swell the sweetly lengthened note;
And when charm'd circles round you close
Of rhyming bards and smiling beaus,
Whilst all with eager looks contend
Their wit or worth to recommend,
Still let your mild, yet piercing eyes
Impartially adjudge the prize.

"M." is advised to write for the Port Folio. In the absence of her Satire, more clubs than one require the wholesomeness of advice, and, perhaps, the discipline of reproof.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

There are in the city of Paris, four hundred and fifty-five booksellers, three hundred and forty book-printers, one hundred and thirty-eight masterbookbinders, forty-one stichers, three hundred and twenty-seven engravers, eighty-five copperplate printers, forty-nine print-sellers, and seventy-one shops for retailing old books. The newspapers of Paris are not so many as before the consular government, the following are the numbers published daily of the following papers:

Moniteur, (official paper)	20,000
Journal des Defenseurs, (demi-off)	10,000
Journal de Paris,	16,000
Publiciste,	14,000
Journal des Debates,	12,000
Clef du Cabinet,	6,000

The other papers, such as the old court paper, called *Gazette de France*, and the *Journal du Commerce*, *Le Citoyen Francaise*, *Journal du Soir*, &c. from five to two thousand. One paper exclusively devoted to advertisements, called *Les Petits Affiches*, prints thirty thousand daily!

We lately copied from the British Critic, a brief review of the sermons of Dr. Samuel Stanhope Smith, one of the most eloquent of the American divines. In the London Review, for August 1801, we find the following criticism; which is still more favourable.

From the London Review for August 1801.

"SERMONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, BY SAMUEL STANHOPE SMITH, D. D. PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW-JERSEY, IN AMERICA."

It is justly observed by the author, that no species of composition is more difficult than that before us, to execute well; so as at once to edify and please, to give the grace of novelty to old and trite truths, and to add the decent and lawful embellishments of art to the simplicity of the gospel. Arduous as the task is we think the preacher has succeeded. His models appear to be the French divines who flourished at the close of the last and commencement of the present century; and particularly Masillon. The language has energy without enthusiasm, and force without bombast: it is correct and perspicuous, elegant and impressive, and seems well calculated to alarm and convince the obstinate and careless. The subjects are....the causes of infidelity...The dangers of pleasure....The rich man and Lazarus....The penitent woman at the feet of Jesus....Industry....The Lord's supper a memorial of Christ....The united influence of reflection and sacred reading in cultivating and purifying the morals....The forgiveness of injuries....The pleasures of religion....Secret faults....Public vices....Death....The last judgment....And the happiness of good men in a future state.

The author professes to have studied to unite the simplicity which becomes the pulpit, with a portion of that elegance which is now so loudly demanded in every kind of writing, and, with the variety of his subjects to have adopted a correspondent variety of style.

In a coffee-house, in London, the following hint was once stuck up by a witty wag. "Gentlemen, learning to spell, are requested to use yesterday's papers."

My Lord Bacon very finely observes that "this same truth is a naked and open daylight that doth not shew the masques, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-light."

The tribe of vulgar politicians, says Edmund Burke, are the lowest of our species. There is no trade so vile and mechanical, as government in their hands. Virtue is not their habits. They are out of

themselves in any course of conduct, recommended only by conscience and glory. A large, liberal, and prospective view of the interest of states passes with them for romance, calculators compute them out of their senses. Jesters and buffoons shame them out of every thing grand and elevated.

The Editor is in possession of one of the following Stereotype editions. It is singularly accurate and beautiful.

IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT.

(From the London Monthly Magazine—for March.)

The practice of Stereotype Printing, lately adopted in Paris by Didot, appears to be one of the most considerable improvements connected with literature, that has been made since the invention of moveable types—Those who confound the book-printing with the solid pages produced in Didot's manner, are mistaken in their notions of its advantages. The solid blocks were carved or cut with great labour in a mass, whereas Didot's solid pages are cast from pages first set up with moveable types, and the moveable types are thus constructed to the best use of which they are susceptible. Upon the stereotype plan, the page is first set up in moveable types, a mould or impression is then taken of the page with any suitable plastic material, and afterwards as many solid pages are cast from the mould as may be wanted. The expense of a solid page does not exceed that of resetting it in moveable types, and the obvious advantage lies in the power which they give of taking off as many impressions at any one time as are likely to be sold. Books by this invention, will be greatly reduced in value, and those standard works for which there is a constant demand will never be out of print. Didot is enabled, to sell at Paris, neat editions of Virgil, Phædrus, Cornelius Nepos, Horace, Sallust, Ovid, the Vicar of Wakefield, the Sentimental Journey, and lady Montague's Letters, as low as seven-pence half-penny per copy. Mr. Philips, of St. Paul's Church-yard, hopes to be able to present the British public, in a short time, with neat and correct editions of the classics, and of many of the best English authors, on terms equally moderate.

Bishop Horsey, in a sermon on the martyrdom of Charles I, has the following passage. It is in that justly indignant tone, which every valiant and right onward man should hold to jacobins and levellers.

If any enjoying the blessings of the British government, dare to avow the wicked sentiment, that this day of national contrition, this rueful day of guilt and shame is a proud day for England to be remembered as such, by the latest posterity of freemen, with such persons it is meet that we abjure all brotherhood. Their spot is not the spot of our family. They have no claim upon our brotherly affection.

In the following paragraph Mr. Burke describes the caution and accuracy with which he once undertook the business to reform.

He proceeded upon principles of research to put him in possession of matter; on principles of method to regulate it; and on principles in the human mind, and in civil affairs to secure and perpetuate the operation.

It is deplorable to remark the prevalence of quackery in the United States. The New-York papers have whole columns, devoted to the advertising of the delusive nostrums of medical swindlers. Many of these mountebanks are "acquitted felons" and imported scoundrels, but we have a gang of physical pretenders of our own growth, who with their pills and lozenges harass the bodies of those miserable dupes who swallow such poisons.

SELECTED POETRY.

[He who remembers the jovial ballad of *Nightingale*, will not dislike *New-Castle Beer*, a Drinking Song.]

When fame brought the news of Great-Britain's success,

And told at Olympus each gallant defeat;
Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,

To summon the deities all to a treat;

Blithe Comus was plac'd

To guide the gay feast,

And freely declared there was choice of good cheer:

Yet vow'd to his thinking

For exquisite drinking,

Their nectar was nothing to New-Castle beer.

The great god of war to encourage the fun,

And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,

Sent a message that moment to *Moore's* for a tun

Of stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:

No gods....they all swore

Regal'd so before,

With liquor so lively, so potent and clear:

Each deified fellow

Got jovially mellow,

In honour, brave boys, of our New-Castle beer.

Apollo, perceiving his talents refine,

Repents he drank Helicon water so long:

He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical nine,

And gave the gay board an extempore song;

But, ere he began

He toss'd off his can,

There's nought, like good liquor, the fancy to cheer,

Then sang with great merit

The flavour and spirit

His godship had found in our New-Castle beer.

'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold,

It brac'd up his nerves and enliven'd his powers;

And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,

Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.

The horrible crew

Whom Hercules slew,

Were poverty, calumny, sorrow and fear,

Such a club would you borrow

To drive away sorrow

Apply for a jorum of New-Castle beer.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid and pale

Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests,

Take a cordial of this 'twill probatum prevail,

And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts,

Dull whining despise

Grow rosy and wise,

No longer the jest of good fellows appear,

Bid adieu to your folly

Get tipsy....be jolly,

And smoke o'er a tankard of New-Castle beer.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,

Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death,

Ye wretches, whom law and her ill looking tribes

Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath,

Here's shelter and ease

No craving for fees,

No danger, no doctor, no bailiff is near,

Your spirits this raises

It cures your diseases,

There's freedom and health in our New-Castle beer.

HYMEN, A FABLE.

When Doris with a blush comply'd,

To be the fond Nicander's bride,

His wild imagination ran

On raptures never known by man....

How high the tides of fancy swell
Expression must despair to tell.

A painter call'd,....Nicander cries,

"Descending from the radiant skies,

Draw me a bright a beauteous boy

The herald of connubial joy,

Draw him with thy peculiar care,

Make him beyond Adonis fair,

Give to his cheeks a roseate hue

Let him have eyes of heavenly blue,

A lustre o'er his charms display

More glorious than the beams of day....

Expect, sir, if you can succeed

A premium for a prince indeed."

His talents straight, the painter try'd,

And, ere the nuptial knot was ty'd,

A picture in the noblest taste,

Before the fond Nicander plac'd.

The lover thus arraign'd his skill

"Your execution's monstrous ill,

A different form my fancy made

You're quite a bungler at the trade,

Where is the robe's luxuriant flow?

Where is the cheek's celestial glow?

Where are the looks so fond and free?

'Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me."

The painter bow'd with this reply,

"My colours a'nt, your honour, dry;

When time has mellow'd every tint,

'Twill please you, or the deuce is in't;

I'll watch the happy change and then

Attend you with my piece again."

In a few months the painter came

With a performance....still the same.

"Take it away," the husband cried,

I have repeated cause to chide;

Sir, you should all excesses shun;

This is a picture overdone!

There's too much ardour in that eye,

The tincture on the cheek's too high,

The robes have a lascivious play,

The attitude's too loosely gay,

Friend, on the whole this piece, for me,

Is too luxuriant, far too free."

The painter thus...."the fault's you find

Are form'd in your capricious mind,

To passion a devoted slave,

The first directions, Sir, you gave;

Possession has repell'd the flame

Nor left a sentiment the same.

"My picture is design'd to prove

The changes of precarious love.

"On the next stair-case rais'd on high,

Regard it with a curious eye;

As to the first steps you proceed,

'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!

But, as you mount some paces higher

Is there a grace that do't expire?"

So various is the human mind,

Such are the frailties of mankind,

What, at a distance charm'd our eyes,

After attainment droops and dies.

[We request some "doctus utriusque lingue" to render the following pretty song from the French.]

CHANSON.

Profitez bien, jeunes fillettes,

Des momens fait pour les amours;

Quand on a passe ses beaux jours

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

Cachez bien les faveurs secrettes,

Amans, dont vous êtes comblés;

Si tot que vous les relevez

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

Il faut s'avoir en amourettes

Se saisir des tendres momens;

Pour des trop timides amans,

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

Faites bien vos marchés, grisettes,

Avant qu'aimer des grands seigneurs

Si tot qu'ils ont en vos faveurs

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

Defiez vous de ces coquettes,

Qui n'en veulent qu'à vos écus,

Si tot que vous, n'en avez plus

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

Veuves, restez, comme vous etes

Vos amans sont doux et soûlés

Dès qu'ils sont maîtres du logis

Adieu panniens, vendanges son faites.

TO DELIA,

ON A CHARGE OF INCONSTANCY.

How can Delia think it strange,

Time should make a lover change?

Time brings all things to an end,

Courage can't the blow defend.

See the proud aspiring oak

Falls beneath the fatal stroke;

If on beauty's cheek he preys,

Straight the rosy bloom decays,

Joy puts out his lambent fires,

And, at Time's approach expires.

How can Delia think it strange,

Time should make a lover change?

EPIGRAM.

Colonel Patrick O'Blarney, as honest a teague,

As ever took snuff to repel pest or plague,

Having bought a French snuff-box of papier machee,

Which to open requir'd much pains do you see!

Always kept a bent sixpence at hand in his pocket,

And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it,

For by niggling and wedging it under the lid,

He came at his rappee, which was under it hid;

But one day, when he wanted a pinch for a friend,

He search'd for his tester but all to no end,

Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found it,

When in rage he cried "arraah the devil confound

it,

"I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick

again,

"For to make me after thus hunting in vain,"

So, opening the box by the help of the tizzy,

And cramming his nose till his noddle was dizzy,

He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a shrug,

While tight went the rim down, "so there you lie

snug,"

And, my hide and seek friend, I beg leave to remind

ye

That the next time I want you....I know where to

find ye.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 36.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.
No. XXXII.

May heaven have compassion upon those whose doom it is to ply the quill in hot weather! If this task require uncommon diligence, at any time, it makes double demands upon us at a sultry season. And if the habitually industrious, may claim some excuse for indolence, at such a time, the *Lounger* cannot doubt of a ready forgiveness.

My readers, I hope, have not been very much displeased at my silence for a couple of weeks. When the merchant has deserted his counting-house, the lawyer laid aside his docket, the divine his quill, the shoemaker his awl, and the taylor his shears, it cannot be expected that the mere *Lounger* should stick to his business. If the interest of their families cannot enable the busiest classes of mankind to get the better of the fear of death, when it hovers over them in the tremendous form of pestilence, what can be expected of one who has no interest of this kind to detain him at a post of danger, whose customary haunts are all dismally solitary, and who finds the hospitable door no longer open? To lounge alone is not always an unpleasant thing, but to lounge in company is infinitely more pleasant. To have a companion sympathetically nodding with you, to see him give you yawn for yawn, and puff for puff, and to have now and then your impatience of the lagging hours echoed by a.... "what's a clock now?".... "Damn it, I believe it'll never be night!".... is extremely desirable. At present, however, all my friends have disappeared. The first alarm of yellow fever is sufficient to disperse them into remote quarters. Yet they have withdrawn from melancholy naked streets, not so much from the fear of death as from the love of variety. Several of them are usually detained in town by some unlucky engagement, in the hot season, and a yellow fever, by putting an end to all business, and thereby permitting them to decamp, is a most welcome visitant. Their hopes and fears vibrate as rapidly as those of the plodders, but the vibrations of one set, are directly opposite to those of the other. When the rumours of fever increase, the *Lounger's* hopes keeps pace with them. Pestilence is to him a sort of key which opens his prison doors, and gives him the liberty of fields and forests. On the contrary, when these rumours decline, their spirits are, in a like degree, depressed. They have nothing before them but the prospect of impertinent customers and insolent duns. Their ears ring with the odious sounds of.... "have you got?".... and "go to the custom-house and ask?".... On the contrary, when the conservators of the public health publish the joyful tidings of.... "Whereas there is good reason to believe that there prevails among us a malignant and CONTAGIOUS fever!".... how lightly do their spirits dance. What gay images of gasping woodcocks and bleeding squirrels; of foaming bottle and fuming segars; of gigs, carriages and tandems, hover before their eyes, and with what impatience do they haste to some paradise of a watering-place where they may revel for a holiday of two or three months!

Two of my particular friends have gone upon an eastern tour, intending to make a long stay at Lebanon and Ball's-town; three others have bent their steps to the sea-shore, while another has retired from the *Yellow-fever* to the *Yellow-springs*. They, no doubt, pass their time very agreeably, if the society of those like ourselves contribute to pleasure. I sympathise with them, however, in the present gloomy prospect of returning health. I can easily imagine their saddened visages, and the disconsolate accent with which they cry out.... "two new cases! Only two!" My generosity, however, in the present case, must yield to my selfishness, nor can I help rejoicing at the probable return of the run-aways, not for their own sake, indeed, but for my own. Solitude has become altogether insupportable. I am tired of seeing the aromatic cloud roll from no lips but mine, and I long to hear some other humming than that of ale.

"But why, Mr. Saunter," I suppose somebody will ask, "do not you follow the example of your friends, and betake yourself, like them, to the sea-shore or the spring-head?" Alas! my reasons for staying in the city, dangerous and lonely as it is, are of the most substantial kind. Some of my friends give me credit for my courage, and I deem it politic not to discountenance the imputation. Others are kind enough to lay my stay to the account of charitable motives. As I walk about a good deal, some people generously suspect that I am hunting poverty to her holes, and warming her darkest and dampest corners with the searching beams of my munificence. I do not care to discourage such kind thoughts by unseasonable candour, especially as such construction is put upon my conduct by very few, and is least apt to occur to those who know me best. The real motive of my stay is known only to the old lady, my aunt, with whom I live. She is confounded stingy, and instead of supplying me with the means of being charitable to others, is even deaf to the claims of that charity which begins at home. I would gladly have the power of relieving every body's wants, and especially should be happy to relive all my own wants, and if I want charity, it is a want, not of inclination, but of means.

I see no necessity of making the world as knowing in this respect as my aunt. I will, therefore, sit down contentedly with the praise of charity from those who are kind enough to give it to me, and with the rewards of courage, to which those are surely entitled, who, whatever be their motive, can look yellow fever boldly in the face.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BELOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

Unsteadiness of the climate. Shocking climate in the Southern American states.... Fever country.... Unpleasant climate to the Northward.

The causes of the difference between the climate of North-America, (especially that of the At-

lantic states where these diversities are the most remarkable) and that of Europe, are not to be ascribed generally to the youth of the hemisphere, as having risen more recently from the ocean, but to the youth of the country with respect to the culture, to the nature of the soil, and to the organization of the mountains. A people must be called young, when the period at which its civilization commenced is recent, even though it should have previously vegetated through whole centuries in barbarous obscurity. In like manner, a country is new, when its cultivation recently commenced, even though the sun should have shone upon it in its original state, for thousands of years. In this respect, therefore, America is a new country and the climate bears all the marks of early youth, namely, an instability and uncertainty without character.—It has no character at all, and flies like young inexperienced people from one extreme to another. A German may, therefore, easily conclude that in this respect he would gain nothing, by changing his own long settled and completely formed climate, for one, still in the cradle. This may be affirmed, at least, of all the climates eastward of the mountains: and any expectation of finding them improve at the southward, would be greatly disappointed.—In that quarter, they grow constantly worse and worse. All the Europeans who have been there, speak with horror of the climate of the Carolinas and of Georgia, at least of the flat parts of those countries, which are at the same time the largest. The heat, even during winter, is often, in the day time, insupportable; yet the sun is scarcely below the horizon, before it grows so cold as even to freeze a little. If the most scrupulous precautions are not observed against these sudden and violent changes, you are immediately crippled in all your limbs, and in a few hours, sent with a raging fever to bed, from which, in general, the patient never rises again. The mortality in Savannah and Charleston is very great, and the yellow fever almost annual, for it often prevails under the name of a bilious fever. At the end of the summer, the heat is perhaps more cruel than in any other known climate, and continually alternating with cold. Thus, every thing that can make a climate disagreeable and pernicious to the body is here united. To the westward of this unlovely climate, where the country rises in hills, the air is more moderate, and more healthy. Yet the heat in summer is very sultry, the changes sudden and violent, the neighbourhood to the water subject to autumnal fevers, and the winters often cold. At Augusta, however, it freezes but seldom, and the rivers are never filled with ice.

A German physician who had been in the two Floridas, described their climate to me, as very unwholesome, and owing to the oppressive heats, and frequent fogs very disagreeable. The people there, he said, were almost always afflicted with fevers, and when the fogs are in any degree dispelled, if you expose yourself bareheaded to the rays of the sun, a "*coup de soleil*," which commonly kills upon the spot is inevitable. In the neighbourhood of New-Orleans, in Louisiana, the case is the same, but the land is more fruitful. The climate between the sea and the mountains, even westward

of the Mississippi as far as Mexico, is still the same, only with the difference that it grows hotter and unhealthier the further you advance, I say between the sea and the mountains, for the opinion that the Apalachian chain terminates in West Florida seems not well founded; we need only cast a look upon the map to perceive that several rivers spring from the summits of the same mountains, and in opposite directions flow, some to the sea, which is there the gulf of Mexico, and the others into the Missouri. These mountains may very properly be considered as a continuation of the Apalachian mountains, for those who go down the Mississippi, from the mouth of the Ohio, to New-Orleans, observe several ranges of not very lofty hills, through which this majestic river rolls. Mr. Mühlenberg of Lancaster, even maintained that the valley in which that inland city lies, extends as far as Mexico.—The chain of mountains which runs parallel to the coast must be passed, even in Mexico before a good climate can be found. It is only in the internal part of North-America, on the west side of these mountains that the climate is milder, more steady and healthier. The same German physician, just mentioned, who had travelled along the Mississippi, in the Illinois and Wabash country, and generally through the whole valley of the Ohio, did indeed assert that the Mississippi, in many places, for instance in the Illinois country, yearly overflows its banks, and makes the air feverish; that in the land of the Illinois, and near the Wabash, annual fevers prevail, as likewise in many parts of Kentucky and on the Ohio; in his opinion, America was in general the land of fevers. Officers and soldiers in the service of the United States, who have been in those parts of the country, to garrison forts, have confirmed to me, the same thing. Every autumn, more than half the troops are confined with bilious fevers.—The same thing may be gathered from Hockenmüller's short description of his travels. He himself and general Putnam were seized with bilious fevers, upon their journey to the Wabash. Imlay says not a word of this, but Imlay is a panegyrist, who touches not, or varnishes over the bad side of the picture. This is especially the case on lake Erie, and the other lakes, and in the Tennessee country. Even the New-York Gazette, in the autumn of 1795, contained on this subject a paragraph, stating that disease and death raged in the western country, or Tennessee district. We should, therefore, be almost justified in the opinion, that America in its temperate latitudes is as unhealthy as Africa or Asia, in their tropical regions, which are, for their insalubrity, cried down more than all others.

To the northward of Pennsylvania, as has just been seen, there can be no expectation of finding a mild climate. It is more steady than at the southward, but it is a steadiness of evil, that is, of wintry cold. New-England is the dominion over which the northwest wind, exerts, above all others, its tyranny. New-Hampshire, Maine, Vermont, and the northern parts of New-York, groan under a winter nearly eight months long. The cold of Canada is proverbial. Yet, in my judgment, these climates cannot be compared with those of Norway, Sweden, Courland, &c.—For in America the height of the sun in summer, ripens many things which in those European countries can never be produced. For instance, wine, as I believe might be raised in New-England, for the vines would be protected by the depth of the snow from freezing. Indian corn is raised, which it would be in vain to attempt producing in Norway. In general the North-American climates do not correspond with those in Europe, which are usually compared with them, for they produce articles which do not thrive in the latter; because in the supposed corresponding American climate, although the cold be equally great, the heat on the other hand, is much greater.

With respect to the climate of Pennsylvania, and the other middle Atlantic states, I will here give

the result of my own personal feelings. This will define its character more perceptibly to the senses.

MISCELLANY.

(From the Loiterer.)

Historiæ munus est, rerum gestarum fumam posteris tradere, e quarum cognitione quid agendum sit & quid fugiendum ediscatur. STRADÆ PROLUS.

If the respective merits of our different studies are to be settled by the pleasure which arises from their pursuit, or the utility which results from their attainment, historic knowledge will justly claim the highest rank amongst our literary acquirements. To review with one glance the various accidents, and mark the latent causes, which have given birth to states, or destroyed empires, to place before us the exploits of the daring, the discoveries of the adventurous, and the systems of the wise, confers the greatest superiority which an enlightened age and a polished nation can enjoy, over an æra of darkness and a clan of barbarians. And though history were always what it too often is, only an enumeration of the madness, folly, and crimes of mankind, it is yet some advantage to know what we would wish to avoid; and if mankind make a proper use of this knowledge, they may derive some benefit even from the crimes, and some wisdom from the follies of their ancestors. But history has surely something better to offer, has other claims upon our attention, other motives to excite our industry, and other sweets to reward our labours.

It relates indeed the vices of tyrants, the meanness of their flatterers, and the miseries of their people; but it relates also the virtues of their destroyers, the public spirit of a party struggling for liberty and the happiness of a nation which enjoys it. And if the unhardened sensibility of youth, and the unpolluted bosom of innocence will turn in disgust from the short-lived frenzies of a Caligula or a Claudius, they will dwell with repeated rapture on the glorious annals of a Trajan or an Antonine.—Since history can boast examples at once so powerful to deter from vicious extravagance, and incite to virtuous undertakings, no wonder it has been ever the favourite study of the wise and great: that it has stimulated the one to new discoveries, and the other to difficult achievements. How much the world stands indebted to the former, the world is ready enough to own; and, (however partial instances among the latter may contradict my assertion, and derange my system) I think the best and wisest of our modern princes have owed much of their merit to their historic information, and from pursuing the actions of the wise have become wise themselves. It cannot indeed be denied that an unfortunate choice of examples, or an imperfect imitation of them, has occasioned much misconduct in princes, and many evils to their unhappy subjects. But this is a misfortune arising from the vanity and perverseness of human nature, both in the historian and the reader; in the former from having drawn his heroes in colours that will not bear a close examination, and in the latter for admiring them without any examination at all. Thus an heroic frenzy seems to have descended (in a kind of entail) from Achilles to Alexander, from Alexander to Lewis the fourteenth, and from Lewis to the late king of Prussia; each of whom was particularly careful to imitate the other, in the very worst parts of his character; and consequently, became in regular gradation, more eminent for ambition and cruelty, and more conspicuous for the lust of fame, and the desire of power.

But, however, the zealous imitation of great characters may have done partial mischief, by exciting fresh desires in the breasts of the turbulent,

and the stimulating the ambitious to new conquests; it has, on the other hand, been of general benefit to mankind, in awakening a laudable spirit of emulation among their governors, for the encouragement of every useful and every liberal art, which can add lustre to the dignity of the state, and give a higher relish to the social intercourse of individuals.—It would not, perhaps, be hard to prove, that the total neglect of historic studies among the great, and the corruption of it by the monks, was no inconsiderable cause of those deplorable calamities which afflicted the nations of Europe from the tenth to the fifteenth century. To this, I am aware, it will be objected, that it was not in history alone, but in every other department of science, that the feudal chieftains were uninformed: that if they were bad historians, they were worse philosophers; and, consequently, the defects of their government, and the rudeness of their manners, were rather to be attributed to general ignorance in all the arts and sciences, than to particular deficiency in one alone.—That the nobles, and even the kings of the middle ages, were most grossly ignorant of almost every thing, which they ought to have known towards promoting either the happiness of their subjects, or their own reputation, is a fact too notorious to be denied; but it does not, therefore, follow, that their literary deficiencies were equally conspicuous, or alike fatal to the interests of their people.

For the greatest proficiency in many branches of science, however entertaining to themselves, would have been little useful to others; whereas a very moderate acquaintance with history, would have supplied them with precedents, drawn from the highest authority, and rules applicable to general practice, would have guarded them from the commission of numberless errors, and the perpetration of some crimes. It is at least certain, that from the time when this most instructive and most amusing of the sciences obtained any great degree of perfection, political government has assumed a more regular form, and private security been fixed on a firmer basis. Our possessions are no longer a prey to the attacks of foreign invaders, or the tyranny of domestic usurpation, and our peace is no more disturbed by the intrigues of factious Barons, or the tumults of a discontented populace. Nor is this any way extraordinary, for the great have learned, that all unnecessary exertions of power are productive of discontent, murmurs, and insurrections: and their inferiors will readily allow that confusion, disorder, and anarchy, are as certainly attendants on groundless disaffection, and rebellion without cause.—Thus each party, by mutually receding from the rigid inflexibility of their favourite opinions, and partially relinquishing their separate rights, prevent the collision of jarring principles, and secure the general happiness of the whole on a firm foundation.—Thus far, therefore, the study of history must be acknowledged highly beneficial to the community, since it enables us to regulate our conduct, and form our characters by the most unerring rules, and the most unblemished models; teaches us to anticipate the future by a retrospection on the past, and makes us, if not better, at least wiser than our ancestors.—Were the cultivation of history confined to the great and powerful, and conducive only to the welfare of political society, there would need no additional recommendation to entitle it to the applause of a well-informed and enlightened age. But it is the undoubted, perhaps the peculiar merit of this science, to adapt itself to all the various pursuits, by which individuals can either contribute to the general welfare, or promote their own advancement. It recommends itself at the same time to the intrepid and the busy, and will with equal propriety, grace the tent of the general, and the chamber of the lawyer; and whilst the campaigns of Cæsar, and the jurisprudence of Justinian shall find admirers, it will

forever remain a doubt whether the heroes of the sword or the gown are under greatest obligations to the recording labours of the historian.—But the advantages of this science will not stop here; the use as well as pleasure of historic studies extend themselves over every land, where the muses have fixed their residence; and are the constant attendants of genius, taste, and learning. For, though the particular works alone of the general, or the statesman, will be selected by those who wish to imitate their actions, and hope to obtain their rewards; who are emulous either of the martial or civic crown; yet there are numbers, to whom the page of history presents rather an extent of varied country, than one well cultivated but confined field; a country sometimes indeed wild, but always grand, and abounding with every flower which can tempt the eye, and every fruit which can gratify the taste. It is the accurate investigator of human nature; the ardent admirer of classic learning, and the elegant cultivator of the liberal arts, who will reap the most general improvement, and draw the most lasting pleasure from works of this kind.—No clime, no age, no nation will escape his penetrating eye, or however distant, dark, or barbarous, be incapable of furnishing some hints to a mind of intelligent observation, or not deserve the candid remarks of rational criticism. The king, the hero, and the legislator, will engage his attention, and be honoured by his remarks, he will bless the good for their virtues, and drop a tear on the calamities of the wretched. But chiefly will he be pleased to observe the various and progressive steps, by which science has gained her present exalted height, and mark the rapidity with which she is hourly extending the influence of her reign, and the happiness of mankind, over enlightening savages, and regions just emerged from barbarity. He will view her with pleasure, rising after a long night of Gothic darkness, and dispersing by degrees the clouds of ignorance, and the mists of superstition; and he will boast, with a pardonable partiality, that if she has chosen Europe for her temple, she has also selected England for her shrine. And whilst he contemplates other countries with the discerning eye of impartiality, or bestows on them the language of general commendation, he will admire his own with a glow of generous zeal, and expatiate upon its merits with the warmth of grateful affection. The muse of history, indeed, never appears in a more engaging attitude, than when recommending the actions of their ancestors to the notice of British youth.—The deeds of the brave and the hardy are the best study for the noble and the free, and we are under too many obligations to our ancestors, for the happy effects of their virtues, not to take an early opportunity of knowing more intimately, and admiring more warmly, the excellence of our constitution, and the wisdom of its founders.—Such indeed is its excellence, that they who are best acquainted with all its various parts, will be most interested in its preservation, and it will surely be confessed, that an exact knowledge of the causes to which it owes its rise, and the principles on which it is founded, will be the only means to ensure its continuance, and add the blessing of perpetuity to that monument of human wisdom which best deserves it.

S.

THE ART OF PARRYING A CHARITABLE SUBSCRIPTION.

[From the Freemason's Magazine.]

DEAR SON,

The weakness of my feet since the last fit still remaining, so that I cannot visit you. I continue writing, not only as it is an amusement to myself, but may be of more lasting service to you than verbal advice occasionally given.

In my three last I gave you all the precepts that occurred to me relative to getting; I shall now

proceed to the topic of saving. And, as the mad extravagance of the present age is *charity*, and you must meet with frequent temptations, and earnest solicitations to squander your money in that way, I shall, in the first place, give you some instructions in the art of parrying a charitable subscription.

The want of this necessary art has been a great misfortune to many people I could name to you. For, besides parting with their money against their will, they got the character of being *charitable*, which drew upon them fresh applications from other quarters, multiplying by success, and creating endless vexation. And here I cannot help remarking the wisdom of that precept of our holy religion which requires, that, if we do give alms, we should do it *secretly*; so secretly, that even the left hand may not know what is done by the right; that no one may be encouraged to ask for more. And this is so agreeable to sound human prudence, that even the unenlightened heathens could say, *bis dat qui cito dat*; the English of which, as I am informed, is, *he gives twice that gives readily*; meaning, as I suppose, that, if you are known to give readily, you will soon be asked to give again.

Not that I would have you thought quite uncharitable neither, no more than I would have you thought poor and unable to give. The avoiding of these imputations, while at the same time you save your money, is the aim of the art I am about to instruct you in.

The first rule of this art is, *to like the charity, but dislike the mode of it*. Suppose, now, for instance, that you are asked to subscribe towards erecting an infirmary or new hospital: you are not immediately to refuse your contribution; nor is it necessary; for you may say, "the design seems a good one, but it is new to you, and you would willingly take a little time to consider of it; because, if you do any thing this way, you would like to do something handsome." This puts by the demand for the present, and before the solicitors call again, inform yourself of all circumstances of the intended situation, constitution, government, qualification of patients, and the like; then, when all is fixed, if you learn that it is to be placed in the fields, "you think it would have been much better in the city, or nearer to the poor, and more at hand to relieve them in case of accidents and other distresses; and, besides, we have already hospitals enow in the fields." If in the city, "you can only approve of the fields, on account of the purer air, so necessary for the sick." If they propose to take in all poor patients, from whatever quarter they come, "you think it too general, and that every country, at least, ought to take care of its own." If it is limited to the poor of the city or country, "you disapprove of its narrowness; for charity and benevolence, like rain and sunshine should be extended to all the human race." While the collectors are endeavouring to remove these prejudices, you ply them with other objections of the like kind, relating to the constitution and management; and it is odds but some of your arguments appear strong and unanswerable even to the advocates for the project themselves: they will be sorry that things are now settled in a different way, and leave you with a high opinion of your understanding, though they got none of your money.

The second rule is, *to like some other charity better*. Thus, if they come to you for a contribution to the *Magdalen*, "you approve rather of the *Asylum*, it being much easier, in your opinion, to prevent vice than to cure it." If they apply for the *Asylum*, then, "what money you can spare for such purposes, you intend for the *Magdalen*; the very name reminding you that the conversion of prostitutes is a good and practicable work; but the necessity or utility of the *Asylum* does not appear so clear to you." Again, suppose your subscription asked to the *Lying-in Hospital*; then, "you should like one that would be on a more extensive plan, and take in single as

well as married women; for very worthy young persons may unfortunately need the convenience of such an hospital, and the saving of a character you look upon to be almost as meritorious as the saving of a life;" but if such a general hospital be proposed, then, "you approve highly of the *Married Women's Hospital*, and doubt whether a general one would not rather be an encouragement to lewdness and debauchery." One instance more will be sufficient on this head. Suppose they urge you for a subscription to feed and clothe the poor *French emigrants*, you are then to say, that "charity, to be sure, is a good thing, but *charity begins at home*; we have, besides, our own common poor, who are crying for bread in the streets, many modest housekeepers and families pining for want, who, you think, should first be provided for, before we give our subsistence to those that would cut our throats. Or you are of opinion, the brave fellows that fight for us, and are now exposed to the hardships of a campaign, should be first comforted; or the widows and children of those who have died in our service, be taken care of." But should a subscription be proposed to you for these purposes, "You are then of opinion, that the care of our own people is the business and duty of the government, which is enabled, by the taxes we pay, to do all that is necessary; but the poor French emigrants, proscribed by their country, have only our charity to rely on; common humanity points them out as proper objects of our beneficence; and besides, to visit the prisoner, to clothe the naked, be kind to the stranger and do good to our enemies, are duties among the strongest required by christianity."

The third rule is, *to insinuate* (but without saying it in plain terms) *that you either will contribute, or have already contributed handsomely, though you do not subscribe*. This is done by intimating, "that you highly approve of the thing, but have made a resolution that your name shall never appear in a list of subscribers on such occasions; for that the world, you find, is apt to be very censorious, and if they see that a man has not given according to their ideas of his ability, and the importance of the occasion, they say he is mean and niggardly; or if, by giving liberally, he seems to have set them an example they do not care to follow, then they charge him with vanity and ostentation, and hint, that, from motives of that kind, he does much more than is suitable to his circumstances." And then you add, "that your *subscribing* or openly giving, is not at all necessary; for that as bankers are nominated to receive contributions, and many have already sent in their mites, and any one may send in what he pleases, you suppose a few guineas from a person unknown, will do as much good as if his name was in the list." This will entitle you to the credit of any one of the sums by an *unknown hand*, or by *N. N.* or *X. Y. Z.* whichever they may think proper to ascribe to you.

The reason why I would not have you say in plain terms, that you *have given*, or *will give*, when you really have not, or do not intend it, is, that I would have you incur trespasses no more than debts unnecessarily, and be as frugal of your sins as of your money, for you may have occasion for a lie in some other affair, at some other time, when you cannot serve your turn by an evasion.

Thus, my son, would I have you exercise the great privilege you are endowed with, that of being a *reasonable creature*: to wit, a creature capable of finding or making a reason for doing, or not doing any thing, as may best suit its interest or its inclination.

And so, referring other instructions to future letters, I recommend the rules contained in this as worthy your closest attention. For they are not the airy speculations of a theorist, but solid advices drawn from the practice of wise and able men: rules, by the help of which, I myself, though I lived many years in great business, and with some repu-

tation as a man of wealth, have ever decently avoided parting with a farthing to these modish plunderers; nor can I recollect that, during my whole life, I have ever given any thing in charity, except once (God forgive me!) a halfpenny to a blind man—for doing me an errand.

I am, my dear son,
Your affectionate father, &c. &c.

SYMPATHY BETWEEN THE BREECHES POCKET AND THE ANIMAL SPIRITS.

(From the same.)

SIR,

The following important discovery is recommended to the *literati* in general, but more particularly to the College of Physicians; as it may be of the greatest consequence to them in their future practice.

You must know, then, that a wonderful connection and sympathy has lately been observed between the breeches pocket and the animal spirits, which continually rise or fall as the contents of the former ebb or flow: inasmuch, that, from constant observation, I could venture to guess at a man's current cash by the degree of vivacity he has discovered in his conversation. When this cutaneous reservoir is flush, the spirits too are elate; when that is sunk and drained, how flat, dull, and insipid, is every word and action! The very muscles and features of the face are influenced by this obscure fund of life and vigour. The heart proves to be only the inert receptacle of the blood, and those grosser spirits which serve for the animal function: but the pocket is fraught with those finer and more sublime spirits which constitute the wit, and many other distinguishing characters.

I can tell how a poet's finances stand by the very subject of his muse; gloomy elegies, biting satires, grave soliloquies, and dull translations, are certain indications of the *res angusta*; as Pindaric odes and pointed epigrams intimate a fresh recruit.—So a grave politician, who frequented a noted coffee-house, when these pocket-qualms were on him, used to give the most melancholy and deplorable account of the state of the nation: the increase of taxes, abuse of the public revenue, the national debt, the decay of trade, and the excess of luxury, were the continual topics of his discourse; but when the cold fit of this intermitting disorder left him, the scene was quite altered, and then he was eternally haranguing on the power, grandeur, and wealth of the British nation. In short, this barometer of state always rose or fell, not as the quick, but current silver, contracted or expanded itself within its secret cell.

Under the influence of the same powerful charm, I have remarked a physician in the chamber of a wealthy patient, clear up his countenance, and write his recipe with infinite vivacity and good humour; but in the abode of poverty, what a clouded brow, hopeless vibration of the head, and languor of the nerves! Like the sensitive plant, he shrunk from the cold hand of necessity. Not that the doctor wanted humanity; but when a patient becomes a mere *caput mortuum*; and the *animi sacculi* expires, what sympathizing heart but must be sensible of so dire a change?

It is impossible to record a tenth part of the wonderful effects this latent source of life and spirits has produced on the animal economy. What smiles of complacency and cringing adulation to my Lord Bloodrich, who no sooner turns his back than contempt and derision overtake him! What can this be owing to but the secret influence of the divinity, which threw a sort of awe and veneration about him? What but this magic power could have transformed Ned Traffic into a gentleman, Justice Allpunch into a wit, or Squire Jolter into a man of taste? What but this could have given poignancy to the most insipid jokes, and weight to the most superficial arguments of Alder-

man Heavyside? It is this, that with more than tutelary power protects its votaries from insults and oppressions; that silences the enraged accuser, and snatches the sword from the very hand of justice. Towns and cities, like Jerico, without any miracle, have fallen flat before it; it has stopped the mouths of cannons, and, more surprising still, of faction and slander.

It has thrown a sort of glory about the globose and opaque skulls of quorum justices; it has imparted a dread and reverence to the ensigns of authority; and strange to say! it has made youth and beauty fly into the arms of old age and impotence; given charms to deformity and detestation; transformed Hymen into Mammon, and the God of Love into a Satyr. It has built bridges without foundations, libraries without books, hospitals without endowments, and churches without benefices. It has turned conscience into a leist, honour into a pimp, courage into a modern officer, and honesty into a stock-jobber. In short, there is nothing wonderful it has not effected, except making us wise, virtuous, and happy.

ADDRESS TO VANITY.

Hail, Vanity! thou eccentric goddess, who presidest over our manners, fashions, and amusements. 'Tis to thee we owe these elegant refinements which embellish society! Incited by thee, the sprightly virgin offers her tresses, beautiful as those of Belinda, a sacrifice to the caprice of thy handmaid Fashion, and envelopes her pericranium in a succinct frizzled wig, curled *à la Brutus*. In vain the poet tunes his lyre to celebrate the power of beautiful ringlets: in vain he says....

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
"And beauty draws us with a single hair."

Thy mandates, O Vanity! must be obeyed; or, if a presumptuous fair one will retain her beautiful hair, she must wear it unseen, till at some future period, when thou deignest thy permission, she may open her filicious masked battery to the discomfiture of many a coxcomb. It was thou who invented the entangling net worn by the fair;...to thee those lovely "fishers of men" owe this expedient. See what beaux and heroes flutter in the toils of beauty! Allured by bright eyes, they approach the lovely idol, and the sable meshes of fashion envelop them. To thee, O Vanity! the military hero is indebted for all his graces so irresistibly charming in the eyes of the woman of fashion; thou adjustest his waving plume, his glittering epauletts, his gorget, and his sword-knot; thou regulatest his measured strut, and givest expression to every muscle of his formidable face; 'tis thou who pointest out the lightning of his tremendous eye, "that speaks plain cannon fire, and smoke, and bounce;" thou instructest him to lead his fair partner in the dance, while her little heart, actuated by thee, throbs with vivacity.

The flippant *petit maitre*, inspired by thee, slanders the fair fame of virtuous beauty, and derides decency. Thou, O goddess! excitest a blush even in the face of masculine Impudence himself, if inadvertently one sentiment of piety should escape his lips, and raise the laugh of fashionable levity at his expense. The modern philosopher, illumined by thy inspiring smiles, boldly steps forward, in defiance of every institution, human and divine; he derides revelation, convinced that thou alone art the true object of rational adoration. The wise precepts that issue from his lips are dictated by thee. O Vanity! human reason has become thy auxiliary; and the inventive powers of wit and genius assert thy authority. The theophilanthropists and illuminati of the continent are outdone by thy priests and priestesses in this renowned city; here the Age of Reason, with a long list of elegant productions of a similar tendency, persuade the public to bow before thy throne. The enlightened

free-thinker, actuated by thee, proves, by incontrovertible arguments, that there is no paradise but thine; that the present moment is all we can call our own: this "intellectual spider weaves fine theories out of his own brain;" and, by giving unrestrained indulgence to the passions, he wins over myriads to espouse thy cause, and rallies them around thy standard. See how Superstition flies agast before thy innumerable battalions! nay, even the lovers of truth are put to flight by thy invincible defenders! The hypocrite and the fanatic join the victorious throng, and with malignant aspersions vilify virtue. They unite their voices with the general acclamation in thy favour, and exclaim, "Frivolity, thou art our idol; deism and fanaticism are alike sustained by thee!"

The rout and the masquerade are crowded with thy votaries; nay, the dread of ridicule compels even the serious part of the community to conceal their queer notions, and smile with affected complacency on thy votaries.

Thy reign, O goddess! over the passions and the minds of men is almost universal in this great city; even Mammon himself, who next to thee seems to share the adoration of the admiring throng... even Mammon is obliged to yield his precious hoards as an offering on thy altars.

The theatres resound with the hymns of thy worshippers; there ghosts are conjured from the world unknown to minister to thee. Specters stalk before thy altars, to the great delight of thy votaries; and Pizarro, that renowned Spanish hero, assists in the celebration of thy orgies. Equestrian rites are also performed in honour of thee, O Vanity! and men bound like apes and squirrels for thy gratification. Heroes chaunt in recitative, and heroines expire in song for thy amusement.

But it is in the palaces of the great that thou art ministered to with superior elegance; there Fashion presides...there titled dames and noble virgins pay thee peculiar honours.

The fête is honoured with thy presence, O gracious Vanity! and all the enchantment of extravagant voluptuousness is exhibited there.

To thee the ladies of the ton sacrifice their treasures with generous profusion. In those nocturnal entertainments Art performs prodigies: temporary arbours, saloons, and temples, are erected as if by magic; those superb scenes are adorned with lustres, perfumed with aromatics, and filled with "sounds of sweetest melody;" a numerous train of thy adorers, of both sexes, animate the scene; they dance before thee, and Affectation presides in the ceremonious assembly.

Such are the elegant amusements of the fashionable world, who are universally devoted to thee, and careless of consequences: the polite man of fashion resigns his mansion and his coffers to the management of his dear yoke-fellow. The beautiful arbitresses of dissipation shine with a meteor-like lustre, and emulate each other in modish extravagance, to a degree scarcely equalled by Cleopatra herself.

No language can express the universality of thy power in the gay world, O beloved Vanity! Even antiquated dames forsake their prayer-book...fly to the toilette, and beautify their shrivelled faces with lations bestowed by thee.

Thou, O goddess! invertest the order of things, turning the day of the fashionable world into night, and their night into day. Thy power is unbounded; and Affectation, thy favourite handmaid, attends thy steps as thou movest along, dispensing thy favours to mortals!

I. P.

When viewing the race of men upon the large scale, in my spleen, I have divided them into two classes,.....the *deceivers*, and the *deceived*. Indeed so rooted an opinion have I imbibed of the ductility of my fellow-mortals, that I never seriously be-

lieved nor vindicated, what are so proudly styled, the honour and dignity of human nature. Read this, ye unwary and draw some useful mementos with me. Leave no part of your body *undipped in Styx*, and be invulnerable.

See then that *Politician*, wrapped up in the garb of patriotism, mount the rostrum, tickle the stupid multitude into conviction that he is the people's, the mechanic's, the poor man's friend; that he, indignant of his country's wrongs, alone feels them and asserts her rights. Take off that garb, look through the window of his breast, and see collected, at the apex of his heart, sighs and flutterings after titles, honours, places. Next turn to the bland *physician*, who, with a nerve of steel himself, feels along the palpitating artery of my Lady Vapours, counts its throbs, prescribes a cordial, and receives a guinea for making Madam a dupe. Look after that *military* beau that struts through the Mall. A cockade, a sword, and two epaulets, dazzle the crowd, impose on boys and girls, men and maidens to imagine, that not danger, nor the devil himself could appal such a hero. Carry him to the field of honour, and find him white-liver'd as a hen.

How easily my *Lawyer*, entrenched with forms and books, gulls clients of their cash, is too stale to repeat. For *once* in your life, be persuaded, that if you come within the circle of his writs, pleas, bars, demurrers, rejoinders, &c. you will be handsomely stripped, even to your pen feathers.

I am all gentleness to the sex: were it not that one smile of a *Coquette* makes me a slave, a flirt of a well-manœuvred fan puts all my resolution asleep, I would not tread on consecrated ground. While I am sensible, that she is playing me on the line, till some other gudgeon come in view, when I shall be shaken off the hook; that I should fancy nought but love in her eyes, on her cheeks but the down of the peach, her hair *all auburn* and natural, her lips *two rose leaves dipped in dew*, symmetry in her form, taste in her dress, wit in her repartees, with sincerity in her bosom, is strange as it is, inconsistent, inconclusive, and unwarrantable... The theatre, is all cheat. The kings, queens, lords, and ladies on the stage, we find, in our streets, are the veriest pieces of mortality. After so much mockery of our senses, not only divinity is fled; something *less* than mortality remains.

I am the first to confess that Fancy cheats me at her will: not more at the age when I blew the washer-woman's soap suds through a pipe into beautiful balloons, than at the period at which I am arrived, building palaces on earth, and castles in the air. I have roamed, in Imagination's car, from the seat of Paradise in former, to the present degenerate days: I have searched *all*, of all ages and countries; and, in abundance have found, as many simple, deluded, gazing, cheated, weak-sighted mortals, as myself. But as virtue is better than vice, so is *delusion*, than *wretchedness*. 'Tis only in regions superior, the soul finds rest, perfection, and happiness.

PROTEUS.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

I have repeatedly drawn for wit on the rich bank of Dr. EACHARD. As his book is rare, I am very confident that, to use a fashionable word, I do not *bore* my readers, with what is obvious and stale.

Our Divine thus bitterly jeers a raw pedant at the University, a pragmatical puppy well known at Cambridge in New-England, by the name of *Sophomore*.

It is very curious to observe what delicate letters your young students write, after they have got a little smack of University learning. In what elaborate heights and tossing nonsense, will they greet a downright English father, or a country friend! If there be a plain word in it, and such as

is used at home, this tastes not, says they, of education among philosophers, and it is counted damnable duncery and want of fancy: because your loving friend, or humble servant is a common phrase in country letters; therefore the young epistler is yours to the antipodes, or, at least, to the center of the earth; and because ordinary folks love and respect you, therefore, you are to him, the pole star, a Jacob's staff, a loadstone, and a damask rose. And the misery of it is this pernicious way of expression, often accompanies them to the very grave: and, for the most part, an ordinary cheesemonger, or plumb seller, that scarce ever heard of an University, shall write much better sense, and more to the purpose, than these young philosophers, who injudiciously hunting only for great words, make themselves learnedly ridiculous.

The following is a full length portrait of a pulpit punster.

Those usually, who have been rope dancers in the schools have proved jack puddings in the pulpit. For he that in his youth has allowed himself this liberty of academic wit, and punning has usually so thinned his judgment, is so prejudiced against sober sense, and so disposed to tripping and jingling, that so soon as he gets hold of a text, he presently thinks that he has caught one of his old school questions; and so falls a flinging it out of one hand into another, tossing it this way and that; lets it run a little upon the line, then high jingo come again; here catching at a word, there he nibbling and sucking at an and, a by, a quis, or a quid, a sic, or a sicut; and thus minces the text so small that his parishioners until he rendezvous it again, can scarcely tell what is become of it.

The poverty of the lower clergy in England has been a frequent theme for the compassionate, and the querulous. But this penury of the church is not confined to Great-Britain. From the natural baseness, sordidness and ingratitude of human nature, the character of a parish priest, is treated with contempt, and his beggarly pittance, falsely called a salary, is tardily and avariciously paid. To expect bright discourses from such *pinched* parsons, is as absurd, in the phrase of Sancho, as to expect "pears from an elm."

Where the minister is pinched as to the tolerable conveniences of this life, the chief of his care and time must be spent, not in an impertinent considering what texts of scripture will be most useful for his parish, what instructions most seasonable, and what authors best to be consulted. But the chief of his thoughts, and his main business must be to study how to live that week; where he shall have bread for his family; whose sow has lately pigged; whence will come the next rejoicing goose, or the next cheerful basket of apples. How far to hennas, or to offerings: when shall we have another christening and cakes, and who is likely to marry or die. These are very seasonable considerations and worthy of a man's thoughts. For a family cannot be maintained by texts and contexts; and the child that lies crying in the cradle will not be satisfied without a little milk, and perhaps sugar, though there be a small German system of Theology in the house.

But suppose he does get into a little hole over the oven, with a lock to it, called his study, towards the latter end of the week, for you must know, sir, there are very few texts of scripture that can be divided at soonest before Friday night; and some there be that will never be divided but upon Sunday morning, and that not very early, but either a little before they go, or in going into church; I say suppose the gentleman thus gets into his study, one may very near guess what he will be doing when he comes there, viz. the bottle of port or of drink is near departed, and the poor single groat in the box is nearly gone.

ment and execution ready to come out against it, for milk, and eggs. Now, sir, can any man think that one thus racked and tortured, can be seriously intent half an hour, to contrive any thing that might be of real advantage to his people. Besides, perhaps that week he has met with some dismal crosses, and undoing misfortunes. There was a sorry conditioned mole, that broke into his pasture, and ploughed up the best part of his glebe; and a little after that, came a couple of spiteful ill favoured cows; and trampled down the little remaining grass. Another day, having but four chickens, sweep comes the Kite and carries away the fattest and hopefulest of the brood. Then, after all this, came the jackdaws and starlings, idle birds that they are, and they took and carried away from his thin thatched house, forty or fifty of the best straws. To make him completely unhappy, after all these afflictions, another day that he had a pair of breeches on, coming over a perverse stile, he suffered very much in carelessly lifting over his leg. Now what parish can be so inconsiderate and unreasonable, as to look for any thing from one, whose fancy is thus checked, and whose understanding is thus ruffled and disordered. They may as soon expect comfort and consolation from one, that lies racked with the gout and stone, as from a divine thus broken and shattered in his fortunes.

In Anderson's Edition of the British Poets it was supposed that every thing written by Thomson had been preserved. I do not remember the following. The eyes of beauty, at once soft and sparkling "now beaming with intelligence, and now glistening with sensibility," have not often been more melodiously extolled, than in the subsequent song, by the author of the Seasons.

In a letter to Mrs. R——, Thompson quotes a passage from Milton, and remarks: Now that I have been transcribing some lines of poetry, I think I once engaged myself, while walking in Kew-lane, to write two or three songs. The following is one of them, which I have stolen from the song of Solomon; from that beautiful expression of love: "Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me."

O thou, whose tender serious eyes
Expressive, speak the mind I love:
The gentle azure of the skies:
The pensive shadows of the grove.
O mix their beauteous beams with mine,
And let us interchange our hearts;
Let all their sweetness on me shine:
Pour'd thro' my soul be all their darts.
Ah! 'tis too much! I cannot bear
At once so soft, so keen a ray:
In pity, then, my lovely fair,
O turn those killing eyes away!
But what avails it to conceal
One charm, where naught but charms we see?
Their lustre then again reveal,
And let me, *Mrs. R.*, die of thee.

THE FOLLOWING TENDER LINES ARE FROM BIDLAKE'S SUMMER EVE.

"Of those who trod with me life's early vale,
Hail'd light's first beam and breath'd its morning gale,
In all the verdant paths of joyous youth,
Ere error's mists were yet dispell'd by truth,
How many now, alas! I hail no more!
Their sun soon set, their busy day soon o'er!
Of mortal hope we gain the lofty brow;
But, ah! how chang'd the prospect from below!
Still spreads the scene beneath the opening skies,
New prospects glitter, and new objects rise!
But death's tumultuous torrent rolls between,
Forbids our steps, and parts the gaudy scene.
"Friends of my youth! who were no longer found,
Ere half of life had run its busy round,
Lest in this vale of tears, I drop for you,
From the full heart, compassion's softest dew:
For full though sorrow's baleful waters glide,
Ye must I and the sympathetic tide.
I saw ye arm'd with all of fancy's fires,
With all that wealth or ardent youth inspires;

Strong as the new fledg'd eagle, child of Spring,
 I saw ye gaily plume the lusty wing,
 Then upwards rush with new-born vigour gay,
 To chase light pleasure through the realms of day,
 Soon, soon, ye vanish'd like the morning shade,
 Or evening clouds in shifting hues array'd,
 And stole the rays of gladness from my mind,
 A loitering weary traveller left behind;
 Left in the vale of tears, unfit to go
 To search eternal bliss through ways of woe.
 Friends of my youth, perhaps now hovering near,
 Your gentle spirits whisper in my ear
 Some heav'n-born sounds, and all my paths attend,
 My errors lessen, and my steps befriended,
 Still grant your aid, and more, as years increase,
 Smooth all my transient storms with evening peace.

BIOGRAPHY.

John Burton, a learned critic and divine, was born in 1696 at Wembworth in Devonshire, of which parish his father was rector. He was admitted a scholar of Corpus Christi-college, Oxford, in 1713, of which he at length became a tutor. In the exercise of this office he greatly distinguished himself by his assiduity in promoting the improvement of his pupils, and by other exertions for the advancement of learning. In 1725, he was made pro-rector of the university and master of the schools; and in this situation he published an oration and four Latin sermons on the subject of academical discipline. He much improved the discussion of philosophical questions in the schools, and introduced the study of Locke and other modern philosophers. In 1733 he was elected a fellow of Eton-college; and about the same time he was presented to the vicarage of Maple Derham in Oxfordshire. He married the widow of his predecessor in that living, and passed several years of his life in the station of a country clergyman. After his wife's death in 1748, he chiefly resided on his fellowship at Eton, occupied in literary pursuits and the company of the learned. He took the degree of doctor in divinity in 1752. He continued to appear occasionally as a writer and preacher, esteemed and beloved both by the higher and lower classes of his order, and amusing his leisure with poetical exercises, till his death in 1771. Dr. Burton's works are chiefly collected in two volumes of sermons, a volume of "Opuscula Miscellanea Theologica," and another of "Opuscula Metrico-prosaica." The sermons are long and laboured, include a variety of matter, and are somewhat formal in the manner. The Latin theological dissertations display much curious learning; the poetical works in Greek, Latin, and English, shew industry rather than genius. He is perhaps best known as the critical editor of five select Greek tragedies under the title of "Pentalogia." This task he first recommended to a pupil of promising talents, Joseph Bingham, who had printed most of the text and notes when he was cut off by an untimely death. Dr. Burton subjoined a preface, dissertations, and additional notes, and published the work in 1758, 8vo. It has been reprinted at the Clarendon press, and is in much esteem as a book for students in Greek. The style of Dr. Burton in his compositions has been censured as pedantic and affected, and Churchill in one of his poems has exercised all the uncandid severity of his pen to expose it to ridicule.

LEVITY.

[The following easy essay we copy with much approbation from the New-York Evening Post.]

ESSAY ON BLOCKHEADS.

A blockhead is neither an idiot, nor madman. He is one who goes on through the broad road of life with the rest of mankind carrying a load of follies at his back, which he knows not how to get rid of when he is tired, and under which he is continually stumbling. There are various kinds of blockheads which may thus be distinguished; the good-natured blockhead, the stupid blockhead, the silly block-

head, the old blockhead, the credulous blockhead, the ignorant blockhead, and the learned blockhead.

The lover who hears the contempt of a scornful mistress without a murmur, may be ranked among the good-natured blockheads: but should he be so lost in speculations on his passion as not to take a hint of kindness in a soft moment, then, he may justly be called a stupid blockhead. The farmer who goes out smoking his pipe, talking with his neighbours, and shaking hands with the parson when he should be at work, may also be placed among the good-natured blockheads; but should the parson's horse be eating his cabbage, his barn ready to tumble down for want of a prop, or his daughter about to run off with a stranger all this time, every one would call him a stupid blockhead. He is also a good-natured blockhead, who bears being the butt of the company at dinner, joins in the joke against himself, and then swallows his wine with satisfaction. But he who stands with the spy-glass to his eye on the battery all day watching what ship is coming up, while his wife is taking private lessons of dancing-masters, music-masters, and masters of various other arts and sciences, must certainly be a stupid blockhead.

A fellow who does nothing but pare his nails, consult his watch, take a view of the atmosphere from his window, or go to church only to shew himself, may justly be reckoned a silly blockhead. The man who at the age of fourscore fills up an arm chair in the room, and tires his hearers with his long stories, may be called an old blockhead; and he who can listen to his long stories, and believe them, must be a credulous blockhead.

The man who takes up a newspaper only to find the day of the month, blames the printer for putting such hard words in it, and talks of politics without knowing in what quarter of the world he is placed or remembering where he was born, is an ignorant, aye, and an impudent blockhead. He is also an ignorant blockhead, who prescribes physic to one who has lost his money, drinks to the company in a glass of water, or mistakes the bank for the city hotel. But the most ignorant blockhead of all is he who, becoming suddenly rich, shows you into his new library, and talks ostentatiously of such authors as Virgil or Homer, when perhaps, for all that he knows of the matter, the one might have been a parson, and the other a doctor.

The last kind of blockheads, and generally the greatest, are the learned blockheads. Mr. Thickhead is a learned blockhead: he has renounced the study of music for that of the logarithms, and has got a fine estate, and a fine wife, merely by his great reputation as a mathematician. He has a great many mathematical oddities; if he walks, it is always in a straight line; if he sits, it is in the form of a triangle; and if he stands, it is in no other posture than that of a perpendicular. In short Mr. Thickhead does every thing with so much mathematical exactness, that he is generally esteemed a very learned man; yet the reader without the help of mathematical demonstration will be apt to consider Mr. Thickhead a mathematical blockhead.

Mr. Mammoth is also esteemed not only a mathematical, but a philosophical, and political blockhead. He has been admitted an honorary member not only among the societies of philosophical and political blockheads in Europe, but also has been made head of the blockheads in America. He admits no man into his service but a blockhead, trusts no man but a blockhead, invites none to his table but blockheads, and in short, has so many blockheads about him, that it is a difficult thing for a wise or well-disposed man to get through the croud; and if a wise, or clever fellow happens to come into his house, and takes a seat with the rest, he immediately gets up in a great passion, drives him out without ceremony, and puts a blockhead in his place. Thus, gentle reader! have I given

you all I can think of at present about blockheads, and let him whom the cap fits, put it on.

IRONICUS.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

Receipt to make a Fashionable Lady.

Take about eight yards of gingham, or sprig-muslin, that is seamed together in the form of a Churchman's pulpit robe. Slip on this easy frock—draw it across the shoulders—girt it round about, and across the middle; and let the end of it sweep at least a quarter on the ground. The flowing tresses, which Nature in her luxuriance designed to adorn and cover the shoulders with, must be stuffed with powder, knit at the end, and folded up under the turban *à la mode*, in the exact form of her refrigerating hand weapon. To the many other embellishments of the head-dress, must be added a quarter and a half of black, or green silk love crape, to defend from the insolence of the sun-beams, and render the inhabitant within, musquito proof. Place this figure in a pair of red or blue Morocco slippers, and set her a walking on the pavement, Phaon by her side, and the work is complete.

N. B. To make her irresistible, she must at every other step, give her head a toss, smack her lips, and turn up her eyes to her beloved country the Moon: making it evident, that she is none of the mean spirited beings that delight in things below.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSALS,

For Printing in London, by Subscription,

IN TWO VOLUMES QUARIO,

A Supplement to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary; of a Glossary of the Archaisms and Provincialisms of the English Language. By the Rev. Jonathan Boucher, M. A. Vicar of Epsom, Surry; F. A. S. Honorary Member of the Edinburgh Society of Antiquaries, and of the Stirling Literary Society.

A persuasion, which I have long entertained, that a Supplement to Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was a desideratum in English Literature, first induced me to undertake the Work here announced to the public, and the liberal and very flattering encouragement already given to my first proposals animate me to proceed in it with renewed spirits.

The age of Elizabeth is the boundary beyond which Dr. Johnson has seldom gone. His references are in general restricted to the works of Sidney, Spencer, Hooker, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Cowley, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope, and their contemporaries. Some archaological words, however, are admitted by him, when "they are found in authors who are not obsolete; or when they have any force or beauty, that may deserve revival." Governed by this principle, I have extended his plan, and endeavoured to supply his deficiencies, and hence my references are, chiefly, to Robert of Gloucester, Peter Langtoft, Chaucer, Piers Plowman, Gower, Gavin Douglas, Henryson, Dunbar, Lyndesay, Allan Ramsay, and Burns, among our Poets: to the ancient writers in Divinity, History, Medicine, and Law; and also to the Statutes and other public Records. I have drawn still more copiously from "the Well of English undefiled," the common speech of our peasantry. It was the object of Dr. Johnson to furnish his countrymen with a Dictionary of the English language, only, as spoken and written by the best speakers and best modern authors. It is the object of this Supplement to enable those who consult it, to read, and to retain, our ancient British classics; to exhibit a full historical view of our speech as it was formerly spoken; and thus to show that, in language as in politics, "to innovate is not always to reform."

The several Glossaries of Cotgrave, Minshew, Spelman, Skinner, Junius, and Bailey, which alone

have any title to the claim of Archæological, though of great merit, yet leave numberless words in our old chroniclers and bards, still unexplained. Wicliff's translation of the Scriptures, venerable as it is on account of its subject, its age, and its author, is, notwithstanding its Glossary, locked up in an unknown tongue. The Glossaries of Ruddiman, Urry, and Tyrwhit, all of them the productions of men of learning and great abilities, yet are limited to the illustration of single works. Those annexed to several of the Scottish provincial poets, to some compositions in the dialect of different districts in the North of England, and to the Exmoor Dialogues (published some years ago as specimens of the West Country Dialect,) are of very inferior value: from which censure, however, I feel much pleasure in having it in my power to except the Glossaries annexed to "Wyntownis' Cronykil," and to "The Complaynt of Scotland."

I offer my Work to the public as Supplemental to other Dictionaries and other Glossaries; yet, anxious to relieve the dryness of verbal discussions, I have, in humble imitation of my great Prototype, attempted occasionally to "intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty deserts of barren philology." I trust it will not be said, that "ornarines ipsa negat." The explanation of a single vocable has often led me into historical investigation respecting the names of persons or places, municipal regulations, legal terms, religious ceremonies, popular customs, buildings, diet, dress, employments, sports, and amusements, of our ancestors. Literary remarks and criticisms on obscure and difficult passages in our ancient poets and historians, and on the Greek and Roman classics, are likewise incidentally introduced; and not a few on the Scriptures themselves. Indeed, many of the words in the English translation of the Bible cannot be well understood without the aid of an Archæological Lexicographer.

In all Languages, the diversity of sense in which words are used renders perfect accuracy of definition peculiarly difficult. A reader, who is contented to take the definition of a term given him by a Dictionary, which does not at the same time produce the authority on which such definition is founded, must give up his judgment entirely to the judgment of the compiler of the Dictionary. This is to be avoided only by tracing the rise and progress of the word in question. Hence, it has been one of my most constant purposes to pursue the several words which fall under my consideration, through all their doublings and disguises in other languages, whether of Celtic or Gothic origin. Sometimes they are found, little concealed, in the Welsh, Irish, Gaelic, or Armoric; sometimes more disguised in the Italian, French, or Spanish; or in the Latin, Greek, or Hebrew; and, sometimes, taking a different direction, I have traced them to the Saxon, German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic. Nor are the instances few in which I have experienced the fate of Voyages of Discovery; and my researches have ended in disappointment. Yet, in an undertaking of such extent and variety, I may surely, without shame, be content with Dr. Johnson, "to leave some obscurities to happier industry, or future information."

In my Etymological Inquiries, my former attention has been directed to those too long neglected sources of ancient learning, the cognate languages of the North. Nor am I without hopes that, in this department, my Work may be acceptable even to foreigners; and that it may thus repay some of the many obligations which British philology owes to German, Swedish, and Danish Literature.

The copies of my first prospectus being exhausted, and it having been thought advisable that the notice of such a Work should be made, if possible, still more general, I avail myself of this opportu-

nity to advert and reply to some obliging suggestions, which have been made to me, since its publication. To obviate the difficulty of ascertaining what words are provincial, and what merely archæological, and also to avoid the confusion which, it has been intimated, must have resulted from there being two alphabets in one work, I have resolved to arrange all my materials under one. The title is also a little altered; the first having been objected to from the motley appearance it exhibited, as being partly Latin and partly English. A writer in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, under the signature of *Clericus Derbiensis*, has pointed out to me the propriety of printing the Work in one folio volume, for the accommodation of those who, like himself, possess the folio edition of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Others have expressed a similar wish: and, if I could flatter myself that the subscription would enable me to print a double impression, I should not hesitate a moment to gratify them, and to print both a quarto and a folio edition; but I hope to be permitted, for the present to abide by my first Proposals. The Work shall be sent to press as soon as a competent number of subscribers can be obtained to defray the heavy expenses of paper and printing, and printed in the manner of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary with three columns in one page. A very few more copies than are subscribed for will be printed: the Subscription Price will be Four Guineas, to be paid on the delivery of the Work.

JONATHAN BOUCHER.

Epsom, Surrey, 3d April, 1802.

Subscriptions in this city will be received by JOHN MORGAN, No. 51, South Second-Street; where, on application, a Prospectus of the Work can be obtained.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"M" has drawn a fascinating picture of Chloris. If the mere portrait excite the most eager desire what, alas! to a feeling heart, would be the effect of a sight of the lovely original. The following complimentary lines, the first from Green, the second from Butler, must be applied to such a paragon.

"The oak, while you his umbrage deck,
Lest fall his acorns in your neck;
Zephyr his civil Kisses gives,
And plays with curls instead of leaves;
Birds, seeing you, believe it Spring
And during their vacation sing
And flowers lean forwards from their seats
To traffic in exchange of sweets."

"The sun shall now no more dispense
His own, but your bright influence.
Where'er you tread your foot shall set
The primrose and the violet:
All spices, perfumes, and sweet powders,
Shall borrow from your breath their odours:
Nature her charter shall renew,
And take all lives of things from you.
The world depend upon your eye,
And, when you frown upon it, die.
Only our loves shall still survive
New worlds and natures to outlive."

MISCELLANEOUS PARACAGHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Nothing is more highly relished by the Editor than such liberal sentiments as Mr. BURKE has advanced in a celebrated letter, occasioned by the rude attack of the swinish duke of Bedford, another Egalité, who sometimes, in a fit of affected love for the people, had certain whims of economy, not unlike those of our own patriots. Let us hear what a man of expanded heart has to say on this subject:

"I looked on the consideration of public service, or public ornament to be real and very justice: and I ever beheld a scanty and penurious justice to

partake of the nature of a wrong. I held it to be in its consequences, the worst economy in the world. In saving money, I soon can count up all the good I do; but when, by a cold penury, I blast the abilities of a nation, and stunt the growth of its active energies, the ill I may do is beyond all calculation.—I never could drive a hard bargain in my life, concerning any matter whatever; and least of all do I know how to haggle and huckster with merit. Mere parsimony is not economy. It is separable in theory from it, and in fact it may, or it may not, be a part of economy according to circumstances. Expense and great expense may be an essential part in true economy. If parsimony were to be considered as one of the kinds of virtue, there is, however, another and an higher economy. Economy is a distributive virtue, and consists, not in saving, but in selection. Parsimony requires no providence, no sagacity, no powers of combination, no comparison, no judgment. Mere instinct, and that not an instinct of the noblest kind may produce this false economy in perfection. The other economy has larger views. It demands a discriminating judgment and a firm sagacious mind. It shuts one door to impudent importunity, only to open another, and a wider to unpresuming merit."

In a tract of Mr. BURKE's, entitled "Thoughts on Scarcity," and to be found only in Rivington's new edition, there occur several brilliant and just observations, which we shall occasionally quote. The following is one of his most recent reflections on the late portentous French revolution. It may be considered as his dying declaration. "That state has fallen by the hands of the parricides of their country, called the revolutionists and constitutionalists of France, a species of traitors, of whose fury and atrocious wickedness nothing in the annals of the phrenzy and depravation of mankind had before furnished an example, and of whom I never can think, or speak, without a mixed sensation of disgust, of horror, and of detestation, not easy to be expressed. These nefarious monsters destroyed their country for what was good in it: For much good there was in the constitution of that noble monarchy, which in all kinds, formed and nourished great men, and great paternos of virtue to the world."

The classical reader will associate with the following the "Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt" &c. of Cicero. It cannot be too often repeated; line upon line; precept upon precept; until it comes into the currency of a proverb; *to innovate is not to reform*. The French revolutionists complained of every thing; they refused to reform any thing; and they left nothing unchanged. The consequences are before us,—not in remote history, not in future prognostication: they are about us, they are upon us. They shake the public security; they menace private enjoyment. They dwarf the growth of the young; they break the quiet of the old. If we travel they stop our way. They infest us in town; they pursue us to the country. Our business is interrupted; our repose is troubled, our pleasures are saddened; our very studies are poisoned and perverted, and knowledge is rendered worse than ignorance, by the enormous evils of dreadful innovation.

The following is related of the exertions of GARRICK. "It is unaccountable how a texture of nerves, so finely woven, can bear so constant a distention, without the total destruction of his health, for you must not suppose that the storm of passions only affects his surface. I saw him once, after playing the part of Richard, stretched, like the expiring Germanicus, in Poussin's picture, on a sofa, panting, pale, speechless, covered with perspiration, and unable to raise his arm."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

POSTHUMOUS.

P. PENCIL'S ELEGY;

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, DURING
HIS DECLINE.

In Fortune's lowest ebb, my bark was thrown,
On the broad ocean of tempestuous life;
No prosperous gale, for me, has ever blown;
But adverse winds have rais'd perpetual strife.

Hard is the task, without a pilot's care,
For "infant Reason," on life's billows tost,
The storm, destruction, and the calm, a snare,
To shun the rocks, where ship-wreck'd youth is lost.

But harder still, for *Pecunia* to oppose,
The mountain weight of prejudice and gold;
Like Hercules, subdue its venom'd foes,
And, spite of pride, the place of merit hold.

Be mine the task, my first ambition cried;
Be toil, my pleasure, and my riches, lore;
My friends, the Muses, and their wreath, my pride;
I ask no wealthier aid, no baser ore.

On earth's low surface, let the million plod,
To one small circle, chain th' immortal mind,
Custom, their instinct, and their gold, their God,
To feeling, callous, and to beauty, blind.

Mark out the world, proud Wealth, and call it
thine,
By fraud, by purchase, or prescriptive right,
Its groves, its fields, its beauties shall be mine;
But most, Parnassus, shall my soul delight.

Farewel, delusive hope of poet's fame!
No more thy heights, Parnassus, court my eye;—
From thy *mid regions*, let me raise my name,
And with th' immortal, live—or nameless, die!

O'er thy gay fields, a wistful look I cast,
Where sportive Fancy fann'd my youthful fire;
There warm Imagination breathes her last,
And all my fond, deceptive hopes expire!

Ye fickle nine; I bid a last adieu!
Too long bewilder'd by your wanton wiles—
O had I learnt, ere late, this maxim true—
Fortune's a foe to all, who share your smiles.

But cease thy plaint; and be thy name forgot!
Thy country's voice declares thy hapless doom;
Gives *cheerless penury*, for the *Painter's lot*;
And *dark oblivion*, for the *Poet's tomb*!

Would'st, reader, I my future state reveal,
What lot, for me, the Fates, or Minos draw?—
Bound fast to *Ixion's* ever turning wheel,
I spin the subtle many thread of Law.

SELECTED POETRY.

ORATIO AD DOMINUM.

[By Hildebert, bishop of Anagninum or Mans, a city of France, published by archbishop Usher, 1647....at the end of a Latin treatise, which has since become very scarce....communicated with the above account of it by H. P. Suffolk, December 5th, 1764.]

Extra portam jam delatum,
Jam satentem, tumulatum,
Vitta ligat, lapis urget;
Sed si jubes, hic resurget:
Jube, lapis revolvetur;
Jube, vitta disrumpetur.

Exiturus nescit moras
Postquam clamas, *exi foras*.
In hoc salo mea ratis
Infestatur a piratis;
Hinc assultus, inde fluctus;
Hinc et inde mois et luctus.
Sed tu, bone nauta! veni;
Preme ventos, mare leni;
Fac abscedant hi paratæ,
Duc ad portum, salvâ rate,
Infœcunda mea ficus,
Cujus ramus, ramus siccus
Incidetur, incendetur;
Si promulgas, quod meretur.
Sed hoc anno dimittatur,
Stercoretur, fodiatur;
Quod si necdum respondebit;
Flens hoc loquor, tunc ardebit.
Vetus hostis in me furit;
Aquis mersat, flammis urit:
Inde languens et afflictus
Tibi soli sum relictus.
Ut hic hostis evanescat;
Ut infirmus convalescat;
Tu virtutem jejunandi
Des infirmo, des orandi,
Per hoc duo, Christo teste,
Liberabor ab hac peste.
Ab hac peste solve mentem,
Fac devotum penitentem:
Da timorem quo projecto,
De salute nil coniecto.
Da spem, fidem, charitatem;
Da discretam pietatem:
Da contemptum terrenorum,
Appetitum supernorum.
Totum, Deus! in te spero;
Deus, ex te totum quero.
Tu laus mea, meum bonum,
Mea cuncta, tuum donum.
Tu solamen in labore,
Medicamen in languore.
Tu in luctu, mea lyra;
Tu lenimem es in ira.
Tu in arcto, liberator;
Tu in lapsu relevator.
Metum præstas in propectu,
Spem conservas in defectu.
Si quis lædit, tu rependis;
Si minatur, tu defendis;
Quod est anceps, tu dissolvīs;
Quod tegendum, tu involvīs.
Tu intrare me non sinas
Infernales officinas;
Ubi mæror, ubi metus;
Ubi fætor, ubi fletus;
Ubi probra deteguntur;
Ubi rei confunduntur;
Ubi tortor semper cædens,
Ubi totum hoc perenne,
Quia perpes mors Gehennæ,
Me receptet Sion illa,
Sion David urbs tranquilla;
Cujus faber auctor lucis,
Cujus portæ signum crucis;
Cujus cives semper læti,
Cujus muri lapis vivus,
Cujus custos rex festivus.
In hac urbe lux solennis;
Ver æternum, pax perennis,
In hac odor implens cælos,
In hac semper festum nœlos.
Non est ibi corruptela;
Non defectus, non querela:
Non minuti, non deformes;
Omnes Christo sunt conformes.
Urbs cælestis, urbs beata,
Supra petram collocata:
Urbs in portu satis tuto,
De longinquo te saluto;

Te saluto, te suspiro,
Te affecto, te requiro.
Quantum tui gratulentur,
Quam festivè conviventur;
Quis affectus eos stringat,
Aut quæ gemma muros pingat,
Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus;
Norunt illi, qui sunt intus.
In plateis hujus urbis,
Sociatus piis turbis,
Cum Mōise et Eliâ,
Pium cantem alleluia.

TO MR. SOUTHEY.

ON READING HIS BEAUTIFUL, BUT SEDUCTIVE ODE,
WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go, Southey, to the House of Pray'r,
And humbly and devoutly there
Adore the God of goodness and of love;
Let the loud organ's peal,
With corresponding zeal,
Thy tuneful bosom ev'ry Sunday move.
Sweet Bard of Bristol! who canst wake the lyre
With so much energy and fire,
To captivate Attention's heart,
Ah! let not thy enchanting art
Be exercis'd to lead astray
The young, the giddy, and the gay,
Too prone by nature to neglect and spurn
Religion's holy call, and from her temple turn.

Go, Southey, to the House of Pray'r,
And set a good example there
To those who wander in the world's wild ways;
Devote a portion of thy precious time
To *Piety* as well as rhyme,
And *socially* assist in thy Creator's praise.
Six days, each week, are surely long
Enough for all the other aims of song....
For visiting the lonely woodland bow'rs,
And gath'ring sweet poetic flow'rs
Along each sunny bank and silver stream:
Then to the House of Pray'r
Each seventh day repair,
And let Jehovah's praise that day be thy sole
theme.

Go, Southey, to the House of Pray'r;
'Tis likelier on a Sabbath-day
Thou'lt meet Religion there:
She loves not always in the wilds to stray;
The friend of man, she loves among mankind to
stay.

Tho' sometimes she her vot'ries lead
To heathy hill or cowslip'd dale,
Or shady grove, or sunny mead,
Or by the streamlet in the vale;
Yet she's no savage wand'rer, Southey, no!
No Anchoret, of gloom and silence fond;
No hippish matron, clouded still in woe,
And subject to despond;
But social, cheerful, and serene,
Of simplest manners, sweetest mien,
Her mild instructions she imparts,
To mend our morals, and to cheer our hearts
With brightest prospect of perennial bliss
In future worlds, if we act right in this.

HAFIZ.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 37.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER III.

My own experience with respect to the climate.

From the 30th of September 1791, when I arrived at Philadelphia, to the 4th of October, the weather was very warm, even in the night. The mosquitoes were still extremely troublesome. In the night between the third and the fourth it had frozen, and in this one night, the woods had assumed their autumnal garb. Hereupon a north-west wind blew, and it was considerably cold. The sun was, however, still very powerful at noon. Nightly frosts were afterwards almost continual. The weather in general was clear, except in the morning, when it was foggy. On the 18th of October, it snowed. On the 11th of November, it was summer weather. In the first days of November, there arose a vapour from the ground. Until the new year, there fell no snow, and the rivers were not frozen, although, with north west winds it was sometimes very cold. On the 4th of January, the snow and frost set in. The winter continued to rage with great violence until the end of February, when the ice, which was from four to five feet thick in the rivers, broke up. The snow continued from four to five feet deep upon the ground, until the last of March. Notwithstanding which, there was on the first of March, a thunder storm. The days were generally clear, and in March, the sun shone warm. But in the night, it froze. The north west wind is very dry, and when you are for some time exposed to it, occasions thirst. From the dryness of this wind likewise, it proceeds, that the windows are never frozen as we call it. On the 20th of March, set in a violent rain, which then at length dissolved the snow and the frost, which had penetrated deep into the earth. In the last days of March, the meadows near Philadelphia, assumed their green garb, but not until after the middle of April, near the blue mountains. Towards the last of April, the peach trees blossomed; and the other trees, during the first fortnight in May, did the same. In April there were still many very raw days, when a fire was indispensable: this was always the case with a north west wind. May was lovely throughout. Gentle rains refreshed the air without too much cooling it. June was equally beautiful, with a silver atmosphere, gilt by the rays of the sun, and with a moderate warmth. July was disagreeable; surprisingly hot and then again with unpleasant rainy weather, very cold. On the 23d I left America.

On the 30th of September 1795, I arrived a second time at Philadelphia. The wind was north west, and of course very cold. Throughout October it was almost always fine, and especially about the middle of the day, warm weather. The autumn in America, generally the steadiest season. Yet although it has many clear days, yet it wants many of the agreeable scenes of an European au-

turn. Neither such numerous, nor so various flocks of birds of passage are to be seen, nor the faint soft light, which sinks us into melancholy reflections upon the decay of nature. Fine autumnal days in America, are warm summer days generally followed by a cold winter night. In this finest season also, stinking fogs are not uncommon. These are remarkable for occasioning a prickly sensation in the eyes, like that produced by smoke. The first of January 1796, was a warm summer day; but immediately after it, the winter set in with great violence. The sudden changes of the temperature, produced at least upon me, corresponding instantaneous changes in my feelings. Almost every minute, I felt sensations of pain. But as soon as the weather changed, I was well again. I was now and then seized very suddenly with a fever which lasted a quarter or half an hour; but they vanished again as suddenly, as they had come on. What all Philadelphia suffered, as well as myself, were insupportable pains in the back. Great numbers of people in America die of pleurisies.

The winter of 1796, was however not cold enough to cover large rivers, such as the Delaware, with ice. Even the small rivers were free from it. The coldest day was the 31st of January. As usual there were incessant alterations of severe cold with warm sun shine, of clear days with snow, rain and fog. The winter was at an end about the middle of March, and some traces of reviving vegetation were perceptible about the 20th of that month. In the beginning of April, the days were very hot, and the nights so cold, that in the morning every thing was covered with hoar frost. On the 7th of April all the fruit trees were in blossom. Immediately after, it was so cold, that a fire was necessary in the chamber, for comfort, and this cold weather lasted a week long. Then again, it was very hot, and vegetation made a rapid progress. In the first days of May, it was full summer, but immediately after, November weather came on again. It rained, with a north east wind, and was cold. This lasted through all May. It rained every day, and then for a couple of hours was very hot. Then came a thunder shower, after which it was cold again. These sudden transitions continued likewise all through June. There were however some very fine days. In July, all of a sudden came on autumn. For after a day upon which Fahrenheit's thermometer, at least in Virginia, had risen to 90 degrees, the buckwheat and the Indian corn froze in the night. There are frozen boughs always to be seen upon every tree; and Dr. Rush writes that he has found traces of nightly frosts, every month in the year except July, which has now lost its exemption too, by this frost which I here notice. Mr. Jefferson in his book, asserts a remarkable circumstance, namely, that it often freezes when the thermometer stands *below* [above] the freezing point.

In August, the heat was insupportable, the nights often cold, and the mornings foggy. The heat often produced fainting fits, relaxed the bowels, excited pains, feverish affections, and I, for instance, by advice of a physician, could preserve myself

from a putrid fever only by taking pepper mint drops. The beginning of September again was cold and rainy. I travelled on foot into the mountains of Pennsylvania, along the Susquehannah. After a hot day I crossed the river with a cold wind, and was immediately seized with a fever, which however soon left me again. I found in general, numbers of people ill with fevers. In September it was hot again. Fair and unpleasant days alternately succeeded one another as usual, and in the first days of October it rained, with a cold storm and a north east wind. On the 7th of the same month I left America, with fair weather.

A general characteristic feature of the American climate, distinguishing it from that of Germany, may be stated, in the observation that the autumn in America, is of longer duration than in Germany. But the spring does not set in at all earlier. Mr. Muhlenberg, a botanist, told me, that the vegetables generally begin to start about the 17th of May. But the months of January and February are never entirely clear of snow and ice. A German may therefore easily conclude from what he has here seen, that in respect to pleasantness and healthiness of climate, he makes an exchange for the worse, by removing from his native country to the atlantic parts of North America.

MISCELLANY.

[The high admiration with which the Editor surveys the lofty genius and boundless resources of the brightest son of Chatham, urges him to preserve in this paper the testimony of contemporary gratitude given on the natal day of WILLIAM PITT. Since the time of Walsingham the councils of England have never been moulded by a wiser statesman; since the time of Cardinal Ximenes, perilous hours have never been faced by a more intrepid minister, than by the subject of the following article, whose splendid talents have drawn forth the struggling and reluctant praise of one of the most obstinate of his foes, and who has been ardently extolled as "a man formed and fitted by nature to benefit his country, and give it lustre, and who is justly admired abroad as the writer of this article admires him, because his views are liberal, and wide as the horizon, because he has no low, little, mean petty vices, and because he is of a nature not at all suited to be a creature, or a tool."]

MR. PITT'S BIRTH-DAY.

Yesterday being the Anniversary of the birth of the Right Honourable William Pitt, his friends chose to celebrate the same (a vote of censure having been moved, and a vote of thanks having been carried in the House of Commons), by a public dinner, advertised in all the papers to be given at the London Tavern. That house not being sufficiently large, the Merchant Taylors' Hall, and the rooms adjoining, were lent for the accommodation of the company. In the first were laid six tables, besides the cross table at the top, and the galleries at each end. In the Hall dined about 600, and in the adjoining rooms about 300: and many more would have joined, had there been tickets and room for them. A private passage, we understand, communicates from the London Tavern, to the Merchant Taylors' Hall, through which the dinner was served.

• Mr. Sheridan.

Notice being given, that no one would be admitted before four o'clock; at half past three numbers began to assemble at Threadneedle street; and at four, when the doors were opened, several hundreds were waiting for admission, in carriages as well as on foot. The press was excessive, and, as fast as the company could be admitted, the room was filled. The number of Noblemen, and Members of Parliament was very great. At one time, we could count half a dozen blue ribbons and stars, besides red ribbons, at the top of the room. The body of the room was filled with merchants and underwriters, chiefly from Lloyd's Coffee house—and we suppose there never was an occasion on which so great a part of the landed Aristocracy of the country dined under the same roof with so considerable a body of the commercial interest. The Noblemen present, we are assured, amounted to 140. The Members of the House of Commons were certainly as numerous.

Marquis Cornwallis, when he went up the room was very warmly applauded. Among the company, of which we do not pretend to give an accurate list, we noticed the Duke of Rutland; Marquises Cornwallis, Townshend, and Buckingham; Earls Camden and Spencer; Lords Bruce, Carrington, Temple, Grenville, Belgrave, Hood, Longueville, Mulgrave, Hawkesbury, Romney, and Woodhouse, Mr. G. Rose, Mr. C. Long, and Mr. Canning. Mr. T. Grenville, Mr. Windham, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Dent, Aldermen, Curtis, Price, Watson, Glynn, and Anderson.—There were the personal friends of Mr. Pitt in great numbers; those who made the present peace; and those who declared the present peace is ruin. A party of anti-pacifics entered together, viz. the Marquis of Buckingham, followed by Lord Grenville, Mr. T. Grenville, Mr. Windham, and Mr. Elliot. They met at the top of the room, and cordially saluted the peace-makers, viz. Marquis Cornwallis and Lord Hawkesbury. Each, by their conduct, seemed to think Mr. Pitt is for the Peace and Mr. Pitt is against it; and perhaps he himself cannot tell which side he is on.

The company were admitted at four, but the dinner was not served till six!—a monstrous time for city appetites! The dinner and wines were not equal to the charge; but the wines were really good, and this for such a dinner was ample recompense.

The heat of the hall was excessive. A large party, chiefly Noblemen and Members of Parliament, retired from the right of the top table, to an adjoining room to dinner.

As soon as the cloth was withdrawn, NON NOBIS DOMINE was sung by Mess. Dignum, Nield, &c. very charmingly. The first toast, *THE KING*, was drank with very loud applause, and *GOD SAVE THE KING*, was sung. Next followed the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and the rest of the Royal Family, each respectively saluted. Earl Spencer, who was in the chair, then rose to state that Mr. Pitt was expected to be present at the meeting; but a letter had been received from him, in which, while he expressed his high sense of the honour conferred by the company, he thought it would be indelicate that he himself should be present on that occasion merely complimentary to himself, and begged Earl Spencer would make his excuses. Earl Spencer, after having read Mr. Pitt's letter, proposed Mr. Pitt's health, which was drank with the utmost possible enthusiasm, and with three times three huzzas, handkerchiefs and hats waving, the room literally in a tumult of joy. The huzzas and plaudits were repeated over and over for at least ten minutes: the Gentlemen in the Galleries making signals with their handkerchiefs, and exciting fresh rounds of applause. When the tumult had subsided, Mr. Dignum was called upon for a song, and sung the following

SONG,

To the tune of the "Anacreontic."

To the Statesman, whose genius and judgment matur'd,
From Gallic ambition, 'midst Anarchy's cry.
To this country, her laws and her commerce secur'd;
Can Britons the grateful memorial deny?

No! just to his claim
Of a patriot's name,

They trust not his merit to posthumous fame:
Remember with pride what by Chatham was done,
And hallow the day that gave birth to his son.

Rome's Senate to her Worthies declared ovations,
With civic rewards she encircled their brows;
To a true British Worthly we pour our libations,
While our Senate her Order of merit bestows:

Amidst Europe's alarms,
With persuasion's blest charms,

Britain's Councils he led, rous'd her Heroes to arms:
In the dread wreck of nations her empire maintain'd,
Her spirit unconquer'd her credit unstain'd.

No Jacobin rites in our Fete shall prevail,
Our's the true feast of Reason—the soul's social flow—
Here we cherish the Friend and his virtues we hail,
But the Gallic fraternal Embrace disavow;

Impress'd with his worth,
We indulge in our mirth,

And bright shines the planet that rul'd at his birth.
Round the orbit of Britain, O! long may it move,
Like attendant satellites circling their Jove.

To the Councils of PITT* in an æra that's past,
Her high rank 'midst the nations this city may trace:
Though his statue may moulder, his mem'ry will last,
"The great and the good live again in their race."

Ere to time's distant day,
Our marble convey,

The fame that now blooms, and will know no decay:
Our Father's example our breasts shall inspire,
And we'll honor the Son, as they honor'd the Sire.

Printed copies of the above song, as well as of three others, were plentifully distributed about the tables before dinner. The above was written by Mr. George Rose, and was received with very great applause, the company joining chorus.

Nothing remarkable occurred in the toasts; the four great naval victories, and the naval heroes commanding were drank, viz. Earl Howe, and the first of June; Lord St. Vincent and the fourteenth of February; Lord Duncan and the eleventh of October; and Lord Nelson and the first of August. *The Wooden Walls of England*, were also given, and an appropriate glee sung. Dignum, after the toast of the *eleventh of October* sang, *Camperdown*. The army, the militia, and volunteers; the Lord Mayor, &c. &c. were drank. In the course of the evening the musical party sang the beautiful glee of *While the stormy winds do blow*. After which Earl Spencer immediately gave, *The Pilot who weathered the Storm*. A song having been previously distributed with this toast for its burthen, the toast was drank with enthusiasm, and reiterated plaudits, after which the song alluded to was sung by Dignum, as follows:

IF hush'd the loud whirlwind that ruffled the deep,
The sky if no longer dark tempests deform:
When our perils are past, shall our gratitude sleep?
No—Here's to the Pilot that weather'd the Storm!

At the footstool of Power let Flattery fawn;
Let Faction her idols extol to the skies;
To Virtue, in humble retirement withdrawn,
Unblam'd may the accents of Gratitude rise.

And shall not his mem'ry to Britain be dear,
Whose example with envy all nations behold—
A Statesman, unbiass'd by interest or fear,
By power uncorrupted, untainted by gold?

Who, when Terror and Doubt thro' the Universe reign'd,
While Rapine and Treason their standards unfurl'd,
The heart and the hopes of his country maintain'd;
And one kingdom preserv'd 'midst the wreck of the world.

* The late Earl of Chatham.

Unheeding, unthankful, we bask in the blaze,
While the beams of the sun in full Majesty shine;
When he sinks into twilight, with fondness we gaze,
And mark the mild lustre that gilds his decline.

So, PITT, when the course of thy greatness is o'er,
Thy talents, thy virtues, we fondly recall!
Now justly we prize thee, when lost we deplore,
Admir'd in thy zenith, but lov'd in thy fall!

O! take, then—for dangers by wisdom repell'd,
For evils, by courage and constancy brav'd—
O! take, for a Throne, by thy counsels upheld,
The thanks of a people, thy firmness has sav'd!

And O! if again the rude whirlwind should rise,
The dawning of peace should fresh darkness deform;
The regrets of the good, and the fears of the wise,
Shall turn to the Pilot that weather'd the storm!

This song was written by Mr. Canning, and every verse was followed by a loud burst of applause. The whole company was thrown into a transport of joy at the end of each stanza. Such was the successful effect of the song, that at a quarter before ten, Earl Spencer looking round how to conclude the evening handsomely, gave again the toast of *The Pilot who weathered the Storm*, and the song was repeated with still greater enthusiasm. After this Earl Spencer gave, *The Master and Wardens of the Merchant Taylor's Company*, and thanks to them for the use of their Hall. He then left the chair, and most of the distinguished personages withdrew. In the course of the evening, Sir R. Peele gave the health of the chairman, which was drank with loud applause, and Earl Spencer simply returned thanks.

[From the Loiterer.]

—Dissipat Evius.

Curas edaces.

Hor.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE LOITERER.

Though I know not in what degree of estimation you have been accustomed to hold the science of Alchemy, yet as the author of every useful invention has claim on the attention of the candid and liberal, I have made choice of your paper as the vehicle, to impart to my countrymen a discovery, which has for its object the health and happiness of some thousands of his majesty's subjects.

You must know, Sir, it was ever my opinion that there did exist such an universal panacea as should not only cure all diseases incident to the human body, and prolong life to its utmost period, but should be equally beneficial to our mental, as to our corporeal powers; should make us not only healthy, strong, and bold, but also learned, sagacious, and witty. In pursuance of this idea, I have devoted many years to the discovery of this valuable secret; have persevered in my search, in spite of the contempt, of the prejudiced, and the laughter of the gay; and now think the attention of my past life well rewarded, in being enabled to impart to my friends a secret, which will promote the happiness of theirs, and which (unlike the generality of modern projectors) I shall generously communicate to the public, without any subscription whatever.

Know then, Sir, and tell your readers, that this inestimable medicine, so long sought in vain, that its existence is almost become doubtful, is neither more nor less than *port wine*—which, I will venture to say, if taken in proper quantities, will answer every purpose of an universal medicine, and be found a most perfect restorative in all diseases both of body and mind—In proof of which assertion, I might bring numberless examples from among the young, and some from among the old, in this place; who, from a proper regard to their health, daily take a large dose of this mixture, which doubtless they would not give themselves the trouble of doing, did they not find it extremely

beneficial and salutary.—But in this case I rather choose to plead my own manner of life than theirs. An argument which ought to have the more weight, as I am, I believe, the first advertiser who ever swallowed his own medicine. My regular allowance, for I am regularity itself, is something more than a quart, which, according as I find my constitution require, I occasionally increase to three pints, and now and then to double that quantity, but never, on any account, diminish; being entirely of opinion, that the most of our complaints arise from poverty of blood, and having been all my life under apprehension of putrid disorders, to which, I am told, that my constitution is naturally inclined.—By the above-mentioned regimen, however, I have happily escaped them; and excepting a slight touch of the gout; in spring and autumn, and a few nervous tremblings (which I impute to having formerly drank too many diluting liquors) I enjoy at this moment a most perfect and uninterrupted state of health.—Nor am I less indebted to this valuable elixir for improving the qualities of my mind, than preserving the powers of my body, having by long experience observed, that my courage, generosity, and wit, always rise in exact proportion to the number of glasses I have drank. Indeed I have reason to believe I am not naturally conspicuous for any of the above qualifications; and in the morning am very careful how I expose either my person or property, to any unnecessary danger; and have heard it predicted by my most intimate friends (who are indeed always too much inclined to flatter one) that I shall never be taken up for a plot. But in the evening the case is exactly reversed; for my courage and generosity have often induced me to fight those with whom I had no quarrel, and give money to others for whom I had no regard; and the brilliancy of my wit is so redundant, that it seldom fails to get me turned out of the room.—But it is not in the hour of festivity, or amidst the social circle alone, that I am obliged to the assistance of this invigorating fluid; for I always find it wonderfully efficacious in raising my spirits, and restoring my good temper, whenever the carelessness of my landress, the awkwardness of my bedmaker, the blunders of the cook, or any other important misfortune has ruined the natural sweetness of my disposition. And I do hereby heartily recommend a very large dose of this medicine to those unfortunate young men, who, from the frowns of fortune, or of any other fickle fair one, have fallen into the deplorable state, which our politer neighbours dignify with the name *ennui*, but which plain Englishmen call the *blue devils*; and I will take upon me to assure them, that they will find, in this Lethæan draught, as complete an opiate to all their cares and sorrows, as in the torturing powder of arsenic, or the benumbing juice of the laurel. And in the prosecution of this plan two particular advantages will arise—first, that the medicine itself is by far the most pleasant and palatable of the two—and secondly, that if it should happen to fail, they would still have it in their power to try the others. For this, however, I must flatter myself, they would find no occasion, and am sanguine enough to imagine, that a proper use of this liquor would considerably lessen the bills of mortality; that our fashionable young men, would be thus enabled to bear up against all the various misfortunes which occur in this troublesome world; would rise superior to the losses of a Newmarket meeting, or an ill run at B——ks's, and would preserve their good temper and spirits, amidst the harsh blasts of the east, or the damps of an autumnal fog.

The utility, therefore, of the plan, must appear evident to every unprejudiced mind, when it is considered, how many fine young fellows, will, by this means be restored to their country and friends, who may encourage the manufactures, and increase the population of the metropolis; and at last be

honourably spitted in Kensington gravel-pits, or shot through the head in the gentlest manner, behind Montague-house. Not to mention the triumph which every Englishman must feel, in refuting the cruel sarcasms, which our neighbours have always thrown on us, for those ungentleman-like methods, of making our exit, with which our nation has been too long, and I fear to justly stigmatized; since we shall then shew them that our patience in bearing misfortunes, is equal to our spirit in bringing them on, and that after we have lost our estates, health, and reputation, we dare live to be hanged.—And should it be objected to me by the unbelieving, that like other schemers, I am a dupe to the enthusiasm of my temper, and ascribe powers and advantages to my favourite medicine, which it does not really possess; in answer to this I can assure them, that I have by me, a long and well attested list of cures, which I have already performed on those of my private friends, who have put themselves under my directions, and from which I shall at present select one, which I think will sufficiently establish the credit of the medicine with a *discerning public*.—A very intimate friend of mine, who was spending the last long vacation at a relation's house in the country, took it into his head (probably from want of something to do,) to fall more violently in love with a young lady, in the neighbourhood, than I hope, you or I, Mr. Loiterer, shall ever be as long as we live. The fair one, it seems, was, or pretended to be, insensible to his passion, and her cruelty had such a dreadful effect on him, that he was reduced in the course of a few weeks, from one of the jolliest fellows in the world, to the merest sighing swain that ever adorned the pages of romance. In this pitiful condition, he came to keep Michaelmas term. I saw in an instant what was the matter with him, and with some difficulty prevailed on him to submit to my regimen. Never was a case better hit—never was a cure more rapidly affected.—On the very first evening, after swallowing a bottle of this liquor, he appeared less absent and dejected than in the morning.—On the second was seen to smile.—On the third, knew several of his intimate friends who were in the room, and sometimes answered when he was spoken to.—On the fourth, fifth, and sixth, shewed evident symptoms of a restoration of reason, and at the expiration of the week, surprised us all, by jumping up from his chair, and singing with great taste and expression,

“And Chloe perhaps might have troubled my life,
“With crosses and losses, vexation and strife;
“But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
“And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty good thing.”

From this moment I pronounced him perfectly cured, and having cautioned him against a relapse suffered him at the end of the term to go back into the country.—But the most curious part of the story is, that the fair lady, who would not have any thing to say to him when he was dying for her, as soon as she found he cared not sixpence about her, began to think him a very fine young fellow; and I received last week a letter signed by both bridegroom and bride, thanking me in the warmest manner, and assuring me, that they considered themselves obliged to me, for their present happiness. Nor let this be wondered at, for it is one of the many advantages belonging to this medicine, that it gives to the most timorous and diffident that happy fluency in conversation and that pleasing ease and assurance of manner, which we all know makes us most acceptable companions to the fair, an advantage, which if you are a man of gallantry, Mr. Loiterer, you will think fully sufficient without any other to recommend it to every young man of spirit and taste.—With you, I believe, any more than myself, it stands not in need of any recommendation—for between ourselves, Mr. Loiterer, I have been long assured that you are no enemy to a bottle.—Horace says—

Fecundi caliceus quem non fecere diertum?

And I say—no man could write such papers as your's who drank water.—Let me then intreat you, sir, to persevere in your plan—avoid by all means the light sour French wines, which will infallibly corrupt your style, and render your thoughts meagre, weak, and insipid—whereas real genuine port, will give you that warmth of imagination, soundness of judgment, and brilliancy of wit, which I hope may long continue to distinguish your productions.—As I hear the dinner bell, I must now finish my letter, which I shall not do without assuring you, that whenever you will come and take your commons with me at—college, I shall be happy to drink a bottle with you (or two if you please) to the success of your work, and that

I am, Sir, your's, &c.
TOBY PEILPOT.

ON MUSIC AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

A DIALOGUE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

R. Busy at thy needle, hey! my friend? That it seems is preferable, just now, to the book, the key, the pencil.

L. It is necessary. Music and painting will not cloathe nor feed me. They are occasional amusements, and are far from being the business of my life. The pencil at least, music is something more.

R. Why what is music to you more than a mere recreation. I never have hitherto inquired, and wonder at myself for not doing so, into the manner in which you distribute your time. How much do you give to your music?

L. Regularly thirty or forty minutes in the twenty-four hours.

R. What is your instrument? and where do you keep it?

L. 'Tis a piano forte. I keep it in my chamber.

R. Why not in your drawing-room? when you wish to gratify your friends must you take them into your chamber?

L. I never gratify my friends with music. I am unable to do it. I should think myself culpable if I had bestowed that time on music, which is necessary to make me a proficient, and to qualify me for pleasing hearers of true taste. Those void of taste, those capable of being pleased with my performance, I should find no pleasure in pleasing.

R. And is that your motive for concealing your instrument?

L. It is one among several. That alone would suffice, but that is not all that influences me.

R. What others have you?

L. I select my friends and visitants for their intellectual and social merits. I invite them to converse with them, to mingle feelings and ideas with them, which can only be done, or, at least, can best be done, by speech. Should they prefer my music to my conversation, what could I infer but their want of a correct taste, or my want of affability or talents? and either inference would mortify my vanity or lower them in my opinion, and unfit them for visitants of mine. They must think lightly of my conversation, or I must think lightly of their judgment.

R. This is reasoning, I think, with too much refinement. In the first place, what you call proficiency in music, is ambiguous and indefinite. No doubt, he that devotes all his zeal and his time to any instrument, will still have something to learn, after forty or sixty years of application. Some new grace, some additional dexterity, will be daily and hourly acquired. At no time can it be said that he has gained all possible excellence; at no time will his friends be able to congratulate him upon having nothing more to learn, but if we cannot be pleased with any thing short of absolute excellence, it follows that no performance can ever please,

The truth is, that this like every other skill, is susceptible of innumerable degrees. The candid and judicious hearer will be pleased, in proportion to the degree of skill that is displayed. The highest degree of skill will please most, but that degree is unattainable. The lowest degree may please, in a low degree, but, nevertheless, will somewhat please him.

Beside, you must not forget of how complex and variable a kind is the pleasure of music. We are pleased with an air, not merely from the skill displayed, the mere fruit of application, memory, and habit, in subdividing time and melody, but in numberless associations flowing from the time, place, the company, the person, character and situation of the performer, and particularly, from the words or images of the stanza or the ode that is thus embellished.

And further, a pleasing performer is not made by merely mechanical command of muscles either of the voice or fingers. She must have sensibility and taste, and these may be gained or be possessed without eternal application to the wires or the gamut. As to sensibility and taste, I see no reason to deny them to you. As to skill, you once confessed, that for five years together, you never omitted to sing or play, once a day at least. Now, surely, this quantity of application, added to that taste, in which I cannot imagine you very deficient, must have qualified you to please the most select and judicious audience.

Your preference of talk to music is laudable, but not enough to justify the total neglect, or obstinate concealment of your music. There is a time, says the adage, for all things, and a season when it is a mark of wisdom even to play the fool. It must be granted that conversation is better than music, and that one topic of conversation is better than any other, but still, as it is necessary to vary conversation, by admitting different topics, it is requisite to diversify our intercourse by different employments. What say you to my arguments?

L. Excuse me if I say that they are inapplicable to the present case. Your general rule, like your adage, is true only with abundance of limitations. Possibly, there may arise cases, when music and cards may be proposed or encouraged, without impropriety; and when these cases occur, I endeavour cheerfully to conform to them; but they occur much oftener than is necessary. It is folly that generally creates them, and indolence that fosters. Very seldom, indeed, and never in my own house, where I endeavour to exempt myself from all impertinent and useless company, has it been necessary to while away the time by a game, or enliven the torpid attention by a tune.

R. So, you place the harpsichord and whist table on the same level. They are equally, you think, time-killers and impertinents? I cannot agree with you. The pleasure of music is not merely sensual. It suspends, to be sure, for a time, but does not incapacitate for conversation. It illuminates the fancy, stimulates reflection, and calls forth, not merely innocent, but laudable and generous emotions, and this is far more the tendency of vocal and social strains, than of instrumental and solitary symphonies, in which it seems you are not unwilling to indulge yourself. I think you said you devote to your minuet some minutes daily.

L. I do, but my motive will, perhaps justify me.

R. What is your motive?

L. I owe duty to my maker; not only the worship that consists in conforming, in sentiments and actions to his known will, but in gratitude and homage. These emotions prompt me to utterance and to musical utterance. I love to give voice to my devotion, and to accompany my voice with the *forte* and *piano* of my instrument.

I have gradually, without much design, studied into some regularity in this respect, and have for some years set apart, an half hour before I go to rest, and made it sacred to an hymn. Thoughts, suitable to this office, I have found most readily to occur in night, stillness, and solitude: I have never been fortunate enough to associate in a domestic way, with one capable or willing to join with me in this service. From the nature of the human mind, perhaps, or merely from peculiarities of constitution or habit in myself, I find company of any kind, the glare of day, or of numerous lights, tend to divert and bewilder my attention. I must have power to enter into my own thoughts, darkness and stillness must surround me; the business of the day must be passed, and I must be alone, before I can muse myself into the seriousness and ardour of devotion, before I can commune with my own heart, or raise my affections to my maker.

R. But is that your only religion? do not you approve of social worship?

L. Certainly, but my approbation of public, does not require me to condemn or to intermit the duties of private worship. In the sect, to which I belong, you know that public worship occurs but one day in the seven, but I should think myself culpable in not making it a daily office.

R. But you spoke just now of the tendency of company, and glare and noises to dissipate attention and counteract devout impulses.

L. True, but I spoke only of this tendency in relation to myself; others may have different habits or a different constitution, and in that respect their rectitude and zeal may be superior to mine. Heaven forbid that I should deny zeal or sincerity to those who confine their oraisons to the church on the Sabbath. I only hint that night is the season, and my closet is the place, most favourable to my devotions.

And this, perhaps, has arisen from peculiar circumstances. I left my country when very young, and went to reside among a people who were of a religious profession different from mine. My father was not an irreligious man, but he was religious by habit, and merely in form. Piety consisted with him in going to church, paying his tythe, and dressing himself sprucely on Sundays. There being no congregation established, nor rector supported near him, he thought himself acquitted of the duty of church going, and imagined there was guilt in frequenting himself, or allowing me, his daughter, to frequent the Presbyterian place of worship.

I was young, pliable, and obsequious in consequence of my youthful diffidence and of my father's authoritative deportment. Strange faces startled me, as strange forms disgusted him. I was obliged to content myself therefore, and was easily contented with worshipping on Sundays as unformally as on other days. Habit, while it facilitated and endeared to me this practice, made every other productive of constraint, cold, embarrassing, unprofitable.

R. But your situation is now changed. In New-York you have splendid and commodious churches, and celebrated teachers of your own sect.

L. And yet, (perhaps I ought to say it to my shame) I am far from being a punctual attendant. I am no theologian. I have never dived into controversies, nor gotten creeds and confessions by heart. I am far from denying the utility, or even, in general, the necessity of public worship, but to me it is not, I am inclined to think, either useful or necessary.

Yet I do not estrange myself wholly from church. When all circumstances favour, I go, but I readily permit bad weather or bad health to prevent me from going. Besides, I am no admirer of the preachers whom I hear. Had they more eloquence or more wisdom in their sermons, my taste, if not

my piety, would lead me oftener to the church than I am now led.

R. But to return to your music. In what way do you make it subservient to devotion? what pieces do you play?

L. My scheme, I confess to you, is a very strange one. I never play from a book, and can hardly be said to play from memory.

R. Indeed? how then? are you an *improvisista*?

L. I will tell you how it came. I went to live, as I said, when very young, not more than fourteen, with my father, at ———. I gradually became sociable and intimate with the young ladies of the place. One of them, some years older than myself, was fond of her piano forte, and I, by frequently seeing and hearing her performance, grew fond of it also; she allowed me and even persuaded me to thrum it now and then, and assisted me by her instructions till, in a few months, I could execute a simple tune, a march or a minuet, with tolerable accuracy as to time.

At length, my friend accepted an invitation to spend a winter at New-York, and offered me, meanwhile, the use of her instrument during her absence, which I freely accepted. My father had no pleasure in music, and even condemned it as a waste of time, and as unsuitable to the station in which I was placed. His reasonings had some influence on my judgment, but I thought myself bound to conform to her wishes. I obtained his consent to my receiving the instrument on condition, as he said, that I would keep it out of sight, and give to it but a very few minutes in the day.

During the lightsome and wakeful hours, I was sufficiently employed in attendance upon him, with my books, pen, and household affairs. It was only when the day's occupations and amusements were over, and I withdrew to my chamber, that I found time to be musical; but that was the hour in which I had used myself to offer up the tribute of my gratitude and penitence to Heaven. This office I could not, on any account, relinquish or encroach upon. What then was I to do?

The solemn strains which my friend had sometimes played in my hearing, had frequently and in a powerful degree, soothed and elevated my thoughts. They inspired me with awfulness and rapture. Reflecting on this, and on the union there had always been, in every species of worship, between devotion and music, methought I could not do better than to make them coalesce on this occasion.

I began, therefore, with the simple tune of which I was mistress, and contrived to adapt to it spontaneously the words which occurred to me at the fleeting moment. I never played according to set forms. I was accustomed to lean upon my pillow, collect and fix my thoughts on Providence and Heaven, and utter, lowly, indistinctly, the suggestions of the moment.

To this practice I still partly adhered, but now modulated my accent into some accordance with my instrument. I did not strive after numbers or rhyme. These were restraints wholly unsuited to my purpose or my inclination. I kept to the tune that I had learned; sometimes was silent for a minute, then uttered a word or syllable that chanced to come, and endeavoured, not at first, with constant success to make my voice coincide with the key.

I love to look back upon some parts of my life. To trace my present situation, views, and capacities to their earliest original; their beginnings and their progress, but to describe these would make me, I fear, a tedious companion.

R. Lay aside that apprehension, I beseech you. You cannot please me more than by such details. I pray you go on, and be as minute as possible.

(To be continued.)

CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

They who are apprized of the Editor's partiality for the *ANCIENTS*, and of his admiration of W. GIFFORD, the most successful student in the school of Pope, can easily imagine the pleasure, with which the pages of the new translation of *JUVENAL* have been inspected. The defects of the prior versions are now generally understood. The harshness of *Holiday*, the peccantry of *Stapleton*, the carelessness of *Dryden*, the imbecility of his associates, and the stiffness of *Owen*, are notorious to every polite scholar. Dr. JOHNSON alone had exhibited a likeness of the indignant bard; but, to pursue the allusion, it was only a half-length, a miniature, and men fondly hoped it was reserved for *CHURCHILL* to give a complete and vivid picture of a satirist, whose genius was declamatory, and whose voice was indignant like his own. But *Churchill*, between his profligacy and his patriotism, between the nocturnal debauch of *Beckford*, and the despicable politics of *Joan Wilkes*, between the dreams of an excursive fancy, and the seducing indolence of the ingenious *Lloyd*, had little time, and, perhaps, less inclination, for so momentous, and so grave a work. This task, at once virtuous, lofty, and severe, was reserved for Mr. Gifford, who, in his "*Bavard and Mæviad*," one of the most pungent and elegant of modern satires, had given the amplest promise of his talents for translation. This elegant version, from the London press, appears before us in all that splendour, with which elegant letters should be ever invested in an enlightened and munificent nation. It is in a superb quarto, printed by *Bulmer*, and sold by the *Nicolls*, booksellers to the King. It is both correctly and beautifully executed; and they, who fancy the soul may be discerned in the face, will be gratified by the spirited portrait of the translator, engraved from an original picture by his friend *Hoppner*, one of the Royal Academicians.

Of the translation itself we shall speak somewhat largely on another occasion. We shall only add that it is given in such ardent and energetic words, as *Juvenal* would have himself employed, had *Juvenal* been an Englishman. It has all the dignity of the original. It is enriched with much agreeable preliminary matter, and the notes, copious and learned, present a charming parterre of miscellany.

We perceive with very high satisfaction, that *John Morgan*, of this city, and *Ezra Sargeant*, of New-York, booksellers, have undertaken to publish a splendid Edition in America. There is no doubt of its elegant execution, and its liberal encouragement. Our wishes are cordial for its early appearance. For the honour of learning, we shall exult to behold the wide diffusion of *GIFFORD'S* fame, and an eager admiration of the *ANCIENT*, whose features he has so gracefully copied. In despite of the new doctors of the rights of Literature, and of a false philosophy, superficial as the French coxcombs who gave it birth, CLASSICAL LEARNING will be cherished by every genuine scholar; and when republican froth has evaporated, and ephemeral innovations shall have skulked away, Athenian and Roman wisdom and beauty will continue permanent.

"Dum jugo montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit."

* This is supposed to be the gentleman, whom the Poet in the conclusion of one of his satires, thus affectionately apostrophizes

Thou too, my Hoppner! if my wish availed,
Shouldst praise the strain that but for thee had failed:
Thou knowest, when Indolence possessed me all,
How oft I roused at thy inspiring call;
Burst from the Siren's fascinating power,
And gave the Muse thou lov'st, one studious hour.
Proud of thy friend-hip, while the voice of fame
Pursues thy merits with a loud acclaim,

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

Looking this evening into *Heron's* observations, made in a journey through the western counties of Scotland, a book of travels not read so much as it deserves, I lighted upon a description of his passage across the Frith of Forth. Our tourist here takes occasion to advert to the dangers formerly experienced in this navigation, and mentions, that at an early epoch, some of the Scottish nobility were shipwrecked in a voyage, at an inclement season, under *Sir Patrick Spence*. The ballad, in which this melancholy event is recorded, *Mr. Heron* tells us he remembered to have heard sung to him in his infancy by one of his ancient relations, and our sentimental traveller indulges a Scotsman's pride, and a poet's associations by inserting it in his book. Addison, with no ill-supported sally of enthusiasm, introduced *Chey Chace* into his *Spectator*, and I may be permitted, by those who remember my Scottish prejudices, to copy a Caledonian ballad with all its rudeness of dialect and hoar of age.

The king sits in Dumferling toun,
Drinking the blude reid wine;
O whar will I get a guid sailor,
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right ne,
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,
That sails upon the see.

The king has writt'n a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi his hand;
And sent it to *Sir Patrick Spence*,
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that *Sir Patrick* red,
A loud laugh lauched he:
The next line that *Sir Patrick* red
The tier blinded his ee.

O wha is this has don this deed,
This ill deed don to me;
To send me out this time of the zeir
To sail upon the se.

Mak haste, mak haste, my merry men
Our guid schip, sails the morn,
O, say ra sae, my maister deir,
For I fear a deadly storme.

I share the triumph; not displeased to see
Our kindred destinies... for thou, like me,
Wast thrown too soon on the world's dangerous tide,
To sink or swim, as chance might best decide.
We, all too weak to gain the distant land,
The waves had whelm'd, but that an outstretch'd hand
Kindly upheld, when now with fear unnerv'd....
And still protects the life it then preserv'd.
Thee, powers untried, perhaps untell before,
Enabled, though with pain, to reach the shore,
While *Wlat* stood by, the doubtful strife to view,
Nor lent a friendly arm to help thee through.
Nor ceased the labour there: Haste, ill-suppress,
Advantage took of thy ingenious breast,
Where saving wisdom yet had plac'd no screen,
But every word, and every thought was seen,
To darkness all thy life..... 'Tis past: more bright
Through the departing gloom thou strik'st the sight;
While baffled malice hastes thy powers to own,
And wonders at the worth so long unknown.

I too, whose voice no claims but truth's e'er mov'd,
Who long have seen thy merits, long have loved,
Yet loved in silence, lest the rout should say
Too partial friendship tuned the applauding lay;
Now, now that all conspire thy name to raise,
May join the shout of unsuspected praise.

Go then, since the long struggle now is o'er,
And envy can obstruct thy fame no more;
With ardent hand thy magic toil pursue;
And pour fresh wonders on our rapin'd view.
One *Sun* is set, one *Glorious Sun*; whose rays
Long gladdened Britain with no common blaze:
O, may'st thou soon (for clouds begin to rise)
Assert his station in the eastern skies,
Glow with his fires, and give the world to see
Another *Reynolds* risen, My Friend, in thee.

Late, late, yestreen I saw the nau moone
Wi' the auld moone in her arme,
And I fear, I fear, my dear maister
That we will come to harnie.

O, our Scots nobles were richt laith
To wet their cork heil'd schoone,
But large ome at the play wer play'd
Their hats they swam aboome.

O, lang, lang may their ladies sit
Wi' their fans into their hand
Or eir they see *Sir Patrick Spence*
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
Wi' their gold kems in their hair,
Waiting for their ain dier lairds,
For they'll se them na mair.

Have care, have care to *Aberdour*,
Its fif fathom deep;
And their lies good *Sir Patrick Spence*,
Wi' the Scots lairds at his feet.

So frail were then the stoutest vessels in the Scottish navy; so fearful its most skilful mariners; so difficult the navigation of the Frith of Forth. Beside these circumstances, this ballad commemorates facts, illustrative of the manners of these times. It was then a fashion prevalent among the nobility, to wear cork-heel'd shoes. The ladies used fans and wore no ornaments on the head except a comb, restraining the hair. The hat, not the *Scottish blue bonnet*, was the fashionable stile for the men. Nor are these simple strains destitute of poetical merit. There is a beauty in the manner in which *Sir Patrick Spence* is represented as passing hastily from his reflections on the probable danger to which he was injudiciously, or maliciously exposed, to give orders for the necessary preparations for his voyage; in the image introduced by the sailor, who wished to divert him from his purpose; in the abrupt transition to the fatal consequences of this ill-timed voyage; and in the images by which the distress of its miscarriage is marked.

When I am disappointed, during the day, of receiving my share of pleasure and improvement from colloquial intercourse with those who converse sensibly, I commonly take up *Boswell's Johnson* as an excellent substitute for vivacious conversation on topics of taste and literature. The following remark of *Dr. JOHNSON* is quite to my taste.

"Sir, there is one Mrs. Macaulay* in this town, a great republican. One day, when I was at her house, I put on a very grave countenance, and said to her, 'Madam I am now become a convert to your way of thinking. I am convinced that all mankind are upon an equal footing; and to give you an unquestionable proof, madam, that I am in earnest, here is a very sensible, civil, well-behaved fellow-citizen, your footman. I desire that he may be allowed to sit down and dine with us.' I thus, sir, shewed the absurdity of the levelling doctrine. Sir your levellers wish to level down, as far as themselves, but they cannot bear levelling up to themselves."

* When some historians meet with any information in favour of those personages, whom they have chosen to execrate, as it were, systematically, they employ forgeries, interpolations, or still more effectual villainy. Mrs. Macaulay, when she consulted the MSS. at the British museum, was accustomed, in her historical researches, when she came to any passage, unbecomingly to her party, or, in favour of the *STUARTS*, to destroy the page of the MSS. These dilapidations were at length perceived, and she was watched. The Harleian MS. 7379, will go down to posterity as an eternal testimony of her historical impartiality. It is a collection of state letters. This MS. has three pages entirely torn out; and it has a note, signed by the principal librarian that, on such a day, the MS. was delivered to her, and the same day the pages were found to be destroyed.

See *Dr. Lisle's Dissertation on Anecdotes*,
Edition of 1793, pages 69 and 70.

This statement of the *honesty* of this republican hater of good principles is copied faithfully from the works of an elegant scholar, who, to use his own words, "was induced to notice this singular occurrence, not by design, but by accident; with no other view than that of literary instruction, and for no other party than that of truth."

Mr. Pye, the present laureat, in his summer's retirement, has lately amused himself by twining another poetical wreath. The following is one of the flowers.

SONNET WRITTEN AT CLIEFDEN SPRING.

Majestic Thames, whose ample current flows,
The wood reflecting in its silver tide,
Which hanging from the hills, that grace thy side
O'er this clear fount its massy foliage throws;
Here on thy brink my limbs again repose:
Yet though thy waves Augusta's towers divide,
Or by the foot of princely Windsor glide:
Still with more heartfelt joy my bosom glows,
While Memory shows by Isis virgin stream
Where first I woud the witching powers of song,
As wrapt in Fancy's dear delusive dream,
I desultory rovd her banks along,
Nor ask'd a brighter wreath to grace my theme
Than humbly grew her willow shades among.

Mr. Gibbon, in his unrestrained correspondence with lord Sheffield, introduces the following opinions, which are the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I care not how they are relished by the fanatics of democracy.

"I beg leave to subscribe my assent to Mr. BURKE's creed on the revolution of France. I admire his eloquence, I approve his politics, I adore his chivalry, and I can almost excuse his reverence for church establishments. I have sometimes thought of writing a dialogue of the dead, in which Lucian, Erasmus, and Voltaire should mutually acknowledge the danger of exposing an old superstition to the contempt of the *blind and fanatic multitude*."

Speaking of the progress of the republican infection in Switzerland, he says:

"The fanatic missionaries of sedition have scattered the seeds of discontent in our cities and villages, which had flourished above 300 years, without fearing the approach of war, or feeling the weight of government."

On the receipt of the rueful intelligence of the murder of Louis, he makes the following reflections:

"An innocent and well disposed prince has paid the forfeit of the sins of his predecessors; of the ambition of Louis XIV, of the profusion of Louis XV. The French nation had a glorious opportunity, but they have abused, and have lost their advantages. If they had been content with a liberal translation of our system, if they had respected the prerogatives of the crown, and the privileges of the nobles, they might have raised a solid fabric ON THE ONLY TRUE FOUNDATION, THE NATURAL ARISTOCRACY OF A GREAT COUNTRY. How different is the prospect! Their King brought a captive to Paris, after his palace had been stained by the blood of his guards; the nobles in exile; the clergy plundered in a way which strikes at the root of all property; the capital an independent republic; the union of the provinces dissolved; the flames of discord kindled by the worst of men (in that light I consider Mirabeau); and the most honest of the assembly a set of wild visionaries, (like our "Dr. Price,) who gravely debate and dream about the establishment of a pure and perfect democracy of five and twenty millions, the virtues of the golden age and the primitive rights and equality of mankind, which would lead, in fair reasoning, to an equal partition of lands and money."

* The old Jewry cashier of Kings. Of this precious Puritan see a full length and loathsome picture in Burke's reflections.

From the ingenious, wise, and correct Miss HAMILTON, we copy the following sensible remarks on the discipline of children. This lady, of the old school, knows nothing of those rights of infants, and that insolence of the cradle, so finely understood and so confidently taught in this free country.

"The idea of obedience ought to be early and firmly associated with ideas of security and happiness. In the education of youth were all prohibitions made absolute, and the necessity of issuing them guarded against as much as possible, so that they should not often occur, it would go far towards rendering obedience natural and easy; for it would then appear a matter of necessity and as such be submitted to without reluctance.

"I was some years ago intimately acquainted with a respectable and happy family, where the behaviour of the children excited my admiration. One morning, on entering the drawing room, I found the little group of laughing cherubs at high play round their fond mother, who was encouraging their sportive vivacity, which was, at that time, noisy enough, but which, on my entrance, she hushed by a single word. No bad humour followed. But as the spirits, which had been elevated by the preceding amusement, could not at once sink into a state of quiescence, the judicious mother did not require what she knew could not, without difficulty, be complied with, but calmly addressing them, gave the choice of remaining in the room without making any noise, or of going to their own apartment, where they might make what noise they pleased. The eldest and youngest of the four preferred the former, while the two others went away to the nursery. Those who staid with us, amused themselves by cutting paper in a corner, without giving any interruption to our conversation. I could not refrain from expressing my admiration at their behaviour, and begged to know by what art she had attained such a perfect government of her children's wills and actions. By no art, returned this excellent parent, but that of teaching them from the very cradle an *implicit submission*. Having never once been permitted to disobey me, they have no idea of attempting it; but, you see, I always give them a choice when it can be done with propriety; if it cannot, whatever I say they know to be a law, like that of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not."

I transcribe from Sir William Jones another of the Odes of Hafiz. If this introduction will induce our friend, O, to give it a poetical dress, fifteen minutes of this evening will not be employed wholly in vain.

"May the hand never shake which gathered the grapes! May the foot never slip which pressed them!"

"That poignant liquor, which the zealot calls the mother of sins, is pleasanter and sweeter to me than the kisses of a maiden.

"Wine two years old and a damsel of fourteen, are sufficient society for me above all companies great and small.

"How delightful is dancing to lively notes, and the cheerful melody of the flute, especially when we touch the hand of a beautiful girl.

"Call for wine and scatter flowers around; what more canst thou ask from Fate? Thus spoke the Nightingale this morning: what sayst thou, sweet rose, to his precepts?"

"Bring thy couch to the garden of roses, that thou mayest kiss the cheeks and lips of lovely damsels, quaff rich wine, and smell odoriferous blossoms.

"O branch of an exquisite rose plant, for whose sake dost thou grow? Ah! on whom will that smiling rose bud confer delight?"

"The rose would have discoursed on the beauties of my charmer, but the gale was jealous and stole her breath, before she spoke."

In this age, the only friends, who are free from blemish, are a flask of pure wine, and a volume of elegant love songs.

In the first volume of the works of this elegant orientalist, after his dissertation on the mystical poetry of the Persians, he has introduced a little pastoral drama, called *Gi ta govinda*, or the songs of *Jayadeva*. The whole is too long for translation, and, indeed, many parts are local, trifling, or obscure. But a selection might be made of very brilliant couplets, which would exhibit most of the *loves and graces* in poetry.

LEVITY.

SPECIMEN OF BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—(no matter what) his parents were (no matter who) he had a pleasant, chubby, countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms—said *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—a *sweet baby*.

After this he began to walk alone, went from one end of the room to the other, spoke *pa* and *ma* and several other words very distinctly, and looked so charming, that every one declared he was—a *pretty boy*.

He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a short lesson in the spelling book, and repeat it to his papa and mama by heart (on condition of receiving a slice of plumb cake) and was always desired to walk in and be admitted by the company who all agreed that he was—a *charming child*.

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech, and which he delivered in such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—a *wonderful boy for his years*.

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, Arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled, at least, if not excelled his fellow scholars in his proficiency, but playing so many droll tricks at the expense of ushers, and his school fellows, that they had no scruple in pronouncing him—a *clever lad*.

He was next sent to college, where he out did all his competitors in the midnight frolic, played an excellent hand at whist, learned to drink his bottle, and was so pleasant at singing a catch or glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him the epithet of—a *promising fellow*.

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bedmaker or his laundress's daughters; when his parents were informed of his gallantries, they cried out in exstasy that he was—a *wild dog*.

His term being over, he was sent to London, placed in one of the inns of court, proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances, with whom he drank, gamed, and saw fights; he was the life and soul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly, old benchers of the inns shook their heads, and declared he was—a *fine dashing fellow*.

In his anxiety to see the world he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's to the cellars in St. Giles—and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—a *queer dog and no fool*.

He now began to dress in stile, dine in stile, give dinners in stile, and keep women in stile. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box lobbies of the theatres his person was an object—his opinion a law—and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as—a *back*.

In process of time, he learned to judge of horse flesh, frequented the races, betted considerably on the favourite horse of the day, and won large sums—Lords now shook hands with him, grave senators asked his opinion, not on *state* but *stable* affairs; and he was known in the Turf coffee-houses as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was—a *knowing one*.

But, some how or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands, began to decrease; he was less successful in his betts; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous; money must be had; and to get it he ventured on many schemes, which the world does not approve of nor think quite consistent with honesty, and became—a *black leg*.

Amid all this he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with *inconstant constancy*; and with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—a *Devil among the women*.

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards and swore—*ash Got's my shudge he ish no Chreshstain!*

After this he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age, having gone through, besides the characters before mentioned, several others, such as an Odd Fellow—Hearty Cock—Pleasant Dog, &c. At length, his whole course being run, he died at his lodgings at a hair dresser's in Barbican, leaving his moveables and personal effects to an old woman, who swept his room, made his bed, and tucked him up, which occasioned people to say,—“He was still the *old man*.”

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expense off the shoulders of his wealthy OLD FRIENDS, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, “poor devil! What, is he dead!—Well, I knew him once a *fine fellow*!”

DRAMA.

MR. KING, the Comedian of Drury-Lane Theatre.—This popular performer took his leave of the town in his professional capacity on the 24th of May, in the part of Sir *Peter Teazle*, in Mr. Sheridan's admired Comedy of the *School for Scandal*, which, considering his advanced years, and infirm health, he played extremely well.

After the ballet of *The Festival of Bacchus*, Mr. King came forward, attended by Mr. Charles Kemble, who kindly officiated as his Prompter, lest on such a trying occasion his memory should accidentally fail him, while he delivered the following Address, written by Richard Cumberland, Esq.

Whilst in my heart those feelings yet survive,
That keep respect and gratitude alive,
Feelings, which though all others should decay,
Will be the last that time can bear away,
The fate that none can fly from, I invite,
And doom my own dramatic death this night.
Patrons farewell! though you still kindly my defects
would spare,

Constant indulgence who would wish to bear!
Who that retains the sense of better days
Can sue for pardon, whilst he pants for praise?
On well-earn'd fame the mind with pride reflects,
But pity sinks the man whom it protects.
Your Fathers had my strength. My only claim
Was zeal, their favour was my only fame.
If late, too often when the whole was due
I've paid half service to the Muse and you;
Not what I was I now decline the field
And ground those arms which I but feebly wield,
The poet, nearly breathless, lame, or blind,
Whilst the Muse vents his creative mind,
Continues wearing his immortal wreath—
Lives in his fame, and triumphs over death—

Whilst every chance that deals the passing blow,
Lays the poor actor's short-lived trophies low:
That chance has come to me that comes to all,
My drama done, I let the Curtain fall.

As soon as Mr. King had made his bow, Mrs. Jordan came on the stage, and gracefully led him to the green-room, which he found filled with all the performers.—Mr. Dowton, after allowing Mr. King a little breathing time, then came up to him to beg him to take a cheerful draught out of a silver cup, which his brothers and sisters of the *Sock and Buskin*, begged him to do them the favour to accept as a trifling token of their regard and grateful remembrance of his merit as a Comedian, and his uniform friendly conduct towards them all, during the many years he had continued to please the public before the curtain, and endear himself to them behind it. Mr. King, in a tone that expressed his feelings, declared the deep sense he should ever entertain of this most affectionate mark of their regard and esteem, and assured them, that if his health permitted, he should gratify himself with the pleasure of frequently coming among them. The cup was then handed round, and all the ladies and gentlemen of the Theatre drank Mr. King's health.

The cup and salver to it, are most elegantly engraved. On the former is an inscription, signifying the cause and occasion of the present, with all the Performers' names (contributors to it) engraved upon it, and on the base of it is the following motto, from a scene in the fifth act of Henry the Fifth.

“If he be not fellow with the best King,
“Thou shalt find the best King of good fellows.”

The salver, which was a noble one, was decorated richly, and had Mr. King's arms splendidly engraved in the centre.

The present, and manner of it, does great credit to the performers of Drury-lane theatre, and the profession in general.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

GIFFORD'S JUVENAL.

The singular merit of the writings of that justly celebrated satirist, *Juvenal*, is so generally known and acknowledged, that a *recommenda*tion of a new edition to the American public, would, we fear, be considered as an indignity offered to their judgment, their taste, and skill in classical literature, more especially as the translation is from the keen and polished pen of WILLIAM GIFFORD, between whom and the Roman poet, there exists a striking similarity in poignant satire, and brilliant diction, as to render him, beyond all preceding translators, admirably qualified not only accurately to communicate, but highly to ornament, in an English version, the correct and glowing ideas of a splendid satirist, whose strictures are levelled against vices which prevail in every age; and whose philosophic reflections are calculated to improve the morals and refine the manners of every nation.

In the present version, the deficiencies and errors of the earlier translators, have been sedulously and successfully avoided; and we hesitate not to assert, that the nature, spirit, and beauties of the original are more faithfully and forcibly infused into our language in this, than in any translation which has yet appeared.

The publishers assure their patrons, that no exertions or expense shall be wanting to give every degree of elegance, which a new type, hot-pressed paper, and a highly finished portrait of Mr. Gifford, can add to the undertaking.

A succinct life of *Juvenal* is prefixed to this work, and a biography of his learned and judicious translator, written in a style so pure, modest, and pathetic, as highly to interest and gratify every reader.

We cannot resist the temptation of copying as a select specimen of this golden work, a few couplets

from the dignified Exordium to the tenth Satire; one of the most moral of poems; which has excited the admiration even of licentious wit, and deserves the liberal commendation of an Ecclesiastical dignitary,

“Omnibus in tems, quæ sunt a Godibus usque
“Auroram et Gorgem, etc—

In every clime, from Ganges' distant stream
To Gades, gilded by the western beam,
Few, from the clouds of mental error free,
In its true light, or Good, or Evil see.

The traveller, freighted with a little wealth,
Sets forth at night and makes his way by stealth,
E'en then he fears the bludgeon and the blade,
And starts at every rush's waving shade;
While, void of care, the beggar trips along,
And, in the spoiler's presence, trolls his song.

The first great wish we all with rapture own,
The general cry, to every temple known,
Is GOLD, GOLD, GOLD! “O, give us gold, ye Powers,
“And let our neighbour's coffers yield to ours!”
Yet more from Earthen bowls destruction sip:
Dread then the baneful draught, when at thy lip,
The goblet mantles, graced with gems divine
And the broad gold inflames the Seine wine.

What crowds, by envied Power, the wish of all,
Are hurld from high; press'd in their rapid fall,
By cumbrous names! the statues tumbled down,
And dragg'd by hooting thousands through the town;
The cars upturn'd, the wheels to shivers broke,
And the steeds f acur'd by the axe's stroke!—
Then roar the fires; the sooty artist blows,
And all Sejanus in the furnace glows;
Sejanus once, so honour'd, so ador'd
And only second to the world's great lord,
Runs glittering from the mould in cups and cans,
And such mean things, in pitchers, pots, and pans.

The urchin, whom a slave conducts to school,
Has scarce acquir'd his first and easiest rule,
Ere ardent hopes his little bosom seize,
To rival Tully and Demosthenes
In ELOQUENCE and FAME: for this he prays,
And plagues Minerva through her sacred days.

Yet, both these orators, in evil hours,
Prov'd the sad victims of persuasive powers,
Both found it fatal to harangue too well,
And that by steel, and this by poison fell.

The conclusion of this grave satire, from the pen of a pagan bard, is worthy of the most fervent piety of a Christian Bishop.

Thy pious offerings to the temples bear
And, while the altars blaze, be this thy prayer.
O, Thou, who seest the wants of human kind,
Grant me all *health of body, health of mind*,
A soul prepar'd to meet the powers of fate,
And look undaunted on a future state;
That reckons death a blessing, yet can bear
Existence nobly with its weight of care;
That anger and desire alike restrains,
And counts Alcides' toils and cruel pains
Superior to the feasts and wanton sports
And morbid softness of the Assyrian courts.

Thou to give thyself mayst well suffice:
The only path to peace through virtue lies.
O Fortune, Fortune! all thy boasted powers
Would shrink to nothing, were but Prudence ours;
But man, fond man, exalts thee to the spheres,
And clothes thee in the attributes he fears.

The original is one of the noblest flights of Roman eloquence, and one of the holiest aspirations of Roman piety. The translation is worthy of the diamond pen of William Gifford, a writer whom one feels proud to commend, and who always gives us the most sterling sense in the most nervous expression.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our correspondent may have a complete idea of what we mean by a “finished man at this exigent moment” in the political year, by looking at the following lines.

Supremely wise, when wisdom's wanted,
Prudent, when caution is a merit;
Upright, inflexible, undaunted,
Pure and enlightened, like a spirit.
Sworn enemy to falsehood base,
Against corruption firm and steady;
Not for one single beat or race,
But always booted, always ready.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

New-York, September 26, 1802.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The following is the production of a young American, and was written during our revolutionary war. I send it to you for publication, knowing that by giving it a place in your valuable paper, you will rescue it from an unmerited oblivion.

Your humble servant,
O.....]

THE SOW'S LAMENTATION.

The darkened sky obscures the opening dawn,
And blackening clouds hang heavy o'er the lawn.
Deep glooms the morn, all Nature's aspect low'rs,
And sympathetic mourns a fate like ours.
Sad omens these to heart distressed like mine,
Torn at the ills prepared for you my swine.
For this the day by destiny decreed;
The day in which, my pigings, you must bleed,
Bend your young throats to the relentless knife,
And e'er you scarce have lived; relinquish life.
Ah! how shall I endure the tragic blow;
Ah! how support the mighty weight of woe:
Doomed by consuming pains to slow decay,
Of griefs incessant the perpetual prey...
Forever blasted be his hated name,
Complete his misery, and his portion shame:
Who first proposed this barbarous mode of praise,
And usher'd in these dire *thanksgiving days*;
For this, alas! in earliest youth must die,
The fairest pigs that ever graced a sty.
Say, could nought else compose the chosen feast,
Or save from slaughter the devoted beast?
What then avails, that goodly pumpkins grow,
That from the stalks, new sweets are forc'd to flow?
Not all the pumpkins that their fields afford,
Nor treacle plenteous streaming from the board;
Nor frothing flip, nor richly ginger'd pyes
Can save: my shoats must fall a sacrifice.
Oh! had I died while pregnant yet and big;
Curst be the hour that I conceived with pig.
Far happier me that I had ne'er been born
To glut with swill, or taste of Indian corn:
To run, to root, or wallow in the mire,
Than live to see my offspring thus expire.
Hark! from yon pens what dreadful sounds arise;
What piteous squeaks, what agonizing cries:
What horrid gruntings echo through the vale,
While every hog repeats the dismal tale.
Alas! too fruitless are our heaviest moans,
Fruitless the kindred sigh, the parent's groans:
Hopeless we weep, in wild despair complain,
And grunt our sorrows, but we grunt in vain.
Not such our lot in ancient days of yore,
When *Israel's sons* their mild dominion bore;
From fate like this, we claimed a full release,
Secure we wallowed, and we swilled in peace.
No savage eye *predominant* for food;
Nor cruel hands were crimson'd in our blood....
Then sows in safety littered on the plain,
And pigs were left to run and pig again.
Ah! blissful days to pigling, sow, and boar,
Blest era past, to be recalled no more.
A sad reverse of this, alone we see;
The contrast dire of past felicity.
Where shall I fly; ah! whither shall I find
One gleam of hope, to sooth my tortur'd mind?
Thrice, have I litter'd in the verdant mead;
Thrice, have *thanksgiving days* destroyed the breed:
And lo! a fourth, the assembly doth enjoin;
A fourth must die, that *Yankee saints* may dine.
Receive my last embrace....my pigs draw near,
Too dear before, in sorrow doubly dear.
Ye *hog-presiding powers*! if such there are,
Nor yet are hogs beneath a guardian's care;
Again, to us those happy times restore,
When these *thanksgiving days* shall be no more;

When *presbyterianism* shall no more abuse,
And *Yankee saints* embrace the faith of Jews:
Convert their churches into synagogues,
And be protectors of the race of Logs.
Indulgent prove, with aspect more benign,
Regard the sufferings of us wretched swine;
The ardent pantings of a soul distress,
Compose her sorrows, and return her rest;
In deep affliction see thy suppliant bow,
Deign to relieve an agonizing sow.
Westbury, Con. January 28, 1778

SELECTED POETRY.

BRITAIN'S TREE OF LIBERTY.

BY MR. BRAINE, OF GREENWICH.

I sing the Tree of Liberty,
Believe me 'tis no joke, sir,
The best e'er found on English ground....
I mean the Tree call'd Oak, sir;
The body far....I do compare,
Unto our gracious King, sir,
The limbs so great....the Lords of state,
In 'em allow'd the thing, sir.
The branches long....so stout and strong,
Represent the Legislation,
The leaves so gay....I'm proud to say,
The people of the Nation:
It's pond'rous root....each way doth shoot,
The body to protect, sir;
The fibrous claws....I deem the laws,
Which some folks much neglect, sir.

Some Scions few....of pois'nous hue,
Have dar'd to grow around, sir,
This goodly Tree of Liberty,
To stab with deadly wound, sir;
But Providence....our great defence,
With merciful prevention,
And mighty stroke, preserv'd this Oak,
And blighted their intention.

Your glasses fill....and with good will,
Each drink the following Toast, sir,
May this Oak Tree....for ever be
Each honest Briton's boast, sir;
May this Tree last, without a blast,
Till Time's great Revolution!
May God defend unto the end
Our King and Constitution.

WAS I RIGHT, OR WAS I NOT?

A SONG.

Was I right, or was I not?
Tell me, girls, and tell me true;
You, I mean, who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?

No....I'm sure to die a maid
Ne'er was meant to be my lot;
Hymen call'd, and I obey'd,
Was I right, or was I not?

When the youth, that pleas'd my mind,
Told his love, in language sweet,
Could I see him, fond and kind,
Sigh and languish at my feet?

No, no, no....it was in vain,
Frowns and threats were quite forgot,
Soon at church I eas'd his pain,
Was I right, or was I not?

This, I know, a single life
Never was design'd for me;
No, no, no....'tis nought but strife
That you surely will agree.

Girls, get married....that's your plan,
Cupid will assist the plot;
Then, like me, secure your man....
Was I right, or was I not?

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The following amorous sonnet, of the famous Portuguese poet Camoens, and for which we are indebted to the learned and ingenious William Hayley, esq. may be acceptable to some of your readers, especially as it offers a fair comparison with Petrarch in his own walk, who, as well as our own great Milton, (twenty-third sonnet) has wrote on the same subject. The Luciad of Camoens, as we have it in the elegant translation of William Julius Mickle, esq. is an honour to his country, and not inferior in merit, in my opinion, to the Jerusalem of Tasso. What pity that we cannot, as yet, see the national pretensions of Spain to epic fame in an English translation. It is much to be wished that Mr. Hayley, or some person of equal talents and erudition, should give us the whole of the Araucana d'Euclilla. This seems to have a better claim to confer national honour than any of the epic poems of their great boast Lopez de Vega. Mr. Hayley would enable us to see the beauties of the Spanish no less than Mr. Mickle has ha of the Portuguese poet, whose various merit he so beautifully describes.

.....Camoens, the bard of glory and of love,
"Twas thine to bleed the eagle and the dove:
"Thy thankless country heard thy varying lyre,
"To Petrarch's softness melt, and swell to Homer's fire."

SONNET ON HIS MISTRESS.

While prest with woes from which it cannot flee,
My fancy sinks, and slumber seals my eyes,
Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life but as a dream to me.

O'er a dread waste, so wide no eye can see
How far its sense-evading limit lies,
I follow her quick step, but ah! she flies!
Our distance widening by stern Fate's decree.

Fly not from me kind shadow! I exclaim:
She with fix'd eyes that her soft thoughts reveal,
And seem to say...."forbear thy fond design!"
Still flies....I call her, but her half form'd name
Lies on my fault'ring tongue. I wake and feel
Not e'en one short delusion may be mine.

TO A HANDSOME, BUT LOQUACIOUS YOUNG LADY.

While raptured on your charms I gaze,
You speak so loud and long,
I find you angel in your face,
But woman in your tongue.

When taken captive by your eyes,
What pains I might endure,
But happily your tongue supplies,
To beauty's wounds a cure.

You still, perhaps, my love might gain,
If ever it could be,
That you from speaking could refrain,
Or I could only see.

That this shall be the case, appears
How small a chance, so long
As I shall still retain my ears,
And you retain your tongue.

If lovers then you would pursue,
Ah! learn your power to prize,
Nor by your idle tongue undo
The conquests of your eyes.

TO A STRIKING BEAUTY.

When Charlotte's lilly hand I press'd,
And with a heart-enslaving sigh,
Presumptuous drew it to my breast,
It flew like lightning to my eye:
In vain I struggled to withstand
The power of Charlotte's lilly hand.

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* Thanksgiving days in New-England, are days not of fasting but feasting.

THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 38.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER V.

Unwholesomeness of the water....Considerations upon America, considered as a quarter of the world.

The water is, in America, generally considered as unwholesome. For all those who do not choose to have a fever every year, are advised not to dwell near the water. It is impregnated with sulphur. Every morning and evening a mischievous vapour rises from the rivers. The Susquehannah is peculiarly unhealthy. The proportion of water to land, is greater, in the United States, and in America generally, than any where else, which is easily accounted for by the extensive woods. It is even affirmed that all the rivers and brooks have grown smaller since the country began to be cultivated. The superfluous moisture is, however, in connection with the warmth, generally the cause of the rapid vegetation. For there falls much more rain, reckoned by inches in Pennsylvania, than in the middle parts of Europe, although there are fewer rainy days.

The earth, which is in every country, the principal object, (since the air and water must receive a modification analogous to it,) is stated by the Abbé Raynal to be throughout barren; that is, in the Atlantic states. But I shall here, first suggest some considerations respecting the new quarter of the world in general.

It appears to me that Africa, Asia, and Europe, or the old world so called, forms only one division of the earth, and America the other. Instead of four divisions, therefore, there should be only two, or, if New-Holland, and the other islands of the Southern ocean, be, as I think they should be, considered as a separate part of the world, three. The three ancient quarters of the world are notoriously one continent, connected together by the isthmus of Suez, as South and North America are by that of Panama.

I call America a new division of the world, not that it has been proved to have risen more recently from the sea than the old world, but because it was more lately discovered, (though upon this principle the islands of the Southern Archipelago should be called the newest part of the world;) but chiefly because it has been very lately first cultivated; for what is a mere land, without people?

But, that America remained longer covered by the sea, than the other parts of the world, and of course, is in that respect younger, notwithstanding all which Buffon advances in support of that opinion, still remains problematical. The high mountains in south-America, seem, indeed, to confirm this system, inasmuch as rivers, in process of time, by washing away the earth, reduce the loftiness of mountains. But then again, this testimonial of a

modern creation is not extant in North-America, where the mountains, hitherto known, are not even so high as those of Germany.

It is further said that America was less populous than the old world, and might be considered as a single forest. I remark that it could not be so very thin of inhabitants, if the Spaniards destroyed twelve millions of people. I find that Peru was a populous empire, and that Mexico could not be called poorly peopled. That America, with the exception of those two empires, was covered by one continued forest, may prove that the inhabitants paid little attention to cultivation, but not that the country is new. But why did the Indians neglect cultivation? It may be answered, because they had no knowledge of iron. But why had they no knowledge of that substance, with which all North-America teems? Mankind are variously formed. Unity in variety is a general law of Nature. If this proves that the Indians had little genius, it proves not the youth of the country. They may have lived on, thousands of years together, without ever thinking of iron. The small number of people, might, very naturally, be imputed to the perpetual wars of the several tribes against one another. But even in North-America, we find the number of inhabitants to have been considerable, at the time of the discovery, before the Europeans had poisoned them with their brandy and their small pox. The colonists also diminished the game, the principal food of the Indians, and population always decays with the means of subsistence. Why has not New-Holland, which is yet more thinly peopled than America was, at the time of its first discovery, been reckoned among the new countries? Mankind, as I said before, are variously formed, and as there are wild and tame beasts of the same species, in like manner the Indians of America may be called wild men, or men of the woods. It is well known that they cannot live at all in a civilized condition, which proves that they are organized only for the woods. There are beasts of the woods and beasts of the field. Why should there not be men of the woods and men of the field?

It has been argued that the inhabitants of America came from Asia. I wonder why persons have racked their brains to discover, whence America received her population, without inquiring, at the same time, whence Europe, and our earthly ball in general, was peopled. Perhaps it will be answered the world is from eternity, and the human race likewise. If I grant this, I may still maintain the case with respect to America to be the same. No....it is answered. America bears too many unquestionable marks of a more recent origin, so that the inhabitants must have proceeded altogether from the old world. I have just shewn that some of these proofs of youth alleged concerning this quarter of the earth are not conclusive. All this remains uncertain, and even if the badness of the soil, and the inferiority of the aboriginal beasts and men, which have been very much cried down, were proved, it would not be an unanswerable proof. It might be said, countries are various in their nature; one is better than another, and the plants, the beasts, and the men, in one country may be not so well

constituted as in another. The nature of the soil alone might cause this. But the fact, that all the American beasts are inferior in their organization to those of other parts of the world, is not altogether accurate. The squirrels in America are as pretty animals as they are elsewhere. The various kinds of deer, are as well shaped, and equally swift. The racoon, a species peculiar to America, is a handsome, lively animal. It is said, likewise, that all the animals common to both hemispheres are, in America, smaller than in the old world. This opinion arises from the circumstance that all the American species of beasts, and even of birds, form an intermediate gradation between two different kinds in Europe, so that they are not exactly the same, but constitute a connecting chain between the several degrees of the animal kingdom. Thus, for instance, the common Pennsylvanian hare (not the white hare, which has been found there, only within these two years,) is an intermediate between the rabbit and the hare; the partridge is the same between the European quail and partridge, &c. so that it might as well be said that all animals in America are larger, if they were compared with the European species next under them. The various kinds of deer cannot by any means be called smaller. The American elk, is a large stag, and properly the same as the large European stag, only somewhat larger. The moose is properly the American elk, and according to credible accounts often weighs two thousand pounds. It is, therefore, assuredly not smaller than that of Europe.

Nor is it universally true, that all animals, and even mankind, degenerate in America, as Buffon and Pauw maintain. The horses, and the horn-cattle in Chili, Tucuman, Mexico, &c. have certainly not degenerated. In Connecticut there are oxen which weigh two thousand pounds. I must, however, acknowledge that the horses in the United States appeared to me very much degenerated, whatever care was taken of their breed. They are smaller, and universally weak in the hind parts, even when their fore parts are handsome. Neither have they any spirit. The horn-cattle too are small, even though they should weigh as much. That the descendants from the Europeans, in respect to bodily strength, at least the second or third generation, have very much degenerated, and in this respect generally seem to be far below the Europeans, I have already said. It would still remain, however, to inquire how much of this is to be ascribed to the account of education and the mode of living. I have likewise thought, I remarked, : the provisions, fewer nourishing parts, contained in the same quantity. The meat looks well, but it is stringy, and less nutritious. It is also certain that there are fewer native species of birds and beasts, in America, than in parallel climates of the old world. There appear to me, likewise, to be fewer individuals of every species. But all this does not prove that America was a part of the world, *not long since*, covered with water, and if the contrary remains equally without proof, although the numerous marks of ancient cultivation, and the bones which have been discovered, of a large animal, no longer extant, seem to confirm it, we shall do very well to suspend our judgment in

Spallanzani was entrusted with the cabinet of natural history in the university; but he found himself almost the nominal depositary of a treasure which did not exist: he himself laid the foundations of it; and it is become, by his endeavours, one of the most valuable and useful.

He enriched it by his repeated travels, both by sea and land, into Europe and Asia, across the Appenine Mountains, the Alps and Krapacks, to the bottom of mines, amidst the ruins of volcanoes, and on the brink of their craters: by these means he completed that vast collection of curiosities, which all the world's wealth could never have purchased; because wealth can never supply the place of genius and discernment.

In 1779 Spallanzani traversed Switzerland and the Grison territories. He proceeded to Geneva, where he rested a month with his friends; who were no less charmed with his conversation than with his writings. He then returned to Pavia, and published, in 1780, a new work in two volumes, intitled, *Dissertationi di Fisica Animale e Vegetabile*. Some of Spallanzani's experiments upon digestion, which he made for the improvement of his pupils, led him to study that mysterious operation. He repeated the experiments of Reaumur upon gallinaceous fowls; and observed, that trituration, which is, in this case, an assistant to digestion, is, nevertheless, not the efficient cause of it. He discerned, that the gizzard of these birds, which, equal in sharpness to the keenest lancet, pulverises nuts and filberts, does not digest the powder which it forms; but that the nutritious matter thus reduced to powder undergoes a new transformation in the stomach, in order to render it an aliment congenial to the nature of the blood and the humours of the body. He laid it down as an established principle, that digestion operates in the stomach of a great number of animals by the active energy of a certain juice, which dissolves the aliments received; and with a view to render his demonstration more incontestable, he had the courage to try some experiments upon himself, and the address to complete his proofs by artificial digestions made in glasses upon his table, effected from mixing the masticated nutriment with the gastric juice, which he found means to extract from the stomach of animals.

This work gave offence to John Hunter. He published, in 1785, some observations upon digestion, where he took occasion to make very severe animadversions on Spallanzani, who revenged himself by publishing this work in Italian, and addressing to Caldani, in 1788, *Una Lettera Apologetica in risposta alle Osservazioni del Signor Giovanni Hunter*.

The second volume treats of the propagation of animals and plants. Spallanzani proves by experiments equally new and surprising, the existence of the germ before fecundation; he demonstrates the existence of tadpoles in the females of five different species of frogs, toads, and salamanders, before fecundation; he relates the success of fecundations effected by art upon the tadpoles of these five species, and even upon a quadruped; he shews, in the same manner, the seed in flowers, before the emission of their prolific powder; and, by a nice and delicate anatomy, of which, perhaps, an idea can hardly be formed, he shews, in the *spartium junceum*, the lobe as well as the seeds, in their integuments: he traces them through their different stages of budding, before and after the possibility of being fecundated, and leaves not the shadow of a doubt, but that the seed and its integuments exist a long time before the flower begins to bud, and, consequently, a long time before the prolific power can exert. He repeated his observations upon many species of plants, with the same results; in short, he raised some individual plants from female flowers, which contained fruitful seed, though there cannot be even the slightest suspicion of their having any

communication with the prolific powder of the male flowers. Spallanzani, as was customary with him, took the opportunity presented by the academic vacations of the year 1781 to make a tour abroad, the principal object of which was to increase the collection of curiosities in the cabinet of Pavia. He set out in July for Marsailles, where he commenced a new history of the sea, which, though incomplete, would furnish an infinite number of new and curious facts, relating to several inhabitants of the waves. He afterwards proceeded to Massa and Carrara, in order to observe the quarries of that marble in such great esteem among statuaries; he returned to Spezzia, and brought back to Pavia an immense collection of fishes, both of the testaceous and crustaceous description, which he deposited in this cabinet, of which his travels had rendered him the worthy trustee. With the same views and with similar success, he visited the coasts of Istria in 1782, and the Appenine mountains in 1783, where he had an opportunity of observing the dreadful storms and the singular vapour which have rendered that year famous in meteorology. His fame daily increased: the emperor Joseph II. knew him when he was in Lombardy; from the very first he sought the conversation of Spallanzani, and testified the great esteem which he entertained for his talents, by presenting him with his own portrait set in gold.

The university of Padua made him an offer, in the year 1785, of the professorship of natural history, then vacant by the death of Anthony Vallisneri, promising him, at the same time, more considerable perquisites than those which he enjoyed at Pavia; but the archduke doubled his salary, and permitted him to accompany to Constantinople the Chevalier Zuliani. He set out on this journey the 21st of August; on his road he made many observations upon the marine productions which he met with in those latitudes, as well as upon the meteorological events daily occurring. He touched at several islands in the Archipelago, which he surveyed with a philosophical eye; he descended towards Troy, in order to visit those romantic abodes so beautifully described by the bard whom he most admired, and, slowly moving through those poetical recesses, he made some geological observations truly original.

Spallanzani arrived at Constantinople on the 11th of October, and continued there eleven months. The physical and moral phenomena of this country, hitherto unknown to him, riveted his attention; he traversed the shores of both the seas, climbed the neighbouring hills, and visited the island of Chalki, where he discovered to the Turks a copper-mine, of which they were before entirely ignorant. He proceeded to the island of Principi, some miles distant from Constantinople, where he discovered an iron mine wholly unknown. He set out on his return to Europe the 16th of August, 1786, loaded with oriental spoils, composed of animals peculiar to those regions.

(To be Continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

..... Novit, quid toto fiat in orbe,
Quid Seres, quid Thraces agant.

JUVENAL.

[It may be remembered by those, who are even acrimoniously prejudiced against Mr. Cobbett, that the following work is free from any illiberal or unfounded remarks upon our national character; that it is not a party production; that it aspires and has attained to the dignity of a permanent work; that it is a genuine register of important incidents; and is a remarkably cheap, useful and correct publication. Its tone, as might be expected, is manly, but its expression is discreet and temperate. It deserves, and will receive, the attentive perusal of every honest seeker after truth and information, whether he is "of Paul or Apollonius."

COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

This work, which has already met with success that the editor believes to be without a parallel in

the history of periodical publications, is intended to be the most ample and complete repository of political and historical knowledge that ever appeared in England or any other country. The contents are as follow: I. An historical account of the *Proceedings in Parliament*, somewhat in the same manner, but more minute, than the account of those proceedings usually contained in the Annual Registers. II. All *State Papers*, whether they immediately relate to Great Britain or not; and, under this head, care is taken to recur to such compacts and translations of past times as do, or may, affect the circumstances of the present time. For instance, the same number which contains a discussion of that part of the treaty of Amiens which relates to Guiana, also contains such parts of the treaties of Utrecht and of Paris as relate to the French and the Portuguese territory in that part of the world. Again: in order to shew what the views of France are in preventing England from having treaties of commerce with other nations, extracts are made from thirteen treaties between France and other powers, in which the Republic has either made, or stipulated for treaties of commerce. So that the Register does, in fact, contain all the authentic materials and information that can possibly be necessary to the forming of a correct judgment on current events. III. *Fair and free discussions* of the measures of government, whether relating to foreign affairs, colonies, commerce, manufactures, revenue, debts, expenditures, laws civil, military or ecclesiastical. On these various and important subjects the work already contains such information as the editor is led to hope has been of some service to the country. Nor are transactions, of a nature not so immediately political, excluded from notice; as in the instances of the letters to Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Otto. In short, every thing which materially affects, directly or indirectly, the interest or honor of the British nation, is in this work, a subject of remark, if not of ample investigation. IV. *Brief notices of all new books and pamphlets* that relate to history, politics, political economy, or that bear upon subjects connected therewith. In some instances the principles and statements of works so noticed are examined and controverted; but the general intention of this department is to point out to the reader, and to put on record, the existence of the several works that relate more particularly to the events of the present time. Twenty-four books and pamphlets of this description have already been noticed... The preceding important heads are followed by a selection of such *Foreign Intelligence* and *Domestic Occurrences* as are of some public importance; to which are added a weekly account of *Promotions, Births, Marriages, Deaths, Prices of Stocks, of Corn, Meat, Bread, &c.* also of the *Course of Exchange* and of the *Changes of the Weather*. Each number closes with a *Summary View of the most important Political Occurrences*, whether foreign or domestic.

Such are the weekly contents of the work. Its form is a *Royal Octavo*, with a double column, and folio d pages, for the convenience of reference. This form renders the work manageable. The numbers are so many sheets of a volume, which will be completed at the end of the half year, and will contain 416 pages, besides the *General Title, Table of Contents, Supplement* and *Index*, of which it is necessary to say a few words. That part of the work, which appears weekly, will form a chronicle: not only of public events and transactions, but of the opinions entertained relative thereto. This, however, is not quite enough to render the work so complete as the editor could wish it. There are many articles, such as parliamentary reports and other papers, for instance, which would overload the weekly numbers, but which it is, nevertheless, necessary to preserve. Such papers, therefore, together with all the other various subjects usually included in the Annual Registers, and with some

that those Registers have never yet touched upon, will form the *Supplement* to the half yearly volume, in which will be included an account of all new publications foreign and domestic, a complete history of the theatre, &c. &c. and which will close with an *Historical Summary* and a complete and copious *Index*. A *General Title* and *Table of Contents* will be printed at the same time; and due notice will be given of the time and manner of obtaining the whole.

Subscriptions and orders for this Register will be received by JOHN MORGAN, No. 51, South Second Street, Philadelphia, and by EZRA SARGENT & Co. No. 129, Water Street, New-York. The price of the weekly Number is 20 cents each. They can be forwarded by post to any part of the United States, at the same expence as any other newspaper.

Each Number contains full as much letter-press as any other newspaper, and is entirely unencumbered with advertisements, or with useless matter of any kind. The annual expence is only 10 dols. 40 cents, and as the supplementary part will have no stamp, and will be supplied as cheap as possible, the two volumes which will complete the year, will in proportion to the quantity of print (which will be equal to upwards of three thousand pages of the common Annual Registers), be as cheap as any book published in London.

Complete sets may be had, on early application as above.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Gifford, commenting upon a virulent passage in the fourth satire of Juvenal, has a sarcasm at the beetle blindness of the darling commentator, which reminds us of one of the most severe passages in the Baviad and Mæviad. The passage as it appears in the new translation, runs thus:

When the lost Flavius, drunk with fury, tore
The prostrate world, that bled at every pore,
And Rome beheld, in body and in mind,
A bald pate Nero rise to curse mankind.

The *Old Scholiast* says these four lines provoked the emperor to send Juvenal into banishment. This is a judicious thought, as they must be allowed to be much more offensive than the short reflection on Paris, in the seventh satire, which is commonly cited as the cause of his exile. There are, however, two objections, Mr. G. slyly adds, which I own have their weight with me; first, that Domitian would have thrown the author of so severe a passage from the Tarpeian rock, instead of sending him into Egypt; and secondly, that he was *luckily dead*, as the Critic would have found, if he had read a few lines further, when it was written!

The fame of some of our new *Country Banks* has induced many French Bankers to come over to learn the art of lending money without cash.

"Wit makes the man, the want of it the fellow." According to the principle of Pope there were a great many *Fellows* at the late Masquerades.

[*Morn. Post.*]

The following is a whimsical pun. "The alarmists still continue to jaw about the gum trade."

Mrs. JORDAN has adjusted her engagement with the proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre, at *forty-five guineas per week*; a sum highly honourable to their liberality, and justly due to her talents.

RAPHAEL's famous *Nativity* lately brought three thousand guineas at the EUROPEAN MUSEUM, St. James's-square: a distinguished amateur, near Cavendish-square, is reported to be the purchaser.

Flesh colour is announced among the fashionable colours of the present month. This must be always the case when it is the fashion to go half naked.

We are glad to read the following in a London paper. There is no doubt, but the book in question is both true and beautiful. "This day is published, in one volume, 1-mo. price 6s. *The Spirit of Anti-Jacobinism* for 1802 (to be continued annually); being a collection of essays, letters, dissertations, and other pieces, in prose and verse, on subjects religious, moral, political, and literary; partly selected from fugitive publications of the day, and partly original....Among the original pieces (which will ever form by much the greater part of the volume) are contributions, which will be regularly continued from some of the first poets and prose-writers of the present day.

Published by J. Whittle, at the Anti-Jacobin Office, No. 3, Southampton-street, Strand; and sold by Cobbet and Morgan, at the Crown and Mitre, Pall-mall; Chapple, No. 166, Pall-mall; Hurst, Paternoster-row; and all other Booksellers in town and country."

The following will give American parents some idea of the early moral and literary instruction, which youth in Scotland enjoy. "Wants a situation, a young lad, from Scotland, who writes a fine hand, and is forward in arithmetic, and a good Latin scholar: his friends would be happy to fix him with some reputable merchant, banker, or tradesman; he is in his thirteenth year, of reputable parents, of good disposition, and would make himself useful: he has been brought up with strict principles of religion; has been but ten days in town. For further particulars, apply to No. 6, John-street, lead to Portland-st."

[*Lon. paper.*]

We publish the following from a London paper, and hope that these Tables, for the comfort and health of the Student, may be imported into America, and that as the scholar leans upon them he may experience additional brightness of thought, and a quicker fluency of expression. "By his Majesty's Royal letters patent.—*Pocock's Elevating Tables*, on a principle entirely new, which can be adapted to those suitable for the Libraries of Noblemen, the officers of State, those of gentlemen of the law, merchants' counting-houses, and the studies of artists, and are calculated to accommodate every person who writes, reads, draws, or studies; the altitude being varied at pleasure, whereby they are made to suit a sitting or a standing position, which is a very great alleviation to those gentlemen who sit or stand in one posture, for the above or other purposes many hours together, either of which positions, long continued, is very wearisome, greatly injurious to the health, and often ruinous to the constitution; but a change from a sitting to a standing posture, and vice versa, as often as may be required, must be a great relief and convenience, particularly as a change from a standing-desk to a sitting-desk, and even to the flat surface of a table, is so easily obtained, for the sorting of papers, or other purposes, without deranging any thing lying thereon; and this on a principle so perfectly secure, at any altitude, that it cannot be put out of order.—May be had at Pocock's, No. 26, Southampton-street, Strand, the Warehouse for his Patent Boethema Mattresses, Patent Improved Sofas, Couches, Easy Chairs, Reclining Chair Beds, Carving Chairs, Rising Stools, and various other articles of useful mechanical furniture, peculiarly adapted for ease, comfort, and repose, and which gives that great relief the changes of position only can afford."

Extract of a letter from Paris, dated Aug. 10, 1802.

"Literature in all its branches is most unremittingly pursued and encouraged in the metropolis of the republic. Every man of learning, whether native or foreigner, is here courted and paid the most marked attention to, invited to exert his

talents, and is well rewarded for any new invention or discovery. For this purpose, the Government and Ministers render themselves easy of access, and individuals are forward in promoting their introduction and success in every branch of literary effort. It is the same with respect to mechanical arts and workmen of all descriptions. There appears now to exist in Paris one universal emulation, and that is to repair the evils of the revolution as fast as possible, by encouraging every person capable of seconding their laudable views. In a recent instance, the Chief Consul liberally and wisely ordered a premium, voted by the National Institute to a foreigner (a German residing at Vienna) for the improvement of the Lunar Tables, to be doubled, paying the additional sum out of his own pocket, and accompanying the whole with an invitation to the party to repair to Paris, where he will be provided for.

I am at this moment engaged in translating into English a valuable work, written by an eminent author here, to point out a plan for improving the French language, by making the writing and pronunciation of it correspond, and doing away the caprices and variations for which it is so remarkable. Without a friend, or even a single acquaintance in Paris, I have myself, within one week, procured as much literary employment as I can possibly attend to, by mere personal application to the parties: I have acquired three or four valuable patrons, in consequence of laying before them a copy of a work I lately published in London."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor will deem it an act of literary kindness, if any gentleman possessing the *Didot* edition stereotype of *Phædrus*, *Sallust*, and the *Vicar of Wakefield*, in the French translation, will be so courteous as to send them, for a short time, with the address of the owner, to No. 25, North Second Street, or to point out where they may be obtained.

The Editor wishes to be informed, where he can procure the London Town and Country Magazine from the year 1773 to 1780 inclusive, and he will likewise be particularly obliged if some literary virtuoso will indicate in what public or private library may be found a quaint book of the fifteenth century, entitled, "A Paradise of Daintie Devices."

The Editor is particularly obliged to some gentleman trafficking to the East Indies who has communicated to him a valuable file of "The Government Gazette" of Madras, together with a circular from Mr. Richard Taylor, the proprietor of that paper. The Editor will be very happy to exchange the Port Folio for a publication so ingenious as the Madras Gazette, and, in such a commerce, will always esteem himself the gainer. He will also cheerfully convey to Mr. Taylor any American intelligence, that may interest that gentleman, or prove of public utility.

The poetry of "Dactyl and Comma" has been much praised by men of good taste. We wish for more specimens. As they profess to be but beginners in the business of poetry, we hope, for the credit of the house, that they will be diligent and punctual.

The return of Ferdinando is greeted with a cordial welcome.

We cannot agree to any censure of the magician, Mrs. Radcliffe. In her Romance we discover many delightful forms, and we look with as much interest at her pictures of Banditti, as at any which "Savage Rosa dash'd, or learned Poussin drew."

There musing Fancy takes her stand,
The child of Genius and of spleen,
And waves her visionary wand,
To realize her pictur'd scene.

As I could write and cypher, (as the phrase is,) C—— next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a store-house. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworthy of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworthy. On seeing me, this great man observed, with a look of pity and contempt that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not, however, choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage boat to Totness, from whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped with life almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised, by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill natured man; at least not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness, moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go farther, to Portsmouth, for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the Two Brothers) I continued nearly a twelve month; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "ship boy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot; yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading: as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the Coasting Pilot.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore, frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink.

He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) entangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton, and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the

holidays there; and he, therefore, made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connection with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence, and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived, therefore, in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trowsers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect, but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to withstand: he therefore determined, as I have just observed, to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and consequently was not yet bound.

All this I learned on my arrival: and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holidays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master, (Mr. E. Furlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had besides another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, my first master, was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years: and I fondly flattered myself that notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles; a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to C—— he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough at school and more than enough, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty (so indeed he had;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to

my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four Journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature! He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputatious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the other, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and indeed nothing could well be smaller. At this period I had read nothing but a black letter romance called *Parismus* and *Parismenus*, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. The Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted with; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the *Imitation of Thomas a Kempis*, which I used to read to my mother on her deathbed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not, however, quite resign the hopes of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and, therefore, secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master intended his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman who had found it in a lodging house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up: for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted, but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Oxford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach as a crown and sceptre. There was, indeed, a resource, but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it to a great extent.

(To be continued.)

* Of my brother, here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally

The child of misery, baptized in tears; and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea: he did so, and was taken on board the *Egmont*, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him; but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune; he fell sick, and died at Cork.

* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the first of January, 1772.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LAZARUS SPALLANZANI, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

LAZARUS SPALLANZANI was born at Scandiano, in the department of Crostolo, on the 10th of January, 1729; he was the son of John Nicholas Spallanzani, a counsellor of great repute, and of Lucia Zigliani: he commenced his studies in his own country, and at the age of fifteen went to Reggio de Modena, where he prosecuted them with the utmost assiduity. The Jesuits, who initiated him into the study of polite literature, and the Dominican friars who heard of his vast improvements, were desirous of attaching him to their order; but his passion for knowledge led him to Bologna, where his relation, Laura Bassi, a lady deservedly celebrated for her genius, her eloquence, and her knowledge of natural philosophy and mathematics, was, at that time, one of the most illustrious professors of that university, and, indeed, of all Italy. Under the direction of this enlightened guide, Spallanzani learned to prefer the study of Nature to that of her commentators, or to estimate the real value of the commentary in proportion to the comparison it bore with the original; he soon perceived the wisdom of her instructions, and ere long experienced their happy effects.

Spallanzani's taste for philosophy was by no means exclusive; he studied his own language with peculiar attention, made a considerable proficiency in the Latin, and more particularly applied himself to the French and Greek. Spallanzani, in conformity to the inclinations of a father who loved him, applied to the study of jurisprudence; he was even on the point of being admitted a doctor, when Anthony Vallisneri, professor of natural history at Padua, induced him to renounce that intention, by promising the consent of his father, who was so sensibly affected at his thus devoting himself to his will, that he left him at liberty to pursue his own inclinations: from that moment he addicted himself to the study of mathematics; but without discontinuing that of the ancient and modern languages.

Spallanzani was soon well known in Italy; and his own country was the first to do homage to his talents. In the year 1754, the university of Reggio chose him professor of logic, metaphysics, and Greek; he continued to deliver his lectures there for six years, consecrating to physical researches, those intervals of leisure which his vocation admitted. Some new discoveries excited his passion for natural history, which was continually augmented by the success of his early efforts. His observations upon the animalcula in infusions attracted the attention of Haller, and of Bonnet, who pointed out the path by which he himself had ascended to such a degree of eminence, and already proclaimed him to the learned world as nature's interpreter.

In 1760 Spallanzani was invited to the university of Modena: though his interest might have prompted him to accept the advantageous offers of the respective universities of Coimbra, Parma, and Cesena, yet his patriotism and attachment to his family decided him in the resolution of limiting his exertions to the service of his country. The same considerations induced him to reject some years after, the proposals of the academy of Petersburg. He resided at Modena till the year 1768, and had the satisfaction of seeing that his own unaided powers had created a race of illustrious men, who still shine forth the glory of Italy. In the number of these must be reckoned Venturi, professor of natural philosophy at Modena; Belloni, bishop of Carpi; Lucchesini, ambassador of the late king of Prussia; and Angelo Massa, the poet of Parma.

During his residence at Modena, Spallanzani published, in 1765, a treatise, intitled *Saggio di Osservazioni Microscopiche concernente il Sistenta di Needham Buffon*. In this pamphlet he established,

upon the most ingenious and well founded experiments, the animality of microscopic animalcula. He sent his work to Bonnet, who formed his judgment of the author by this production, and who lived to see the accomplishment of the favourable prediction which he then pronounced. From that moment the closest intimacy was cemented between these two philosophers: which continued to the end of their lives.

In the same year Spallanzani produced a dissertation truly original: *De Latidibus ab aqua Resistantibus*; he there demonstrated, by the most striking experiments, contrary to the received opinion, that the phenomenon, which, in the style of infantine recreation, is termed ducks and drakes, is not produced by the elasticity of the water; but by the change of direction which the stone undergoes in its motion after having struck upon the water when it ascends the inflexion of the cavity indented by the shock.

In 1768 Spallanzani prepared the philosophers for the surprising discoveries with which he was to present them in the course of his life, by publishing his *Prodromo di un Opera da Imprimersi sopra le Riproduzioni Animali*. He there sketched the plan of a work which he was composing on this important subject; but this simple prospectus revealed more sources of philosophical information than all the books which had hitherto appeared: because it pointed out the method which must be pursued in those mysterious inquiries, and collected, under one view, many unexpected facts; particularly the existence of tadpoles, anterior to the period of fecundation in many species of toads and frogs; the regeneration of the head in decapitated bodies of snails, which he had already communicated to Bonnet in the year 1766, and which was, for a short time, disputed, notwithstanding the repeated confirmation of this phenomenon by Herissant and Lavoisier: he also finally demonstrated it some time afterwards in a work, intitled, *Memorie della Societa Italiana*; by the instance of the reproduction of the tail, legs, and jaws in the mutilated aquatic Salamander. These facts astonish to this day, when reflected on, though time may have rendered them familiar to our senses; and it is not easy to decide which presents greater claims to admiration, the ability of Spallanzani in affording such incontestible proofs, or the indefatigability and undaunted boldness which he manifested in pursuing and demonstrating the results of his arduous and surprising experiments. It will ever be a subject of regret, that the project of his great work was not realized; but a variety of circumstances prevented him from yielding to the solicitations of his friends in that particular.

The physiology of Haller, which Spallanzani was studying, fixed his attention on the circulation of the blood, in which he discovered many remarkable phenomena. In 1768 he published a small work, *Dell' azione del cuore ne' vasi Sanguigni nuove Osservazioni*; and he reprinted it in 1773 with three new dissertations: *De' Fenomeni della Circolazione osservata nel giro universale de' Vasi*; *de' Fenomeni della Circolazione Languente*; *de' moti del sangue indipendente dell' azione del cuore e del pulsare delle Arterie*. This book, little known, comprises a series of the most refined and delicate observations and experiments upon a subject of which our knowledge was before extremely superficial.

When the university of Pavia was reestablished upon a more extensive plan, the empress Maria Theresa, through the medium of the Count de Firmian, invited Spallanzani to fill the place of professor of natural history. His great reputation obtained him this distinction which was solicited for him by many celebrated men.

On his arrival at the university, Spallanzani selected Bonnet's *Contemplation de la Nature* for the subject of his lectures: he supplied its deficiencies, developed the ideas, and illustrated the justness of

its theory by his own experiments; he translated it into Italian, and enriched it with notes: he likewise added a preface, where he took occasion to remark the subjects of animal and vegetable economy; which more especially merited the attention of his pupils, as it sometimes pointed out to them the means of succeeding in these researches. He published the first volume of his translation in 1769, and the second in 1770.

Spallanzani's intimacy with Bonnet influenced his genius, which insensibly adopted the severe methodical manner of the Genevan philosopher; he gloried in being his pupil, and employed his meditations upon his admirable productions with ever new delight; whence it happened that he was powerfully incited to search in nature the proofs of Bonnet's opinion upon the generation of organic bodies; a subject which, for a considerable time, engrossed his whole attention. In the year 1776 he published the two first volumes of his *Opuscoli di Fisica Animale e Vegetabile*; they consist of illustrations of a part of the microscopic observations which had already appeared. Wholly absorbed by the great phenomenon of generation, he examined the opinion of Needham, in order to demonstrate its impossibility.....Needham, dissatisfied with Spallanzani's microscopic observations, which invalidated his doctrine of an imaginary vegetable power imparting motion to matter, challenged the professor of Reggio to revise what he had published; but he avoided a formal reply by publishing a series of new facts and experiments.

He demonstrated that the animalcula of infusions are produced by germs; that there are some, e.g. certain species of eggs and seeds, which are equally proof against the severity of the most intense cold and the heat of boiling water. On this occasion he treated of the influence of cold upon animals, and proved, that the lethargic numbness of some during winter does not at all depend upon the impression which the cold makes upon the blood, since a frog, deprived of its blood, becomes lethargic when it is chilled in ice, and then swims as usual when it has recovered its natural warmth. He demonstrated, in the same manner, that odours, various liquors, and a vacuum, act upon animalcula as upon other animals; that they are oviparus, viviparus, and hermaphrodites.

The second volume of this work is a voyage into regions still more unknown. A sublime pencil had already delineated them, but the picture was not finished from nature. Spallanzani gives a history of spermatic animalcula, which their eloquent historian invariably confounds with the animalcula of infusions. One cannot but admire the modest diffidence of this new philosopher, struggling almost always against the conviction of his own senses, and the authority of Buffon; and he appears to admit, with much reluctance, the result of these observations, multiplied and varied in a thousand different ways, which expose the weak foundations upon which the system of organic molecules is erected.

Spallanzani afterwards describes the wheel-animal and the sloth, two species of animalcula, the monsters of the microscopic world, singular from their figure and organization, but still more so from their faculty of resuming life after a total suspension of all its apparent acts during many years: it is this phenomenon which he more especially considers in order to ascertain the limits and conditions of it, to enable him to investigate its causes, and connect them with others, to which they are analogous. He annexed to this collection an account of that appearance on certain bodies which is called *mould*; he shewed that its seeds float in the air; and he remarked, that the microscopic funguses were distinguished from other plants by their tendency to grow in all directions, without being subjected to the almost universal law of the perpendicularity of the stem to the soil.

the case, and consider the question as yet unsettled.

But whether America be new or old, there is no occasion to derive its inhabitants from elsewhere. This is the shortest solution. With regard to America there can be no difficulty on account of its proximity to the north of Asia. But with respect to the islands of the South Sea, there is much more, because they are so far distant from all other land, and the inhabitants knew not enough of navigation to have come from so far. Even in this case, however, ways might be found out; such as, that those islands are part of a continent now sunk. An explanation would be possible without recurring to emigration. I will not directly maintain that upon land which the waters have left bare, at first plants, then animals, and at length men, would by the plastic power of internal nature be formed; such an opinion would be too novel, too bold, and would be cried down as a paradox; but I believe so much as this to be ascertained, that insects are produced without seeds or eggs, concerning which subject I shall make the following extract: "That hurtful insects are produced from eggs which have lain concealed every where in the earth, ever since the creation, is not conformable to the general experience; seeing that worms are found in seeds, in nuts, in wood, in stones, and even in leaves; and seeing likewise that these little insects which swim and fly unseen in stinking water, in sour wine and in corrupt air favour the opinion of those who maintain, that the bad smells themselves, and the exhalations from plants, from the earth and from stagnant waters, produce the rudiments of such animalcula. The circumstance that after their first production they propagate by eggs or impregnation, proves nothing against their immediate origin; for every animal receives together with its intestines the organs and the means of propagation."

Upon such an island, rising naked from the sea, grass would be found after the lapse of a few years. How does the seed get there? I have not ventured in these days to ascribe the operations of nature to the deity for fear of being charged with hyperphysical orthodoxy; even the expression "Soul of the world" would perhaps have sounded hyperphysical; and therefore I used with full deliberation that of *internal nature*.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Mr. Maurice, the indefatigable researcher among the antiquities of India, has the following memorable passage in the preface to his elaborate work. It is a true picture of the sanguine hopes, and torturing disappointments of a literary adventurer.

"Conscious that I had by continued inquiry, extensive reading, and intense application, endeavoured to prepare myself for the important task; I too eagerly indulged those sanguine expectations of success, which were entertained by the private circle of my friends. Enjoying from nature a very ample portion of those high and volatile spirits, which as they are often in early youth the occasion of many errors, so in riper years they too frequently buoy up with false hopes the deluded imagination; I suffered those spirits to betray me into the most fatal delusions. I exulted in the fair prospects that a life early marked by the vicissitudes of fortune, or rather continually passed in the extremes of gay hope and gloomy disappointment, as it approached its meridian was likely to be cheered with the dawn of success and a share of probable independence; and that some moiety of public applause would be the consequence of incessant efforts to merit it, and that an adequate portion of public emolument would be the reward of servile literary toil.

"Disappointed in my hopes and injured in my

property, my work treated with contempt by some, and with neglect by others. I still relaxed not from the vigorous prosecution of it. I felt that the active spark of honest ambition, kindled in my mind, was far from being extinguished, nor was I entirely deserted, at this trying crisis, by those constitutional spirits, which I have sometimes found to rise in proportion to the urgency of adversity; and which amid the various scenes of chequered life have often enabled me to trample on greater difficulties."

One of the most frequent complaints of the sincere student is, that he is distracted by the multitude of books with which he sees himself environed in every library. The following remarks of a profound scholar will relieve his distraction. "While the objects of learning are increased, the time to be spent in pursuit of it, according to the modes of modern life, is greatly contracted. Every year produces some valuable work in some department of science, or polite letters, and the accomplished scholar, is expected, and cannot but wish to give it some attention. The art of printing has multiplied books to such a degree that it is a vain attempt either to collect or to read all that has been published. It becomes necessary, therefore, to read, in the classical sense of the word, *LEGERE*, that is to *pick out*, to select the most valuable and worthiest objects, not only the best parts of books, but previously to the selection, to chuse out of an infinite number the best books, or at least those, which are best adapted to the particular pursuit or employment in life. Without this care, there is danger of confusion and distraction, of a vain labour, and of that poverty which arises from superfluity."

"The surface of the globe becomes every day more known, enlarges the field of modern History, Geography, Botany, and furnishes new opportunities for the study of human nature. At the revival of learning, voyages and travels constituted a very small part of the scholar's and philosopher's library; but at present, in England only, the books of this class are sufficiently numerous to fill a large Museum. He, who would understand human nature must inspect them, and will also find it necessary to have recourse to the Dutch and the French travellers. A man might find employment for his life in reading itineraries alone.

"The recent improvements in science have multiplied books necessary to be read by the general scholar to a wonderful extent. The volumes of scientific and literary societies or academies are infinite. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms have been accurately examined and the result brought to public view in crowded and bulky tomes. The minutest productions of nature have been described with prolixity; from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Lebanon, from the atom to the mountain, from the mite to man, the whale, and the elephant.

"The study of antiquities has added greatly to the number of books. Politics, history, and law, have also crowded the library.

"The field of divinity has been most industriously cultivated, and the harvest has been great. The age of Methuselah would be too short to read all the theological works of English divines, to which must be added the excellent productions of France, Holland, and other neighbouring nations. Biblical learning alone, so pregnant is the sacred volume, would occupy a long life, exclusive of all attention to practical theology.

"Moral philosophy, both systematical and miscellaneous, is so far extended that if it is at all necessary to the conduct of life, every man must die without knowing how to live; for the longest life would not afford opportunities for its study.

"Philology and criticism have appeared in books, which equal or exceed in number and size all the original works united, which it was their primary intention to elucidate.

"A species of books, unknown to the ancients, and such as are found to attract more readers than any others, has arisen in the last century; I mean romances and fictitious histories of private and familiar life under the name of novels.

"Add to all this a vast quantity of poetry or verse of all kinds, and on all subjects; add tragedies and comedies; add pamphlets in all their variety, fugitive papers, publications of diurnal intelligence; and the sum becomes so great as to lead the general student to a degree of despair.

"I have already said that not only the work to be done has increased upon us, but the time of doing it has decreased according to the modes of living which now prevail.

"Early rising is not in vogue. Breakfast occupies a long time. The person must be studiously attired, or the student will find his learning will not give him admission into the company of people of condition and fashion, nor indeed into any company where decorum is regarded.

"The newspapers must be read; or conversation may lose one of its most abundant sources. Morning calls must be made, and cards left with servants, or friendship and patronage may be irrecoverably lost. A morning walk or ride will conduce to an appetite, and the person must be dressed from head to foot before a genteel student can think of meeting company at dinner. Very little time, it is evident, can be found in the midst of all these necessary occupations, for poring over folios. To neglect any of them for his book may cause a scholar to be called an odd fellow, or a humourist, and dismissed to Coventry.

"But the morning loss, you will say, may be recovered by the diligence of the afternoon. Impossible; for the hour of dining is the same which in the days of that polite scholar and fine gentleman, Sir Philip Sydney, used to be the supper time; and convivial pleasures are so great, as to render him who would relinquish them for musty books obnoxious to the imputation of a book-worm. Indeed the mind is unfit for contemplation after a full meal and a generous glass. Various amusements intervene to employ the time till the hour of repose closes the season both of action and contemplation.

"While so much is to be done and so little is the time, how can we expect to find many profoundly learned? And yet there is as much pretension to learning and as much volubility upon all subjects of science as could be expected in the most crude age. How is this phenomenon to be accounted for?

"In the first place, *superficial learning* quite enough to gratify talkers and to satisfy common hearers, is easily picked up by reading the newspapers and periodical pamphlets, in which little scraps are dealt out like small wares at a retail shop for the convenience of the poor.

"In the next place, a reliance on genius as it is called, without application, gives a boldness of utterance and assertion which often sets off base metal with the glitter of gold. Never was there an age, when there was so many pretenders to genius. The great art is under the confidence of genius to make the most advantageous display of the little learning you have, to disparage what you have not, to put a good face upon defect, and supply weakness and want of real merit by a noisy confidence and boisterous pretension to native powers above the reach of application. It is not uncommon to throw contempt upon all who shew their willingness to labour in pursuit of knowledge, a persuasion that, though a man may be born with powers to acquire knowledge, yet that he is not born with knowledge acquired, with innate science, history, philosophy, and languages.

" Knowledge may certainly be acquired by one man sooner than by another, and in much greater abundance; but it must be acquired by application, since it is neither innate nor can be mechanically infused.

" Since then the field of knowledge is enlarged, and the time to be spent in the cultivation of it contracted, it is requisite that the student should select a little part of the field only for particular cultivation; and thus, by husbanding his time so as to dig and manure it well, he may carry home a good crop of corn, while others are contented with spontaneous weeds, leaves, thorns, thistles, stubble, chaff and underwood.

" Let him enjoy the prospect of the fine country around as far as the horizon extends; but let him be satisfied with cultivating with his own hands a little *ferme ornee*, well laid out, prettily diversified, and within a moderate enclosure."

BIOGRAPHY.

[It has been pertinently remarked by a great writer, whose opinion deserves all our respect, that these *parallel circumstances and kindred images*, to which we readily conform our minds, are, *above all other writings*, to be found in the *lives* of particular persons. Hence, no species of writing seems more worthy of cultivation than *Biography*, since none can be more delightful, or more useful, none can more certainly chain the heart, by irresistible interest, or more widely diffuse instruction to every diversity of condition. This just sentiment from the highest authority; a conviction of the great utility of such an article, and the delight which it always affords, both the Editor and his readers, are sufficiently incentive to our attention to this fairest kind of *philosophy*, which "*teacheth by examples*." In future, Biography shall constitute a regular department in the Port Folio, and for this, and the ensuing week, we have provided a banquet for our readers, in an admirable life of WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ. a man dear to every friend of literature, and a poet, an honor to the greatest nation. To write a narrative of one's own life has been always considered a task of extreme delicacy. HUME and GIBSON have executed it excellently well, but not without vanity. From this foible, so degrading to our own dignity, so insulting to the pride of others, this article is wholly free. It is composed in a style of "*invincible modesty*;" and it is pleasant to perceive how little the wise man arrogates, who is *entitled* to challenge all our praise. The pathetic manner with which our sensitive bard mentions his Mother, must endear him to every filial breast. His early studies, his perseverance, in spite of the bullets of fortune, and the picturesque circumstance of his etching the symbols of a science with the broken instrument of his humiliating labour, are all highly interesting. His ardent gratitude to his early patron will not escape the moral reader, and, when that passage is adverted to, which records the munificence of a British Nobleman to a man of genius, struggling with adversity, it will be discerned that there is *one country*, where when a Virgil appears, he never wants a Mæcenæ.]

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Written by himself.

I know but little of my family, and that little is not very precise. My great grandfather, (the most remote of it that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned,) possessed considerable property at Halsworthy, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited I never thought of asking, and do not know.*

* Lord Bolingbroke. See his Miscellaneous works.

† The writer of this article could not read the passage alluded to without emotion. To the lessons of a *Mother* he is indebted for much of what partial friendship may be willing to ascribe to him.

‡ A country truly great and free, where Bounty follows Service. Where ingratitude is no part of the national character. Where, when a WASHINGTON, or an ADAMS, a HAMILTON, or a PICKENS, are lavish of life to promote public welfare, there are none so detestably base, so meanly penurious as to withhold from them the rewards of honest fame. *Note, by the Editor.*

• I have, however, some faint notion of hearing my mother say that he or his father had been a *China Merchant* at London. By China Merchants I always understood, and so perhaps did she, a dealer in *China Ware*.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton,) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.

My grandfather was on ill terms with him; I believe not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated.—My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know, but I am inclined to think that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great grandfather to bequeath a part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great grandfather. He was, as I heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was soon reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time to wander in some vagabond society.* He was now probably given up, for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,† (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did with some credit at South Molton.—Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years he was again thoughtless enough to engage in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea. This was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled, as I have mentioned.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government, while my mother, (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born in April 1757.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a school mistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's spelling book;" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad singers, or rather readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardner, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was, therefore, turned into money; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness‡ and

* He had gone with Bamfylde Moore Carew, then an old man.

† Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

‡ This was a lot of small houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the free school (kept by Hugh Smerdon,) to learn to read and write and cypher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this love he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, though he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into the business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortunately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelve month, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than on her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left was seized by a person of the name of C—, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection; and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my god father. Respect for the opinion of the town, (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects,) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me: but these golden days were over in less than three months. C—, sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him, but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and, in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PORT FOLIO.

[Moiverius or De Moivre, (or Accius Secundus, according to the fashion of that age, which allowed the learned to assume new names of their own choice) was a Frenchman of the sixteenth century, and a celebrated writer of Latin poetry. In the bloom of life, he conceived the design of retiring into the bosom of the Alps, and renouncing all intercourse with the world, but that which is maintained by reading and writing, and this design he actually executed. He sought the most desolate part of the Ligurian shore, and fitting up an apartment in a half ruined fortress, which belonged to a nobleman of Burgundy, one of his patrons, he secluded himself from all society but that of shepherds, fishermen, and hunters of the boquetin. He relinquished this life, after some time, chiefly at the importunity of Laura D'Orvillers his mistress. During its continuance, however, he wrote several poems. The following is an attempt to put into an English dress, one of these, in which he appears to reply to some remonstrance of his mistress Laura. The most interesting parts only are taken, and if the lines be not unworthy of your notice, you are welcome to them.

z]

"SOLITARY WORSHIP."

FROM THE LATIN OF ACCIUS SECUNDUS.

No teacher's voice my ear demands;
No kindling altar built by hands;
No sacramental bread is broke;
No urns exhale sabæan smoke;
No organ pipe or choral band
Amid my hallowed circle stand;
No rays of glimmering taper shine
To lead me to the curtained shrine;
No sacred verse, from mystic page,
Reveals the lore of saint or sage;
No keen polemic knife dissects
The vitals of ambiguous texts,
And marks out to my aching eye
How meanings grow and multiply:
What then my Laura, must there be
No converse 'twixt my God and me?

Th' aspiring dame that loads the ground
And all the pomp of measured sound
Please heaven, but will they please as well
As still small voice from desert cell?

In stately halls and busy marts
His smiles shall cheer ten thousand hearts,
But smiles he not in depths of caves,
And the rough world of winds and waves?

An antique trunk or mossy root
Will all my artless worship suit:
The new blown rose and new mown hay
Shall bring the incense that I pay;
The rustling leaves, the murmuring brook
Are texts from out my sacred book.

My God in rocks and trees I view;
His steps to inmost groves pursue;
I hear his voice in thundering seas;
I hear it whispering in the breeze.

A thousand poets of the wing,
Who, "sweetly, without salary, sing,"
Embowered, in poplar or in palm,
Shall give me psalmody and psalm.

Or if, in mood austerer, I,
Delight, on stronger plumes, to fly,
Symphonious winds and waves shall join
Their spells to witch these ears of mine:
Thunders my hymning choirs shall be,
And echoing rocks my minstrelsy.

The sun, when, in his eastern way,
His upward glance foreruns the day,
Me duly calls from light repose;
Me, the sole priest my temple knows:

I hie me to the bowery shade
By clasping vines and branches made,
In museful fit entranced, and there
I softly breathe my *matin* prayer.

The pebbly path whose various gloss
Is chequered by sweet humble moss,
With light from starry lamps above,
Or glow-worm's *vesper* lamp I love.

When *vigil* zeal abjures the bed
I heed not where repose the dead.
No spectre leads to stony pile
Where mimic deaths around me smile;
No voice is uttered by the grave,
My steps, from passing snares, to save.

The pillar'd roof and spiry fane
Unveil their marble pomp in vain.
The glimmering aisle and ghostly cell,
May ope at toll of signal bell,
And those who can, may bow the knee,
But other fanes must ope for me.

My eye some towery Alp has caught
O'erhung by Heaven's own vasty vault.
Columnar rocks shall form the base,
O'erspread by oaks of giant race.
In his hoar sides the ocean wave
Shall scoop out many a darksome cave;
In such a fane does Heaven delight,
And I adore, as angels might.

Or if from Nature's wild domain
Sickly or stormy skies detain;
If driving snows or miry earth
Me prisoner make to roof and hearth,
And shut me out from grove and hill,
And bowery shade and murmuring rill,
And mountain caves and thundering seas....
My quiet, homebuilt nook will please,
And Zeal as promptly shall repair,
To closet secrecy and prayer....
And while no eyes profane intrude
On sweet Devotion's solitude,
Be mine to sit, and muse alone
O'er pictured forms, or featured stone,
Some likeness, traced by those who can,
Of him who lived and died for man.

Or snatched away, in rapture hurl'd
I rove o'er all th' ideal world,
And cull out thoughts and words rehearse
That move in voluntary verse,
And ask, O teacher best, of thee
The grace of meek humility.
"Twixt hand and hand," to raise a screen
And save and bless, like thee, unseen.

To God's commending eye shall turn
To fervours that in secret burn;
The ear divine shall kindly bend
When earthly ears no audience lend:
And deeds of mute unwitnessed love,
Shall find there lasting fame above.

THE INDIAN STUDENT; OR, THE FORCE OF NATURE.

From Susquehannah's utmost springs
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
The shepherd of the forest came.

Not long before a wand'ring priest
Express his wish with visage sad,
Ah why! he cry'd, in satan's waste,
Ay why detain so fine a lad.

In Yankee land there stands a town
Where learning may be purchas'd low,

* "Let not thy left hand know what the right hand," &c.

Exchange his blanket for a gown,
And let the lad to college go.

From long debate the council rose,
And viewing Shallum's tricks with joy
To Harvard hall o'er drifted snows,
They sent the tawny colour'd boy.

Awhile he wrote, a while he read,
Awhile attended grammar rules,
An Indian savage, so well bred,
Great credit promis'd to the schools.

Some thought he would in law excel,
Some said in physic he would shine,
And some who lik'd him passing well,
Beheld in him a sound divine.

But those of more discerning eye,
E'en then could other prospects show,
They saw him lay his Virgil by,
To wander with his dearer bow.

The tedious hours of study spent,
The heavy moulded lecture done,
He to the woods a hunting went,
But sigh'd to see the setting sun.

The shady banks, the purling streams,
The woody wild his heart possest,
The dewy lawn his morning dreams
In Fancy's finest colours drest.

Ah why, he cry'd, did I forsake
My native woods for gloomy walls,
The silver stream, the limpid lake,
For musty books and college halls.

A little could my wants supply,
Can wealth or honour give me more?
Or will the sylvan god deny
The humble treat he gave before?

Where Nature's ancient forests grow,
And mingled laurel never fades,
My heart is fix'd, and I must go
To die among my native shades.

He spake, and to the western springs,
His gown discharg'd, his money spent,
His blanket ty'd with yellow strings,
The shepherd of the forest went.

Returning to his rural plain,
The Indians welcom'd him with joy,
The council took him home again,
And blest the tawny colour'd boy.

SELECTED POETRY.

IMITATED FROM CATULLUS.

Doris, that dear bewitching prude,
Still calls me saucy, pert, and rude,
And sometimes almost strikes me;
And yet, I swear, I can't tell how,
Spite of the knitting of her brow,
I'm very sure she likes me.

Ask you me why I fancy thus?
Why I have call'd her jilt and puss,
And thought myself above her;
And yet I feel it to my cost,
That when I rail against her most,
I'm very sure I love her.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 39.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VI.

Probable revolutions of the earth in former times.

What is more certain than the novelty of the American hemisphere is, that it formerly extended much farther eastward than it does at present. In fact the water deepens very gradually as you proceed from the shore. A vessel approaching the coast may sail boldly forward until it finds bottom at sixty fathoms deep, it is then still distant enough from land. The West-India islands have long been considered as the remains of a continent now under water. To this may be added the tradition of a continent, now sunk, called Atlantis, of which the western isles, and according to some, even Ireland where fossils altogether different from those in the rest of Europe, and only like those of America are found, may perhaps be the remains. Mr. Muhlenberg, whom I have already more than once mentioned, is of opinion that the ranges of granite, which occasion the falls in the rivers of the Atlantic United States, and, indeed, the falls nearest to the sea, were the central point of North-America in former times, and that it extended eastward as far as the banks of Newfoundland, and the easternmost West-India island. He mentions another fact which deserves particular attention. In New-Jersey, upon digging wells, there have been found, from forty to fifty feet beneath the surface of the earth, petrified wood, remnants of arms, in a word, unquestionable proofs of an inhabited surface. So much then had a country, once inhabited, sunk under ground; and the inundation extended to the ranges of granite, from which the sea had afterwards retired again. In fact the lower part of the Atlantic states, situated nearest to the coast, bear indisputable marks of having been not long ago covered by the sea. The water has deposited upon the ground it had overflowed new layers of earth, consisting here chiefly of sand and gravel. America, therefore, was not a new country, but, like a great island, the remnant of a still greater continent. The present North-America was then the mountainous part of that immense country; and thus the savage character of its inhabitants is easily accounted for; by considering, that only the savage inhabitants of the mountains were left, when the civilized inhabitants of the plains, in the great country of Atlantis, were drowned. These plains must have enjoyed, at that time, a milder climate than the Atlantic states do at present; as the cold winds from the mountains, in their passage over a cultivated surface, must have lost much of their severity. But I do not see why in particular this range of granite should be the central point, or spine of that country, since there are

higher mountains, farther back from the sea, and that must be called the principal mountain from which the rivers take their source; which is here the Allegany.

Partial deluges have unquestionably taken place, even though a general one may be contrary to the known laws of nature. Perhaps the world was so ordered by its creator, that whole nations, when grown so thoroughly corrupt, as to render all reformation impossible, should be annihilated by such great natural revolutions. Perhaps this is the reason why the sea covers two thirds of our globe; for the same quantity of water might exist beneath the excavated and inhabited surface of the earth. Thus in the golden age, of which we have so many traditions, there was perhaps no sea visibly extant, and the whole surface of the globe was perhaps every where inhabited. Perhaps Providence has permitted these deluges in order to reduce the number of the wicked, and the mass of crimes.

POSTSCRIPT TO THE FIRST VOLUME.

I shall draw upon myself, to an high degree, the wrath of those strange men, who for their absurd partiality towards America, can be properly called by no other name than the Americomanes. It would be vain boasting here to say that I despise this rancour. The rage of men possessed of any kind of mania is never to be despised; and I see already the Americomanes, with foaming mouths, wild looks, and wigs starting from their heads by the standing on end of the hair beneath them, (for age is not a preservative against folly) breaking loose upon me. These curious personages deserve to be represented in all their ridiculous colours for the amusement of the German public. It would, indeed, be a sin to laugh at an unfortunate person, already so severely punished by such a sort of insanity or mania; but it so happens that these Americomanes possess more or less the faculty of writing; hence it may almost lead us to think, that it is not so much a mania as self-interest that makes them so much in love with America; because they draw from her their materials for thick volumes, which they could otherwise not extract from their own brains. These volumes, they think, will not sell so well if the public should take impressions unfavourable to America, whether true or false.—Hence their rage against every friend to truth, who plucks the mask from the face, which they are busied with painting, of their doll, America, and shews her in her deformity to the public. What cares a self-interested compiler whether he spreads abroad in the world error or not? He compiles, and compiles, and compiles as long as people will purchase his compilations. If, however, they should set up their yell against me, the German public will know how to decide, between them, who by false representations of American freedom and happiness, inveigle their fellow-citizens to emigrate to America; and me, who by proving the superiority of Germany, endeavour to persuade the Germans to stay where they are well.

Although I have in this work already opposed here and there a sufficient shield against the blunt critical arrows of those Americomanes, I will, however, here anticipate and answer some objections, such as may be expected from them, and only from them.

They will perhaps say that I draw from the official letters of General Washington inferences such as he himself would never have dreamt of.—But all those, who are not in the fever-fit of the mania, will very easily observe, that I have drawn no inferences at all, but have only quoted the facts related in those letters. What they may chuse to call inferences are inevitable consequences from the premises. A blind Americomane, however, sees not this, and I cannot remove the cataract; for he is incurable.

The Americomanes, who are not over intelligent, will say that my argument to prove external trade prejudicial to agriculture in America is unintelligible. I must here first inform them, that even the country people in Pennsylvania, call any man, who does not understand that, in plain terms a "blockhead," which expression substantially, though not literally, designates the head of an Americomane. Secondly I can answer them here, what squire Thornhill, in the Vicar of Wakefield, says to poor Moses. "Sir, I am your humble servant; I find you require of me to furnish you with arguments, and with understanding besides." (Vicar of Wakefield, chap. 7.)

The Americomanes, of whom it may be expected that they will talk of things which they do not understand, will express their wonder at my saying; it would be an easy thing for an active general, with a moderate army to conquer America. I am willing to let my judgment in this case, pass for nothing, although I learnt the art of war as my profession, and although my essay upon the plan of operation of the allies in Belgium, published in Archenholz's Minerva, for June 1794, in the judgment of connoisseurs, proved at least that I am not altogether ignorant in this respect. But upon this occasion they come in collision with a man, with whom it were the greatest presumption for men of their standard to pretend comparing themselves; and this man is no other than General Lloyd. This officer goes even so far as to maintain that for the conquest of all North-America, it would be sufficient to master New-England. But I found my opinion, that the country might easily be subdued, upon the want of defensive means. Mr. Morse says, indeed, that America has eight hundred thousand men for its defence. But every one, except a child or an Americomane, must know, that it is impossible to raise in a mass, or to maintain in the field, the whole number of men qualified to bear arms. The French have found these levies in a mass, during the present war, impossible and ridiculous.—What immense magazines would be necessary for it? Who would remain to till the fields if these eight hundred thousand men were collected together in an army? Are the magazines extant? Can they be collected in a country where corn is so enormously dear? How soon would the "*neruum rerum gerendarum*," money, be found

wanting? From what vast distances must the immense stores of provisions be transported, where a small population is dispersed over so large an extent of country? To concentrate either men or things, much more time is necessary in America than in the most thinly peopled country of Europe. It is, therefore, not true that America contains eight hundred thousand men for her defence, even though she should have so many, or yet more, fit to bear arms; for when war is the subject of discussion, the only question is, how many fighting men a State can concentrate, and, when concentrated, maintain?

When it is known that in Pennsylvania alone there are twenty powder mills, it sounds very strangely, to hear me say, that the Americans have no powder; that is, not in sufficient quantities to carry on war according to the modern practice. But this proves what an immense difference there is, between considering a country, in another quarter of the world at two hundred leagues distance, in one's chamber, and having been in the country itself.—Thus, in the close chamber for instance, it is not known that these powder mills never, or very seldom, work, because no saltpetre, or at any rate no people to hunt it up are to be found. It may, however, boldly be maintained that there is not sufficient powder for an army during war, in a country, where a pound of gun-powder costs a Spanish dollar and an half, and where a profit of 150 per cent. or more, could be made upon German powder, if the ships dared to take it with them. Tolerable hunting powder costs at least two dollars a pound.

I know very well that the government has purchased some powder; but not sufficient for the wants of an army in the field: especially of an undisciplined army like the militia of the United States.

I, therefore, adhere to the assertion, that the Americans have not powder enough to carry on a war, and that if they were at this moment attacked, they would be as destitute of that article as they were in their revolutionary war.—Nor are the Americans sufficiently armed. Nearly two thirds of the militia, that of New-England perhaps excepted, are either unarmed, or have only muskets without bayonets. The arms for the three thousand soldiers of the United States were imported from Europe. Three thousand men are down upon paper; only half the number really exist. American officers themselves declare the militia to be troops nearly useless.

General Washington expresses in one of his official letters to Congress, the opinion, that the utmost exertion of all their power could not maintain more than seven or eight thousand men. At the close of the war the American army was, indeed, thirteen thousand strong, but it was by the assistance of France, which clothed and armed the American soldiers, and lent money to the nation.

At this day, every thing is dearer than in the time of war. The state was not then burthened with so oppressive a national debt, and a new paper emission would not succeed again, for the fate of the former bills would altogether deprive it of credit. I really know not, how, in case of a war, the Americans would extricate themselves from their perplexity. General Washington sees this very well; and has, therefore, used every possible endeavour to guard against a war, in which his diplomatic address has been successful.

If, therefore, America, for these causes, is unfit to stand a long war, I do not see how she could resist a sudden attack from Canada. I could even easily indicate the roads through which the columns should march, and the places where forts ought to be built, to keep the country in check; but this is not the place for it, and

perhaps I shall have occasion to say something upon the subject in a military work, which I propose to write. Since the surrender of the forts the case is, indeed a little altered. When I speak upon subjects belonging to my profession, the Americomanes should at least leave me in quiet; for they understand nothing of it, and by their animadversions can only make themselves the more ridiculous.

The Americomanes have, as I hear, maintained that judge ———, who was detected in stealing, could not be a judge, because he was not the chief justice. This places the logic of these people in a very extraordinary point of view. A is not Z. I say so too.—But I spoke not of the chief justice, but of judge ———. The incredible ignorance, discovered in the assertion that a judge and a justice are the same, and that both are officers corresponding with village bailiffs, I have in this work already shewn; but I must here once more express my astonishment, how persons totally unacquainted with the very elements of the American constitution can have the face to write about it!

Such objections as those, of which I have here detailed the whole series, can in fact be made only by the high priest of the whole fanatical fraternity of the Americomanes. Such adversaries are not dangerous; I think myself happy to have none but such as are thus weak; and truth must soon or late triumph over the paltry cavilling of such little beings, who think it for their interest to disfigure her.

The Americomanes should turn their eyes towards professor Ebeling, and blush. This deserving author of a good system of American Geography knows very well that from the materials which the Americans themselves send him, the unfavourable side of the country and of the people cannot be seen; he is also too wise not to be convinced how great a difference there is, between having been in a country, and writing about it, without ever having seen it. Professor Ebeling appears, therefore, to remain neutral between the Americomanes and me; for he has hitherto observed a most judicious silence respecting my letters in the *Minerva*.

Those Germans who will not trust my account, and adhere to the foolish Americomanes, are welcome to go there and learn by their own experience. They are welcome to pay very dear for very bad land, and in the elegant Tulpehaccon (properly Tulpehaccon, but so the Americans pronounce it) or the Arcadian sow-swamp, dream away delightful days. For all me too, they may taste a little of the yellow fever; all this would give me very little concern, since they chuse to know every thing better than those who have been there.

Let me be permitted to add here, some remarks upon the letter written from Philadelphia by Doctor Bollman, and published in a monthly periodical paper at Berlin, last November. Persons who read every thing superficially, will say that Mr. Bollman's opinion and mine do not agree together—I do not think so. But if Mr. Bollman and myself should in future come in collision with each other, he, as a man of education, will not adopt the Billingsgate language of the Americomanes, who seem to have learnt their style from the American sailors, in the most disreputable quarter of Hamburg.

And first, it is not surprising that Mr. Bollman's imagination, should clothe with rosy coloured garments every object, seeing that he tells us at the beginning of his letter, how much he was admired by the women in Philadelphia, and with what delight he danced away his time with them in joyous dalliance and frolic sport. I am really rejoiced to hear it, and heartily wish the Doctor

joy upon it. Doctor Bollman is, however, by no means excessively fascinated in favour of the Americans. He finds that even these ladies have much the manners of dragoons, and that their husbands, singly and solely devoted to getting money, are very tiresome companions. He likewise finds that there is in America very little good, and contents himself with the reflection, that evil arises even from good: but he thinks there is also little evil, so that moral apathy, appears to him, to constitute the American character. He likewise compares America to a great empty house, containing very little furniture, where it is very uncomfortable to dwell, and where the air is disagreeably damp; this comparison appears to me very just. All this sounds not very favourably, and is, perhaps, only the prelude to things which will occur, when Mr. Bollman shall have had a longer time for observation, and when the Americans shall grow more indifferent towards him in process of time, and cease to heap civilities upon him, on account of a noble action by which he distinguished himself in Europe. The first moments in the tumult of joy to find one's self honoured and beloved, are not the fittest for cool observation.

This probably is the cause why Mr. Bollman's opinions for the most part dwell merely upon the surface of things, as it appears evident, from several passages in his letter, that he was by no means deficient in penetration or understanding. It is further to be considered, how short his residence in America had been when he wrote the letter.—Thus he infers, for instance, the prosperity of the state from the greatness of its exportations. Upon this subject, I hope, more important ideas will be found in my book. As he saw only the sea-ports New-York and Philadelphia, and the neighbourhood round them, he did indeed perceive every where a false tinsel of prosperity. Perhaps he would have formed a different judgment, if he could have compared the debit and credit sides of the account books.—These were not, indeed, shewn to me; but I have certain principles by virtue of which I believe I can judge of them with tolerable accuracy.

Mr. Bollman says, the neighbourhood of Philadelphia is fertile. If he means that it produces something, he is right. But he has not examined it, for the fertility is very indifferent. The ground is so covered with garlick that very little wheat can be raised upon it. For grass it is better. I have taken very particular pains in this respect, for I intended to purchase a plantation there, and although I was in treaty for one, which was tolerably cheap (at seven pounds Pennsylvania currency, an acre) I found, upon closer examination, that it was more advisable not to make the bargain. The land is for the most part already exhausted, and labour is enormously dear.—In this book, I treat circumstantially of the neighbourhood of Philadelphia.

It is interesting to find two observers writing from a foreign country, at the same time, nearly the same things. What Mr. Bollman writes of the democratic and aristocratic parties, and of their leaders, and likewise of the southern and northern states, will all be found in one of my letters to Mr. Archenholz, published in the *Minerva* for June 1796.—But my narrative is more complete as any person may see, who will take the pains to compare the *Minerva* of June 1796, with the Berlin monthly publication for November of the same year. Doctor Bollman, indeed, touches in his letter upon so many subjects, that he could not dwell long upon any one of them.—But the remark, that the attachment to democracy in the southern states, proceeds from the circumstance that they have no white populace is equally just and novel.

Mr. Bollman judges the British treaty, as I believe, very correctly, and states accurately the

questions which were brought forward in the debates upon it. But when he speaks of the federalists and anti-federalists he falls into a capital error, which it is my duty here to censure, in order that it may not be spread abroad among the German public. I am surprised that the editor of the *Berlin* monthly publication did not correct it, at least in a little note. This error probably was occasioned by Doctor Bollman's having had no occasion to study the theory of politics in general, and of the constitution of the United States in particular. It is as follows.

Doctor Bollman states the federalists to be merely the friends of the senate, and the anti-federalists to be its adversaries. But the anti-federalists are hostile to the whole congress in as much as it is a legislative power. It is well known that previous to the present federal constitution the Congress possessed not the smallest legislative power. They could negotiate and conclude treaties with foreign powers; they could also require from the several states the sums necessary for the support of the union, by making known to each state the quota of its contribution towards the common expenses, but nothing further. The Congress were then exactly what the Amphyctions were among the Greeks, and what the assemblies of the Helvetic league are at present.—A federal constitution existed properly then, which could not continue, because few of the states would pay their contributions; because they were deficient in republican virtue; so that properly the anti-federalists are federalists. The real federal constitution was annihilated by this nominal federal constitution, which erected a single legislative power extending over all the states; and this transfer of the legislative power to a single representative body (the division into two houses being nothing to the purpose, since the senate forms a part of the Congress) is what the anti-federalists oppose.—In as much, therefore, as the anti-federalists are democrats, and as the senate is the most aristocratic part of the Congress, just so far are they more inimical to it, than to the house of representatives—Hence likewise proceeded the propositions of Virginia, the most democratically inclined of all the states, to elect the senators only for three years instead of six, as they are now chosen, and to take from the senate the powers of trying impeachments and ratifying treaties, and give the former to the supreme judicial court, and extend the latter to the concurrences of the house of representatives. Of these Virginian propositions Mr. Bollman says not one word. But it is impossible to speak of every thing in a letter.

Mr. Bollman says, the anti-federal state of Virginia, even during the revolution was against the establishment of two houses.—How! during the revolution?—I am truly astonished—Does Mr. Bollman call the perfectly peaceable introduction of the present federal constitution, so called, a revolution?—If he does, it is unusual; for by the revolution is commonly understood the war with England for independence. During that war, there was no question about two houses; for the Congress, under the former constitution, consisted of a single assembly. The new constitution, and with it the two houses, was first introduced in 1789, that is, six years after the peace which put an end to the revolution....But perhaps Mr. Bollman calls the introduction of the present constitution a revolution, and if so, he is perhaps right in saying that the state of Virginia was opposed to the establishment of two houses.—But he must have found this in the debates of the Virginia convention, which he surely never read through.

Mr. Bollman judges of the principles of the anti federalists from their name. He thinks they favoured a single assembly in order still more to concentrate power, and the truth is precisely the contrary. They are opposers of the present con-

stitution because it concentrates the power, and properly transforms the federative government into a single national corporation. The anti-federalists are friends to the independence of the states.

These errors of an ingenious man, were doubtless occasioned by a want of previous knowledge. We may look forward, however, to very interesting information from him, and I shall be truly rejoiced, if he shall shew that I have been mistaken in what I have unfavourably represented. I say "unfavourably," because I do not merely blame, but praise likewise, as will be found in the present work.

As I consider my sincere love of truth as a shield against all attacks, under the shelter of which I am perfectly secured, my adversaries may perhaps have a very pleasant joke at my expense, which I shall, however, here disarm by meeting it before-hand. They may perhaps say that I give myself out for a knight without fear or reproach, for a sort of literary Bayard.—My answer is, that they have guessed right, and that I do so consider myself.—So they may now spare themselves the trouble of making the objection.

At this day the best way to obtain, is to confer praise. There is likewise an opinion wandering about among mankind, that nations must be more tenderly treated than individuals. This is not true. The exalted founder of the Christian religion openly reproached the Jews according to their deserts.—The truth should be told, and those who cannot bear it should be laughed out of countenance.

I advise those who think my argument in the second chapter of this work, upon the importance of original descent, tiresome, and nothing to the purpose, to take in hand, the *Island of Felsenburg*, the beautiful *Melusina*, or "the Merry Jester," and also a very pretty little work entitled the "*Genteel Hangman*."

So many gentlemen have within a short time found themselves deceived in their expectations, and therefore returned from America, that I am surprised they have published nothing concerning that country. It will perhaps be said that herein they shew themselves wiser than me. I am not of that opinion. Ease and personal convenience ought not to be preferred to the benefit of the public.—It would be peculiarly interesting if Count Burghausen should write upon the subject, as he is so richly qualified to compose an interesting work, and as upon his return to Germany, he declared such to be his intention.

The following circumstance, among others, proves how unacquainted even learned men are with the American constitution. I saw, in Philadelphia, a German just then arrived there, who shewed me a letter of recommendation, from a certain German author, to Washington.—The superscription was "To George Washington, President of the Congress of the United States." This sounds exactly as if one should write "To Frederick-William, King of the Government of the Kingdom of Prussia." Under the federal constitution, there is a President of the United States, but no President of Congress—under the old constitution there was a President of Congress.—Every school boy ought to know so much as that.

ALTONA, March 27, 1797.

ON MUSIC AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

A DIALOGUE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

L. Well then, I will. I will take you at your word, yet I would not if you did not give other proofs than merely verbal ones, of curiosity and interest in my homely tale. You look as if you

were attentive and inquisitive, and I will trust to that.

My first attempts, you will easily suppose, were awkward and ridiculous. I knew that any one who heard me would judge so, and that I should judge so of another, yet I found strange delight in my rude ditty. I was encouraged likewise, by the perception of my progress. It was slow enough, but after some months I could not deny that I managed matters more easily than at first.

I could never endure mere repetition. Some license, some independence, some exertion of my own fancy, I exercised from the first moment that I touched the keys, and these licenses increased as habit improved my dexterity. I always, at every new performance, added or retrenched, flattened or sharpened, assembled or spread out, augmented, lessened, or varied my treble or my base. It was one strain, but with as many variations as there were attempts to play.

Even to this day I cannot read music. I cannot play from any written piece, though I am well enough acquainted with symbols and terms, yet, when I accidentally hear a good performer, I listen with great eagerness and considerable benefit. I have knowledge to see his peculiarities, his differences from me, and to imitate them when alone. This is a singular mode of studying music, but I believe it is the best. It confers a more masterly acquaintance with the instrument. It makes you, at the same time player and composer. It brings your own judgment and invention into exercise. You do not become so swift and so agile, it is true; you do not so much qualify yourself to please others, as if you had by rote, or could play from scores, all Handel and Scarlatti, but you administer with more success to your own pleasure. There is more delight, and, I think, more merit in composing even badly, than in merely copying or repeating the finest compositions of another, and this is true in poetry and painting as well music, at least so it is with me.

R. But these excellencies need not be separated. Your invention would be improved by studying and performing the works of others, and the same means that enabled you to give pleasure to others, would likewise heighten your own.

L. I have sometimes thought so too, and so great is my passion for music, that the utmost exertions of my fortitude were requisite to abstain from the boundless indulgence. I have sometimes been scarcely able to refrain from devoting to my instrument, not half hours merely, but days and weeks. I doubt whether any motive, but necessity and my father's will would, at my first setting out, have sufficed. Had I been a girl of fortune and leisure, and my friends encouraged my musical pursuits, I am pretty sure that I should have neglected every other path for the sake of this. Happily for me, however, I had indigence and a father's distaste to restrain me, till my reason acquired strength enough to regulate my actions.

Greatly still do I love music, but I see the folly and even the guilt of allowing it to engross much of my time. I see how comparatively selfish, worthless and fleeting is the pleasure which it gives; how much below the ennobling exercises of the reason in reflecting, the fancy in inventing, or the heart in feeling. Nothing but its subservience to my religious duty reconciles me to the practice of it. As mere recreation it is superfluous. I have taught myself to derive amusement from sources more refined; more permanent; more intellectual than this.

I have known females seat themselves at ten o'clock in the morning, open their book, and proceed with the utmost regularity each day successively, for months together, through half a dozen highland airs, or intricate concerto's. How have I

pitied their grovelling taste, and perverse sensibility! How have I lamented their unsufferable waste of time, and abuse of leisure! How many sources of true and beneficial pleasure are forgotten and unthought of while this passion is fostered, and how, indeed, inferior was this kind of musical performance to that which I pursued.

(To be Continued.)

BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Written by himself.
(Concluded.)

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamt of poetry; indeed I scarce knew it by name; and whatever may be said of the force of nature, I never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idler reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to be a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it, but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I tried, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shop-mates, was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence as trifling as the former, furnished me with a fresh subject, and so I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly nothing on earth was ever so deplorable: such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons; first, because I had no paper; and secondly, perhaps I might be excused from going farther: but in truth I was afraid; for my master had already threatened me for hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial: little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had so long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed like a Peruvian mine. I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c. and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of Algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine: it was subservient to other purposes; and I only had recourse to it when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly; it was followed by another severer still: a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back to that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability; by degrees I sunk into a kind of corporeal torpor, or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in splenetic and vexatious tricks, which

alienated the few acquaintances compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent; unfriended and unpitied; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my Wolfius in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me: it revived at the first encouraging word; and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me: I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favorite.

My master still murmured; for the business of the shop went on no better than before: I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment forever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found, in the twentieth year of my age, by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had, by some accident or other, reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to enquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him: his first care was to console: his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich: his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded: he had besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence: that little however was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing: he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair; and when he learned that I made it in circumstances of discouragement and danger, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were, indeed, several obstacles to be overcome: I had eighteen months, yet to serve; my hand writing was bad, and my language very incorrect; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man, he procured a few of my poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper: its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "a Subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve

himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten and sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship, (the sum my master received was six pounds,) and to maintain me a few months during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty,) had been more considerable than my patrons expected; I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the university. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person who was soon found out, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends. When I became capable however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the Classics; and indeed I do not know a single school book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, Juvenal engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth satire for a holiday task.—Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself;) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and I think the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature which I wrote from time to time and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector,) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter; I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated,) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of my going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a means of increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires; the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design; it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the first of Janua-

ry 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents: neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance; I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them: but for these as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine unopened in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Serrington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out, with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed; † to obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect Mr. Cookesley's name with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprize, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to engage in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end; and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the Classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages: by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils; this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college; it could arise

from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears the most distant resemblance to talents: for I had no claims upon them for any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed and tranquilized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties, had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names: but alas, what a mortification! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too partial friends had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which, my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had indeed caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the work. Alarmed at the prospect I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Serrington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands, to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan: nevertheless he promised, in a letter which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I presented them with the work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete,) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I fancied this might be done in two years: perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of — recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long; and when he returned to town, I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were inclosed in a cover and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his Lordship, necessarily supposing it to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave the letter to my friend, he had the curiosity to enquire about his correspondent, at Oxford: and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town; to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment, and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with

him. These were not words of course, they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption, from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!

In his Lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son, (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him in two successive tours, I spent many years: years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace—my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardor and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether: but the ever recurring idea that there were people of the description I have already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbade the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience or my own, suffered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public.

..... *Majora canamus.*

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LAZARUS SPALLANZANI, THE CELEBRATED NATURALIST.

(Concluded.)

A sea voyage was, in every respect, the safest as well as the most convenient; but Spallanzani regarded with an eye of perfect indifference the dangers attending long journeys by land, when he entertained any hopes of meeting with new instruction; he boldly confronted all the perils of these desert regions destitute of civil government. Having reached Bucharest, he was detained there nine days by the celebrated and unfortunate Mauroceni, hospodar of Wallachia; this prince, justly renowned for his liberal patronage of the sciences, received him with the most flattering marks of distinction; made him a present of several rarities of his country, and provided him with horses, and an escort of thirty soldiers through the whole extent of his dominions. Spallanzani passed through Hermanstadt to Transylvania, and arrived at Vienna on the 7th of December, after having visited the numberless mines of Transylvania, Hungary, and Germany.

Spallanzani remained five days in the metropolis of Austria, held two conferences of considerable length with the emperor Joseph II, was entertained by the principal noblemen of the court, and visited by all men of literature. At length he arrived at Pavia; the students came out of the city gates to meet him, and accompanied him to his house, in all the rapturous ardour of unfeigned joy, and, by the most irresistible compulsion, dragged him to the auditory. Impelled by their desire to hear him, they compelled him to ascend the chair, whence he was accustomed to deliver his lectures. Spallanzani, sensibly affected by this conduct, painted to them, in the most eloquent and animated manner, his gratitude and attachment: kind wishes, cries of joy, and shouts of applause, were renewed with more ardor, and he was compelled to request them to restrain their satisfaction, and to permit him to retire to his own house, that he might obtain that repose of which he found himself so much in need. He had, at this time, more than five hundred students.

* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801; twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness: I yet cherish his memory with filial respect, and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

† Many of these papers were distributed; the terms which I extract from one of them, were these, "The work shall be printed in quarto (without notes) and be delivered to subscribers in the month of December next. The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

The cabinet of Pavia was always the dear object of Spallanzani's thoughts; among the numerous rarities which he had there collected, his mind was only intent on those which were still wanting. He was struck with its deficiency in volcanic substances, of which a few only were collected, without order, uninteresting, and uninformative, though Italy was the theatre where the volcanic fires, for so many ages, had displayed their desolating energy. He resolved to instruct his disciples, his country, and himself, on these phenomena so important and so little known, and to collect the documents of their history on the spot, where they are the incessant terror of the surrounding inhabitants, and

the useless subject of philosophical observations: he prepared himself for this important undertaking by a laborious course of study. He set out for Naples in the summer of 1788; and, in the course of a dangerous voyage, examined, with minuteness and undaunted courage, the terrible phenomena of Vesuvius, Lipari, Etna, Sylla, and Charybdis. By these means, at the age of sixty, he amassed that invaluable collection of anecdotes comprised in his work, intitled, *Voyages dans les deux Siciles*, where he embraces the opportunity of comparing the descriptions which Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Diodorus Siculus, and Strabo, have given of those celebrated places, with what he himself saw.

In the travels of Spallanzani is found a new volcanology; he teaches the mode of calculating the degree of intensity in the heat of volcanic fires, as well as of investigating its cause. He has, by analysis, almost ascertained that peculiar species of gas, which, like a strong lever, tears from the earth's entrails, and hurls, even to the summit of Etna, those torrents of melted pumice stones which are disgorged by that volcano. He discloses the nature of pumice stones, which he has since demonstrated in some of artificial fabrication. He proves that the burning of these mountains proceeds from the inflammation of hydrogen carbonic gas; and this solution equally applies to the phenomena of Barigazzo, and several other places, some of which were then burning in secret. He found means to render those fires serviceable in making lime, and they are still made use of for this purpose. Spallanzani concludes this excellent production with some interesting researches relative to swallows, taking occasion to describe, under the impulse of a refined imagination, the amiable manners, and the rapidity of flight for which this species of birds are distinguished; the useful hints which they furnish to an observer for the invention of an aerial post, their migrations regulated by the temperature of the air, and its propitiousness to the birth of certain insects; lastly, he discusses the celebrated problem of their state of torpor during winter, and he proves that an artificial cold, more intense than that of our climates, does not render these birds lethargic. He then treats of the owl species; and in conclusion, he speaks of eels and their mode of generation, which still remains a problem to be solved; but he gradually conducts the reader through his researches, to the very step which promises a complete solution.

Spallanzani anxiously observed the progress of French chymistry, which he adopted without the least hesitation; it was formed for a judicious mind like his, which delighted to account for the phenomena which it observed. When Gottling published his experiments upon the combustion of phosphorus in azote, Spallanzani wished to try the solidity of these arguments which were brought against his favourite system, and, therefore, published in 1797, his *Chimico esame degli Esperimenti del Signore Gottling, Professore a Tena*, where he refuted the conclusions of that chymist, by disproving the facts which had produced them.

Spallanzani frequently discovered what before would have been considered impossible. In 1793, he again made a display of this kind, which he published in his *Lettere sopra il sospetto d'un nuovo Senso*

nei Pipistrelli; he there informed the world that bats, deprived of sight, act in every respect with the same precision as those who possess that sense; that they avoid equally well the slightest obstacles, and know exactly the proper place to perch, when their flight is at an end. These extraordinary experiments were confirmed by several of the most distinguished naturalists, and made Spallanzani suspect a new sense in these birds, because he thought he had demonstrated, by exclusion, that their other senses were not able to supply the defect of sight; but the anatomical details of Professor Jurine, upon the organ of hearing in this singular bird, made him incline to the opinion that the ear might serve instead of the eye, as in all those cases where bats are in the dark.

Spallanzani terminated his literary career by a letter addressed to the celebrated chymist, Giobert, *Sopra le piante chiuse ne' vasi dentro l'acqua e l'aria, esposte a l'immediata lume solare e l'ombra*. It is a melancholy event, for this department of science, that his death deprived it of the discoveries which he was on the point of effecting.

All these productions, though printed and generally applauded, still did not form the sum of Spallanzani's labours. He had, for a long time, employed his studies on the phenomena of respiration, upon their resemblances and differences through the extensive and various circle of animated nature, and he endeavoured to reduce to some certain method his researches on this subject, which must still excite astonishment by a number of facts but little known. He left a valuable collection of experiments and observations upon animal reproductions, upon sponges, the nature of which he defines, and upon a thousand interesting phenomena, which he knew how to draw from the obscurity which enveloped them. He had almost finished his travels to Constantinople, and had collected a stock of materials for the history of the sea.

Spallanzani's reputation was equal to the number, extent, and difficulty of his labours. France, Germany, and England, were all eager to possess his works in their respective languages. He was admitted into the academies and learned societies of London, Stockholm, Gottingen, Holland, Lyons, Bologna, Turin, Padua, Mantua, and Geneva. He maintained a correspondence with the academic societies of Paris and Montpellier; he received from the great Frederic himself the diploma as member of the academy of Berlin, and maintained a direct correspondence with him. Salicetti, while commissioner in the French army of Italy, offered him the professorship of natural philosophy at Paris, which he refused, on account of his advanced age: and the college of physicians at Madrid received him into their body.

In person, Spallanzani was rather tall; his aspect serene, yet noble; his forehead large; his eyes black and sparkling; his complexion dark, and his constitution robust. During the whole course of his life he was afflicted with no disorders, if we except a fit of the ague, which he caught in the mines of Schemnitz, at a time when the season was intensely cold. In the year 1795 he was attacked by a slight retention of urine, and several fits of the gout, which, however, did not suspend, in the least degree, his scientific pursuits.

He was generally esteemed; his virtues, untinctured by austerity, displayed themselves in all the circumstances of his life. He was beloved by all his relations, whom he inspired with his own taste; his brother Nicolas, a doctor of laws, assisted him in his experiments, and continued them, when he returned to Pavia; his sister is an eminent naturalist, perfect mistress of her brother's cabinet of natural history, acquainted with the most abstruse properties of every piece, and all the refined inductions which may be drawn from them.

Spallanzani paid great attention to the education of his nephews, and had the pleasure of seeing the eldest titular professor of physic at Padua.

On the 3d of February, 1799, Spallanzani had some returns of his urinary disorder; he passed the night restless, and in the morning became delirious. His intimate friends, Tourdes, a French physician, and the celebrated Professor Scarpa, exerted every effort that genius, knowledge, and friendship, could inspire, to save him; but he died on the 6th, edifying with his piety those who were standing round his bed. His death penetrated his whole family with grief, drew tears from all his friends, filled his pupils with the deepest affliction, and depressed with sorrow a nation proud of having given him birth. The 13th, his colleague, Professor Gregorio Fontano, made an eloquent motion in the Legislative Assembly at Milan, to erect a monument to Spallanzani by the side of those of Frisi, Beccaria, and Verri.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[A decision of a profound Jurist, respecting literary property, naturally interests every writer, from the author of superb quartos down to the humble manufacturer of such a miscellany as the Port Folio. The following is a remarkable case, recently adjudged; and the opinion of Lord Ellenborough is expressed with the nicest discrimination, and appears to be perfectly correct.]

KING'S BENCH.

CARY vs. KEARSLEY.

This was an action of damages against the defendant, who is a bookseller, for publishing as an original work, a book of the Roads in Great-Britain, a great part of which was extracted from the plaintiff's book, "Cary's Pocket Companion;" in which several roads were laid down from actual surveys made by the plaintiff and persons employed by him for that purpose.

The two books were produced in Court; and there were no less than one hundred and thirty parts of Mr. Kearsley's book alleged to be taken from Mr. Cary's; but the method and arrangement of Mr. Kearsley's book was totally different, several mistakes of Mr. Cary's first edition were corrected, and no passage could be produced which was not much enlarged upon and improved by the defendant in his book.

Lord Ellenborough, under these circumstances, was of opinion, that the plaintiff must be nonsuited; he considered that it would be *fettering science and impeding the progress of the human mind* in improvement, to have it considered a law, that when a man sits down to write a book on any subject, he has no right to resort to the recorded information on that subject, conveyed by the different persons who had before written on the subject. In this case the defendant had taken extracts, (and, in his opinion, he had a right so to do) from the plaintiff's book; but the arrangement and plan of the work, as well as the most important matter of it, was his own; he thought the plaintiff had not made out such a case as entitled him, by law, to recover... Plaintiff nonsuited.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

The tragedy of ROMEO and JULIET was performed to crowded audience. Mrs. Pope was the heroine of the piece; she was received with repeated thunders of applause on her entrance. It was her first appearance on these boards, and with the additional recommendation of Mr. Pope's Romeo, she attracted many from the fashionable circles. Her performance was marked with much simplicity in all those early scenes which display a pure and ardent love: not that simplicity which may be reconcileable with feeble powers; but of the kind that flows from a just conception of the character, embellished with all the delicacy and playful innocence, so essential to the execution of

a finished picture. Loud applause attended this display of taste; it became still more loud, as the interest of the scene increased with the incidents of terror which lead to the catastrophe. Here she evinced great force and energy, and gave, with true expression, all the agony of love and despair. The scene in which she swallows the potion was particularly distinguished for good acting, and excited a burst of applause from every part of the house. Indeed, in look, person, manner, and peculiar style of powers, we know not where to find so just a portrait of Juliet as Mrs. Pope, and as such she must prove a valuable acquisition to any theatre. She displayed much presence of mind in the last scene. Coming out of the tomb she dropped her dagger, and being in want of it when she should stab herself, she snatched up Paris's sword, saying, "With this sword," instead of "With this dagger," &c.

Mr. Pope, in great variety and sweetness of tones, in energy and feeling, possesses many qualifications for Romeo; but Romeo is a romantic youth; he is light, elastic, full of fire and vivacity. In a character, therefore, in which so much depends upon looking the part, the manliness and firmness, in the manner of Mr. Pope, do not allow us to expect a perfect performance. It was however, a good representation, and met with much applause. Mr. Bannister did justice to Mercutio until the dying scene, in which he trespassed rather too far upon the ludicrous. There was little to commend in the other characters, and yet nothing to give offence. In point of decorations, the piece was got up with appropriate splendour.

LEVITY.

TAKE CARE OF EVERY THING.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

My friend, you are scarcely arrived at Paris, and you already give yourself up to all the pleasures which the capital presents; whither are you hastening at this early hour? I am going to meet two young men who have shewn me the greatest friendship, and who have promised to make me acquainted with every thing curious that Paris contains. My friend, *take care* of your curiosity. They have an infinite acquaintance, and they appear to be on the best terms with the principal persons of the Government, they have promised to patronise me, and to get me... My friend, *take care* of patrons, of men of importance, and above all, of their promises. They will take me to dine at one of the first taverns. My friend, *take care* of their appetite, and above all, of the bill. From that we will go to the theatre. My friend, *take care* of your pockets. On leaving the theatre, they will introduce me in the house of a charming woman, who, from the accounts they have given her of me, desires very much to be acquainted with me, and has already conceived a particular affection for me. My friend, *take care* of her desires, of her affection, and above all of the experience of your young men. They have assured me that every day there are elegant parties at her bouse; that they play at billote, and they wish to teach me the game. My friend, *take care* of your masters, of their instructions, and above all of your purse. They told me that I would meet a man of fortune there, who is at present under some difficulties; he wishes to borrow a sum of money; he is a man of honour, and they have made me promise to do him this service. My friend, *take care* of the goodness of your heart; *take care* of men of fortune under difficulties; and above all of borrowers. But they will give me good securities and a reasonable interest. My friend, *take care* of every thing that they will shew you... of every thing they say to you... *take care* of every body... *take care* of every thing... and above all *take care*!

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

When we advert to the present government of France, and consider the past we agree with the editor of the Boston Gazette:—"Happy it is, that the French people, after passing the ruin and disorder of ten years revolution, are again the subjects of any thing like a regular and permanent government; but happier far would it have been for them and their posterity had they remained loyal subjects under the administration of the Capets, and never listened to the syren songs of Democracy."

George Rose, Esq. an opulent member of the Imperial Parliament, is constantly aimed at by the archers of opposition. He lately narrowly escaped drowning, as he was crossing the Thames, and the wits remarked, "Rich as George Rose was supposed to be, it appears, from his Thames expedition, that he is not able to keep his head above water."

They who are afraid of "the flatulence of tea," or of the morbid watchfulness which strong coffee often produces, will read the following, and fancy that a more wholesome breakfast is discovered. "A Salutary Breakfast.....Le Roe's English Coffee. This Coffee, which is a balsamic of the most excellent nature, extracted from the choicest aromatic plants and herbs, and from the most salubrious barks, has, during an experience of near fifty years, established its extraordinary efficacy in consumptive habits, and proved itself one of the greatest restoratives and preservatives of health ever yet discovered. It has also the sanction of many eminent men of the faculty, particularly of the late Dr. Fothergill, who prescribed it in consumptive and nervous complaints, as well as in coughs of long standing, asthmas, tremors, palpitations of the heart, &c. It is much recommended to those of weak constitutions, with whom tea does not agree, as it is more nourishing than sago and jellies, and will not offend the most delicate stomach. It is to be taken for breakfast, as tea or foreign coffee, and is very pleasant to the palate. Sold, by appointment of the proprietor, in canisters, price 2s. and 9d. each, duty included, by Mr. Newbery, No. 45, St. Paul's."

The following will edify every indigent bachelor. In the treasury of one of the Kings of Persia was found a vase, with the following lines, inlaid in letters of gold. One cannot but smile at the turn, in which is an equal proportion of philosophy and humour:—"He who has no wealth has no credit; ...he who has not an obedient wife has no repose; ...he who has no offspring has no strength; he who has no kindred has no supporters; and he who has none of these, lives free from care."

Many have read in the English Journals, of the *Pigot Diamond*, a gem of extraordinary size and lustre. We have just had an account of its sale at auction. "Yesterday the sale of the *Pigot Diamond* drew a very numerous and fashionable company to CHRISTIE'S rooms in Pall Mall. The sale of so rare an article gave CHRISTIE an opportunity of exerting those powers of eloquence and poetic fancy in which he is so liberally gifted. The oratory of his *pulpit*, of a kind hitherto unnoticed by the critics, indeed, is very fairly entitled to that honour. Mr. CHRISTIE said, that it had often been his lot to present to the public articles of great *antiquity*, valuable in the estimation of some for the various properties and merits they possessed, but which not unfrequently were unseemly to the eye, and repulsive to the ordinary observer. This article, however, could boast of as high an *antiquity* as any the most rare production which ever attracted the attention of the curious, or challenged the regards of those who studied the works of nature. In this the choicest powers of nature had been at work since the first

of time to perfect a gem than which the mines never produced a finer specimen to dazzle the admiring universe, and to embellish the lustre of beauty and grandeur. Unfortunate, indeed, were the owners of this jewel of high price in its being brought to a market where its worth might not be sufficiently valued, where the charms of the fair needed not such ornaments, and whose sparkling eyes outshone all the diamonds of Golcondah. In any other country the *Pigot diamond* would be sought as a distinction where superior beauty was more rarely to be found.

These animated sallies heightened the zeal of competition, and after a good deal of bidding the *Pigot Diamond* was knocked down to PARKER and BIRKETTS, Princes street, for 9500 guineas.

We know not whether the French soldiers find the ladies less kind after the toils of war and battle than the soldiers of this and other countries, but suicide for love has lately been rather frequent among the troops. After Buonaparte had reviewed two regiments at Malmaison on Wednesday last, he published general orders for the day, and taking notice of the death of a grenadier who had put an end to himself for love, reminds the troops "that they ought to know how to subdue their passions, that they ought to bear the sufferings of the mind with as much fortitude as the firing of a battery, and that to give themselves up to grief, and commit suicide, for the purpose of getting rid of it, is to abandon the field of battle before the day is won."

[Morn. Post.]

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

By a glance at the *reluctant* rhyme of R. we are convinced that he toils like a blacksmith, at his anvil of poetry. The Muse does not visit him unbidden. We can see him at his ungracious task, when he is defrauded in his vain hope of the bright thought, and the lucky expression.

"Et in versu faciendo,

"Sape caput scaberr, vivas et roderet ungues."

Our Norfolk friend has well translated the French stanzas, in our 35th number, "*Profitez bien, jeunes fillettes.*" We see no objection to the measure he has adopted. The burden of each stanza

Adieu panniens, vendages sons faites.

is neatly turned.

"An impatient Subscriber" at New-York, instead of the customary invocation, addresses the Editor reproachfully, with "*Dilatory Sir,*" and after reminding him of the tardy appearance of the Port Folio, exhorts him to read an essay on *Procrastination*. The Editor is more flattered, than molested by this sarcasm. As it implies an eagerness to read his lucubrations, however late, or however lazy, all the harshness and the acidity of reproof becomes *dulcified* by this delicious infusion of flattery to an author. But, seriously, if our correspondent will advert to the general sickness and general sorrow which have recently saddened the city, his benignity will be copious of excuses for our neglect. At the end of the year, neither he, nor any other friend, who has subscribed for this paper, shall have a right to complain of our promises violated, or our files broken. If the Editor has fled from his pen and his press, and forsaken infected streets for

".....Healthy wilds, and scenes as fair

As ever recompensed the peasant's care,"

even the indulgence of this such a rural vagary, even this truant assumption of the right to wander, may prove ultimately useful. Those who are in training for a robust exercise of their powers, generally feast themselves for a short season with the cates of indulgence, and when it becomes necessary to *task* their alertness, they *recede* a short distance.....only to bound forward with greater vigour.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL AND COMEDIA.

[A dashing blade, of a neighbouring sea port, finding himself in a state of *Impecuniacy*, has wisely determined to mend his affairs by leaving every scene of his former pleasures, and taking a trip to the "North West." He called at our shop the other day, and requested us to weave him a "Farewel," suitable to the occasion. We gave the outlines to our oldest journeyman, a reformed rake, formerly a dissenting preacher: and having been requested by the same *blond* to make it public, you have it here with.]

Cambridge, Sept. 10, 1802.

THE BUCK'S FAREWEL,

IN A LETTER TO HIS FRIEND ON THE DAY OF HIS DEPARTURE FOR THE NORTH WEST COAST, AND CHINA.

Farewel, dear Jack, I bid you now adieu,
'Tis the last letter I shall pen to you :
Twice twelve dull months around my head must roll,
Seas intervene and threatening tempests howl,
'Ere I behold my much loved country more,
Or press with eager steps my natal shore.
On the frail bark 'tis doomed I cross the seas,
Bear the rough storm or fly the beneath the breeze,
To where the savage on our western shore,
Echoes his war-whoop with a hideous roar,
Where China's cities spread o'er all the plain,
And wide canals branch out into the main,
I go ...from home-born scenes which ever please,
And all delights, to tempt the boisterous seas ;
Yet as we sail, how oft will fancy pour
Her fairy shade o'er the reflecting hour,
Display the pleasures of the crowded mall,
The splendid play-house or the magic ball.
And must I go and leave these joys behind,
Give all my pleasures to the "fleeting wind."
No more to *Cornhill* lounge with easy air,
To catch the glance and simper of the fair.
No more to each, my careless curls to shew,
Pull off my hat with many a well tim'd bow—
In this dull voyage no fair I have to please
Save the rough Squaw or dusky Tiamese.
Thro' the cool mall no longer shall I stray,
As healthful breezes close the sultry day,
View the gay crowd of pleasure's votaries there
Offer to health and joy their evening prayer,
See the fair belle trip lightly down the green,
While staring loungers on each post are seen,
Not Beauty's self has power their hearts to move,
Thee Idleness, 'tis thee alone they love.
Shall I no more when Summer holds her regin,
Leave the dull town and course the dusty plain :
At thy hotel, O Wyeth, no more alight,
Where *Fresh Pond* breaks romantic on the sight ;
Thy cooling punch no more with rapture sip,
Or raise the well cream'd strawberry to my lip,
Or play at *bowls* inspired by punch or wine,
And victor, win each time at *five, seven, nine*,
While on each side applauding fair ones stand,
And praise the unerring trueness of my hand.
So erst, at Grecian games, the chariot flies,
Loud creaks the wheels, the dust ascends the skies,
The well train'd beast obedient to the yoke,
Feels the sharp lash and flies beneath the stroke ;
'Mid the fair nymphs the conquering hero stands,
And takes the laurel from their snowy hands.
At the play-house shall I no more appear,
Where wit draws mirth, and suffering worth a tear ;
In the stage box no more with smiles, survey
The crowded house—and now and then the play,
Shall I no more at dull tea parties sit,
Hand round the tea cups and display my wit ;
While listening prudes applaud the tales I tell,
And envious slander cries—"I thought so—well."
* * * * *
Shall I no more when winter chills the ground,
And whit'ning snow-drifts spread the country round,

Snap the shrill whip in the warm bear skin sleigh,
As the fleet courser treads the well beat way.
No more to Wells's drive with dashing air,
Drink the warm beverage or the coffee share.
To thy hall, Porter, shall I no more go,
Where trips the belle and lightly moves the beau,
Down the alluring dance in rapture move,
Press the fair hand and whisper vows of love :
Debarred these pleasures, can I live resigned
"Nor cast one longing lingering look behind."
Shall I no more to *Sulien's* bend my way,
When night's black vapours chase the light away,
Where erst the circling wine my soul inspired
To *Blood* like feats and all my courage fired.
When the Old South resounds the mid-night hour,
And all, but *Bucks*, are lock'd in Sleep's dark power.
Shall I then stalk the lonely street no more,
And tear the knocker from the bounding door :
Or should a *Governor* his breath resign
Put in deep mourning every *Cornhill* sign,
These joys I quit, and when the spicy gales
Blow from the shore and fill our spreading sails,
Tho' India's odours scent the teeming air,
"I cannot but remember such things were."
Through want of *cash* alone, dear Jack, I fly
To distant climes and a less healthy sky ;
Yet though at present from this land I rove,
And quit each object of my former love,
That friend enlivening hope, still hovers round,
Will still attend me on each foreign ground,
With magic hand will point to Boston's shores
Where yielding commerce all her riches pours,
And fondly whispers—I shall soon behold
Each well known friend and taste each joy of old,
Again shall strut the moonlight mall—Again
Lash the tired courser o'er the dusty plain :
Again in *Balls* each graceful charm display ;
Nor want of *Cash*, shall force me more away.

W. Z.

[Some of our papers have hinted at the amours of a certain great personage, which are said to be of a *dark complexion*. In the language of poetry, there are "jetty loves," as well, as "rosy loves," and Cupid sometimes pierces a *black heart*. If, according to the elegant proverbs of Dr. Franklin, "a man may *kiss his cow*," surely a *Philosopher* may *kiss his wench*. The following from an eastern paper is witty and poetical.]

[From the Boston Gazette.]

A SONG

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY THE SAGE OF MONTICELLO.

Et etiam *fusco grata colore Venus*. OVID.
And *Venus* pleases though as black as jet.

Tune *Yankee Doodle*.

OF all the damsels on the green,
On mountain, or in valley,
A lass so luscious ne'er was seen
As Monticellian Sally.

Yankee doodle, who's the noodle ?

What wife were half so handy ?

To breed a flock, of slaves for stock,

A blackamoor's the dandy.

Search every town and city through,
Search market, street and alley ;
No dame at dusk shall meet your view,
So yielding as my Sally.

Yankee doodle, &c.

When press'd by loads of state affairs,
I seek to sport and dally,
The sweetest solace of my cares
Is in the lap of Sally.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Let Yankey parsons preach their worst—
Let tory Witting's rally !
You men of morals ! and be curst,
You would snap like sharks for Sally.

Yankee doodle, &c.

She's *black* you tell me—grant she be—
Must colour always tally ?
Black is love's proper hue for me—
And white's the hue for Sally.*
Yankee doodle, &c.

What though she by the glands secretes ;
Must I stand shil-I shall-I ?
Tuck'd up between a pair of sheets
There's no perfume like Sally †
Yankee doodle, &c.

You call her slave—and pray were slaves
Made only for the galley ?
Try for yourselves, ye witless knaves—
Take each to bed your Sally.

Yankee doodle, whose the noodle ?
Wine's vapid, tope me brandy—
For still I find to breed my kind,
A negro-wench the dandy !

SELECTED POETRY.

THE STORM.

ON the lone cliff, that hides its savage brow
Within the bosom of each threat'ning cloud,
I listen'd for the ship-bell's sound,
The merry seaman's laugh, the labouring oar ;
I look'd for vales, with blooming flowrets crown'd ;
But all were fled. The wind blew cold and loud ;
No foot-step mark'd a wanderer on the shore,
The waves with anger rent the rock below.
Shivering I saw the tumbling bark a wreck,
Sink 'midst the fury of the boiling waves,
Poor hapless sailors' cold untimely graves,
Their knell the sea-birds' melancholy shriek.
Perhaps some female at this very hour,
Chill'd by the grasp of fear, upraids the wind,
And racks with busy thought the brooding mind,
As on the window beats the midnight show'r.
But half the world unknown to thought or care,
Secure in costly domes, lie hid in sleep,
Deaf to the moanings of the troubled air,
Or shrieks of death that issue from the deep.

ORLANDO.

EPIGRAM,

THE CREMONA.

Divine Performer ! words are weak
To praise the master touch you give ;
He makes the fiddle almost *speak* ;
A true Cremona as I live !
Bless me, thought Tom, what's this about,
(Tom made the fiddle in the Strand)
Its' well it does not *quite* speak out,
'Twould spoil a *plenteous* stock in hand.

* It appears that neither of the lovers agree with our *Monton*, who represents the angel Raphael, upon being asked the question whether the Heavenly Spirits Love ! answering

"With a smile that glow'd
"Celestial rosy *RED*, love's proper hue."

But *de gustibus non disputandum*—The Monticellian lovers are not altogether angels.

† They (the blacks) secrete less by the kidneys, and more by the glands of the skin, which gives them a very strong and disagreeable odor.

Notes on Virginia, page 205.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 40.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

No. XXXIII.

..... Arcades ambo
Et cantare pares, et respondere parati. VIRGIL.

Both young Arcadians, both alike inspired
To sing and answer as the song required. DRYDEN.

Yesterday, just as I was falling asleep after dinner, not without a hope that I might dream of a Lounger, the penny post brought me the following letter, and they, who know my aversion to write, will easily imagine how it soothed my laziness, to receive a gratuitous essay.

"Verba, et preterea nihil.".....

MR. SAUNTER,

In "The American Lounger," No. 31, we had the pleasure to find that a shop, or "Ware-house," has been opened at Cambridge, in the COLON and SPONDIC style, by our worthy friends and "former journeymen," Messrs. DACTYL and COMMA. Feeling a natural solicitude for the success of those, who have been faithful labourers in our service, we cannot but be highly gratified that these gentlemen have commenced business under such favourable auspices as the approbation and patronage of Mr. OLDSCHOOL. From the local peculiarity of our situation, we have ever contented ourselves with attempting to amuse a part of those country readers, whom even Mr. OLDSCHOOL himself formerly vouchsafed to entertain with his productions. But, as Messrs. DACTYL and COMMA extend their commerce to *le beau monde*. We are happy that their shop exhibits a handsome assortment, and venture to predict they will prove themselves something more than mere *Troubadours*.

We shall gratefully remember the deference shown us at the head of their advertisement, and although we aspire to no higher merit than that of making and vending poetical playthings, literary gewgaws, political gimcracks, &c. yet, as you will sometimes "saunter" into their shop, should your fancy direct your choice to any articles not then on hand, they may, on application, be immediately supplied from our "*Toy-Shop*." Any draughts they may have occasion to make on our company will be readily recognised by our banker at the foot of Mount Pindus; and any business relative to barter or consignment may be transacted with our factor at the Hippocrene waters.

Although the intrinsic value of intellectual coin is greater than that of any other specie whatever; yet from the contempt and derision those meet with who attempt to pass it in this country, and the consequent depreciation of its current value, (not to mention the great embarrassment it suffers from frequent counterfeits,) there is but very little of it in circulation. We cannot, therefore, too much admire their method of "hammering out ideas," as such artifice is absolutely necessary to keep pace with the rest of the world; for we have often seen an idea barely sufficient to occupy five lines, malletted till it was made to spread over fifty pages.

"Crutches for lame poets," must have a rapid sale, if we may judge from the number of those lunatics, we every day see hobbling about in this part of the country, which is as much infested with them as ever Grubb-Street was in the days of Pope and Swift.

Their other articles in general will, we think, receive the approbation even of the critic, or connoisseur; but, we presume, they have several choice commodities omitted in their catalogue, in the use of which they were very lavish while with us, and which they have great skill in preparing; such as double refined essence of epic....the best superfine flour of Rhetoric, &c. &c.

We send you, Mr. SAUNTER, two poetical scraps, which are almost the only pieces of our manufacture, which have not been copied into various papers. They are the lighter effusions of our junior partner, *Trochee*, who, to use the phrase of Corporal Trim, is *piqued* at the notice taken of other pieces, which he thinks less elegant than these, and is therefore so presumptuous as to risk them at your disposal. As we have not yet published a bill of our wares, we would wish to inform the curious that we have on hand new and rare articles....such as a "system of Reviling," or the Art of *Rising* by Falsehood, in the manner of the learned Martinus Scriblerus, recommended by the Worcester "Farmer," and designed principally as a guide to democratic authors and editors.—A curious refractive instrument, which being applied to any subject under consideration makes truth appear like falsehood, fairness like fraud, and the faithful and enjoined performance of public duties like speculation and plunder,—constructed solely for the use of "committees of investigation."—The quintessence of the wisdom, magnanimity and political honesty of our "virtuous administration, carefully preserved in an ounce phial;—*cum centum aliis* of equal curiosity.

Supplicating your clemency, Mr. SAUNTER, for presuming thus far upon your urbanity, we beg leave to subscribe ourselves, as Nick Bottom, the weaver would express it, "conjunctly and severally" your most obedient servants.

VERUS VERBAL.

TOM TROCHEE.

New-Hampshire, Sept. 27, 1802.

FROM THE TOY-SHOP OF

MESSRS. VERBAL AND TROCHEE.

ODE TO AMANDA.

Tell me, AMANDA, tell me why
I feel such deep anxiety,
When absent from thy face;
Why turn my thoughts, on rapid wing,
Back to the object, whence they spring,
And all thy beauties trace?

When once admitted to thy sight
I enjoy, with every new delight,
Thy soul-enlivening charms,
How calm, how tranquil is my breast!
Each anxious thought now sunk to rest,
No care my heart alarms.

But when the dreaded hour arrives,
That bids me lose those tender ties,
By which we conference hold;

What perturbation fills my mind,
To leave that lovely form behind,
Whose charms my heart enfold!

Then, as I turn—my steps retrace,
I yield not THEE; yet quit the place,
Thus made so dear to me;
For every breeze and murmur'ing stream,
Responsive to my fav'rite theme,
Re-echoes nought but THEE.

What, then AMANDA, can this be,
That binds my every thought to THEE,
Nor lets my fancy rove?—
The hidden cause Thou canst reveal;—
But oh, Thou wilt not—must not tell,
Because Thou know'st 'tis Love!

Grant, then, my suit, and condescend
To be my only bosom friend,
Forever and anon:—
Tho' fortune frown, and woes assail,
Tho' some applaud, and others rail,
Our joys and griefs be ONE.

T.

TO MIRA.

O MIRA! see yon blooming rose,
Among the flow'rs outspread;
The fairest blossom, sure, that blows
T' adorn the Florist's bed.

See, as some damsel wanders by
To cull the flow'rs gay,
Its graceful form attracts her eye,
And lures her steps that way.

She plucks it—tho' with fears oppress,
Lest she too bold appear:—
It sheds its fragrance on her breast,
And blush'd forgiveness there.

Then may not I still hope, my Fair,
That I shall pardon'd be;
When, with unfeign'd and pure desire,
I press my suit to THEE?

T.

TO A MIRROR.

Since still my passion-pleading strains
Have fail'd her heart to move,
Show, Mirror! to that lovely maid,
The charms that make me love.
Reflect on her the thrilling beam
Of magic from her eye,
So, like Narcissus, she shall gaze,
And self-enamoured die.

In a *Saunter*, through the "Vanity Fair" of this world, no one delights to loiter in the "Toy-shops" of the place, more than the LOUNGER. To enter into that of my correspondents, which is always frequented by fair customers, and is always brilliant with the play-things of fancy, will be our frequent pleasure. But, to drop the metaphor; we cordially thank our friends for their poetical favours, which we will strive to preserve in this fugitive speculation. The Lounger hopes they will not be lazy in business, but remember, with the sage Dr. Franklin, the Sancho Panza of America, that *God helps them, who help themselves*. We remark that these ingenious Partners, like most of our young men of letters, love to mingle political with literary truth; and we cannot refrain from expressing our high approbation of the delicate and ingenious compliment to the pure integrity of a great statesman, and an ex-secretary, whose talents, none but the prejudiced depreciate, and whose virtues have no enemy, but the liar and the coward.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VII.

Error of the Abbé Raynal.—America is not more fertile than Germany.—Agriculture in Pennsylvania.

After these few considerations, upon America in general, I return again to those upon the soil of the United States in particular. The Abbé Raynal says, that it is every where bad, eastward of the Allegany. This censure is, however, too general. There is along the rivers always some, though little, good land. There are in the mountains fruitful vallies. But when the Abbé Raynal adds, that the country could not, at most, feed more than ten million of inhabitants, and would then leave nothing for exportation, it may boldly be maintained that this celebrated writer was perhaps not well versed in the important principles of agriculture. The more hands there are employed in tilling the land, the more it produces. Industrious people will render even an ungrateful soil fertile. The example of Japan and of China may prove this. The best land produces about thirty bushels of wheat by the acre, in very good years—Let us examine whether this fertility exceeds that of the most fruitful corn countries in Germany.

Near Leipzig, an acre of that country produces 17 Dresden scheffels of wheat, that is, seventeen fold. An intelligent farming gentleman, Mr. Zehntner, who owns an estate near Leipzig, and with whom I became acquainted in America, assured me of this. A Leipzig acre is but one third larger than the English or American acre, which contains 160 square rods, the rood being of $16\frac{1}{2}$ English feet. A Dresden scheffel is at least equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels. Seventeen scheffels, therefore, amount to $42\frac{1}{2}$ bushels. Deduct one third for the excess of the Saxon over the American acre in size, and there remains $28\frac{1}{2}$ bushels for the produce of a space equal to an American acre. The difference is, therefore, not very considerable.

It would remain to be examined which of the American or the European wheat weighs the most. An Englishman assured me, that the American wheat is heavier than the English. The English bushel of wheat weighs 58 pounds, and the American now and then 60. But I have spoken of 30 bushels by the acre. This is the utmost produce of the best lands, such as for instance in Kentucky. Generally speaking, 30 bushels are quite out of the question, and the produce is only of twelve. Cooper says in his book, that the produce of an acre in England is upon an average 36 bushels. Let it further be considered that in America, the land of which I now speak is entirely new, such as produces likewise enormous crops at first: in Germany, greater crops, indeed, than in America.

But in America they sow less than in Europe. In England they sow $2\frac{1}{2}$ bushels to an acre; in America only one bushel. This is an advantage. But the question is, whether in Europe the harvest would not be equally great, if the quantity of grain sowed were less. Many plants in Germany freeze, it is said, in the autumn and in the spring, and then weeds grow up in their places. But America is the true mother-country of nightly frosts in spring and autumn; the same thing, therefore, must happen there. If the grain were to be sowed earlier in the autumn, it would acquire greater strength, and thus be better able to resist the frost. It may be, however, that a

greater vegetative vigour, proceeding from greater heat and moisture, and to which the sulphureous nature of the soil may likewise contribute, gives to the new sown grain a more rapid growth in America, so that it may be better able to resist the frost.

In the middle states, eastward of the Allegany mountain, the best land produces in the first harvests twenty bushels of wheat by the acre; but after a few years it must be manured and tended with extraordinary care to bring forth as much.—In some vallies, not far from the western branch of the Susquehannah, in Penns, Bald Eagle, and Buffalo vallies, they talk, indeed, of thirty bushels by the acre. But the neighbourhood of Lancaster, in Pennsylvania, is among the most fruitful parts of the Atlantic states, as it is incomparably the best cultivated. The county of Lancaster is the paradise of the United States, on this side of the Allegany; and after travelling through it, you have seen the best they can afford. This superiority is singly and solely due to the German colonists. There prevails the greatest industry; notwithstanding all obstacles, even some manufactories have arisen among the Germans, and it may be with truth affirmed, that agriculture is here carried on with more intelligence than in some, perhaps than in most, of the northern parts of Germany; the highest produce, however, is twenty bushels of wheat by the acre, which is not equal to that of the best lands in the north of Germany. In most places, even of Lancaster county, the produce does not exceed ten or twelve bushels. The crop of hay produces twenty hundred by the acre, which is equal to that of Germany. Observe, however, that they manure their meadows with plaster of Paris. This manure is generally very much in use among them; but it ruins the soil, so that after some time it will no longer produce wheat. Their meadows are all artificially watered, which they find easy, by the numerous springs arising in the hills, and which contributes to the cheerful appearance of the country. They frequently plant fruit-trees upon their fields. But Mr. Muhlenberg, an active farmer, told me that nothing grows well under them. It would be much better to enclose the fields with fruit trees, and instead of the wooden railing, which they call fences, and which are very expensive, seeing that every post costs them one fourth of a dollar, live hedges would be much preferable, and would improve the appearance of the country. Of an alternative exchange of seeds, or rotation of crops, they have no correct theory. They often sow upon the same ground wheat or rye two or three times in succession.

To the cultivation of clover they are more attached, than is yet the case in the north of Germany. These colonists originated in the south of Germany, where agriculture is carried on in higher perfection than in its northern parts however inferior the inhabitants may be to their northern countrymen in the cultivation of the mind.

The appearance of the corn, even in the district of Lancaster, I did not find to be better than in the north of Germany, in general.—Elsewhere than in Lancaster county it looked more wretchedly than I have ever seen, even in the sands of Brandenburg. Throughout New-Jersey, where, owing to the Hessian fly, they scarcely raise any wheat, the rye was scarcely three span high, shortly before the harvest. It stood at the same time so thin, that the ground was every where to be seen, and the ears were very small. In a great part of Pennsylvania, it was exactly the same; especially upon the hills covered with a gravelly loam. Barley is not at all or very little cultivated. This is true to such an extent, that one of my friends intended to make a speculation on

barley, by purchasing it in the country of Brunswick, and selling it again, with very great profit to the brewers of Philadelphia.—All the barley that I saw was beneath all censure.

The advantage of sowing more thinly remains, therefore, with the Americans, in case it be really necessary to sow so thick in Germany, which is not yet proved. But this gain does not balance the $8\frac{1}{2}$ bushels, which are raised near Leipzig, by the acre, more than near Lancaster, for it amounts to little more than one bushel. I know very well that there are some examples of small spots of land close to Lancaster, which, with extraordinary tending and manuring, have produced thirty or thirty-five bushels, or even more, by the acre. But such cases are extremely rare, and if an acre of land in Germany be treated like a garden, its produce there too, will be surprizingly great.

But the advantage of sowing thin is lost again, by the multitude of pernicious vermin, and especially by the Hessian-fly, which, in Europe, is altogether unknown. They foolishly call it the Hessian-fly, though it was never seen in Hesse. They pretend that this insect came from the Hessian camp, on Long-Island.—It eats away the stem of the wheat, and has wings. It attacks not so readily the bearded wheat.

The Indian corn, which has been found upon trial, to grow very well in the north of Germany, ought to be more cultivated, and the practice of the Americans, who between the hills of the corn, which are about four feet distant from each other, plant a kind of kidney beans, or potatoes, and squashes, and thus raise too harvests upon one spot, should be imitated.

Another advantage for farming in America is the raising of a crop of buck-wheat after that of rye has been gathered in.—This, I believe, would not be practicable in Germany, where the autumns are not so warm.

(To be Continued.)

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

One of the ancients has remarked, divers of the moderns have remarked, in short it has been remarked a thousand times, but I shall remark it once more, that there is no book so full of dross but you may now and then find a solid or a sparkling passage. Even in the works of philosopher Godwin, I have at length found something, which, in the language of trade, may turn to account. It was not in his "*Political Justice*," however, nor in his veritable history of "*St. Leon*," nor in his memoirs of the melting *Mary*, nor in any of his *Sectary* sermons, but in the unparalleled adventures of "*Caleb Williams*," who so justly describes "Things as they are," and who is so nobly inquisitive after all useful knowledge. Mr. Godwin describes Caleb as plunged in the dungeon of a county jail. He is darkling and disconsolate. He has no books; he has no tools of trade; he has not even a plane from the joiner's shop of *Rousseau*. But the genius of Mr. Godwin has given his incarcerated hero a noble employment, and I quote the passage with no penurious measure of approbation.

"I found out the secret of employing my mind. I said I am shut up for half the day in total darkness, without any external source of amusement; the other half I spend in the midst of noise, turbulence, and confusion. What then? Can I not draw amusement from the stores of my own mind? Is it not freighted with various knowledge? Have I not been employed, from my infancy in gratifying an insatiable curiosity? When should I derive benefit from these superior advantages, if not at present? Accordingly, I tasked the stores of my memory, and the powers of my invention. I amused myself with recollecting the history of my life. By degrees, I called to mind a number of minute circumstances,

which, but for this exercise, would have been forever forgotten. I repassed, in my thoughts, whole conversations; I recollected their subjects, their arrangement, their incidents, and, frequently, their very words. I mused upon these ideas till I was totally absorbed in thought—I repeated them, till my mind glowed with enthusiasm. I had my different employments fitted for the solitude of the night, in which I could give full scope to the impulses of my mind, and the uproar of the day, in which my chief object was to be insensible to the disorder in which I was surrounded, was no impediment to my plan.

"By degrees, I quitted my own story, and amused myself with imaginary adventures. I figured to myself every situation in which I could be placed, and conceived the conduct to be observed in each. Thus, scenes of insult and danger, of tenderness and oppression, became familiar to me. In fancy, I often passed the awful hour of dissolving nature. In some of my reveries, I boiled with impetuous indignation, and, in others, patiently collected the whole force of my mind for some fearful encounter. I cultivated the powers of oratory, suited to these different states, and improved more in eloquence, in the solitude of my dungeon, than, perhaps, I should have done in the busiest and most crowded scenes. At length, I proceeded to as regular a disposition of my time as the man in his study, who passes from mathematics to poetry, and from poetry to the law of nations, in the different parts of each single day; and I as seldom infringed upon my plan, nor were my subjects of disquisition less numerous than his. I went over, by the assistance of memory only, a considerable part of Euclid during my confinement, and revived, day after day, the series of facts and incidents in some of the most celebrated historians."—Bravo! Mr. Godwin. "*O sic omnia dixisset.*"

At the close of his fourteenth satire, JUVENAL, after eloquently enumerating the perils which AYL-RICE encounters in quest of riches, *metes*, with the measure of a philosopher, a competence, *with content*. In the exquisite translation by WM. GIFFORD, Esq. we miss neither the energy nor the grace of the original.

Wealth, by such hardships earn'd, requires more pain,
More care to keep it, than at first to gain;
Whate'er my miseries, make me not, kind fate,
The sleepless Argus of a vast estate.
The slaves of Licinus, a numerous band,
Watch through the night, with buckets in their hand,
While their rich master, trembling, lies, afraid
Lest fire his ivory, amber, gold invade.
The naked Cynic mocks such anxious cares,
His earthen tub no conflagration fears;
If crack'd or broke, he soon procures a new,
Or, coarsely soldering, makes the old one do.—
E'en Philip's son, when in the little cell,
Content, he saw the mighty master dwell,
Own'd, with a sigh, that he, who nought desir'd,
Was happier, far, than he who worlds requir'd,
And whose ambition certain dangers brought,
As vast, as boundless as the objects sought.
Fortune, advanc'd to heaven by fools alone,
Would lose, were Prudence our's, her shadowy throne.
"What call I, then, enough?" what will afford
A decent habit and a frugal board;
What Socrates, of old, sufficient thought,
And Epicurus: these, by Nature taught,
Squar'd, by her simple rules, their blameless life—
Nature and Wisdom never are at strife.
Thou think'st, perhaps, these rigid means too scant,
And that I ground Philosophy on Want;
Take then, for I will be indulgent now,
And something for the change of times allow,
As much as Otlio for a knight requires—
If this unequal to thy wild desires,
Contract thy brow, enlarge the sum, and take
As much as two,—as much as three will make.
If yet, in spite of this prodigious store,
Thy craving bosom yawn, unfill'd, for more,
Then all the wealth of Lydia's king, increas'd
By all the treasures of the gorgeous East,
Will not content thee; no, nor all the gold
Of that proud slave whose mandate Rome control'd,
Who sway'd the Emp'rour, and whose fatal word
Plung'd in the Empress' breast the lingering sword.

It has been observed, that there is a pleasure in poetic pains, which none but poets know. COWPER describes the fondness of an author for his literary progeny, as though he were narrating the memorable kindness of a mother.

None, but an author, knows an author's cares,
Or Fancy's fondness for the child she bears.
Committed once into the public arms,
The baby seems to smile with added charms.
Like something precious ventur'd far from shore,
'Tis valued for the danger's sake the more.
He views it with complacency supreme,
Solicits kind attention to his dream;
And, daily more enamour'd of the cheat,
Kneels, and asks heaven to bless the dear deceit.

I do not feel this partial love for the unhappy children of my indiscreet brain. I am nearly as indifferent to them as the worthy ROUSSEAU was said to have been to the natural consequences of his illicit love. It is incident to me to sit down sullenly to my literary task; to execute it with extreme difficulty; and then to rise, without the smallest satisfaction. My fancy is fond of books, but it is directed to *other people's books*. She has very little attachment to *my own*. Reading is delightful; I have read till my hair is blanched, and my eyes are dim. I hope the ETERNAL SOURCE OF ALL INTELLIGENCE will still permit me to quaff long draughts of the pure fountain of literature! But writing! God help the miserable man who is obliged to wear out a thousand goose quills. Writing is *really hard work*, says CERVANTES, who, like myself, acquired scanty, but INDEPENDENT BREAD, by the labours of the pen, when Spain was as propitious to letters as America is now!

The poetry of the Persians still sounds in my ear, and still thrills my heart. It is truly pleasant to read the following in the numerous prose of Sir WILLIAM JONES. It will be still more delightful, if exalted into the melodious couplets of O. who appears worthy both to sing and make love, in the groves of Asia.
"While the soft gale of *Malaya* wafts perfume from the beautiful clove plant, and the recess of each flowery arbour sweetly resounds with the strains of the *Cecilia*, mingled with the murmurs of the honey-making swarms, *Heri* dances, O lovely friend, with a company of damsels in this vernal season; a season full of delights, but painful to separated lovers."

Ira, a lovely maiden, an inhabitant of *Diarrbec*, thus affectionately addresses her lover, wandering on the banks of the Tigris.

"What are the thoughts of thine heart, oh, beloved of my soul! now, whilst in the bright eye of the spring, thou wanderest through the fields of *Eneni*?"

"Is the image of thine Ira combined with the prospects around thee? Or do they chase her from thy bosom, like the fading shadow of a morning dream?"

"When the birds salute thee with their music, dost thou say, '*sweet are your notes! but, ah, much sweeter would they be, oh! airy warblers, were Ira at my side enjoying your delicious thrills!*'"

"When thy thoughts turn back upon the crowded city, what objects do they first embrace? Do the deities of commerce rise up before thee? Do those of thy dwelling seize thy imagination, or doth the image of Ira, aloof and distinct, present itself, like the spire of the distant temple, and occupy thy mind?"

"Thy fancy rolls through the dark period of approaching years. Oh say, on whom doth it rest for the companion of thy journey? Dost thou see *Ira* as thy comforter? Is it her who will give to thy age the gay spirit of youth, and make thy declining sun cheery as in the morn of thy strength?"

"Oh, answer me, my beloved. With the pen of sincerity reveal thy inmost soul, and teach me whether thy flame be like the rose of the garden, or the prickly wild rose of the mountain; shall its fragrance be the balm of my life, and the blessing of

my existence; or shall its thorns enter into my heart, and tear the peace of my bosom with the poignant anguish of thy perfidy?"

BOSWELL, relating a political dispute between his father and Dr. JOHNSON, has a curious conclusion.

"To-day, Dr. JOHNSON and my father came in collision. If I recollect right, the contest began while my father was shewing him his collection of medals, and Oliver Cromwell's coin unfortunately introduced Charles I. and *toryism*. They became exceedingly warm and violent, and I was much distressed by being present at such an altercation between two men, both of whom I revered, yet I durst not interfere.

"They are now in another and a higher state of existence; and, as they were both worthy Christian men, I trust they have met in happiness. But I must observe, in justice to my friend's political principles and my own, they have met in a place where there is no room for *whiggism*."

One of the Divines of the English church has told us, that if it were possible a sinner should gain admission into the kingdom of heaven, he would be very restless and unhappy there, because his evil propensities would not suffer him to be satisfied with celestial tranquillity.

ON MUSIC AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT.

A DIALOGUE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

It is thus, you say, that we are enabled to give pleasure to others; but low, indeed, must be that ambition, which is satisfied with pleasing by mere mimicry; by putting off every distinctive property, every thing that constitutes *themselves*, and warbling the words of others, and running through unmeaning, inappropriate, unintelligent notes.

Every one that has fingers and a larynx, fashioned on a certain manner, is equal to this accomplishment. Neither virtue, nor talents, nor social feelings, have any power over the genuine happiness of others, or any *will*, usefully to exercise that power, are required in a musical performer. Ignorance of nature or science, sensuality, caprice, and folly, are all consistent with musical skill: you will say, perhaps, that they are also compatible with genius and goodness, but I doubt it.

That time, requisite to make a skilful performer, duty requires us to employ in a better manner. Genius, unexercised, undisciplined, or wasted on frivolous and momentary purposes, will languish and expire. And how deficient in true taste must she be, who knows not, or holds in contempt, every other mode of employing her precious leisure, and every other mode of entertaining her friends.

When others approach me, I am instantly engrossed by tenderness or curiosity. I meditate their features, their gestures, their accents; I am eager to see them smile, or hear them talk. To communicate my own feelings or ideas, and to receive theirs in turn. One impulse of the heart, one flash of wit, one ray of intelligence in myself or my companion, I value more than twenty *oratorios*.

If my companion be displeasing or improper, in any way, to converse with, yet I find abundant and profitable occupation in surveying her, in comparing and inferring from what I see or hear; or subjects spring from my own reflection, sufficient to engage my attention. Music may, indeed, be possibly, at some time, necessary to silence the impertinent and please the stupid, and then, perhaps, I might comply with it, as I do with any other debasing and luckless necessity.

R. This surely is arguing with too much rigour. You demand too much from human beings, when you oblige them to forego every pursuit, but the best, and every gratification but the highest.

L. Surely, my friend, you are in jest. It is highly proper to demand this, since by the very terms you use, compliance will merely be the adoption of the *best* pursuit, and the enjoyment of the *highest* pleasure. I am truly sensible, that music, if it be not the best, is far from being the worst of human pursuits. To spend the day at the harpsichord, is vicious and absurd, but there are *other* ways of spending the day far *more* vicious and absurd. There are a thousand books to be read; a thousand reveries to be indulged; a thousand companions to be talked to; a thousand topics of discourse and modes of action, more foolish and pernicious than eternal thrumming at an instrument. But what is hence to be inferred? May I justify an ill action in myself, by reflecting that it is possible to have been worse employed? Am I to encourage another to pursue an evil path, by reminding him of the many paths that are still *more* evil?

No. I ought rather earnestly to search for and recommend a better path and a better mode of conduct. Few of us are so wise, that our present conduct is not obviously hurtful or absurd, and might not, with inexpressible advantage, be changed for a different. Instead of hunting after pleas for indolence and dissipation, and thus still more perverting my taste and weakening my principles, my best interests demand that I should detect, deplore and abjure my follies and vices, and incessantly labour after higher excellence.

R. All this is abstractedly true, but I see not any useful application. We are defective creatures, and should labour to cure our imperfections, but, after all our labour, we shall be defective still. We must sometimes form a kind of compromise with our vicious habits. If a man cannot, and it often happens that he cannot, be allured from a dangerous path by the highest good, or prevail on him to give up indolence for the highest and best species of activity, I must content myself with offering to his choice a lower one. Music is better than lasciviousness or gluttony, and a man will forego the latter for the former, who will not exchange it for poetry or mathematics. To play from morn to night upon a jews-harp, is better than to loll away the year upon a sofa, to saunter it away in the street, or chatter it away at a tea-table.

L. In that I agree with you, but this surely is no vindication of music.

R. It is not. It is merely an attempt to justify the preference of music to a worse pursuit. Your feelings and mine, while looking at a player on the harp, are curiously contrasted. You are offended and grieved, because you are busy in imagining some possible mode of employing the same time better. I am pleased, because I exclaim, in secret, How much worse, more hurtfully, or frivolously, might, and probably, (all circumstances weighed together) would this creature be employed, if she had not been a minstrel! But how, let me ask, with your maxims of economy, can you reconcile yourself to so costly an instrument?

L. I told you that I did not buy it. Had I not obtained it without expense, I should not have been a player, and had I been obliged to restore it to my friend, I should have stopped short at a very early stage in my progress. Luckily for me, however, my friend's abode in New-York procured her an husband, who, shortly after marriage, carried her to Scotland, her native country. She left many things in my possession, as tokens of her love, pictures, books, and, among the rest, her favourite instrument. My pride remonstrated a little against accepting such a present, but a better motive to reluctance existed than pride. My father's frugality, if I may call it by the mildest name, would never allow me to retain, merely for the purpose of luxury, or what he deemed such, what would readily bring upwards of an hundred dollars. I could not persuade him to permit me to keep it merely

in trust till my friend's return, or till I should receive her directions to dispose of it.

R. Methinks I should be glad to hear your performance. Your musical education has been so singular, that I want greatly to know the fruits of it.

L. I am not surprised at your curiosity, but I am afraid, I confess, to admit your claim. I told you what I thought of the influence of such an education, and when I reflect on what ought to be the benefits of this kind of exercise and application during five years, I am ashamed of my slow and imperfect progress.

R. Do not let that shame, that unworthy shame, govern you.

L. Unworthy, you justly call it. I cannot deliberately wish to be thought better or worse than I really am. That shall not be an obstacle.

R. Then pray make haste, and let me judge of your minstrelsy.

L. No, that can never be.

R. Never be? You alarm me. Why not?

L. Have you so soon forgotten my times and occasions? My music, I told you, is an hymn, played alone, at night, and in my chamber. How then can you expect to be an auditor?

R. And will you not for once deviate from your rule? Not to gratify a friend, who requests the privilege, not so much on account of any direct pleasure that will flow from your performance, as to judge of your skill?

L. That, truly, is a plausible argument *from* you, who have owned yourself without any knowledge, either practical or speculative, of the art, and to me, who have a very contemptuous opinion of my own skill. Indeed I cannot comply. It is not pride nor diffidence that hinders, but a long established belief of what is fit and right to be done, on such occasions.

R. Well, I will not importune you; but, in truth, I am the less inclined to be importunate, because I can attain the same end, more effectually, without disturbing your regularities.

L. As how, I pray you?

R. By taking post, at midnight, underneath your chamber window. You will then play, without the tremours or misgivings that the conscious presence of a stranger brings along with it. Your inspirations will be free, spontaneous, and divine. Your ditty will be heard, more flowing and more sweet at a little distance; and will borrow, from the stillness of the night, charms that noon day can never bestow.

L. What a scheme for a *sober-sides* like thee! A votary of love and the muses might adopt such a plan, without the blame of inconsistency; but thou—

R. You mistake, my good friend. The lover and the poet will, indeed, resort to such a scene, but not as listeners. They will bring their pipe or string, their elegy or ode, along with them, and lay claim to the homage of attention; but I shall come only with a view to being instructed or delighted by another. I hope you will not disappoint me, by playing in a lower key, or by shutting your windows.

L. No. I have declined obliging you immediately, not through affectation, not through pride or diffidence, and, therefore, shall not be displeased with any scheme for reconciling your wishes with my scruples—But why lose we thus the precious time in prating. Do you not mark the *farewell beam* trembling on the very topmost leaves of those pines? Let us move to an higher window, whence the sun's last gleamings may be seen. I would rather join with you in watching and admiring the descent of a Summer's sun, than in settling the dignity and value of a *solo* or a *concert*.

R. I am not quite of your opinion, for—

L. Nay, I will not stay to argue with you. Don't you see? The sun will be set before you have got-

ten half through your syllogism. Let us begone this moment.

R. Go, then, I will follow you.

(*Dialogues to be continued.*)

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[Justice is administered with no less purity in the colonial dependencies of Great-Britain, than in the Courts of Westminster Hall. The following curious report is extracted from "The Government Gazette of Madras." The case originated from a personal insult and injury, arising from the arbitrary exercise of a well known custom among mariners when they have on board an ill-fated passenger, who has never crossed the line. The argument of the Counsel for the prosecutor, and the opinion of the learned recorder must satisfy every well governed mind. The sailor is usually a generous, nay an amiable character. He has a tear for pity, and a heart, open as day to melting charity. But when from a ridiculous precedent, he assumes the right of *drenching* with filthy water and shaving with a jagged blade, it is right and decorous that this Tarpaulin tyranny be overthrown by the Laws.]

Lately came on to be tried in the Honourable the Court of Recorder of Bombay, before Sir William Syer, Kt. Recorder, Edward Atkins, Esq. Mayor, and Alexander Adamson, Esq. Alderman, a cause wherein Nathaniel Castleton Maw was Plaintiff, and Charles Learmouth and others, Defendants.

This was an action of assault and battery brought by the plaintiff, a Lieutenant on the Military Establishment at Bombay, against the defendants, two of whom are Officers, and the rest Seamen of the ship *Scaleby Castle* of that port.—The case was as follows.

When the *Scaleby Castle* on her passage from England to Bombay crossed the line, the Sailors according to custom insisted that the whole of the Passengers, should undergo the ceremony of *Shaving and Ducking*. The plaintiff being averse to the Ceremony, declared he would do his utmost to resist it, at the same time offering to purchase his exemption, but his offers were refused, and he was compelled to submit to the operation.

Mr. Threipland for the plaintiff, in a very able speech which occupied the attention of a crowded Court for upwards of an hour and an half, after making many ingenious observations on this absurd custom, which was "much more honoured in the breach than the observance" said, that if the proceedings on board the *Scaleby Castle* on the 28th of September 1801, had been kept within reasonable bounds, had Neptune, as he was called, and his attendant deities confined themselves to throwing a few Pails-full of their own Element about the ship, or exacted any moderate fine or forfeit from those who were landmen enough to prefer the comforts of a dry skin, these proceedings would never have been the subject of complaint, but when amusement degenerates into brutality, when under colour and pretext of sport, proceedings take place revolting to every man of common sense and feeling, when young Gentlemen, passengers on board a merchant vessel, and intitled to respect and attention, are not suffered to purchase their exemption from injury and outrage, but are forced at the point of naked cutlasses to submit to both, it was high time for the country to interfere and to teach those who were ignorant of it before, that it extends its protecting arm to those who travel by water, as well as those who journey by land.

Mr. Threipland then drew the attention of the Court to the character and general conduct of his client, insisting that in proportion as his mind and manners, his habits and his rank in life intitled him to respect and attention, in that proportion was the aggravation of the injury of which he complained.

He then described the treatment his client had met with, and which was the subject of the action.—It appeared that the plaintiff had made repeated

offers both of Money and Spirits to the men, on condition that they should not molest him, and finding these offers contemptuously rejected, shut himself up in his Cabin, which he barricaded in the best manner he was able, and took the further precaution of lowering his port, to prevent intrusion from without.—A gang, however, whose characters had been previously cast, began attempting to force open the Door, but not succeeding in this so easily as they expected; they all, with one accord, went on Deck, as if for further orders—accordingly, Mr. Raymond, the 3d Mate desired some of them to go below and take the door off the hinges, and suggested that others might get in at the port; while one party went down with the Carpenter for the first of these purposes, a Sailor of the name of Edwards was let down the side of the Ship, brandishing a naked Cutlass in one hand, while he held a Bludgeon in the other. By the assistance of the latter Weapon, the Plaintiff's port was lifted up, and Edwards stretching the arm which held the Cutlass into the Cabin, made thrusts in every direction, which the Plaintiff for some time parried with his Sword, but abstained from doing Edwards any injury.—He at length got into the Cabin, his associates at the same instant rushing in at the door, they then pressed round the plaintiff, wrested his Sword from him, and dragged him upon deck—There he clung for some time to the post of the Cuddy door, and seeing no hopes of protection, but the contrary, from the 1st and 3d Mates who were upon deck, called out for the Captain of the ship, but from the tumult of the moment, and from the circumstance of the door of his apartment being shut, he heard nothing as he afterwards declared of this appeal to his protection, which otherwise there could be no doubt from his disapprobation of the proceedings, when informed of them, would not have been made in vain.

Such was now the agitation of the plaintiff's mind, that he actually made an attempt to escape from farther outrage by throwing himself overboard, and would have effected his fatal purpose but for the active humanity of a Friend—He was at length dragged along the Quarter Deck to the Waist, and forcibly fix'd in a Boat half full of filthy water, his eyes were bandaged with a dirty Napkin, a nauseous composition of Tar and Pitch was rubbed over his face, and taken off again by means of part of a rusty hoop partaking more of the nature of a Saw, than of a Razor—He was then pushed back with violence into the Boat, and there held struggling for some seconds with his head under water.—In consequence of this treatment the plaintiff was so ill as to require the assistance of the ship's Surgeon.

Evidence was adduced in support of the Plaintiff's Case.

Mr. Dowdeswell for the defendants observed that no particular injury was proved to have been done to the plaintiff, that the other passengers voluntarily underwent the ceremonies of the day, and considered them as a joke. The Custom had so long prevailed, that if it did not justify the Defendants, it would be trusted exempt them from the payment of large damages. General notice had been given by Captain Gardiner that if any Passenger disliked to partake of the pastimes of the day, he might go into his, Captain Gardiner's, Cabin.—The plaintiff instead of availing himself of such protection, had come upon deck armed with a Cutlass and Pistols, bidding defiance, by such defiance, he had brought the Injury, if he could be said to have suffered any, upon himself.—It was the character of British Sailors to revolt at such defiance.—In respect to the two Mates, Mr. Learmouth and Mr. Raymond, they were mere passive Spectators, and had not to answer for a neglect of duty to a superior Officer.

Mr. Dowdeswell then stated some further Circumstances in extenuation of the conduct of his Clients, and in Mitigation of Damages.

The Recorder in delivering Judgment, said, the Court highly approved of the Plaintiff's conduct in bringing the present action. When the Indulgence of one man's mirth is made the Medium of Violence or Injury to another, it was highly proper, that it should be restrained—something had been said of justifying or at least extenuating the proceedings complained of on the ground of custom and usage, but he hoped it never would be supposed that that Court would entertain the Idea, that custom or usage, could legalize or justify oppression or Injustice of any kind. The proceedings in the present Instance had been carried much beyond even former usage. It did not indeed appear that the plaintiff suffered greater Violence than the other Gentlemen, or that he received any very important personal injury, but the Dirt and filth to which he was subjected, was extreme in the highest degree, and added to Injury, the greatest insult to the feelings of a Gentleman.

The Court were of opinion that the charge was brought home to the Defendants Learmouth and Raymond, it was sufficient that they were privy to, and present, and concurring in the general design.

With respect to the other Defendants, the Court saw no reason to acquit any of them, they all seemed to have formed part of Neptune's Gang, and to have taken more or less active parts in the transaction.

The Recorder lamented that the Defendants were so numerous; encouraged by their officers, the blame imputable to the men was comparatively small, but on that ground the Court could not sever the Damages, or apportion them to any particular person's guilt.—The Damages given must be entire. The Plaintiff might however do, what the Court could not, he might levy them on which of the Defendants he pleased, leaving it to them to call on the others to contribute their proportion, so that the Damages would ultimately fall where they ought.

With respect to the Quantum, the Defendants did not appear to be in a situation to pay very heavy damages, it was however proper that the plaintiff should be reimbursed all the expenses of his suit, and that the Damages should not only be sufficient for that purpose, but such as marked the disapprobation of the Court of the proceedings of the Defendants, and would prevent a repetition of similar practises in future.

The Court gave the Plaintiff 400 Rupees damages.

THE FINE ARTS.

[We give the following a place in the Port Folio, because it is tributary to the Genius of OPLE and WEST; and because it seems to be the opinion of some that "it is an object of the highest patriotism to protect the Fine Arts."]

ROYAL ACADEMY.

On Saturday the Royal Academy gave their grand preliminary dinner. It was honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Orleans and his brother M. de Calonne, and a number of distinguished foreigners, beside an unusually great assemblage of our own nobility and public characters, who were in full dress, and decorated with their several orders of knighthood. We were pleased to see Mr. Addington and Lord Hawkesbury among the guests, as likewise Lord Holland, Mr. Gray, Mr. Whitebread, and others of the leading members of opposition. It is an object of the highest patriotism to protect the fine arts, without the cultivation of which, all the boasted manufactures of England would speedily decline; and the Minister cannot render a more useful service to his country, than to repair the criminal neglect of his predecessor.

We can only for this day give a *coup d'œil* of the Exhibition. The first impression on the eye is extremely fascinating, by the harmony which reigns in the disposition of the pictures, and the judicious contrast of the colours throughout. In this respect the Council have merit; and we are happy to say that the first effect of the display is not diminished by a nearer and more critical inspection. It has the usual mercantile character of our school by abounding in portraits; but it is with infinite pleasure that we observe a spirit of improvement the most promising, and particularly among the younger artists. The tone of colour is chaster, the principles of drawing seem to be better understood, and there is less of that taudry glare and fluttering theatrical manner which used to disgust the eye of taste.

Mr. Lawrence stands eminently at the head of the portrait painters in this exhibition. His Lady Templeton is a most beautiful picture; Mr. Erskine, Earl Cowper, Lady Exeter, the Princess of Wales, Lady Cunningham, &c. are also elegant specimens of his art, and are in a tone of more chaste and sober purity than heretofore.

Mr. Opie stands alone at the head of the History Painting. It is greatly to the credit of this distinguished Academician that his love for the Arts supersedes his selfish attention to practice; and that with the grandest power of giving identity and character to portrait, he aspires to the grander powers of painting, and makes his canvass the source of moral emotion and of classical taste. In this exhibition he has a variety of most interesting subjects. It is difficult to say, from a transient view, which of his productions is entitled to the palm of excellence. His Riggah watching by the bodies of Saul's Sons; or the discovery of the clandestine correspondence, which we think his best piece, but it is possible that the amateurs may discover in his other works beauties at least equal to these. They will certainly discover that if he chose to give his mind and powers to portrait, that he could not merely animate the face by the most perfect delineation of the features, but endue it with the character and soul of the original. In his portraits of Miss Alderson and of Miss Talbot, there is the graceful softness of female beauty with the truth and certainty of real likeness.

Mr. Shee has a number of very fine Portraits. The Duke of Leinster is, in our mind, the best. We lament that an artist of such superior mind will not employ his powers to better purposes.

Mr. Hoppner, we lament to say, has only one picture—the Portrait of a Cook Maid. We know not whether he designs this piece as a playful and harmless kind of satire; but we are sure that every genuine admirer of the Arts would have been gratified to see him preserve his usual rank in the Exhibition.

Mr. West has nothing very splendid in the rooms, his small works have their usual beauty. The Paddington Passage Boat is his best.

Sir William Beachy has a number of Portraits, and among others, a portrait of the Princess Augusta under an umbrella. It is a whimsical idea well executed.

Sir George Beaumont has enriched the Academy with some delightful Landscapes. If such men could be drawn within the vortex of a *Pic Nic*, it will be brought to rival the regular artists of a profession—but it is only once in a century that our amateur arrives even at mediocrity in an art.

Mr. Nollekens has displayed his superior art in a Bust of the Duke of Bedford, of Mr. Fox, and in several other subjects. They are the best productions in the class of sculpture for the year.

Mr. Westall has a number of drawings, and one or two paintings, in his usual stile of delicate and glittering art.

Mr. Louthenbourg and Sir F. Bourgeois have each a specimen or two of their Landscapes; and

Mr. Daniels has some East India Scenery in his usual beautiful stile.

Mr. Davis occupies the principal space in the Great Room with the representation of the Hostage Princes of Mysore, which are said to be Portraits. The picture promises, from its size, more than it performs. The figures are too minute to have character or interest.

In Miniature Painting, Mr. Kelly is, as he constantly has been, advancing in his art to perfection; and Mr. Bone in Enamel has no competitor. Mrs. Wheatley has several most delightful specimens of her improved ability, particularly a Portrait of Mr. Wheatley from memory, which speaks as much for the tenderness and constancy of her affection as the talent of her pencil. Mr. J. R. Smith has several Portraits of the most perfect identity, particularly of Mr. Fox, Lord Holland, Dr. Saunders, &c. Nothing can be more striking than their likenesses.

Upon the whole the Exhibition will be found to contain more specimens of merit than have been seen for some years, though it also contains a number of pictures that ought to have been excluded.

THE DRAMA.

The Tragedy of *The Distressed Mother* which was performed at Drury-Lane Theatre, presented Mrs. Siddons in the character of *Hermione*, and Mr. Kemble in that of *Orestes*. With such powerful support, this play must maintain as high a rank as it is, perhaps, capable of attaining in the scale of dramatic performance. Love, jealousy, and madness, constitute the prevailing features of these two characters, in the delineation of which the Author has left vast room for the taste and judgment of the performer. Indeed, in the representation of madness, this is necessarily the case, because the look, the gesture, and the wildness, its principal ingredients, are exclusively the actor's, and a few incoherent sentences are all the Author can possibly supply.—It was in this arduous part of the character, Mr. Kemble last night displayed unrivalled excellence. Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the whole scene, from the commencement of his frenzy to his final exit. No words can describe the anguish, sorrow, and despair, so forcibly expressed in his countenance, in the long, silent pause, that succeeds the reproaches of *Hermione*, for the death of *Pyrrhus*, to which she had urged him. The progress of his frenzy was marked and delineated by the same masterly force and discrimination to its conclusion, when, quite exhausted by its furious workings, he sinks lifeless into the arms of his attendants.—The applause was loud and incessant through this whole scene, in which the actor seemed to rule and direct the feelings of the audience with resistless sway. There is a dignity in the countenance and deportment of Mrs. Siddons happily suited to the character of *Hermione*. Pride and jealousy are also passions peculiarly adapted to her powers. Her representation of this proud and jealous Princess was, as has been often witnessed, a most exquisite piece of acting. Her "*Is Pyrrhus slain?*" could not be excelled, and was only equalled by the "*Am I awake? where am I? Soft, my soul.*"

Mrs. Powell was interesting in *Andromache*, and played the part with truth and feeling. The other characters were well supported. The piece was got up with all that attention to costume and characteristic embellishment which might be expected, as it has been always experienced from a manager of such pure and classic taste as Mr. Kemble. Notwithstanding it had to contend with the disadvantages of the twelfth Night, it drew an elegant and numerous audience.

Mr. Cooke performed *Lear* in the celebrated Tragedy of that name at Covent-Garden Thea-

tre. It is a character little suited to his talents. In the expression of strong and turbulent passions, he will always find his forte; but he wants gentleness and softness for melting and melancholy scenes. Whatever, therefore, may be his excellence in the ambitious and heroic *Richard*; those who have duly weighed his peculiar powers could not expect much from his representation of the broken-hearted *Lear*. No principle can be more clear, than that cruelty and ingratitude are black in proportion to the weakness and helplessness of the object on which they are exercised. The great master of the human heart accordingly makes this good old King represent himself as a man standing upon the last verge of life—a man "eighty years old and upwards." It is from turning such a man as this out of doors, and by his ungrateful children, too, to "bide the pelting of the pitiless storm," that the interest principally arises. In this line, so clearly marked by the poet, Mr. Cooke shewed a total want of discrimination. His step was almost uniformly firm, and his whole deportment too vigorous for his years. The heart, therefore, could not feel that pity which the sight of a deserving object, physically unable to contend with unmerited hardships, never fails to produce. His enunciation also, which was clear and strong, had none of the tremulousness of feeble old age, and his voice seldom succeeded in the modulation of tones sufficiently plaintive and delicate to express the agonies of a broken heart. The scene where he imprecates a curse upon the ungrateful *Goneril* was given with energy, but without that anguish which must wring a parent's bosom in such a situation. The mad scene with *Edgar* was also a very imperfect piece of acting, and few of the beautiful passages with which the piece abounds, received that exquisite colouring and embellishment with which Mr. Kemble in the same character calls down such plaudits in the other house. Mr. Cooke having so evidently placed himself in the way of comparison, this allusion cannot be deemed invidious.—This new essay should, however, make him slow to venture beyond his depth, and justifies our apprehension that he does not possess an elasticity of mind, a pliancy of powers, to enable him to pursue his rival through all the variety of his characters with the same success that he encounters him on Bosworth field.

Mr. H. Siddons was an excellent *Edgar*; his mad scenes displayed much chaste and natural acting, and several passages were marked with beauties peculiarly his own. His representation of the character would be still more interesting, were he to infuse into his manner more fondness for his mistress, *Cordelia*, and his unfortunate father, the *Earl of Gloucester*. Miss Murray, whose excellence in characters of simple pathos is so well known, was a most interesting portrait of *Cordelia*. She played the part with great delicacy and feeling, sweetness, and simplicity.

Mr. Hull, in *Gloster*, was natural and impressive; and Mr. Waddy, though a little coarse as *Earl of Kent*, was a good picture of blunt honesty in his humble disguise as *Caius*. The other characters did not possess much merit, or deserve much notice.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FROM THE TOY-SHOP OF

MESSRS. VERBAL AND TROCHEE.

During the civil commotions, incident to revolutions in any country, literary pursuits are mostly suspended and the progress of the Arts and Sciences interrupted. In France, we know, this has not so generally been the case, for she has had her *Institute*, and her learned men in most departments of Literature; but we fear their influence has been directed more to the propagation of their

modern vain philosophy and deistical romance, than to the cultivation of sound principles and solid learning.

The return of peace, though it has given Bonaparte a stretch of power but little favourable to "suffering humanity," and the liberty of Europe, seems also to have given an excitement to improvement, and a more favourable aspect to Literature. When we see the conductors of the press turning their attention from those bewitching novels and romances, which are calculated only to heat the imagination and poison the fancy, without mending the heart or enlightening the understanding—to the publication and distribution of the ancient Classics, and the productions of the distinguished English authors, we consider it as the surest evidence of the revival of true taste and just sentiments.

In Paris Didot has made considerable improvement, in adopting Stereotype Printing, (or printing on immovable types,) by which he is enabled to sell neat editions of the Latin Classics and English authors, at the very low price of seven pence half-penny per copy. Among the former we are happy to notice an edition of Virgil, Horace, Salust, Ovid, &c. and among the latter, Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, Lady Montague's *Letters*, and Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*.

A periodical work is published monthly, at Paris, intitled *Bibliothèque Francoise*. It is edited by M. Pougens, of distinguished merit as a man of letters. "The work embraces original productions and a literary review; is devoted to science, letters, and arts, and to the support of sound morals, and receives the approbation of men of every political description, both in Germany and England, as well as in France." Associated with M. Pougens, we find the names of more than thirty persons of eminent literary abilities, to a certain number of whom is allotted their appropriate department. In the department for Literature, Poetry, Drama, &c. we with the greatest pleasure recognize the name of Miss Helen Maria Williams.

From the respectability of late publications, and the known talents of many, who have espoused the cause of Learning, we think we have ground to anticipate moral and literary acquisitions honorary to France; and although the political horizon seems beclouded with portents of absolute despotism, yet there is a gleam of hope, that the inhabitants of the fairest country in Europe, which has so long been deluged with torrents of vice, immorality, and dissipation, will be, in some measure, restored to the rectitude of principle, and the better observance and exercise of moral, social, and relative duties.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

George Colman, jun. who has already amused the laughing world in his "*Night gown and Slippers*," intends adding to his old stock of mirth a new work, to be intitled "*Broad Grins*."

A new periodical paper is publishing in London entitled "*Pic Nic*."

Another Translation of that fascinating work, the *Arabian Nights*, has been made by the Rev. E. Foster. They are in five volumes, Royal Octavo, embellished with twenty-four high finished engravings in the Line manner, from pictures, painted on purpose, by Robert Smirke, R. A. As a specimen of the luxury of Literature in London, several copies of this work are printed in quarto, on the finest vellum paper and letter press in Bulmer's best manner, with proofs of the Plates on French paper. Price TEN GUINEAS in boards!

* By a late article, we are sorry to hear that the extent of Didot's undertaking is beyond the exertions of an individual; and will, at last, fail, unless patronized by the Government, or some beneficent Mæcenas.

The Right Rev. Beilby Porteus, Bishop of London, has published in two Octavo volumes, Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew—The Edgeworths, Hibernian authors, have published a whimsical essay on Irish Bulls, which is said to be a performance of merit and humour; and "Julietta, or the Triumph of Mental Acquirements over personal defects," will be read with complacency, by those to whom nature has denied a fair exterior, but more nobly endowed with the rich furniture of the soul.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The intense application of a First Consul may be usefully and gloriously imitated, by those who prefer Fame to Health, and who do not

Propter vitam, vivendi perdere causas. Juv.

The following particulars of the First Consul's private life, are extracted from a new work of MEYER'S:—"BUONAPARTE'S day is made of 14 hours of almost uninterrupted labour. He gives very little time to sleep and recreation. His meals are abstemious and quickly finished; but he drinks a great deal of strong coffee, especially during his nightly labours. "This mode of living" said his Physician lately to him, "must ruin your health. You cannot long hold out under it." "How long do you think," said Buonaparte. "Perhaps three years or so." "Well," replied the Consul, "that is quite long enough for me." A walk in the Park, or half an hour at tennis, is his daily recreation. His natural bias leads him to avoid the crowd. His conversations, which do not turn on the great affairs of Europe and France, are extremely short. Of those trusted persons, known by the name of Favourites, he has none. He never once allows the least appearance of influence to be exercised over him. In company, he is silent and retired within himself. In the private circle of his own family, he is placid and agreeable, and never appears morose or insolent to his domestics. His behaviour to his wife is that of a Citizen, and by no means of a Parisian. Many Tradesmen in Paris call their wives *Madam* and *you*. Buonaparte *thou's* his, and never calls her but by her Christian name, JOSEPHINE? She calls him *General*, and usually *thou*, (tu.) Speaking of him, she says, *my husband, or the General; but rarely the Consul.*"

The First Consul of France is about to restore the Royal Band of Music. He has his court, his Nobility, his Parliaments (under a slight variation of name, like his own authority,) his Cardinal Legate, and his Bishops. He seems to want nothing of the ancient Royal establishment, but the Confessor, which it must be owned would be a most interesting and important post in his Republic.

The London Morning Post publishes and sells daily about three thousand papers. It is doubted whether any American Gazette has such a circulation.—But Duane vaunts of 4000!

Denniston and Cheetham, Editors of the New-York Citizen, a republican paper, and yet furiously opposed to the interests of the Vice-President, whether his intents "be wicked or charitable," aver that "to his closest friends the deportment of Col. Burr is bland; to the community at large, sour and forbidding." We know not whether the distinction, made by these simple Editors, between the private and public courtesy of the Vice-President be just. We suppose it is not, for it should seem that the civility of the cunning Colonel, like that of Dryden's Absalom,

On both sides bowing, popularly low,
is of so general a direction that each bystander might exclaim

* This, in French, is affectionate.

Perhaps when he smil'd upon all
I have thought that he smil'd upon me.

yet if this fancy of ours be incorrect, and we mistake the character of the Vice-President, then the very objection, made by the learned Denniston and Cheetham is highly in his favour. Shakespeare describes a personage, who at least was as ambitious as Col. Burr; and, in language not less bland, than that of D. and C.

*Lefty and sour to those who lov'd him not,
But to those men who sought him sweet as summer.*

The writer of this article would think better of Col. Burr, if the above charge be strictly true, and if it be his habit to treat the mob with austerity, it is the habit of a contemplative, and a dignified man.

The following Walpole sarcasm is a cutting reproof of the wearisome stile of the Attorney General of the United States, whose Christian name is LEVI, and who writes, in a manner somewhat *lengthy and lengthy*. "A witty correspondent observes that, on running over the ponderous columns of the Farmer's leaden No. Eleven, he could not refrain from stopping short before he had half perused it, and throwing it on the table, spontaneously repeated a line of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel,

"Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down."

The following parallel between two famous sons of Mars is in the best manner of PLUTARCH. We copy it, with our commendation, from a morning paper. "Buonaparte and Moreau are the two Military Colossi of the day. Such is the transcendence of their achievements and the splendour of their names, that they admit not of a comparison with any other living characters. Even Charles of Austria, though a distinguished General, bears but a secondary rank in the scale of greatness.

It is doubted by some which of the two heroes of France, should be esteemed pre-eminent in military accomplishments.—Perhaps the following remarks, founded on a recollection of the conduct of these Generals in the field, may shed some light on this controverted point:

Moreau is consummate in conducting a retreat, Buonaparte in never suffering such a movement to become necessary. To a chief who fights only to conquer, and never fails in the plan of a campaign, the science of retreat would be useless and cumbersome. Moreau is unequalled in the art of extricating an army from difficulty and danger, Buonaparte in that of never allowing his army to fall into either. Moreau can seize on opportunities as they offer, and is calculated to sustain the most obstinate conflict. Buonaparte is capable of creating opportunities and conducts his attack with such impetuosity, that victory generally declares for him before obstinacy can be displayed on the part of the enemy. Moreau, qualified to receive an attack with invincible firmness, and repel it with equal courage, possesses a happy and splendid assemblage of talents for defending his country against invading armies, but looking down on the mere business of defence, it belongs to Buonaparte alone to conquer Italy and Egypt, and bring even the empire of Germany to his feet. In battle, Moreau resembles the cliff that receives, unshaken the fury of the tempest, but Buonaparte, the impetuous thunder-cloud, whose lightning nothing terrestrial can withstand. Moreau is, indeed, a great General, and a perfect Epitome of the Art of War; but Buonaparte, the Child of Genius, the pupil of Fortune—Buonaparte superior to the discipline of Military Schools, is formed by nature for a CONQUEROR.

The annual election for state officers was lately held in Vermont. The Editor of the Windsor Gazette, in stating the votes of that place, to have been given greatly in favour of the democratic candidates, observes:—"In publishing this important transaction, we are led to a deep con-

templation on the insufficiency of truth and moderation, to predominate over delusion and party zeal; and the uncertainty of all calculations, founded on the supposed discernment of "The People;" whose choice of a magistrate is almost always bad except in cases of *imminent danger*. In republics approaching so near a complete democracy, as that of ours, it usually happens, that in a state of *national tranquillity*, the wise are obliged to submit to be counselled by fools, who with vanity and presumption enough to give momentum to innate cunning and intrigue, lead "The People" whither they please, while the honest, the upright and the wise disdain to adopt the "necessary arts," and retire, with sorrow and disgust, from so dishonourable a contest."

An Irish footman having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for his customary fee, but finding no present appear, scratched his head and said, "Sir, if my master should say, Paddy, what did the gentleman give you? what would your honour have me to tell him?"

The wags of Paris say that the ladies there show every part of their person but their face, while those beauties that used to be covered are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil. We suppose that these *elegantes* show so much that they are ashamed to show their faces.

An honest and dignified writer has a just and indignant passage in one of his works, which we cannot sufficiently admire. "The Mob is a monster I never could abide, either in its head, tail, midriff, or members. I detest the whole of it as a mass of ignorance, presumption, malice and brutality; and in this term of reprobation I include all who affect its manners or court its society."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "retiring modesty" of B. is amiable and interesting. Dr. YOUNG, somewhere, extolling one of his diffident friends, says, in his wonted epigrammatic way,

*You decline the mistress I pursue,
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.*

and B. like the pheasant, beautifully described by COWPER:

*Christian-like, retreats, with modest mien,
To the close copse or far-sequester'd green,
And shines without desiring to be seen.*

Our "Boston subscribers" are respectfully notified, that the procrastination of their papers is attributable to the recent calamity in this city. No one shall be ultimately deprived of the Port Folio; and it should be remembered by those, who exact the receipt of it on a certain day, that as it is not a newspaper, but is composed of materials not essentially fugitive, it is of trivial moment at what time it may be perused. The political events of the flying hour must be *instantly* contemplated, or they fade in the distance; but miscellaneous papers may be read to day or to-morrow.

We thank "Ferdinando" for his obliging offer of a translation of Ramel's narrative of his deportation to Cayenne. But we have already received the London copy. It is, indeed, "no tale told by an idiot," but an unvarnished story of that species of tyranny, which surpasses in atrocity every exercise of despotic power urged by Tiberius, or described by Tacitus. We wish it to be *distinctly* heard, when we say that our allusion is to the capriciously cruel TYRANNY OF A REPUBLIC.

We are happy in recognizing, once more, the hand of Asmodeo.

The gentleman who has sent us the Scottish rhymes, "*on Sntac top*," is thanked for a very curious article, which we have not neglected.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Norfolk, October 6, 1802.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following translation of the French song in your 35th Port Folio may probably not be considered as too paraphrastic.—I know not whether it will be a recommendation its being attempted in the present uncommon measure, without the claim of being *doctus utriusque lingue*. If you approve of this, you may give it a place in your next. J. D.

Young damsels, improve well the favourite season,
When youth and gay spirits you have in full store;
If Love's not illum'd by a spark, dropt from reason,
You can't gather grapes when the vintage is o'er.

Should your swain but betray by a glance or confession,
That you are the object he'll ever adore;
If you let others know, and deride the impression,
Adieu to the grapes, for the vintage is o'er.

When Love, by his power o'er the heart of your lover,
When as timid he wishes his vows forth to pour;
You must seize the soft moment your love to discover,

Or else look for grapes when the vintage is o'er.

But be coy, ye young handmaids, when those in high station,
Do pour forth their love, and your pity implore;
If you guide not your hearts by the rein of discretion,

You may look for the grapes when the vintage is o'er.

Distrust too, those triflers, who flutter around you,
Who want most your cash....or who wish nothing more;
If they find this to fail, they'd no longer attend you,

But let you seek grapes when the vintage is o'er.

Ye widows, when lovers are soft and submissive,
You may doubt which they want most....yourself or your store;
As soon as they're masters, you may be quite passive,

They'll let you seek grapes, when the vintage is o'er.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following verses of the Scots poet, Hamilton, whose life you gave us in the first volume of the Port Folio, seem to exhibit an elegant sprightliness, in easy and harmonious language and numbers. The works of this amiable writer are not sufficiently known. It belongs to literary miscellanies like yours to rescue such from obscurity. The Spectator of an Addison gave life, as it were, to the languishing existence of the Paradise Lost; and the Lounger of a Mc Kenzie first introduced to the regard of the learned and the liberal the poems of Robert Burns. The "Contemplation" of Hamilton alone would entitle him to rank with those who have drank largely at the Castalian fountain. He seems to have cultivated the acquaintance of the muses generally, but Erato and Polyhymnia were his favourites. J. D.]

The following is selected not so much for its comparative excellence as for its brevity.

TO A YOUNG LADY, ON HER TAKING ILL SOMETHING
HE HAD SAID.

Why hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beautiful heaven erewhile serene?
Whence do these storms and tempests flow,
Or what this gust of sorrow mean?
And must then mankind lose that light
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine?

Dear girl!....how could I wrong thy name?
Thy form so fair and faultless stands,
That should ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty would make large amends:
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lie,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, ev'ry-heart t'insnare,
With all her charms hath deck'd thy face,
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids Wisdom brighten ev'ry grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid.....secure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' shield?....

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not the wretch in torments live,
But smile....and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin ere it forgive:....
Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But ev'n itself, appeas'd, bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

[The following verses to the memory of the lamented poet Cunningham, by his friend and brother poet Ferguson, are probably not much known. They seem to be an happy imitation of the pathos, as well as of the melodious anapaests of his friend and their archetype Shenstone. J. D.]

Ye mournful meanders and groves,
Delight of the muse and her song!
Ye grottos and dropping alcoves,
No strangers to Corydon's tongue!

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare,
His themes and his music how dear;
Their plaints and their dirges prepare,
Attendant on Corydon's bier.

The echo that join'd in the lay,
So amorous, sprightly, and free,
Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,
And sigh with sad pity for thee.

His flocks now may wander and bleat,
To hills tell the tale of their woe;
The woodlands the tale shall repeat,
And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,
The sacred retreats of his ease,
Where favourite Fancy would rove,
As wanton as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,
With fanciful ringlets unbound,
A face pale and languid she'll wear,
A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

To him ev'ry passion was known
That throbb'd in the breast with desire;
Each gentle affection was shewn
In the soft-sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thrush on the spray,
In music soft warbling and wild,
To love was devoted each lay,
In accents pathetic and mild.

To many a fanciful spring,
His lyre was melodiously strung,
While Fairies and Fawns, in a ring,
Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the cheerful he usher'd his smiles,
To the woeful his sigh and his tears;
A condoler with Want and her toils,
When the voice of Oppression was near.

Tho' titles and wealth were his due,
And fortune denied the reward;
Yet truth and sincerity knew,
What the goddess would never regard.

Now adieu to the songs of the swain,
Let peace still attend on his shade;
And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,
In the grave be with Corydon laid.

MARINE SONG.

Written for the Anniversary of the Liverpool (England)
Marine Society.

PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 1799.

What is life but an ocean, precarious as those
Which surround this terraqueous ball?
What is man but a bark, often laden with woes?
What is death but the harbour of all?
On our passage to-day may be mild and serene,
And our loftiest canvass be shewn,
While to-morrow fierce tempests may blacken the
scene,
And our masts by the board may be gone.

On life's rosy morn, with a prosperous breeze,
We all our light sails may display,
With a cloudless horizon may sweep at our ease,
And of sorrow ne'er feel the salt spray:
But ere we have reach'd our meridian, the gale
From the point of ill fortune may blow,
And the sun of our being, all cheerless and pale,
May set in the wild waves of woe.

Experience, when bound o'er the turbulent waves,
Remembers that ills may arise,
And with sedulous care, 'ere the danger he braves
His bark with spare tackle supplies:
So you on life's ocean, with provident minds,
Have here a spare anchor secur'd,
With which, in despite of adversity's winds,
The helpless will one day be moor'd.

When the strong arm of winter uplifts the blue
main,
And snow-storms and ship wrecks abound,
When hollow cheek'd famine inflicts the fell pain,
And the swamp flings destruction around,
When the folly of rulers embroils human kind,
And myriads are robb'd of their breath,
This wise institution may come o'er the mind,
And may soften the pillow of death.

The poor widow'd mourner, the sweet prattling
throng,

And the veteran, whose powers are no more,
Shall here find an arm to defend them from wrong,
And to chase meager want from their door:
This is tempering the wind to the lamb newly shorn,
This is following the ant's prudent ways;
And, O blest Institution! the child yet unborn,
With rapture shall lisp forth thy praise.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

"Let the loud thunder roll along the skies,
"Clad in my virtue I the storm despise."
"Indeed," cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,
"To be so sheltered in so thin a dress."

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 41.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER VIII.

*In Continuation—Experiments to cultivate the vine—
Mr. Legaud—Attempts to make silk.*

In the district of Lancaster, if a person farms out his plantation, he cannot get three per cent. upon his capital, and finds it besides very perplexing, how to compel the farmer to make payment. The lands are commonly farmed out for half of their produce.

With all this, the countryman is not so thriving, as with the same advantages he would be in Germany, nor even, as in many places, he is already with inferior advantages. In the marsh lands along the Elbe, in some parts of the province of Magdeburg, in the low-lands inhabited by Mennonists along the Vistula, the country farmer appears to live in greater abundance, and to enjoy many more comforts, than in the richest parts of North America; that is, in the county of Lancaster, which is without comparison the richest. Let it be considered, that independent of other great advantages, such as the non-existence of feudality and the like, that the American farmer lives in a country which maintains no army.—Now, let the armies in Germany, which make the greatest part of the taxes necessary, be disbanded; let the German farmer be made as free as the American; and you will see in a few years whether the latter can compare with the former in prosperity.

If the Atlantic part of North America, cannot, in respect to fertility bear a comparison with Germany, taking both countries upon an average, and supposing all circumstances on both sides equal, how then would the comparison stand with Italy, Sicily, and Greece?—Wangenheim has likewise observed, that as much is raised upon a small surface in Germany, as upon a larger one in the United States of America.—The fruit is in general bad; this however, is owing to the neglect of this pleasing part of rural cultivation. There are peaches in great abundance, which when grafted, are of a very good quality.—There are scarcely any plums or pears, and what there are of them, are bad. Apples are the best fruit, and in greatest plenty.—They are for the most part sweet, and some of the sorts are truly excellent. Scarcely any body has grapes, although they succeed well, and come to full maturity. The wild, native grape, is easily improved by transplantation, resists the frost, and bears fruit in extraordinary abundance. As wild grapes are found at the northward, even in Canada, they ought to be transplanted to the north of Europe, where European grapes will no longer ripen, and they would be found to answer perhaps for making wine. Is not this wild grape a proof, that North America was once cultivated, and that it has by some revolution, lost its inhabitants? Many of these wild grapes have a very good taste; those which I had occasion to eat, had too strong a taste of musk. Perhaps the cultivation of

the vine, might succeed in this country, at least, no better use could be made of many arid hills in it: but no body undertakes it.—A certain French gentleman, formerly a lawyer in Normandy, Mr. Legaud, has a Vineyard, situated on the Schuylkill, at Spring-Mill, 13 English miles from Philadelphia. It exposes him much to the chicaneries of his neighbours, who, as the Norman lawyer says, are much addicted to law suits.—Their language always is, that vineyards cannot succeed in their country. But they only do it from envy, because they cannot bear to see a foreigner more industrious than themselves; for Mr. Legaud says, that in the year 1791 he raised very good samples of wine. One sort was a white wine, which he compared to the "Vin de Grave," and to Moselle wine; another sort was equal to the best Medoc. Wine from the Cape grape, which he has likewise in his vineyard was excellent. He has besides the Champagne and Burgundy grapes, and others; but he says that none of them seem to suit the climate, so well as those of the Cape. He now and then sells vine twigs especially to go to Kentucky. The government gives him no support. He has already been obliged to sell the plantation, and the vineyard is all that he has left. He could give me no wine to taste; but he gave me some brandy which he had distilled from his wine, and which was very good. There are other examples of successful attempts in Pennsylvania to raise wine. In North Carolina, a wealthy planter has begun to cultivate the vine upon a large scale; and has succeeded not only in the French, but likewise in the Italian method; that is, in making the vines twine themselves round trees, and form garlands from one tree to another.—He lives in Warren County.

Attempts have been made in Connecticut to make silk, which succeeded so well, that they ought to have been followed up, by others; but no soul thinks of it. Mr. Livingston in New-York, proposed to plant live hedges of Mulberry, and to put silk worms upon the leaves, under the open sky, instead of feeding them within doors; he says they would thus be subject to fewer diseases. The Americans will here make the objection, that it is yet too early to expect such things in America. But it is not too early for them to raise wheat or Indian corn, and Indian corn requires as much labour, in hoeing as the vine. The labour, in silk making, may be performed by women and children. It is too early in an infant nation, to display so much luxury; evil habits, and immorality have been introduced much too early. It is in like manner too early to encourage, above all things, navigation and foreign commerce; but all the branches of Agriculture, that is, the raising of all kinds of natural productions, are at all times the fittest means of giving to a nation the vigour of blooming manhood.

(To be Continued.)

DIALOGUE II.

ON PAINTING AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

L. What a scene is there? Are you not in raptures with it? You shall not be a friend of mine, if

you do not see more charms in a scene like this, than in any spell which music can create.

R. I must be pleased, if that be the condition, and yet, if I were not seated just here, if my pleasure were not heightened by sympathy with yours, and by contrast with the noise, sultriness, and tiresome monotony of the city I have lately left, I am afraid my sensations would not rise to transport.

L. Insensible creature that thou art! How shall I make thee, a votarist of colours; as much enamoured of the pencil as thou pretendest to be of the chords?

R. It is easily done. Only make your good opinion depend upon my taste, and I will instantly set about acquiring and improving it.

L. That I cannot do. Your application to painting, such as would make you a proficient, would be far from strengthening your claim to my esteem.

R. Indeed! How comes it then that you yourself are so good an artist.

L. It was, in a very small part, the consequence of inclination. I believe nature designed me, if any design she had, to be a painter. Of all my senses, I exercised none with so much delight and perseverance as my sight. Impressions, made through this medium, were stronger, more distinct, more durable, than any other tribe of impressions. I found it easier to retain in my fancy, and to describe in words, the features of a face or landscape, once carefully examined, than any person whose powers, in that respect, I have had an opportunity of knowing.

I had, likewise, a wonderful dexterity in giving a moral significance to lines and shades, especially in faces. Every one's character was settled with me, when once his face was surveyed. I was led, at the beginning, you may readily imagine, into strange mistakes; but the detection of these did not dishearten me. They merely occasioned a change in the principles on which I judged of characters.

With all these faculties and habits, it was easy to have made me an enthusiast in painting, at a very early age, but this did not happen. While living with my father, I saw nothing to awaken or direct my wishes in this respect, except now and then, a few prints of indifferent merit in the houses of my friends, and these I looked upon, for the most part, with unconcern.

The materials of the painter, colours, pencils, and the like, the instructions of an artist, time and tables were all necessary; and none of these did I enjoy. My father's parsimony, no less than his notions of what was proper and becoming the female character, denied me all these means; and, to say the truth, I scarcely regretted the want of them. My pleasure lay in marking and analyzing the forms of nature, or in depicting imaginary scenes in which these forms, without the pencil's aid, were newly combined and arranged.

I am inclined to believe, that if these advantages had been possessed, I should not have employed them. I was too volatile, too covetous of pleasure, and of time, to lose so much of it in the mixing and laying on of colours; in copying the works of

others; and providing for future excellence, by laborious attention to rudiments and sketches.

The Hicory, seen from my summer-house, robed in verdure and luxuriance, was too beautiful, too deserving contemplation, to be imperfectly portrayed on paper or canvas. I could not have reconciled my impatient spirit to the drudgery, and did not then see, what I have since discovered, that the purpose of copying, directs, disciplines, gives accuracy and vigour to attention and fancy, that objects can scarcely be said to have been seen that have not been examined with a view to imitation.

Having lost my father, and returned to my Aunt Hollis's in England, I had new incitements and new opportunities to make myself a painter. I soon became sensible of my precarious and dependant condition; on how many slight and casual events, my mere subsistence depended. My Aunt was not without her virtues. I was, in many ways serviceable to her happiness, ways, indeed, of which she, herself, was unconscious, and which her pride would not permit her to acknowledge. This belief enabled me cheerfully to bear numerous inconveniences, but it was by no means, improbable that events would take place, marriage, change of residence or temper, which would make it impossible for me, longer to live with her, and in that case my subsistence must be gained by my own exertions.

I wanted to discover some profession, to which as a female, young, single, *unpropertied*, I might betake myself. This was a subject of much reflection. I examined the whole catalogue of trades, and weighed with much care, their respective claims to my choice. You will smile at my presumption, when I tell you the profession, for which, for some time, I thought myself best qualified, but the dread of your smile, shall not make me conceal it: especially as I never carried my design into effect.

I had an active fancy. I had ever been a close observer of faces and manners. I was never satisfied with viewing things, exactly as they rose before me. I was apt to imagine, in their order, some change, and to ask what consequences would ensue if things were so and so, instead of being as they were. I found little in my real situation, to gratify or exercise my feelings. My ordinary companions were trite and vulgar characters, with whom I was incapable of sympathy; yet these I loved, if I may so say, to *explore*, to examine their modes of thinking and acting, and to conjecture in what different shapes they would have appeared, had they been placed in different circumstances.

I had also, an ease in writing, in putting my thoughts into words, in describing characters and incidents and objects that few of my age possessed. I knew that the world is pleased with tales of fiction; that this manufacture was considerably popular; that a price was set upon it, proportioned not merely to quantity and numbers, but to the genius and dexterity displayed by the artist. Why, thought I, may I not pursue the footsteps of so many of my sex, from Mademoiselle Geudire, down to Mrs. Bennet, and endeavour to live upon the profits of my story telling pen. The tools of this art are cheap. The time employed in finishing a piece of work and the perfection of the workmanship, will much depend upon myself. I am fond of quiet and seclusion. I wish not to be molested by the selfishness, the superintendence, the tyranny of masters and employers. I wish to blend profit and pleasure, and health and purity of conscience. I wish to benefit others, by the means of profiting myself. I wish for intellectual and moral occupation. Can any calling be more favourable to all these ends than the writing of Romances.

I had always used myself, from a very early age, in setting down my thoughts and adventures, daily, upon paper. This was a kind of religious

duty, the omission of which, was as inexcusable as that of my nightly hymn. To preserve some record of the past, to state my employments during the day, and my progress in useful knowledge, in however few words, I conceived to be my duty, and this, unless in extraordinary circumstances, I have never omitted.

To this practice I ascribe my facility in writing, in painting imitations of the heart and recounting dialogues, and this, I came at length to regard as a kind of education, or apprenticeship to the trade which now appeared most deserving to be followed.

Full of this new scheme, I began to tutor my invention to settle plans and discipline my taste. I looked about for a model, whose style and manner I might assiduously copy, and began sketches of different works.

While thus busied, I became acquainted with Mrs. Eckstein, the widow of an artist, who came from Saxony, and settled with his wife in London, many years before my return thither. This man acquired decent subsistence by portrait miniature painting. His wife had a genius for the same art, and under her husband's instructions, became no mean proficient. She employed her skill to increase the common fund, first, by occasionally copying her husband's pictures, when copies were required, and at length by painting from female originals.

Gradually the business was divided between them, and the female faces were constantly transferred by Eckstein to his wife. Her skill came into fashion and repute, and the gains of the wife were little inferior to those of the husband. They had no offspring, and mere domestic avocations were unsuited to her taste.

Though their gains were considerable, they lived without much foresight or economy. All they gained during the year, they spent before the end of it; and hence at Eckstein's death, his wife was left without any means of support but her profession.

She possessed much general literature, of an independent though improvident spirit, had little respect for the ordinary maxims of the world and of her sex, and when you had surmounted your punctilios, and reconciled yourself to a few seeming, for they were not real, infractions of decorum, you found her a valuable friend.

Our acquaintance began after her husband's death, and quickly ripened into confidence and intimacy. I paid her frequent visits at her lodgings, was, of course, prompted to examine her arrangements and performances, and to reason on the nature of her art.

Every thing that I saw coincided with my early propensities and my new schemes for employment and subsistence. Here was an example of one who pursued no servile or dishonourable trade, and who, with a little difference of character, with more attention to the delicacies of her sex, with more neatness in her household, more economy in her expense, might, in a few years, acquire such opulence as to dispense with daily application. Might not this example deserve to be studied and followed?

As soon as my friend discovered my thoughts, she expressed great eagerness to encourage and assist me in my undertaking; expatiated with great zeal, on the advantages of her pursuit, offered me the use of her models, her colours and apartments, and even importuned me to take up my abode with her, and form a kind of partnership.

To this, however, there were obstacles, rising partly, from certain dissonances and disparities between our characters and manners, and partly from the temper and views of my aunt, which were not to be surmounted. I was willing, so far, to profit by her offers, as to take, daily, her instructions in the art. For nearly two years I was an

assiduous scholar, and my zeal being seconded by inclination and by interest, I made no despicable progress.

R. Did you confine yourself merely to the face.

L. Chiefly to the face. I sought for, and laboured after excellence in no other branch of the art. No object, in the circle of nature, more merits to be looked upon and studied than the human countenance, and never is there any danger of exhausting its varieties. My observation was thus rendered acute, vivid and limited to one class of objects, and my source of pleasure was augmented in a degree surprising to myself.

R. Had you ever any need of lucratively applying your skill.

L. Never. Fortunately, I have passed my life, hitherto, without the necessity of purchasing my food with my labour.

R. What use then have you made of your skill?

L. Chiefly for my own gratification, and for that of my friend. I was lately counting up the faces real and imaginary, which I had sketched, during three years, and dividing them into classes. What, think you, was the number?

R. I should be glad to know.

L. The number is three hundred and fourteen, which, on an average, is hardly less than one in three days, but, in truth, I applied myself to painting with much regularity. Some portion of almost every day I bestowed upon it.

(To be continued.)

LEVITY.

[It might have been imagined that the age of Aeronauts was passed, and that even a French head would not be giddy enough to thrust itself into a Balloon after those fragile vehicles had reeled and tumbled among all the clouds, to the disgrace and ridicule of the new Philosophy. But notwithstanding the vain flights of Blanchard, and the fatal fall of P. Rozier, it seems the *Lunar* project of soaring to the skies is not yet relinquished. One Garnerin, a hair brained fellow, who cannot probably gain his bread on earth, has launched a Balloon to adventure into the upper regions, and the London mob, who have the same asinine stupidity, and the same sheepish inclination to throng together, as a *Tenney's* mob, have run gaping after this madcap, and have given him all the pence they could rake, or they could steal, to see his flimsy, tiffany globe of inflation. In one of the early flights of this modern Icarus, he was accompanied, by a Captain Sowden, who appears to be as simple a soul, as one of our militia officers. This man, after his return to this nether world, published a narrative of his tour, in a style of long low exaggeration, not unworthy of Gulliver himself. Even the audacity of the Frenchman was abashed at this; and when he made his next *sally* to the skies, he left Sowden to vapour, below stairs, and took nothing with him—but his wife—and his cat. On this last circumstance, the London wits have founded the following merry epistle, which is "droll enough," in the words of one of the elegant proverbs of the moral Franklin, "to make a cat laugh."]

MONSIEUR LE CHAT'S

DESCRIPTION OF HIS AERIAL EXCURSION WITH
MONSIEUR AND MADAM GARNERIN.

IN MR. GARNERIN'S BALLOON.

MR EDITOR.

With a view to anticipate the inquiries of my friends, in particular, and anxious to prove my gratitude to the public, in general, for the lively interest they have shewn for my safety, I seize the first moment of recovery from fatigue and pain, to give you an account of my aerial voyage. Brought up under the care of Madame Garnerin, I may be said to have been nursed in the very bosom of aerostation, and to have breathed nothing but the pure air of oxygenated gaz from the first moment of my birth. Hearing of my mistress's intended ascension, and having learned, from my master's late experiment, the turbulent nature of the Eng-

fish atmosphere, I who had been a quiet spectator of her aerial flights in more peaceful skies, determined on sharing the danger of her new voyage.

My determination being made known to Mons. Garnerin he immediately sat about repairing the balloon, lately used at Lord's Cricket-ground, and a new circle was added for the purpose of adapting it to the increased weight which it was to carry, in the persons of myself and Madame Garnerin. —All this business was conducted in the most private manner; and my intentions were most carefully concealed, lest my female acquaintance, which is extensive, particularly among the tabbies, should take the alarm, and endeavour to shake my resolution, as happened to my friend Captain Sowden, at Ranelagh. Your account of the previous business being perfectly accurate, I shall not trouble you with the process of inflation or any particulars of the preparation or scenery prior to the first moment of our flight.

When every thing was ready, Mr. Astley, jun. handed Madame Garnerin into the boat, and I followed, supported by the hand of Captain Sowden. I never experienced more attention and politeness from any man in my life. The Captain could not but know, that I had his narrative particularly in my eye; and, that if he had dealt in the marvellous, he had every thing to dread from a person of my sagacity, vigilance, and activity. With all this consciousness about him, so far from feeling the slightest jealousy, he appeared quite regardless of any consequent injury to his fame, and poured out the most earnest prayers for our success. So much I must say in justice to Captain Sowden. It was a magnanimous trait of disinterestedness in a rival, well worthy of a British sailor. The very first moment I found myself buoyant, I felt disposed not to be an idle spectator, but to take an active part in the boat. Madame Garnerin, however, near whom I was seated in a neat wicker basket, patting me gently upon the head, and smiling irresistibly, said it would be of dangerous consequence, and requested me to sit still. Ever obedient to the call of beauty, I complied, and instantly began to pur a little tune, to prove at once the placidity of my temper, and the total absence of all fear and apprehension.

We had now ascended a height of 6000 feet.—The balloon was almost stationary, and seemed to float in a perfect vacuum. Not a breath of air, not a murmur. All was still as a mouse around us. My companions thinking this a good opportunity to take a snack, and feeling the effect which exposure to the pure air generally produces upon my constitution, I prepared to gratify my appetite with a leg of cold chicken. Mr. Garnerin here interposing, assured me that such gross food would infallibly obtund my intellectual faculties, and requested me to reserve my appetite for the *milky way*, which would afford pure and safe nourishment. I readily acquiesced, and while the rest were disposing of several hams, and a dozen of chickens, devoted myself entirely to physical observations. Captain Sowden says, that "When he got above the clouds, the earth appeared like a vast panorama, or map of fifty miles circumference, where he could not only follow the great roads with the eye, but even distinguish on them the ruts and the furrows in the fields."—I cannot pretend to say, whether the Captain served in Egypt; but, if this account be serious, he certainly laboured under an inveterate ophthalmia at the time. Its appearance to me in every situation was quite different. At first, it looked dark, and like the convex side of a huge wooden bowl. As we receded from it, it became brighter and brighter, so as to look, at our greatest elevation, like a newly scoured pewter platter; and had we continued to ascend still higher, or as far as the earth is removed from Mars or Venus, I am satisfied it would have looked exactly like a silver goblet. These appearances

correspond with all astronomical calculations; and, therefore, the brightness of the earth, which Captain Sowden attributes to an increase of his visual strength, was nothing more than the reflection of the sun's rays, which, at a given distance, would have shewn him the earth exactly as the moon appears when viewed from the world. Hovering over Westminster, St. Stephens Chapel appeared to me like a *rat-trap*. I could distinctly see the inside; and around the Treasury Bench, it was strewn with *cheese-parings*, and *candle-ends*, and the rats assembling from all sides fighting and quarrelling for a mouthful.

Not having passed over Epping Forest, I am not competent to make any remarks upon the *gooseberry bush*, and other rural objects; but I had an opportunity of ascertaining the principle which Captain Sowden lays down, of objects being discernible in proportion to their minuteness, for so he would infer, when he says that immense objects vanished to a speck, while he could clearly see the smallest ruts and hedges.

It is an old saying, that "When the cat is away the mice will play." Looking then with a scrutinizing eye down on Westminster, I could not perceive a single mouse stirring, although every house was deserted. I then exercised my olfactory nerves, but in vain, to catch up the effluvia of some kitchen, or cook's shop, and lastly, I attempted, with similar want of success, to overhear the cry of *cat's meat*, or the barking of a lap-dog. These failures convince me, that the senses have no such morbid affection as that imputed to them, and that Captain Sowden meant it in a figurative sense, and as a moral lesson, when he says that the slightest flaws are visible, while objects on the grandest scale pass without notice.

I had now attained the greatest elevation ever reached by any of the feline race, and Monsieur Garnerin proposed that one of us should descend in the parachute: we were exactly over Milkbank, where the storm and tempest of the late elections had not reached, and all was calm, while the sky was rent and torn all over Maidstone and Brentford. Madame Garnerin expressed an inclination to make the experiment. I was musing upon the use to which balloons might be applied by cats in pursuit of the feathered race, when my mistress's danger roused me from my reverie. I instantly claimed the honour of this hazardous mission, observing, that I had nine lives, and was ready to sacrifice one of them for so much beauty. I was accordingly placed in the basket of the parachute, and gave a mew as the signal that I was ready.—My companions cut the rope which attached the parachute to the balloon, and I began to descend. I have been used to sudden and violent falls from the roofs of the highest houses, but never did I experience so dreadful a shock. For the first 50 yards I fell with the most astonishing velocity, but the parachute had now become fully expanded, and my descent after was gradual, but still too rapid for observation.

The only thing curious that struck me in my descent, was the balloon, when viewed in the middle of my way. The appearance of the two Gentlemen, and the Lady dressed, particularly about the head with light floating gauze, viewed through the netting, was peculiarly strange. The netting had exactly the effect of the wires of a cage, or such as is used in an aviary, and the persons within had the appearance of some strange animals confined in a large inclosure of wire-work. This deception of the sight was peculiarly grateful to an animal like me, so fond of birds, and I congratulated myself that the idea of a cage had not presented itself when I was above, as, in such case, I should have probably been unable to restrain the propensity of my nature, and might have flown at my companions. The great interest which the peo-

ple took in my fate, fully compensated the danger and trouble. Every eye was turned from the balloon and fixed upon me, and several ladies swooned, fearing I should fall into the river. To their great joy, however, and my own inexpressible satisfaction, I landed about fifty yards inside Milkbank. You can have no idea of the crowds that ran from all sides to offer me their assistance. They rushed with so much impetuosity that they tumbled over one another into the ditches. Previous to my departure from the skies, it was thought a necessary precaution, as I could not speak English, to tie a label to my neck, offering a reward of a guinea to any person who should conduct me in safety to Mrs. Garnerin, No. 55 Poland-street. I now experienced fresh proofs of the love of the English people, and their attachment to my person. Thousands contended for the honour of being my guide, which was awarded to the landlord of the house, while the others were busily employed in tearing the parachute to pieces, with a view to prevent me from ever exposing myself to a similar danger. This I know was their motive, and that they mean to preserve the shreds as the most precious reliques. —Although scarcely scratched by the journey, I was too much bruised and fatigued to be able to return to the garden; and, as you truly conjectured, I felt too much fever and agitation to be able to give you an immediate account. I request you may put this letter into an English dress, and make my apology to the fashionable world for the disappointment which my absence from the garden must have necessarily produced.

I remain, Sir, your's,

LE CHAT.

No. 55 Poland-street.

GRIMALKIN'S MONODY.

Cats who frail nymphs in gay assemblies guard,
As Buckram stiff, and bearded like the pard;
Calumnious cats who circulate faux paux,
And reputations maul with murr'rous claws
Shrill cats whom fierce domestic brawls delight,
Cross cats who nothing want but teeth to bite;
Starch cats of puritanic aspect sad,
And learned cats who talk their husband's mad
Confounded cats, who cough, and croak, and cry,
And maudlin cats, who drink eternally;
Prim cats, of countenance and mien precise,
Yet oft'ner hankering for men than mice,
Curs' cats whom nought but castigation checks,
Penurious cats who buy their coals by pecks;
Fastidious cats who pine for costly cates,
And jealous cats who catechise their mates;
Cat prudes who, when they're ask'd the question squall,
And ne'er give answer categorical;
Uncleanly cats, who never pare their nails,
Cat gossips full of Canterbury tales;
Cat grandams vex'd with asthmas and catarrhs,
And superstitious cats who curse their stars;
Cats who their favours barter for a bribe,
And canting cats the worst of all the tribe,
And faded virgin cats, and tabbies old,
Who at quadrille remorseless mouse for gold;
Cats of each class, craft, calling, and degree,
Envy the fame of Tabby a Paris.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[In his illiberal travels, Bulow very saucily tells us that our delightful Philadelphia *Tea-Parties*, so charming to the ladies, and so interesting to all men of sense, are given, merely because they are a *cheap* mode of entertaining our dear American friends. It seems, however, that the extremes of rigid economy and ostentatious magnificence are reconciled in other countries, beside our own. The following might form a new scene in Reynolds' Comedy of "Cheap Living."]

KING'S BENCH.

CLARK V. FAUGHAN.

The plaintiff is a proprietor of a china and glass shop; the defendant, a lady of great fortune, residing in Manchester-square, and occasionally giving superb fetes and galas.

The present action was brought for so small a sum as 5l. 9s. which the plaintiff charged for the hire of dishes and glasses for the defendant's last gala. Mrs. V. considered the charge exorbitant, and offered 4l. 6s.; the difference then, which was but 23s. formed the ground of the present action.

Mr. GARROW, on the part of the plaintiff, commented with great liveliness and humour on the prevailing rage for *fetes* and *galas*; he said, his instructions on this occasion had led him into a secret he had never known before, that those things were not attended with quite so great an expence as he had hitherto imagined: he had been informed by his brief, that a most superb gala could be given without any uncommon stock of dishes or of glasses; but that every thing which covers the table, or glitters on the side-board, may be hired by the night, for little or nothing; he was himself so pleased and edified with this information, that, although hitherto he had not figured much in the splendid walks of fashion, he had now serious intentions of giving a *gala* himself some day after the Sittings, that should not interfere with the circuits. He should now point out to the Jury some items in this account, which he was convinced they would judge so very reasonable, that if they chose to give *galas*, and wanted to hire the necessary articles, they would give a preference to his client:

Items.	£.	s.	d.
To 300 Wine-Glasses	-	0	12 6
To 200 Comforters	-	0	8 4

What those comforters were, he could not precisely expound; he had not a fashionable dictionary in his pocket; but he verily believed they were the same articles which the *vulgar* called *dram-glasses*. He then stated, that the charge for 80 rummers was only 6s. 8d. His statement was here corrected by Mr. JERVIS, who was also for the plaintiff, and observed that it was but 3s. 4d. Mr. GARROW thanked Mr. JERVIS for setting him right, and said that Mr. JERVIS, who was just returned from the Election at Yarmouth, must know what were the expences of a gala: he was then continuing in a strain of pleasant irony, when,

Mr. ENSKINE, on the part of the defendant, observed, that however the Court might be amused by the witty observations of his learned friend, it was clear that this matter would be best adjusted by a reference.

Mr. GARROW immediately acquiesced, and it was referred to Mr. Lowton.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

....."Extremely gay,
Music, company, and play." PRIOR.

[The innocent simplicity, and the unsullied purity of our republican manners have always protected us from the dangerous luxury of a *Masquerade*. But, as Dr. Goldsmith sagely remarks, almost every one however low minded himself, delights to read of high life, and high lived anecdotes, with memoirs of Lords, Ladies, and knights of the garter. To gratify this curiosity we insert the following account of a late midnight revel, at the house of a Lady of Fashion in London. An additional inducement to copy this article is the elegance and gaiety of style, in which it is expressed. We are confident that the most precise of our readers will read it with no extraordinary emotions of disgust; and while at safe distance they gaze at the frolick revellers making the vaulted roof of pleasure ring

"Where night down stooping from her ebony throne
Views CONSTELLATIONS, BRIGHTER THAN HER OWN,"

the pride of superior Virtue may be indulged, as the rigid republican reflects, that he cannot mingle in these giddy circles, cannot approach the ranks of nobility, nor taste the hated bowl of British delight.

MRS. ORBY HUNTER'S MASQUERADE.

The pressure of public business has not only delayed, but must necessarily abridge our account of this elegant entertainment, of which we have already taken some notice. We regret that we can-

not devote to it that portion of our paper which its superior gaiety and splendour deserve. Disguise is so natural to the French, a Masquerade has been considered their national fete, while the sincerity of the English character is supposed to render us neither enthusiastic admirers of this species of pleasure, or capable of supporting it with all the brilliancy of which it is susceptible. This observation may have been just in less polished times; but its force would not be felt by the liveliest Parisian at the scene which we are now describing. In its progress to perfection we applaud the rule of excluding dominos, which, with the exceptions of Prince William of Gloucester and the Earl of Landaff, was strictly adhered to upon this occasion. Dominos, like sinecure placemen and pensioners, are so many burthens upon the consolidated fund of pleasure, without adding a mite to the public stock. The drones should not be suffered to kiss the flowers, and to sip the sweets and revel in the hive of the busy bee. The only excuse that can be made, is, that scarcely a character can be conceived that is not worn out: This is a mere fallacy. A painter might as well say, he could not produce an original picture, because he cannot invent a new colour. A Masquerade must be always a new scene, even without novelty of character, according to the preponderance of each. Sometimes they have a theatrical appearance from the excess of dramatic characters, sometimes they assume a religious hue from the overflow of Monks, Nuns, Priests and Friars. Mrs. Hunter's Masquerade inclined to the Mahomedan cast; and, most assuredly, if the beauty of the scene and the number of lovely women be considered, the Prophet might be excused for making it his paradise. Among his followers were Lords Valentia and Graves, Sir Sidney Smith, the two Mr. Savilles, *Persian Hussars*, the Hon. Miss Melton, a *Sultana*, Lieut. Col. Ponsonby, the *Grand Signior*, and the three Miss Calls, *Grecian Captives*. A Masquerade is the true emblem of peace, as it represents all nations in harmony. To the children of Mahomed, then, we are to add the Marquis of Lorne Count Beaujolais, and the Dukes of Orleans, and Montpensier, handsome *Spaniards*; Lord Forbes a *German*, without any knowledge of his mother tongue; Mr. Carlo Doyle, an excellent *French Hair-Dresser*; Mr. Graves, a *French Cook*, Sir James de Bath, a *Swiss Peasant*; Monk Lewis, an *Hungarian Officer*; and Mr. W. Porter, a *Hindoo Rajah*, of uncommon splendour; the diamonds and pearls of whose turban were upwards of 2000l. in value. The character was so well supported, and he looked the Orientalist so completely, that the Persian Prince, Mirza Abo Faleh Khan, who was present, in his proper costume, mistook him for a countryman.

In the theatrical department many characters were sustained with great spirit. Among the most prominent were the Hon. J. Macdonald, who, as *Sylvester Daggerswood*, gave many excellent imitations of Mr. Suett; Sir George Tapps, in *Richard the Third*; Mr. Wm. Ogilvy, in *Sir Archy M. Sarcasm*; and Capt. Coburn, a *Falstaff*, attended by Mr. James, a very *sober Bardolph*; Col. O'Kelly was a *Scrub*, with a truly Hibernian brogue, but well supported; and Sir James Pultney was a *Weird Sister*, but which of the lovely three we could not discover. The *Devil* as usual, made his appearance, incarnate, in Mr. Leslie, but he came armed only in his terrors, leaving his temptations to the daughters of Eve, who inherit her loveliness. In this list were the beautiful Madame Recamier, in a splendid fancy dress; Mrs. Wilson, a *Virgin of the Sun*; Mrs. Bristol, an *Indian Princess*, extremely elegant; the Countess of Kenmare, a *Country Girl*, with the bloom of Hebe on her cheek, and the purity of Diana in her bosom. Miss Lewis as *Ariel*, charmed with sylphid loveliness; her wings were of filigree work in silver, and she looked as if she had just alighted from a sun-beam. Among the eccentric charac-

ters irreducible to any class, were Lady Charlotte Campbell, the wife of the captain of a banditti; Lady Mexborough, an elegant imitation of Miss De Camp in "*Of Age To-Morrow*"; Lord Strangford and Mr. T. Sheridan as *Countrymen*, better acquainted with the ways of the town than those of a farm; Lord and Lady Montford, and Sir R. Wilson *Poor Pilgrims*; Earl Mountnorris an excellent *Beefeater*, a character very well supported by several other gentlemen at supper; Countess Mountnorris, a *Lady of fashion of the last reign*, with great spirit; Mr. Devereaux, a *Clown*, with bells for buttons; Mr. Penn, a *Pierrot*; Lady E. Loftus, a *nun*; Baroness Balk, a *Flower Girl*; Major Mayne a *Pun*, a *realsatyr*, in dress and execution, an excellent character; Mr. Crawford, a *Punch*; Capt. Durham, a *Sailor*; Mr. Kingsmill, a *Friar*, was open in his confession, and rather severe in his attacks upon his own cloth; Lord Ranelagh, and Lord Clanbrock, *Vandykes*. Miss Elizabeth Abrams, a *Romp*; two Miss Abrams, *Housemaids*; Mr. Skeffington, a *Conjuror* without tricks; Mr. Macrae, a *Haymaker*; Colonel Coburn was first a *Jew Pedlar* and then an *Old Maid*, both excellent; Miss Augusta Coburn, and Lady Welby, were also *Old Maids*; and Mr. Henry Salt, all *attic*, a *Monk*, was of course one of the best characters in the room. It is curious enough, and affords a proof of his extraordinary taste, that the *Devil*, while he neglected all these, should occupy himself the whole night in persecuting Mr. Smith Owen, in character of *judge*. The fancy dresses were in the most elegant style, particularly those of Lady Jersey, Lady Ann Wyndham, Mrs. Drummond Smith, the two Miss Devereux, Mrs. and Miss H. Combe, Governor Bentinck, Lady Clonmell, and Lady C. Brown. Mr. C. Mills, Mr. W. Bushby, and Sir H. Hawke, were in old English dresses. Pleasure is like the apples which Hippomenes threw at the feet of Atalanta; it can't be gathered without loss of time. It was this probably induced General Arabin, and Lord C. Manners, to take up the rattle and turn *Watchmen*: but though they often called the hour the company did not think of calling their coaches until they had gathered plentifully of the golden fruit.

THE DRAMA.

[During the suspension of Theatrical amusements in Philadelphia, we have had recourse to the British Journals for Dramatic History and Criticism. But the following article we borrow from the N. York Morning Chronicle, and give it a gracious reception in the Port Folio, because it is a just tribute to the genius of Mrs. Whitlock, and the splendid Cooper, and because it is elegantly written in a spirit of no ordinary criticism.

MINOR CRITIC—No. III.

On Friday evening the town was entertained with the representation of Home's excellent tragedy of *Douglas*. We have been accustomed to the frequent performance of this drama, but have never received from it, as much pleasure as on this occasion. The strength with which the principal characters were cast, brought into view beauties which had long lain dormant.

Mrs. Whitlock, as *Lady Randolph*, made her second appearance this evening. The character is not adapted to the most favourable display of her talents, which, if we may credit report, will be brought into full operation in *Lady Macbeth*. Our observations would induce us to expect, that her power will be more impressively manifested in the strong emotions of that character, than in the plaintive grief and apprehensive maternal tenderness which predominate in the bosom of Matilda. Her *Lady Randolph* was received by the audience, with much interest, and her efforts honoured with repeated plaudits. When Mrs. W. is more familiarised to her situation in our Theatre, and we become more accustomed to her mode of expressing her sensations, we shall expect an increase of pleasure from her performance.

Mr. Fennel made his first appearance this evening, in *Glenalvon*: nor did he appear like the Fennel of last season, "shorn of his beams." He now emerged from behind the cloud that has so long obscured his talents, and assumed his station among the foremost of the drama. In appearance he is improved; and his voice has greatly recovered its distinctness. His *Glenalvon* is in a style of very superior excellence. The shades of the character are marked with a degree of strength and judgment that we have never seen exhibited in other hands. His first soliloquy, was, we think, his best. In the more advanced stages of the tragedy, we thought that we could perceive the influence of his late indisposition, diminishing the exertion of that accurate discrimination which is required in every sentence of it, and preventing his bringing his powers of execution into full effect. In expressing our commendation of his performance, we must notice with high approbation, his playing the character throughout. In that scene in which young *Norval* recounts his learning the art of war, *Glenalvon* has nothing to say; yet we observed the surprised attention with which he fixes his eye on *Lady Randolph* and witnesses the maternal emotions, which appear to him the emotions of love. With the same satisfaction, we saw him trace the departing steps of *Norval*, after the interview with his mother in the wood. The angry dialogue with young *Norval* was admirably managed on both sides; but *Fennel* suffered himself, in one or two instances, to be pushed from his character. The moment *Glenalvon* loses his air of scornful derision, he loses his high ground. As long as he can divert himself with the angry passion of his antagonist, so long will he maintain the superiority. In the eye of the haughty *Glenalvon*, *Norval* is merely a wandering peasant, whose vulgar birth he regards with contempt, and whom he considers as the paramour of the Scottish dame. It is also his declared intention, in this conversation, to gall the passion of the youth. Under such circumstances, his own anger cannot be excited. Had the case been otherwise the fierce *Glenalvon*, who, though a villain, is no coward, would have met him point to point at the first menacing expression. *Fennel* perfectly comprehends the strong hold of the character; but he has been in the practice of playing against *Norval's* of a more *same* complexion. The fire and energy of *Cooper* gave a degree of importance that he was unaccustomed to encounter, and required a greater stock of contempt than he was prepared to exert. The circumstances of the scene injurious to him were of advantage to his opponent. We have sometimes thought that *Cooper's Norval* rather bullied his antagonist. In fact, he had played his own character, when the feelings he exhibited were not called for by the conduct of his adversary. In the present instance, where we witnessed in *Glenalvon*, the stately deportment and taunting accents of *Fennel*, we felt forcibly the correctness and excellence of *Cooper's* manner. If Mr. *Fennel* distinguishes himself in future, as on this evening, he will prove an invaluable acquisition to the company.

Mr. *Cooper's Young Norval* possessed more merit on this, than any former occasion, though we have ever ranked it among his finest performances. His juvenile appearance is eminently adapted to the character, and his style of acting exhibits to great advantage, the modest yet gallant spirit of the youth. In the interview with *Glenalvon*, already mentioned, he has the additional merit of originality. We have been accustomed to see in *Norval* the ingenuous stripling, who receives unmerited reproof with candour, though indignant astonishment—till his passions are roused by the galling language of his opponent. Mr. *Cooper* exhibits him in very different colours. He shews us the fiery spirited youth, conscious of his own dignity, who knows the baseness of *Glenalvon*—who has resolved, at a suitable period, to dare him to the

combat—and who now with difficulty curbs his rage at the first expression bordering on insolence. His manner we think by far the most correct, and also furnishes a much finer field for the display of characteristic passion. After thus acknowledging his general excellence in this trying scene, we will notice one or two instances in which he does not accord with our ideas. Before his entrance, *Glenalvon* says, "His port I love." "He's in a proper mood to chide the thunder, if at him it roared." *Cooper* enters with his back to *Glenalvon*, as still gazing at the troops that crowned the summit of the hill. We doubt the propriety of this manner. Again—in the course of their dialogue, *Norval*, in reply to some highly insulting charge of falsehood, says, "If I were chained, unarmed, or bed-ridden old, perhaps I might revile," &c. Mr. *Cooper's* mode of expressing this seems merely to account for his not spending time in the use of reviling language—which surely requires no explanation. In our opinion the author intended a bitter reproach at the conduct of *Glenalvon*, who had been menaced in the most pointed and unequivocal terms—yet had retorted by the use of injurious epithets. We shall take the liberty of objecting to Mr. *Cooper's* manner in another part of the character. In recounting his history, he relates the conquest of his friends over a band of robbers—"We fought—and conquered." The latter part of the sentence Mr. *Cooper* delivers with a modest air and disclaiming bow—thereby taking to himself all the credit of the victory. When he speaks of his own exploits this modest demeanor is correct; but he need not hesitate to exult in the triumph of his friends. We also think there was a little too much fire diffused generally through this narration. With these trifling exceptions his performance gave us the high satisfaction we have already expressed. It exhibited throughout that attention to character and that originality of conception, which we particularly noticed in the contest with *Glenalvon*.

Mr. *Hodgkinson's Old Norval* possesses no common degree of merit. The mellowness of his tones in assuming the voice of tremulous age has ever arrested our attention. But there are few situations in which it is as advantageously exhibited, or as firmly relieved, by a contrast with other characters, as in *Old Norval*. His alarm at finding himself a prisoner, and the plaintive accents with which he supplicates *Lady Randolph's* interference to protect him from the torture, were given by Mr. H. with an earnestness that awakened much interest:—Nor were we insensible to the solemnity of his appeal to heaven at hearing himself charged with a crime of the darkest dye. The feebleness of age, the sense of conscious guilt when questioned respecting the jewels, and the affectionate fidelity of the Scottish peasant, with his wild expressions of grief at the death of *Douglas*, the most striking circumstances in the character of *Old Norval*. They were all faithfully and ably delineated by Mr. *Hodgkinson*. We had but one failure to complain of. In the latter scenes of the piece he did not sufficiently preserve the tone of voice adapted to his advanced years; but allowed, in several instances, his natural accents to reach us. K.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The following anecdote is extracted from a work of Madame Genlis, entitled *Souvenirs de Felice*:—During the early part of the reign of Louis XV. the young Count de Thiers was at Fontainebleau with the Court; he was lodged in an apartment of the palace under that of Madame de Mailly, who was not at that time the declared Mistress of the King; she was not then even suspected of having an intrigue with him. The funnel of the chimney of the Count de Thiers' room opened into that of Madame de Mailly's, so that what was spoken

near the fire-place in the lower room could easily be heard in the room above. One night the Count de Thiers was retiring rather late to bed, and going along the corridor, he met the Count de Bissy, his brother, who walked with him to his room. It was the latter end of autumn, and the night was cold: the two brothers drew near the fire and began to converse about the King, whose character they treated with the utmost severity. Their conversation was however suddenly interrupted by a dreadful voice, roaring down the chimney, "Hold your tongues, insolent wretches." It was the King's voice.—The two brothers remained for some moments silent and motionless; they gave themselves up for lost. When the first moments of surprise and terror were past, they began to consult about the means of securing their safety: at last they agreed that they must wait the event with patience and courage. They went, pale and trembling, to the King's Levee next morning, expecting at least to be sent to the Bastille. The King looked at them with great sternness. Before this period the two brothers had been great favourites with the King, from that time till the period of his death, which was thirty years afterwards, he never spoke to them, or took the least notice of them: they obtained no favours from the Court, but never experienced any other mark of the King's displeasure.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

A certain Clergyman, meeting one of his parishioners who was very aged, said to him, friend C. you are now got to be very old, and cannot expect to live but a few days longer: No, said the old gentleman, I shall soon die, and go to Heaven, and never shall see you any more.

[Farmer's Museum.

The following article will operate as a tonic to the drooping mind. "If it were necessary to find any new instance in support of the precept, that man should never despair, the history of Barthelémy would afford it. After living to the age of forty, amidst all the conveniences and luxuries requisite to one born and educated in the first class of gentlemen; after a residence at the court of London, first as Secretary and then as Charge des Affaires for the King of France, he negotiated at Basle the peace with Prussia and was then elevated (if elevation it can be called) to a place in the Directory of the French republic. Amidst the pomp of this unhappy greatness, this miserable grandeur, he was seized on the 4th of September, 1797, by order of his colleagues, and others, and on the 8th, was placed in an iron cage on a carriage something resembling a gun carriage, and was thus removed, with several other persons, in seventeen days, to Rochefort, passing the night in the worst dungeons of the towns, in which they stopped.

"The next day, they were forced into the hold of a small vessel, and, when thirty-six hours had elapsed since they had eaten or drunk, a pail of water was let down amongst them, accompanied with two of the crew's loaves. Barthelémy, with 3 others, were afterwards placed in a mere dungeon of this hold, infected with exhalations without a hammock to lay their heads upon, though unable to keep themselves upright. Their food, during a whole voyage, which carried them across the Atlantic, was refuse biscuit, with boiled gourganes, or beans, without seasoning, and in such insupportable quantities, that, at times, when they were not affected with sickness, they felt the most excruciating torments from hunger. One of his companions, the unfortunate Dessonville, uttered such cries of rage, that, says Ramel, "we were afraid, he would bite us."

"On their arrival at Cayenne, Barthelémy, and his companions were confined in a prison in the

dungeon of Sinamary, each having a hammock to himself, but neither table, chair, or any piece of furniture, or utensil. Their food was prepared by a cook, taken from the house of correction, who twenty times threatened to poison them, and their bread was often too full of worms and ants to be eaten. Their dens were over-run with scorpions, millipedes, gnats, mosquitoes, and many other species of insects and reptiles, not excepting serpents. They were tormented also with a species of bug, called Chicha, which enters the pores of the skin, and if not carefully removed, breed there, and destroys the flesh so rapidly, as to render amputation necessary. Their whole prospect, even from the ramparts of the fort, was "a vast and impenetrable forest. The mournful howlings of tygers, that came within musket shot of the fort, the shrill and piercing screams of monkeys, the discordant notes of parots and the croaking of venomous toads, of which the fosses and the muddy banks of the river were full, rendered this scene a wilderness of horror." Here died the brave General Murinais, one of his companions, a man of the most accomplished character, and of a large fortune, all sacrificed in a Revolution, which he himself had promoted, in its first stages. Here "Barthelemy, though so sickly, and so ailing, that even his existence, was a miracle, in the continuance of which he had himself believed as little as his proscribers, possessed an internal principle of life and a strength of mind, which the calmness of his external appearance would scarcely have given room to suspect; but which shewed itself with energy on every occasion."

In this prison Francon de Coudray and Lafond, two of the 'deported' were poisoned. These two victims lay in the same room in their hammocks, which were their death-beds, opposite to each other. "The cries, their tortures forced from them, re-echoed to our rooms and far beyond them. Nothing could appease their fatal vomiting. Lafond cried out with vehemence; he raised his hand towards heaven, and called aloud upon his wife and children.—Their torments continued twenty-five days, at the end of which they expired;" and when the others complained to Aime, the Commander, who, before the revolution, had been a footman, he told them "they ought to know they were not sent to Synamary to live to eternity."

The preceding circumstances are collected from the narrative published by General Ramel, who was transported at the same time with Barthelemy, and who with him effected an escape, of which an account was published some years since. It is sufficient to the purpose of this article to add, that on the 20th of September, 1798, one year from the commencement of this series of sufferings, Barthelemy entered the British Channel; that he was protected for some time in England; and that after being restored to his native country, he is now in one of the best situations, which it affords, and may thank GOD, that his "principle of life and his strength of mind" never were subdued by despair.

The following sensible remarks upon the new translation of Juvenal are from the New-York Evening Post, a paper, which though it is generally replete with Political truth, and lucrative advertisements, is by no means vacant of elegant Literature. "*Gifford's Juvenal*.—The lovers of literature have now an opportunity of enriching their libraries with one of the most admirable productions which has appeared for many years. It has long been felt and regretted, that no good translation of the works of the *Giant Satirist* had been made into English. Dryden's, though far the best, is essentially deficient. Doctor Johnson in his partiality to that poet, says that his translation of Juvenal wants the dignity but preserves the wit of the original; yet it is certain that it

wants the kind of wit that was Juvenal's, still more than his dignity. The broad buffoonery, the loose jokes and clumsy levities of Dryden, are indeed the very reverse of the bold, grave, severe, manly wit of the Latin satirist. It was supposed that Churchill possessed many requisites for improving on the attempts of Dryden: But when it is considered into whose hands the task has at last fallen, it is not to be lamented that his dissipation his indolence, or his private avocations prevented him from the undertaking. No poem in any modern language displays so much of the spirit of Juvenal, as do the *Boviad* and *Macviad*.—Those who, after entering into the marrow of Juvenal, had perused those poems, could not but entertain a wish to see a translation from the pen of the same author. That wish is now abundantly gratified. For, exclusive of a genius naturally congenial to that of the Roman poet, Mr. Gifford has an evident advantage over Dryden, in the possession of that which poets often want; a perfect knowledge of the world as it is, and a keen penetrating insight into the passing vices, foibles and follies of the day; this with his long study of the author, has enabled him, without departing essentially from the original, but merely by a happy selection of synonymous words and phrases, to bring home the satire written in the time of Domitian to "men's business and bosoms" at this day."

The prevailing mode of printing books of intrinsic value in England, (a mode suggested by pride and avarice) precludes persons of moderate fortune from the enjoyment of them. Mr. Gifford's translation is in quarto, superb, and of a discouraging price. We feel, in common with every scholar in America, that much is due to Mr. Sargeant of this city for his proposed edition in a cheaper form. And we hope for the honor of our country, that his praise-worthy intentions may be encouraged and adequately rewarded.

The Valetudinarian and the frugal old Batchelor will read the following advertisement from a London paper, and fancy how invigorating and how cheap it is to live upon soup newly discovered. "*Vegetable Soup Powders*, a new and valuable Discovery, salubrious, and aromatic; forming a cheap, nutritious, and agreeable food, calculated for all ranks of society, particularly adapted for the seaman, traveler and soldier, on a march or in garrison. Schools and public institutions will find singular advantage in its use; private families will find them essentially beneficial, enabling them to make good soups with or without meat; fish, with this powder, will make fine soups of the most nourishing nature; salt beef and pork, boiled in the common way, by adding half a pound of the powder to each gallon of the liquor, will make good soup. Price only 1s. 6d. per pound."

The purple votaries of the jolly god will read the following English advertisement of a sale of Wines, and with smacking lips, will wish themselves in the cellar of the convivial Member of Parliament. "The genuine and sole property of a Gentleman, a Member of Parliament, of known taste for selecting Wines of most superior quality, the entire Collection of most choice Wines in bottles, with Wines in the wood, of the finest vintages, and best flavour, being the whole contents of his invaluable Cellars, in Grafton-street, and at Keston, in Kent; consisting of Clarets of La Fitte and Chateau Margau vintages, Sillery Champagne, Old Hock (vintage 1726), Burgundy, India Maderia, Barsac, Schiras or Persian Wine, Constantia, China Sherry, Malmsey, Madeira, Spanish and French White Wines, and a very considerable quantity of old Port, three, five, and six years in bottle; old Jamaica Rum, a variety of Liqueurs, with India Madeira, Port, and Claret in the wood.

The following is from that ingenious paper *The Farmers' Museum*. There was once a young man, in some of the northern states, who affected the loathsome singularity alluded to by the witty editor. "The writings of Shakespeare are of so various and multifarious a nature, and describe such a variety of character, and so many scenes of life, that it has been remarked, that excepting the volume of inspiration they contain a greater diversity of characteristic traits than are to be found in any other volumes extant. We felt the force of this observation very sensibly, on reading what Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Edgar, in the 3d act of his *King Lear*, and hearing some account of a person of the present day whose curious taste is gratified by a dish of frog or rat, we could not have described his epicurean appetite better than in this extract."

"Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tad-pole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that, in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallads; swallows the old rat and the ditch dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool," &c. &c.

"But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food, for seven long year."

The character Juvenal gives of Matho, a loquacious lawyer, is confirmed by Martial, who speaks of him as so *pertinacious a bawler*, that one almost wonders how he failed.

A country clergyman, who wished to prepare the children of his parishioners for saying their catechism, asked a simple lad, "what his godfathers and godmothers did for him?" "Truly, (replied the boy) I know not what they will do, but I am sure they have done little enough for me yet."

It has been said that the Chief Consul has forbidden the introduction of English newspapers into France. Such a report seems highly improbable, as the Chief Consul would hardly deny himself the advantages resulting from such important sources of political instruction.

Madame du Boccage died lately in France, aged ninety-two. She preserved, to the last, that gaiety and equality of temper for which she was distinguished. The principal works which have merited her the rank she enjoyed in the republic of letters are, her *Parades Perdu*, in imitation of Milton, a poem entitled the *Colombiade*, and her tragedy of *Amazones*, which were played with success in 1794.

The author of the *Pursuits of Literature* has been censured for his *prodigality of notes*. I can see no good objection to the liberal use, either of notes or quotations. They *variegates* our speculations. They inform. They amuse. I read notes with pleasure. I shall continue to employ them with profusion. Dr. PARR has completely vindicated the right of quotation; and the example of BURTON, and the authority of GIFFORD, are decisive. The latter says, in his preface to Juvenal, "Of the borrowed learning of notes, which Dryden says he avoided as much as possible, I have amply availed myself. During the long period in which I have had my thoughts fixed on Juvenal, it has been usual with me, whenever I found a passage that related to him, to fix it on my memory, or to note it down. These, on the revision of the work for the press, I added to such reflections as arose in my own mind, and arranged in the manner they now appear. I confess that this was not an unpleasant task to me, and I will venture to hope, that if my own suggestions fail to please, yet the frequent recurrence of some of the most striking and beautiful passages of ancient and modern poetry, history, &c. will render it neither unamusing nor uninteresting to the general reader. The information insinuated into the mind by miscellaneous collections of this nature, is

much greater than is usually imagined; and I have frequently been encouraged to proceed by recollecting the benefits I formerly derived from casual notices scattered over the margin, or dropped at the bottom of a page.

The following notice of a poet's independence will please the literati.

Juvenal had a competence. The dignity of poetry is never disgraced in him, as it is in some of his contemporaries, by fretful complaints of poverty, or clamorous whinings for meat and clothes. The little patrimony his foster father left him, he never diminished, and, probably, never increased. It seems to have equalled all his wants, and, as far as appears, all his wishes. Once only he regrets the narrowness of his fortune, but the occasion does him honour; it is solely because he cannot afford a more costly sacrifice to express his pious gratitude for the preservation of his friend; yet "two lambs, and a youthful steer," bespeak the affluence of a philosopher.

The celebrated satire against the sex begins in the following manner, in Mr. Gifford's delightful version. The translator thence takes occasion to quote a striking passage from the old dramatists, and to follow it up with a most acute sarcasm upon the present degraded state of English comedy.

Yes, I believe that chastity was known
And priz'd on earth, while Saturn held a throne;
When rock, a bleak and scanty shelter gave,
When sheep and shepherds throng'd one common cave,
And when the mountain wife her couch bestrew'd
With skins of beasts, joint tenants of the wood.

This passage is charmingly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in their tragedy of Philaster.

Phil. O, that I had but digg'd myself a cave,
Where I my fire, my cattle, and my bed,
Might have been shut together in one shed;
And then had taken me some mountain girl
Beaten with winds, chaste as the harden'd rock
Whereon she dwells; that might have strew'd my bed
With leav's and reeds, and with the skins of beasts,
Our neighbours; and have borne at her big breasts
My large coarse issue.

Thus did the reading of the OLD DRAMATISTS enable them to enrich their works with passages, that charmed alike in the closet and on the stage. The reading of the present race of *Bartholomew fair farce mongers* seldom, I believe, extends beyond the nursery, and their productions are, in consequence of it, the disgrace of the one, and the contempt and aversion of the other.

The following, from a London paper, will be attentively meditated by some:

London Times, August 28.—The American papers express loudly the apprehensions they entertain from the French occupancy of Louisiana. The subject has been so much discussed in this country as to admit of no new illustration. It is singular, however, that in the United States there should prevail a hope or an opinion of this country taking up arms again in their defence. How America has deserved this at our hands, we shall be glad to hear explained by the statesmen of Philadelphia or Washington. For the rest, in the present state of the French navy, and her own resources, America is fully able (if fully resolved and united) to defend herself from encroachments; and if she is not, it will be as hard to find political reasons for our adventuring in the cause of a factious and half organized federation of discordant sects and interests, as it will be to produce moral motives in any part of the system and conduct of America towards this, its parent country. The treatment England has received from her own colonies is without a parallel in the history of ingratitude.

The good taste of the editor of the New-York "Daily Advertiser" has selected a very pretty copy of verses from the French, to which a very tolerable imitation is subjoined.

VERSES,

WRITTEN TO A CHARMING POETESS, BY A GENTLEMAN
WHO MENDED HER PEN.

Un Emule de MASSILON
Charmoit un nombreux auditoire.
Par un pathétique Sermon;
Attentif en son coin, le Marguillier SIMON
Interrompit tout-à-coup le chef d'œuvre Oratoire,
Et tirant par le bras son voisin étonné:
"C'est moi (dit-il) qui l'ai sonné!"
Du subaltern employé que vous m'avez donné
Ainsi ma vanité tirera quelque gloire,
M'associant à vos succès;
Car j'entendrai vanter ces charmants essais
Aux quelles, en se jouant, votre plume travaille!
Je dirai, "C'est moi qui la taille!"

IMITATION.

An orator of much renown
Was preaching in a country town,
And moved his audience well.
The Sexton, list'ning 'mid the crowd,
Of the attention justly proud,
Jogg'd his next neighbour, calling loud—
"I was I that rung the bell!"
My underling employment, then,
May have its share of credit;
And, when I hear extoll'd again
The charming flowings of your pen,
I'll boast "I was I that made it!"

The following sentence from "Percival," is not merely a brilliant metaphor, it is a wholesome truth. "Equality in Government is like the level of the ocean, which is at the mercy of the winds; whereas the distinction of ranks is the firm earth, of which the acclivities, and declivities, the hills, and the vallies ensure the verdure, fertility, and beauty."

HUME, who is excellent authority on this subject, speaking of the acquiescence of the Royalists themselves under the protectorate of Cromwell, says, "and all men harassed with factions, were glad to see any prospect of settlement; and they deemed it less ignominious to submit to a person of such admirable talents, and capacity, than to a few ignoble enthusiastic hypocrites, who, under the name of a republic had reduced them to a cruel subjection."

It is imagined by an English politician that the friends of the lawful Sovereign of France would aid, with all their influence, the exaltation of Buonaparte, as Consul for life, and even the ulterior measure of proclaiming him Emperor of the Gauls. It would be much easier for a Bourbon to succeed to the throne, vacated by the death of an usurper; it would be much easier even to snatch the reins from his hands, than to raise the throne upon an existing republic. The Emperor of the Gauls will eradicate the last remaining roots of the regicide principle of republicanism; and when that is done the road to restoration is by no means rugged.

In the beautiful poem of Richard I, by Sir James Bland Burgess, whose politics are as correct, as his verse is elegant and melodious, we find the following picture of a demagogue.

He aim'd at power, but not for public good,
Though this pretext in each insidious speech,
He used to cloak his plans jejune and crude;
On stages and in taverns he would preach;
Insult the laws, the government impeach,
The people's sovereignty he would avow,
The holy right of insurrection teach,
And how to bring their lordly tyrants low,
And how to make the crown before its vassals bow.

Of the last speech of Lord Grenville, on the definitive treaty, it has been justly remarked that his arrangement was new and uncommonly perspicuous; his language was elegant, his manner dignified, and his arguments were irresistible. If the whole nation could have been assembled to hear that speech, the example of the ministers would not have extorted an illumination, even from the ignorant and cowardly people of London and Westminster.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"BRUTUS" is a Jacobin. His errors are corrigible only by the beadle.

"The creature is so sure to kick and bite,
"A muleteer's the man to set him right."

The Editor has new reasons for applauding the versatile powers of his friend S. He is profound in the morning, and playful at eve. He can direct his piercing eye through the maze of jurisprudence, and then cast a sportive glance to every willing muse. The compliment from HORACE to Julius Florus may be appropriately applied.

Seu linquam causis acuis, seu CIVICA JURA
RESPONDERE PARAS: Seu condis amabile carmen;
Prima feres edere victicis premia.

V. has lost himself in a wood of obscurity. A vein of humour sometimes appears in his essay, but:—

'Tis under so much filthy rubbish laid
To find it out's the cinder Woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day, in ashes, and in mire.

A distant Correspondent is utterly unintelligible. He appears like a huge leviathan, to "lie floating many a rood," in the *Black sea* of the Bathos. We called for a diving bell, and, in the language of the modern Greeks, endeavoured to be down upon him, but, like the cuttlefish, or like "Nigrina black, and Merdamente brown," in the Dunciad, he was soon lost to sight, amid sable obscurity.

"Remarks upon the prevalence of false Philosophy" deserve attention; but it has been already observed that doctrines the most absurd and contradictory to common sense, and the experience of mankind from the creation, are advanced by modern French Philosophers; *Les Nouveaux Philosophes*, and their imitators in America. They advance paradoxes, for the sake of procuring distinction by singularity. Such philosophy may be called in the words of HORACE, *insaniens sapientia, Philosophy run mad.*

* A just and lively portrait of these pretended philosophers is drawn by the sprightly MARMONTEL, in one of his dramatic narratives. He describes one of these pragmatic mountebanks, under the name of Aristus. Our Philosopher finds himself amid a rural party of frivolous women, and begins with great pomp, to be oracular. In the true spirit of the new school, he immediately vaunts of his freedom from prejudice, of his sour unsocial independence, of his study of Nature, and all that. Of his consistency, the reader will find a very edifying account in the following passage. The description is rigorously just. We all may remember a very noted philosopher of this class who could blubber over a dead butterfly, and then leave his natural children to perish in a hospital of Foundlings. "On annonce le dîne, il donna la main à Clarice, se met auprès d'elle à table. Je veux, lui disoit elle, vous reconcilier avec l'humanité.—Il n'y a pas moyen, Madame, l'homme est le plus vicieux des êtres. Quoi de plus cruel, par exemple, que le spectacle de votre dîner? Combien d'animaux innocens immolés à la voracité de l'homme? Ce boeuf, quel mal vous avoit, il fait, et ce mouton, symbole de la candeur, qu'il droit aviez vous sur sa vie? et ce pigeon l'ornement de nos toits, qu'on vient d'arracher à la tendre colombe? O Ciel, s'il y avoit un Buffon parmi les animaux, dans quelle classe placeroit, il l'homme? Le tigre, le vautour, le requin lui cederont le premier rang parmi les espèces voraces. Tout le monde conclut que le Philosophe ne se nourrit que de légumes, et l'on n'osoit lui offrir de ces viandes qu'il parcouroit avec pitié. Donnez, donnez, dit-il: puisqu'on a tant fait que le gorger, il faut bien que quelqu'un les mange. Il declamoit ainsi, en mangeant de tout contre la profusion des mets, leur recherche, leur délicatesse: Ah l'heureux temps, disoit il, où l'homme brutoit avec les chèvres. Donnez moi à boire, je vous prie. La Nature a bien dégénéré! Le Philosophe s'enivra en faisant la peinture du clair ruisseau où se désaltèrent ses peres". Se Contes Moraux, tome second page 6, dans l'édition à Amsterdam, chez Key.

The moral reader will be delighted in the sequel of this story with the ludicrous punishment inflicted upon a selfish scoundrel. Though for a moment credulity may believe, and folly may applaud the doctrines of the audacious innovator, yet he will soon leave the stage of painted exhibitions, the mask will fall, and the Knave or the Fool appear.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[The following lines were written in 1800—If they are not wholly out of season, and are not too much below mediocrity, their insertion will oblige C. O.]

PARODY ON COTTON'S FIRE SIDE.

THE FAITHFUL PAIR.

Dear —, while a numerous croud
Of virtue's influence vainly proud,
Her fustian cause advance;
Though madness, anarchy, and pride,
Our choice be call'd, we'll step aside
And join the cause of France.

Unknown, unseen, we'll oft retire,
And in our wretched huts conspire
To mend our hapless lot.
Tho' bailiffs fill our minds with fear,
They cannot gain admittance here,
To blast our deep laid plot.

If ere we hope to gain the prize,
Which ever strikes our longing eyes,
We must be very dumb;
Few of the world our plans must know,
A constant firmness we must shew,
Bless'd with a little rum.

Of peace was T——'s mind bereft,
When with inconstant heart he left
The road to revolution.
Giving his vain endeavour o'er,
The trimming, changing fool once more
Now damns the constitution.

Let fools love tranquil virtue's reign,
We who in peace no wealth can gain,
But too well know the case is,
That anarchy alone can give
Those spoils on which we long to live,
Power, pensions, bribes and places.

Our plans shall constant riches bring,
If they're well laid, they'll prove a spring
On which we long may revel.
We'll gull the mob with studious care,
With many a promise false, tho' fair,
And fit them for the devil.

While they our constant care engage,
We'll ever strive to guide their rage
Against the great and good.
They'll grow more servile ev'ry day,
And thus at last our pains repay
With riches, power and blood.

Our talents are not great, indeed,
But lies alone are all we need
To cheat the vulgar crew.
And here the art of lying lies,
To tell no more than will suffice,
But stick to them like glue.

With cautious care we must pursue
The glittering prize we have in view,
Nor aim beyond our power.
If now our means are very small,
We must with skill improve them all,
And haste the wish'd for hour.

We'll ask, at first, no splendid treat,
Lest the gull'd mob our hopes defeat;
But when the storm is o'er,
Above the servile herd we'll rise,
And all their silly claims despise,
In want of them no more.

Thus, while the prize shall be our own,
Our plans and motives are unknown,

So gilded o'er with lies.
Ye monarchs tremble for your fate,
Ye vainly good, ye proudly great.
Death soon shall close your eyes.

Should bad success our prospects blast,
And foes discover us at last,
And all our crimes exhibit,
'Tis useless to deplore our fate,
For we must meet with, soon or late,
A jail, or else a gibbet.

Thus through the paths of vice we tread,
By revolution's genius led,
Without a sigh or tear,
And when the world we bid farewell,
No hope of Heaven, no dread of Hell,
Say what have we to fear?

While Volney's precepts shall attend,
And all the aid they can, shall lend,
Our minds serene to keep;
We'll strive to sooth our dying breath,
With this belief, tho' vain, that death,
Is an eternal sleep!

[Mont Lewis has parodied himself; and his ballad stile has been travestied by others very humorously. We have read scores of merry imitations of "Alonzo the brave, and the fair Imogene," but they were the production of British bards. The following is from the "Anti-Democrat," and is a proof that, amid the dulness and malignity of the times, we can sometimes discover good natured wit, and sportive humour.]

FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.

SAM SNIP AND BETTY BLIGHT.

A parody on parodies.

A tailor so smart, and a damsel so tight,
Drank gin, as they sat on a bench:
They push'd round the bottle as long as 'twas light,
Sam Snip was the name of the tailoring wight,
Betty Blight was the name of the wench.

And now, says Sam Snip, since to-morrow I go
To kick for some trade out of town,
At a certain church meeting, to which you oft go,
You may tumble in love with some quill-driving beau,
And repay all my smiles with a frown.

Do you mean to affront me? fair Betty Blight said,
You must think very meanly of me;
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear by the gin-bottle, none in your stead
Shall the husband of Betty Blight be.

And if e'er for another my heart should decide,
Forgetting my Sammy so civil,
God grant that, to punish my falsehood and pride,
Your ghost, with a large pair of shears at his side,
May come to the wedding, there claim me as bride,
And carry me off to the devil.

'Twas cucumber time, and away went poor Sam;
His doxy she cri'd, to be sure;
But scarce had a fortnight elaps'd, when behold
A quill-driving beau, with his silver and gold,
Pick'd her up at a meeting-house door.

His features, his cash, and his sweet pretty name,
Soon made her untrue to poor Sam;
The sight of his shiners bewilder'd her brain;
She declar'd that the tailor had woo'd her in vain,
That she did not care for him a d—n.

And now they got marri'd, and sent off the priest,
For they knew that he drove away fun:
The tables all smok'd with a plentiful feast,
Nor yet had the singing and dancing quite ceas'd,
When the watchman went by bawling—One!

Then first, with amazement fair Betty Blight found
That a stranger was stuck by her side;
His hair was quite stiff, he utter'd no sound,
He spoke not, he mov'd not, he look'd not around,
But star'd with both eyes on the bride.

His hat was three-cock'd, and his coat button'd tight,
His stockings, one red, t'other blue,
His coat, just like Joseph's, was patch'd left and right,
'Twas so motley the dogs ran away from the sight,
'Twould not sell for old clothes to a Jew.

This wonderful figure threw all in dismay,
For he look'd like a Hottentot savage;
At length Betty spoke, while she trembled—I pray
That your coat and your hat, Sir, aside you would lay,
And partake of our bacon and cabbage.

At the sound of the last word, the stranger complies,
And his trappings he quickly unclos'd;
When oh! what a sight met fair Betty Blight's eyes,
What artist can paint her dismay and surprise,
When a large pair of shears were expos'd.

All present then roar'd—'twas a general shout,
That the tailor's poor hide they would tan,
But in turning him out, why he ran farther in,
And seizing a glass, toss'd it off full of gin,
And address'd Betty Blight like a nun.

Behold me, pot-wrestler, behold me, he cri'd,
You have brought on yourself this here evil,
God grants that, to punish your falsehood and pride,
'My ghost, with a long pair of shears at his side,
'Should come to your wedding, there claim you as
'bride.
'And hoist you away to the devil.'

Thus saying, his arms round poor Betty he wound,
And in spite of what'er she could say,
He cut off her head, and then sunk thro' the ground,
Nor ever again was poor Betty Blight found,
Or the tailor who took her away.

The quill-driver died too, and none since that time,
At the meeting-house door do presume,
To make free with the girls, for by orders sublime,
There Betty Blight suffers the pains of her crime,
And sends forth a brimstone perfume.

At midnight twelve times in each year does hersprite,
When mortals with slumber are dead,
Array'd in her bridal apparel of white,
Appear on the pavement—Oh! dear, what a sight,
And scream while Sam cuts off her head.

There nine tailors are seen, with a hop and a skip,
Dancing round this most horrible sight;
They drink out of thimbles, their liquor is flip,
And this is their toast, 'here's success to Sam Snip,
'And the devil take false Betty Blight.'

EPIGRAM.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE CENTURY, BY MR. PATRICK O'PHELIM.

If this century ends in the one year or 'tother,
While thus you continue to argue away,
Arrah, my dear jewels do now cease your pother,
And hear what O'Phelim is going to say:
Perhaps you may think I can't judge of an end,
But this is my opinion, and don't let it gall,
If the close of the long hundred years must depend
On the length of your logic, they'll not end at all.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 42.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23d, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.
CHAPTER IX.

Sugar maple-tree—Short account of the soil in the several states—Coffee-tree—Cotton plant—Wildrice—Rivers—Fish.

The culture of the sugar maple tree ought to have been pursued with more attention. It grows properly in great quantities, first, westward of the Allegany, and in the Genessee district. But it is found also frequently in some of the vallies not far from that mountain, particularly in Penn's-valley, and Sugar-valley. Where it is not already, the farmers should plant it, as Mr. Jefferson proposes in his book. This tree should be transplanted into Europe; for although sugar can be made from the European maple tree, it yields but little, and after several tappings is drained. Tapping produces a directly contrary effect upon the American maple. To bring this branch of manufacture to its highest perfection in the American states, the most useful measure would be to increase the impost upon West-India sugar. An entire prohibition of that article, would be still better calculated to answer this purpose. The balance of trade with the West-Indies would then be still more advantageous to America. But the speculators, who care nothing about the advantage of the country, would raise an outcry of oppression, and they will never allow the sugar-manufacture to thrive in any high degree. The people in the western states, will, however, be obliged to make their own sugar, that which is imported from abroad being by the length of the necessary transportation over land, rendered too dear for them.

The Atlantic Americans, will finally be obliged to resolve upon the cultivation of silk and wine, because the fertility of their land, in the production of grain in general, rapidly declines, after the new ground has yielded a few good crops, and because the greatest part of the surface inhabited by them, is either altogether bad, or at best has a very indifferent soil. In all New-England, excepting westward of Connecticut river, and through the whole northern parts, where there is some better land, than in Pennsylvania, though only along the large rivers and in smaller quantities, no wheat can be raised. All is rock and gravel. On Connecticut river there lays some good land, but the valley is quite small. The state of New-York is almost entirely rocky, the Genessee country and generally the neighbourhood of lake Ontario excepted, which is very fertile but pestilentially unhealthy. The Mohawk flows through a fruitful but small valley. More than half New-Jersey is a barren sand-hill, without sufficient water. On the Rariton, there is a small strip of fertile land. The hilly regions to the Blue Mountain have a tolerable soil, excepting where there are too many arid gravelly hills. This moderately good soil, does not, however, constitute a third part of the state. Among the Atlantic States, Pennsylvania has the greatest proportion of

good land. Whoever has seen Pennsylvania has at this time seen the best part of North-America. But there are great quantities of sandy loam mixed with gravel, and it may be assumed for a certainty, that one third part of this state, owing to the numerous barren mountains, can never be cultivated, and that the greatest part of the remainder is very indifferent land, which the farmers further ruin by manuring it with plaster of Paris. The soil is somewhat better for grass, on account of the abundant moisture combined with heat: but when the trees shall be extirpated, the moisture will also decline. Yet, with all their pains, with all their watering and manuring, the land in their meadows produces not more hay, than in those parts of Germany, where the soil is tolerable.

The fertility of the western country is indeed much greater. The Ohio particularly, the Po of the new world, which with improved cultivation, will bear an extraordinary resemblance to Lombardy. Nothing can be objected against the beauty of the whole western territory. It may be mentioned as a characteristic feature of that country, that even in cold climates, it brings forth the productions of the south, or at least substitutes for them. Sugar, I have already mentioned. In the northern and coldest parts of this country, a sort of wildrice grows in its waters. It produces a species of the coffee-tree; of the cotton plant, &c. All these it would be proper to transplant into the north of Europe. The wild vine is said to produce a much finer grape there, than in the Atlantic states. Fruit and vegetables thrive there much better. These last are indeed much worse in the Atlantic states than in Germany, and in general the gardening is in its infancy. The Dutch colonists, in New-York, have, however, done some service in this particular. The healthiness of this western territory is yet very problematical, fine as the country may be in other respects; at least the latest accounts are, upon this point, very unfavourable; and it may generally still remain a question, whether this boasted country can be set by the side of Italy, Greece, or other fair portions of our hemisphere.

All the southern Atlantic states, Maryland included, have a very miserable sandy soil. The violent heat of the sun, and the moisture, are alone competent to produce any thing here. But they likewise produce fevers, which prevail here every year, and frequently, only cease to make way for the dropsy. What can there be found attractive, in a sandy plain, interspersed with marshes, covered with pine forests, and inhabited by tar-burners? The Virginian tobacco grows along the rivers, where a small piece of ground fit for planting is to be found, which is carefully raked, round the tobacco plants. The dreadful heat makes rice and indigo thrive in South-Carolina and Georgia. Shocking as those countries are, therefore, they are of the greatest value to the United States; for these always important articles of exportation. They alone can maintain the credit of the United States in Europe, in some sort independently of circumstances. These southern countries are uncommonly well provided with serpents of all kinds, whereas in my frequent journeys on foot and shooting parties in Pennsylvania, Delaware, and New-

Jersey, I scarcely ever met with one. The western mountainous parts of these southern states, contain, indeed, some fruitful vallies, but a great proportion of the surface consists of stony hills, which will never be susceptible of cultivation.

The puny trees in Pennsylvania, which are so slender, that to a newly arrived European they have the appearance of growing wood, furnish one, among many other proofs of the wretchedness of the soil. Most of the trees are not much thicker than a man's arm, and very few of them are twelve inches in diameter. They appear very despicable to a person who has seen the noble oaks on the banks of the Elbe.

The American forest trees are, however, very handsome, but they are already known in Germany. Among the handsomest may be reckoned the plane and locust trees. They are tall enough, but the thinness of the bed of earth, which covers the rocks under the soil through the whole country, and which is only a foot deep, or not so much, prevents them from attaining a greater thickness.

America has hitherto been cried up for its beautiful rivers; but I should be glad to know, which of those can be compared with the Rhine, for the beauty either of its banks, or of the river itself. The coast of the United States is as extensive as the distance between Lisbon and Riga. Between those two places in Europe, there are more large rivers, which pour themselves into the sea, than upon the coast of the United States. Excepting the Connecticut, Hudson's, and Delaware rivers, all the rest in America, are far inferior to the Dwina, the Vistula, the Elbe, the Rhine, the Seine, the Garonne, the Tagus, &c. most of them even in the length of their course. They are on account of their falls, not navigable so far inland as those European rivers, except, when very much swollen. When they have a majestic appearance, owing to their width, like the Susquehannah. They are usually not deep, and at low water are fordable. I do not see, therefore, how, in travelling through the United States, it is possible to think, Nature, with her mean rivers, paltry trees, and small hills, more grand and sublime, than in Europe with her great rivers, majestic oaks, and mountains tending to the skies. It will be understood, of course, that I speak only of the Atlantic United States, and not of South-America, nor of the Mississippi, the Missouri, the Ohio, &c. There is, however, in the United States, owing to the numerous rivers and brooks, more water, than upon an equal extent of country in Europe.

The banks of the Connecticut river are well cultivated; those of the Delaware, especially in the neighbourhood of Wilmington, give an advantageous idea of North-America, to a new comer; those of Hudson's river, are, indeed, in some places, romantic, but barren.

These rivers are not supplied either with such a variety of fish, nor with so good ones, as those of Europe. A sort of alosa, called shad, which is really excellent, comes every spring into the rivers, though not further northward than Hudson's river, and is caught in great quantities. But on the other hand, salmon, though not of so good a quality as the salmon of the Rhine and Elbe, are caught to

the north ward of the Hudson. The stock-fish is peculiar to the American waters, and is very good. There are, in the Susquehannah, good salmon-trout, and carp, so called, which cannot, however, be compared with those of Europe. There is no American fish comparable to several sorts of fish, peculiar, as I believe, to the Elbe and the Weser. The oysters are very large, but not so well tasted as those of Europe.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICS.

[The following extract from the sensible speech of the Governor of Connecticut, will please and convince every discerning politician, and every manly mind. It is entitled to the highest approbation. It declares nothing but the truth, respecting that faction, which has usurped the power of France; and, in its remarks upon the visions of *Philosophers*, it more than obliquely censures the mad schemes of some of our American statesmen, who are trying injurious *experiments* upon the country, and who audaciously would treat man, as a Priestly would a mouse, in his exhausted receiver.]

When we reflect on the situation of most parts of the world at the present day, disturbed with political agitations, and perplexed with revolutionary pursuits; and compare them with the circumstances of our own state—enjoying a like measure of tranquil and general happiness as heretofore experienced, our hearts should expand with gratitude to the Divine Author of all mercies, who gives us this continuance of his favour.

If we turn our eyes to Europe, there amidst scenes of trouble and distress, we behold a nation which has been tossed on the tumultuous ocean of revolution for more than ten years past—violently agitated during that period, with the conflicts of contending passions, in pursuit of imaginary and delusive ideas of liberty and equality, and which after suffering almost every species of calamity in their wild career, are now under the influence and policy of a fortunate leader, just returning to the point from whence they started: with this exception, that instead of rallying under their ancient Royal Family, they seem disposed to form a new Dynasty, under a foreign Head. To the civilized world, the course of events which in this period has been exhibited by that nation, is peculiarly interesting and instructive; more especially to surrounding nations, does this result of their pursuits, present a serious and impressive lesson of instruction against plunging inconsiderately into the vortex of revolutionary practices, or being deluded into vain and philosophical reveries of untried forms of government.

With this recent example before our eyes, in addition to the numerous instances recorded in history, of similar issues to revolutionary pursuits—the people of this state may be taught the expediency and necessity of adhering with firmness and stability to their ancient habits of political government and religious institutions, as the surest means of social happiness and general prosperity. They may also learn to venerate the long tried forms of civil regulations, which have been wisely devised by our revered ancestors, and which have hitherto beneficially continued in practice by successive generations. They will moreover be led seriously to reflect how dangerous the attempt is whenever, and by whomsoever proposed, to put to hazard the existing prosperity and happiness of the great community, for the uncertain pursuit of visionary scenes of greater happiness, however decorated by specious recommendations, which will most probably fail them in the grasp, or flit before them like the passing dream of the night.—And may they always bear in mind, that lessons of practical good sense, as applied to governmental administration, are immensely more useful to the world, than all the fine-spun theories of visionary Philosophists, or the delusive projects of Closet Politicians.

MISCELLANY.

PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

[The topic of the following debate will appear trifling and ludicrous, at the first glance of every reader. But though *Bull baiting* is apparently not an object of sufficient magnitude to require Legislation, or to excite eloquence, yet a cause so frivolous has produced much Parliamentary effect, and the weakness of Sir Richard HILL, a well meaning but blind fanatic, has called out all the strength of Mr. WINDHAM, who, in the course of the debate, displayed that correctness of principle, that might of reasoning, those *STABLE POLITICS*, and those classical allusions, which we expect, of course from an accomplished, and dauntless disciple of BURKE and JOHNSON. It has been well remarked, by a spirited writer, that, as if it were to throw ridicule on the great and serious question of the *non-residence* of the Clergy, the Puritans, are pestering the Parliament, with petitions for a law to prohibit *Bull baiting*. Gloomy and factious, as they have already rendered the poorer classes of the people in England, they are not content with their gradual success, but come boldly forward to invoke the aid of the Legislature, to their insidious and destructive efforts. Those who are acquainted with the character of the Honourable Gentleman, by whom the matter in question has been introduced, will want no suggestion to make them perceive that he has been deceived. He certainly imagines that he is espousing the cause of order and morality, but, should his endeavours be crowned with success, he will, when it is too late, find that he has been labouring in the vineyard of FACTION and FANATICISM.

Long as the subsequent article is, it will be perused with interest by many. The remark of Mr. WINDHAM upon the danger of legislating upon every petty local circumstance, is fortified, if the Editor remembers correctly, by the authority of Judge BLACKSTONE, and it would be well, if it were attended to by our Statesmen of the new sect. The observation that moral improvement is not to be effected by converting men into *sour, morose, and self-conceited* beings; and that *lively, open, honest* dispositions are more compatible with the virtues, which we should inculcate, is not only of a generous and manly character, but is proved in all the rolls of History. A cheerful, happy, rational Piety receives no lessons from John Knox, that "*ruffian* of reformation," nor does she implicitly believe in CALVIN, who burnt Servetus; above all, this kind of Piety is neither plausibly hypocritical, nor rudely boisterous, she neither cants, nor whines, nor snuffles, nor roars. Erect, and dignified, and honest, as in the day, she 'never creeps into houses, leading captive silly women,' but

....."Looks aloft, and, with erected eyes,
Beholds her own hereditary skies." DRYDEN.

It will be observed by the reader that the report of this Speech is extracted from the "*Morning Post*," a paper, conducted by the political enemies of Mr. Windham, and replete for many years with abuse of this vigilant detector of Jacobinical plots, and this manly opponent to Jacobinical warfare. Even in this paper his speech is extolled.

Neither Mr. Windham, nor the American republisher of his Speech, are advocates for the Bull feasts of Spain, nor cruelty to animals. In all the factious measure which led to the following sentiments, *Bull baiting* was the least of Jacobinical cares. While the French party of Democrats are striving to turn the eyes of the nation upon Bulls, and Bears and Bagatelles, they have no sort of objection to the *baiting* of men of rank, and riches, and virtue. He who would not trample on a grub, would assassinate a nobleman.]

BULL BAITING.

Mr. Dent moved the Order of the Day for the second reading of the Bull baiting Bill.

Sir Richard Hill said, he should trespass on the House in favour of a poor, friendless animal that could not speak for itself. He was sensible, however, that if common charity and humanity should not be sufficient to plead its cause, nothing from him could avail. He then proceeded to state various authorities against this practice, and cruelty to animals in general; including extracts from the Bury, Shrewsbury, and other newspapers, Sir Matthew Hale, King Solomon, and various letters. One of the latter, he said, was from a Clergyman, at Totness, in Devonshire, giving an account of a man killed there by a ferocious bull (bull) (loud laugh), who broke loose. There was another from Yorkshire, signed by the Magistrates of a district in that county; another from a great proprietor of works at Colebrook Dale. In short, he had letters

and petitions signed by Magistrates, Gentlemen, and Clergy all over the country, praying that every exertion might be made for the abolition of this savage custom. The late Irish Parliament passed a bill unanimously to abolish bull baiting in Ireland; and he hoped the Irish Gentlemen, who had been so favourable to their own bulls, would not be unfriendly to the bulls of this country (loud laughing.) All the ladies, he was sure, would be on his side. He had received letters from several (laugh.) Some might, he knew, be of a contrary opinion, such as those who frequented the gin shops, or ride in a cinder cart, but he did not rank such among the fair sex. It could not be said of such—

"Grace was in all her steps—Heaven in her eye,
"In every gesture, dignity and love."—(A laugh.)

He next read an extract from a sermon that was preached at Bath, in 1801, against bull baiting, and stated, as his last authority, the story of Balaam's ass (Laugh).—He could not conceive that God, when he opened the mouth of that animal to complain of ill usage, did not mean to discourage it, and when the Deity became an advocate in the cause, he hoped it would meet respect in a Christian assembly. Sir Richard then proceeded to argue against the custom as not being conducive to courage, or supported even in so many a way as in Spain; and concluded with an assurance that care should be taken that the bill should not affect any chartered rights.

Mr. Windham, in a speech of great length, deprecated the introduction of such a subject at a moment of such extreme anxiety, when the country was so divided between hopes and fears, and there were so many things of importance to agitate men's bosoms. It was not an evil that had "grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength;" but, on the contrary, it had declined as they increased. In fact, it would be gone before the House would have time to legislate upon it,

Curremus precipites—
Dum jacet in ripa calcemus Caesaris hostem.

It was so little known in Norwich, that the people of that city did not remember two instances within these twenty years. This was the case nearly all over the kingdom, and in fact it was only within these two years he heard any thing about it. He objected to the custom growing up in the House of legislating upon every petty local circumstance. But, laying this objection aside, he had a great dislike to the increase of penal statutes. Every penal law was in its nature an evil, and creates a discretion which is liable to abuse, and consequently may be an increase of evil. The House had of necessity a great deal of little legislation. Every body knew what flights of cards of invitation were every day issued, requesting attendance upon private bills. He did not mean to insinuate any corrupt practice: it was nothing more than a man's voting according to the opinion of his friend in reliance upon his judgment, instead of taking the trouble to judge for himself. In all small business, this would be always the case. Every question that was not sufficiently large to excite the interest, and draw the attention of a large portion of the country, must be decided by chance, as was near happening to a bill of this kind, about two years ago. This was a general reason for legislating as little as possible, except upon great and general interests, for upon other occasions the decision would go by chance, on the sort of cabal already mentioned. He deprecated the mode pursued by the Honourable Baronet, of taking a microscopic view which only took in part of the subject, and made it appear different from what it would to the naked eye. He disapproved of putting the dog and the bull's flesh before the microscope, and looking at hunting, horse-racing, and shooting with the naked eye. The botanist or the painter would not examine a flower or a picture

in this way. Take human beauty itself in all its charms, and what does the most soft and delicate face present when viewed through the microscope but ridges, cavities, and protuberances, as rough as a pig's back. He complained of that pharisaical humanity, that hypocritical justice, that would make war upon the sports of the poor, while they preserve the game laws for the rich. His next argument was, an *argumentum ad hominem*, but one which should have more weight as the *homo* was the house of commons. He certainly did consider this bill the first step of what was meant to be a reform in the manners of the people, and it was strange that they who were now aware of the evil consequences that would have ensued from a reform in Parliament, should pursue the reform in the country. This was the conduct of the puritans of old, now divided, into two branches, the jacobins and religious fanatics, both acting upon one common principle of hostility to what has been called "lewd and unchristian pastimes." When he talked of Sionites, Ezekielites, &c. he did not mean to discuss their particular tenets, nor to allude to any individual then present. He wished all men to be better than they are; but he was against working their improvement out by converting them into sour, morose, austere, and self-conceited beings. He thought lively, open, honest dispositions were more compatible with the virtues which we should inculcate. The modern fanatics however, must be hostile to the lively character of the people, because it unfits them for their purpose.—With respect to the Jacobins, strange as it might appear, there was no class of people on whom they had made less impression than upon the very lowest orders. The Methodists had made a much greater impression upon such persons, probably because they worked with harder tools. (*A Laugh*). He did not know but it might be a good plan to throw in some Methodist manure to cultivate them for Jacobins. (*A Laugh*). Now both these sects were pulling at the same rope only at different ends, and each twisting a contrary way. Their common object was to destroy the Old English character. There was not a single bull-baiter or pugilist in the Corresponding Society. The fellows who would cut off King's heads, and knock down thrones, would not trouble themselves about such a paltry amusement as bull-baiting. They were for nobler sports.*

"Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and his prey was men."

He should like to see a set of Jacobin Missionaries going into a town where there was a bull-baiting, and a methodist preaching, and to have a view of their conduct. There was an old story of a mode of trying Norfolk and Suffolk cheeses, by putting a mouse in, and the cheese of which he ate most was decided to be of the best quality. A Missionary in the present case might be as good a judge as the mouse, and in his opinion, would turn away from the one as a set of idle, thoughtless, disorderly fellows, and fix upon the gloomy, self-conceited set returning from the methodist chapel. It was an old saying, that a man who lives in a glass house should not be the first to throw stones. Now that house was glazed all over. No *Melomman* in the kingdom, with his glasses and conservatives, ought to be more cautious. An extract from a sermon in his possession, after describing a bull-baiter, concluded by saying, "such a monster would not hesitate to engulf his reeking blade in the warm bowels of a fellow creature." Now for the application. He did not know but it might be as Nathan said unto David. "Thou art the man," for all the upper classes of society were tormenters of animals. To estimate the cruelty of the practice, we should consider its intenseness, severity, and duration, in none of which was bull-

baiting equal to hunting. He did not, however, mean to censure hunting on the ground of barbarity. No man could have the arrogance to set up against an amusement which had been a favourite in all ages, which had been the theme of the accomplished Zenophon, which inspired Virgil, who

.....Vocat ingenti clamore Cytheron
Taygetique canes,

and enflamed the mind of Milton. Cruelty was not the object of the bull-baiter, if so, why not exercise it in some other way? on the contrary, his pleasure was more rational, and better understood than shooting, which was followed with so much eagerness. The bull-baiter could assign a more satisfactory reason. His amusement was a combat of animals, a favourite one in almost all countries. The pleasure consisted in the interest which he felt in the courage of the animal under his care; an interest as natural as that which a man takes in the velocity of his grey hound, or the scent of his pointer. Bull-baiting was formerly the amusement of the great in this country, even so late as in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It had, however, since gone down to the poor, and yet we would now take it off its last legs, while an honourable member present has proposed to extend the game laws to Ireland. If this sort of subject was to be taken up, the house should be ready to begin with themselves. However it might be questioned whether charity should begin at home, there was no doubt but that reform should begin at home. He had heard of a butcher who was looking through the market for his knife while he had it in his mouth (*A Laugh*). This was the case of an hon. member from Yorkshire (Mr. Wilberforce). He overlooked all the horse-racing of Yorkshire. Dr. Johnson said of hunting, "What must be the paucity of human pleasures when hunting is one of them?" To hunting, however, he (Mr. Windham) did not profess himself an enemy. As to boxing, he would not degrade it by putting it on a level with such a low, paltry thing as a horse-race; a scene of gambling that set the whole country madding for 20 miles round, stopping all travelling and traffic, occupying all the carriages and horses at every inn, and killing some from excess. It was a collection of riff-raff of every kind, black legs, markers at billiard tables, apprentices who embezzle their masters' property, and then commit forgery to supply the deficiency—raggamuffins from town and country, some hawking about gin and gingerbread, and others crying lists of the horses, and other lists for the edification of country gentlemen's daughters. (*Loud Laughing*). There were no fewer than nine of these exhibitions in Yorkshire, and yet the hon. member could take a tumbler's flying leap over them all, and light on his head upon a bull-bait in Staffordshire. He had no objection, it seemed to preserve the game upon his own manor, and poach abroad.—(*A laugh*). The poor could not enjoy your Balls, Routs, and Pic Nics. Their poverty excluded them from some pleasures, and the law from others. Suppose, a little dance, or a party of strolling players, the magistracy of the county was up in arms against them. An organ did not offend the ear of a puritan, so much as the sound of a fiddle did that of a magistrate, unless he was one of the party. A dance among the upper circles, was a most divine, delightful enjoyment, that inspired every idea of delicacy and sentiment; but call it a *hop*, and the exclamation immediately was "send for a constable, take away the fellow's licence." He remembered a case which happened some years ago near Berkeley-square; the whole neighbourhood was thrown into confusion, and he went in company with a gentleman, who had since sacrificed his life to his indiscreet generosity, the late Harvey Aston, to inquire the cause. On asking an officer, he exclaimed, "I have actually caught them in the

fact; yes, they were dancing;" (*A laugh*), adding, as if he conceived it a great aggravation of the offence, "and to a black fiddler too." (*Loud laughing*). This, he feared, was one of the fatal causes of the system of poor rates, which made the higher orders look at the amusements of the poor with a narrow and jealous eye. He warned the house against the consequence, which he said would be to work a change in the character of the people, and drive them into the alehouse or the tabernacle, and thence into Jacobinism. He denied the cruelty of the exercise. The game bull, as he was called in the language of that sport, felt no terror, but voluntarily took his station. As to bull running, it was still less liable to the charge. It displayed the courage and velocity of our rustic youth, and though a dangerous practice, the accidents attending it were nothing compared with those of shooting. Mr. Windham then paid a handsome compliment to the character of the town of Stamford, which had petitioned against the bill, as an infringement of a title derived from the great Earl Werreyn. He also complimented the people of Stafford, where the practice of Bull-baiting was so prevalent, upon their courage and loyalty, as a proof of which, the Stafford Militia was the only regiment selected to do duty about the Royal Person. It was the knife set in oil that cut deepest. If we would look for dangerous and designing persons, we must not look among bold, boisterous sportsmen, and bull-baiters, but among your close, sly, thoughtful, and smooth fanatics.

"Tom struts a soldier, open, bold and brave;
Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave."

The Hon. Member here concluded a speech full of weighty argument, and sprightly humour, by saying, he could not vote for the bill, unless it should extend to all field sports whatever.

DIALOGUE II.

ON PAINTING AS A FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENT,
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(Continued.)

R. But how could you procure subjects for such constant occupation?

L. There never could be want of subjects, as long as I lived in human society; while faces met my eye, there was always some among them, singular, and striking by their novelty, and their significance. If real faces were wanting I tasked my fancy, and forming a scale, which included every possible modification of features, had always a subject for my pencil.

My pictures were of several kinds. The first were such as were drawn at the request of my friends and for their use, as tokens or memorials of affection or respect.

The second were such as were executed for my own, either those whom I loved, and who sat while I drew, or others whom their characters, their adventures, or their countenances, rendered any wise remarkable, and whose faces were drawn either from casual inspection or from memory.

A third kind consisted of imaginary faces. As my favourite employment always was to feign characters and incidents, I, of course, was prone to create suitable forms and faces, and these frequently I pencilled with great care.

I perceive, intuitively, relations between the intellectual character and the outward form. My experience has supplied me with great numbers of materials to work with. Having always, particularly noted faces, being attentive to the demeanour and inquisitive into the history of those to whom they belong. I may, perhaps, rely with some degree of confidence on my physiognomical decisions at any rate, every face makes a strong and vivid and distinct impression on my fancy. I can trace the features upon paper, even in its absence, with tolerable fidelity.

* This remark demands the most profound attention. It is in the very spirit of BURKE, and is perfectly true. It has been verified by Experience. Note by the Editor.

My fancy is wont to exert itself in two ways. First to conjecture the history and character of those whose faces only have been seen, and, secondly, to conjecture the lineaments and form of one whose history and character only are known. These processes have afforded me many an instructive, or, if you please, many an amusing hour. Hence I have amassed a large stock of those images which revisit me in solitude, and give celerity and pleasure to those moments that would otherwise be vacant and wearisomely slow.

R. And what estimate do you form of the advantages flowing from your application to the pencil? Was the choice of this profession the best that could have been made? Was there no other pursuit in which the same application would not have produced more delightful consequences?

L. These are questions more easy to be put than answered. As a calling, I cannot hesitate to prefer this to any other. I could not make myself lawyer, physician, merchant, or divine. The necessary trades of building, tailoring and cooking, were only to be followed through necessity. Music, painting and needle work, were all that remained, and these were useful to subsistence either as being practised or taught.

To teach an art to others, is, without doubt, unspeakably worse than to practice it: more toilsome, more degrading, less favourable to cultivation of the understanding and the temper, and to liberty, and less gainful.

Needle-work and pencil-work have some things in common, but their differences are those which subsist between forming a statue with a wooden mallet and a steel chissel, between the sport of an hour and the task of a year. The pencil is alive, active, creative and a wonder-worker, but the needle is sluggish, inanimate, and dead; the enemy of all zeal; the obstacle to all progress; the mother and the emblem of plodding and stupid perseverance. I merely speak of the needle as the tool of fancy; the agent of embellishment. In all useful works, we cannot overrate its value, or the importance of every female being thoroughly mistress of it.

Music has its charms, but to gain a living by the practice is to shew ourselves at concerts and the theatres; to forfeit all esteem, and trample upon delicacy and to set at nought a good name.

R. But are music, needle work and painting the only paths open to ingenious females? You mentioned that you first designed to become an author. Your sex did not exclude you from this. Your education and your genius were remarkably adapted to it. The implements and materials were cheap, easy, and to be wrought up with less exposure to the world, less personal exertion and less infringement of liberty than in Eckstein's vocation.

The passion for fame, the fervours of pathetic, or the brilliancy of sportive eloquence, the sense of contributing to the benefit and pleasure of remote nations and distant generations, all invited you to take up the pen, and yet you took up the pencil instead.

L. I am not unaware of the manifold advantages which a moral fiction, has over a portrait. I regret, now that I look back upon the past, that so many hours were not given to books and the pen. My portraits have benefited and delighted me, but when I think upon the progress which a different devotion of my time would have enabled me to make in useful and delightful knowledge, I have no terms to convey the sense, not merely of my folly, but my guilt. How many volumes might I not have read, might I not have written. How might my knowledge of man and nature, of poetry and science have been enlarged, if all those days and all that zeal, which, during five years, were absorbed by painting, had been dedicated to the poets, historians and philosophers!—But, thanks

to my wiser years, the infatuation is now at an end, and the pencil is laid aside forever.

R. Forever? Do you mean never to paint again?

L. Never: unless upon some very extraordinary exigence. The truth is, that the end of application, the ability to figure to oneself and to retain in memory, the features of another, was long ago accomplished. To form a definite image, it is no longer requisite to paint it. To recall it to view, it is no longer necessary to turn to my *port-feuille*. Having not to paint for subsistence but for pleasure, and every pleasurable purpose being attained without the actual use of the pencil, I must lay it aside.

But if its aid were as indispensable as ever, I would not use it again.

R. Why?

L. Because my time can be more usefully employed with a book. Formerly, I spent a precious hour stooping over a table, with eyes riveted to the whitened surface, my reason at a stand, and my fancy fixed upon a single set of features. If permitted to wander, it was only by fits, at random, through the maze of vague and disconnected recollections, whence my mind returned, exercised but not improved, weary and bewildered.

Now that hour enables me to traverse a league of this variegated surface; to cheer my mind and strengthen my frame by passing through an half score vallies and ascending an half score hills. I examine twenty faces or landscapes of Nature's forming, whose lines and colours I can never hope to emulate, instead of producing one uniform, perishable and imperfect creature of my own.

If I choose to betake myself to books, what a world is open before me; how worthy of minute and never tired contemplation! How many structures of poets and philosophers, may be examined in the time misdevoted to a picture. What insight may be gained into the mechanism of human society and the laws of human action, by pursuing the vicissitudes of individuals or of nations from their hour of birth to their hour of extinction.

I once, while living with a friend in Hampshire, employed three hours, one morning, in copying an head of Raphael. Having tired my fingers at this work, I went into a closet where there were a few books, and thought to amuse myself with whatever chance should offer.

I lighted on Dryden's Virgil, and opened at the fourth book of the *Æneid*. I read it through, in about an hour, and was so much pleased, and so conscious of the many things unobserved or unreflected on, at the first perusal, that I immediately began again. I went through it, and could not resist the inclination to begin it a third time.

It was a favourable moment, my mind was active and my attention vigorous. It is impossible to describe the number and vividness of my conceptions. My new views of composition, morality and manners and government, all rapidly flowing from this source. My enthusiasm prompted me to read aloud, and not my intellectual powers merely, but my physical and vocal powers, my eye and my ear, were beneficially exercised. The incidents, images, phrases and epithets, impressed themselves, with remarkable force, upon my memory. There are few of the lines contained in this book, which have not, many times, casually or in consequence of efforts to recall them, been repeated. The pleasures and benefits, flowing from the employment of these three hours, are indeed, endless in variety and number, and they form a sort of bright spot in the scene of my past existence, on which I meditate with a nameless kind of satisfaction.

On a similar occasion afterwards, I opened, accidentally, Robertson's Scottish history, and read, for three hours. During this time, I had deliberately perused the whole story of Mary's sufferings, from her flight across the Tweed till her death.

I cannot describe the effect of this narrative upon my mind, It deeply affected me, I wept pientfully, and yet my emotions were not painful; they were solemn, ecstatic, and divine. The sudden influx of new ideas, seemed like an addition to my mental substance. I began to live a new existence, and was sensible of faculties for virtue and happiness, of which, before, I had not had a glimpse.

How often have I since compared the occupation of these hours, with those assigned to painting, and regretted that I did not sooner awaken from my dream.

Then, however, these delights had no other effect than to make me attempt to draw, merely from fancy, a portrait first of Dido, and then of Mary. I afterwards met with a fine portrait of the Northern Queen, at Holyrood house, and with a bust of the infelix Eliza, in a gallery at Naples. The emotions with which I contemplated these pieces, were wholly owing to my knowledge of their history, and were so different from any which my own performances had given that I wonder at my still adhering to the pencil.

Now, instead of delineating the eyes, nose and lips of him or her whose adventures I have just read or heard, I put down all my reflections on the story upon paper, and where I formerly sketched the face of another, I now exhibit my own thoughts, enlightened, methodized, extended, by the very act of putting them into words.

R. But here, I may make the same remark which I formerly made as to your music. The mind necessarily demands relief from variety, and change. Why may not painting and music be admitted to diversity the scene, and, at intervals, however rare and brief?

L. I have no intervals to spare. I find no satiety, nor decay of curiosity or languor of spirits, except from the intermission of my favourite employments. I do not spend my whole time in writing or reading, or in lonely musing. I have personal and household occupations to attend to: I have visits to pay and to receive; conversations to sustain and rambles to take. My present and absent friends lay claim to some of my time, and I practise, I assure you, not a slight degree of self-denial, in withholding myself from the pen and the book so much as I do.

R. Prithee, tell me, exactly, how you distribute your time.

L. I will tell you how I wish to distribute; to what rule I endeavour, as far as circumstances will permit, to adhere. Now, that I am more mistress of my time, than I ever was, I adhere to it with considerable punctuality. But enough for the present. We have done with painting, I suppose, and we will have done for the present, with talk.

(To be continued.)

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDE.

Though, in general, I deride the pastoral stile in Poetry, yet I make an exception in favour of CUNNINGHAM, and his followers. The following poem partakes of the pastoral style. It abounds in rural images, and presents very delightful forms of Quiet and Tranquillity. It is not a vulgar poem, and perhaps some of the impetuous racers in pursuit of pleasure will pause in their wild career, and listen to the bland accents of the Hermit.

INSCRIPTION FOR A HERMITAGE.

Stranger, where, so thoughtless by
Loo thy erring footsteps stray?
Stop, and turn thy curious eye
From yon dazzling dome away.

And, cool within this glimmering shade,
This hermit's haunted scenes retire
And mark the roof with osiers laid,
And, pure, his peaceful paths admire

And stoop beneath his humble door,
And view his walls with ivy spread,
Moss grown bench and grassy floor,
Hairy gown and wicker bed.

Nor his frugal meal despise,
Nor his cup with health that flows,
Beard, from age, of hoary size,
Age that Wisdom's wealth bestows.

Taste the draught my thirst relieves,
Eat the wholesome food I bring,
Honied cake of oaten sheaves,
Balmy fruits, and nectar'd spring.

You, who swim in sparkling wine,
In yon echoing hall may tell,
How its luscious baits incline,
What the pang, its charms conceal.

Folly's wit, and reason's war,
Stain the hours in mirth that roll;
Taste the dish these hands prepare,
Sip with me the simple bowl.

Taste, nor thus thy moments lose,
From the giddy rout remove,
Taste, and let thy prudence choose
Paths her clearest rules approve.

Shun the slaves of pleasure, shun
Fluttering life's fantastic crew,
Round in glittering orbits they run,
Fashion leads, and fools pursue.

Stranger cease; those toils forbear,
Wealth and all its cares resign,
Fame renounce, for fruitless are
Mimic bust, and marble shrine.

or vain yon lonely Halcyon deem,
Though gold her azure plumes adorn;
She loves this dark sequestered stream,
Nor finds those favourite haunts forlorn.

And soft those bowers in silence trace,
And hear the midnight warblers song,
She hides in shades her blushing face,
She flies the noon day's babbling song.

And turn, and stoop within my door,
Taper light, and napkin clean,
Cross and saint and Virgin pure
On my turf-built altar seen.

Cup of life, and rapture high,
Books and fast, that vice controul,
Kiss and beads, and holy sigh,
Are the feast that feeds my soul.

Stranger, proved, regardless, where
Do thy erring footsteps fly?
Stop, and kneel in humble prayer,
Live like me and learn to die.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[It is our intention to insert regularly, in this paper, Reports of curious cases, in the English and American Tribunals. But the lovers of amusing Literature need not revolt at this resolution, nor terrify their imagination with the dread of being wearied, by the dryness of Law. We shall be careful to admit nothing, but what may interest our readers, and both edify and amuse, either from the memorable nature of the case, or the logic and rhetoric of the pleaders, or the wisdom and propriety of the decision.]

YORK ASSIZES.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

STORY & EAGLE.

Mr. Serjeant Haywood stated the case of the Plaintiff; he observed, that of all the wounds which can be given the feelings of an individual, the one which is perhaps the most severely felt is that injury for which his client now sought for compensation. She was, it is true, in a very humble situation in life, a maid servant to Mr. Stockdale, of Knaresborough; but the feelings of the humblest individual are not to be broken without giving that individual a right to appeal to a jury for compensation adequate to the injury sustained. It was not merely to recover damages that his client brought the present action, but also to vindicate

her character, which she found might suffer from so sudden and unaccountable a desertion as she had experienced from the man who had publicly professed himself her lover, and courted her for two years, and yet quitted her the day before that which was appointed for their marriage. The defendant in this action was also himself in an humble situation in life; he had been an hostler in the town of Knaresborough when first he began his courtship, but is now an Innkeeper in that town, and worth 600l. by his own confession. Among the letters which she had received from him lately, was the following:

Dear Mary—This is to you, whom I love more than life. I am as sincere in this, as if I was at the hour of my death, confessing to my Creator. But what nonsense it is to talk of death and my Creator when I am addressing myself to you, who are the centre of all my wishes? All that I have is yours, and all that I ask heaven to grant, is, that I may see the happy day, when I may call you mine.—I am your humble servant and most sincere lover,

ROBERT EAGLE.

The plaintiff, who was at first averse to his suit, certainly had consented to it at last; the day of marriage had been fixed, and preparations made for it, when the defendant suddenly, without reason changed his mind, married a girl, then resident at Harrowgate, and has now set up an inn at Knaresborough. When he should prove this case, he would in some degree compensate for the injury she had sustained.

Elly Sly was the principal witness for the plaintiff. She had known her for the last two years, as a servant to Mr. Stockdale of Knaresborough. The witness washed for Mr. Stockdale, during the whole of that time; and almost every washing day she had seen the Defendant by the side of the Plaintiff's tub, paying his addresses to her. He appeared to be sincerely in love with her, and often talked of marriage, but at length told her of his taking a house, and consulted her about the furniture and provisions he was to lay in, and whether it was best to get corn or flour. At that time the marriage seemed to be very near, when he told the witness that he was in a very distressing situation; there was a d—d girl at Harrowgate to whom he had promised marriage before two witnesses, and vowed she would prosecute him if he did not keep his promise. He accordingly went to Harrowgate, and on his return told the witness he had settled with that girl, and asked if Mary (the plaintiff) would marry him the next day. The witness bid him ask Mary; he accordingly did so; and the Plaintiff that day gave her mistress warning, and gave the witness a gown, petticoat, and a pair of stockings to be washed against the next day, and made some other little preparations for the approaching nuptials. Before the next day came the defendant disappeared, and in a day or two married the Harrowgate girl. About a fortnight after he paid a visit to the witness, with whom the plaintiff was then sitting; the plaintiff told him, "She would be glad to wish him joy, but his bad behaviour would not allow her." The Defendant said he was very sorry, and would make her any compensation in his power." Mrs. Sly said, he ought to give her thirty guineas; he replied, "She will never take that." Mary then burst out a crying and left the house; the defendant followed and overtook her, and the next day told the witness she cried a great deal, and he was extremely sorry for her.

On her cross-examination, she was asked by Mr. Pack, whether the plaintiff had not often, during the length of time she objected to the match, declared that the defendant was such a nasty ill-looking animal, that she would be ashamed to be seen walking with him? The witness declined as much as possible, answering that or similar questions; but said, that no girl had a right to say so of the

Defendant, whom she always considered a very nice little man.

One Piercy, a servant of Mr. Stockdale's proved that the Defendant had applied to him to procure a licence, and that the plaintiff had made preparation for the marriage, and, in particular, had borrowed linen and other things from him.—On his cross-examination, he was asked, why those things were borrowed only? he answered, because the marriage bore a very *numplush* kind of appearance. Being requested to explain the meaning of the word *numplush*, he said, the Defendant did not know his own mind, and therefore it was a doubt whether the marriage would take place or not.

Mr. Park addressed the jury on the part of the Defendant. He said, that although this little ale-house which the defendant had taken in Knaresborough was for the purposes of this cause, swelled into a great Inn, and it was attempted to insinuate that the defendant was a man of property, yet, in truth, and in fact he was a poor man now, and had been an humble hostler when first he paid his devotions at the shrine of his adoration, the *wash-tub* of the plaintiff in this action. His client was a most unfortunate poor devil, and he trusted the Jury would not, by giving heavy damages in this silly case immure him in jail for the rest of his days.—For two long years his Client had paid his addresses, and offered his sincere love at the plaintiff's *wash-tub*; all that while the scornful *lady of the suds* refused his suit, and treated him with ineffable contempt: at length, wearied of her scorn in a moment of despair and vexation, he talked of love and marriage to the Harrowgate girl, and unfortunately for him before two witnesses. In the mean time, the scornful beauty who brought the present action, hearing that he was going to take a house and had some money she immediately relaxed from her wonted cruelty and consented to be his bride.—What was his poor Client to do in such a dilemma? On the one hand, there was a most unexpected consent from the scornful *nymph of the suds*, who exclusively possessed his heart; and on the other hand, that d—d Harrowgate girl, as he called her, with her two witnesses, threatened him with a prosecution and a jail if he did not marry her. Was ever man (to use the expression of the witness) in such a *numplush*? It had been doubted by many wise Philosophers, whether fear or love was the more powerful spring of human actions. Surely then, if it should appear that fear had most influence in a hostler's breast, the jury would not think he ought so to be punished by an endless imprisonment, which would be the consequence of their giving heavy damages. Indeed if the Jury were to give such encouragement to these actions, every maid servant in England would be bringing her action; for all of them have had, no doubt in their turn, nonsense talked to them by idle fellows, about love and marriage, and in the presence of some *Mrs. Sly*.—It appeared by the plaintiff's evidence that she had suffered no actual damages, as she still retains her situation in life, and her place at Mr. Stockdale's.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH said, that it had been clearly proved that the defendant had, both by his conduct, and by his express promise raised expectations which he had defrauded, and hopes which he had deceived: the Jury were, therefore, bound to give compensation in damages for the injury so received from the defendant by the plaintiff. There were however, no very aggravating circumstances attending this case, and in giving damages, the Jury should take care not utterly to ruin the Defendant. He had, himself admitted, that thirty guineas were too little; it therefore appeared that the Jury ought not to give less damages than what the defendant himself appeared to consider as an adequate compensation.

The jury after a few minutes consideration, found for the Plaintiff—Fifty pounds damages.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

How best to bind the flowing hair
With art, yet with an artless air;
In what nice braid, or glossy curl,
To fix a diamond or a pearl,
And how the purpled veil to choose
From silken stores of varied hues;
Which may attract the roving view
Pink, violet, purple, orange, blue,
The loveliest mantle to select
Or unembellish'd, or bedeck'd;
And how the twisted scarf to place
With most inimitable grace;
What skirts the mantle best may suit,
Ornate with stars of tissue'd fruit,
The flower embroider'd, or the plain
With silver, or with golden vein.

Sir WILLIAM JONES.

MRS. THELLUSSON'S MASQUERADE.

At Foley House, on Wednesday was given on *city principles*, and has created much conversation in the fashionable world. Many of the nobility and gentry of the first rank and respectability, as is usual on such occasions, applied for tickets; but the answer made by the *Cerberus* of the house, was, that none could be admitted who were not in the habit of inviting Mr. and Mrs. Thellusson to their parties. This was in the true spirit of *traffic*, to give and take; and the Thellussos were resolved to have the *pull* in their favours, as they would not stand the hazard of the *gratitude* of their guests and take their chance of being invited in return. They would issue tickets to no one who had not made an *instalment* in advance, leaving it to others to repent of having neglected them; and giving a salutary lesson for the future, that if they expect to participate in the *fetes* of Foley House, they must first establish a title by their hospitalities.

In consequence of this principle being laid down a great part of the fashionable world was refused, and Mrs. Thellusson for some days enjoyed the triumph of recounting the indifference with which she had treated their applications. But lo! when the night arrived, so many of the chosen few sent apologies (tickets not being transferable), many of them not wishing to go without their friends, or but in such parties as they could form agreeably, that the number present was diminished to a mortifying degree, especially with respect to the personages of the highest rank expected. Mr. and Mrs. Thellusson had, however, a very considerable company of *their own class*, though the assembly was shorn of its bright beams. The most distinguished persons were the Prince, and a party of about twenty which he took with him, and who had a private supper room assigned them. This party shed lustre over the whole, and kept up the dignity of the scene. The Prince was dressed as a Baron of ancient times, in scarlet, richly ornamented with gold. He wore an old-fashioned doublet of scarlet cloth; with slashed sleeves; a short cloak of scarlet cloth; the gold lace and fringe very deep and rich on both. Around the knees, the gold fringe was a quarter of a yard deep. A black hat with white feathers laid flat, and hanging out on each side; whiskers, and the face painted to disguise, formed the rest of the dress, which was prepared and put on under the direction of Mr. Kemble of Drury-lane Theatre, and did great honor to his taste. The dress was grand, and his Royal Highness made a noble appearance.

The preparations for the fete were in a very expensive style. The terrace next the garden was ornamented with oak and laurel in leaves, which formed an arched covering; variegated lamps were entwined, and the Prince's feathers appeared in the centre of the whole. A temporary colonnade was erected from the hall of the outer gate, in the court-yard, which was likewise lighted with lamps.

As, at these entertainments *Religious* characters appear as certainly as at church, so here we found the Marquis Townshend a *Friar*, and the Marchioness a *Nun*, the former preaching up ab-

stinence and mortification; Miss Payne was also a *Nun*, and Mrs. T. Crespigny a *Priestess* of the *Sun*, mixing Paganism with Christianity. Among the devotees were Colonel Whitworth, Lady Fane, Sir J. St. Clair Erskine, and Serjeant Haywood, as *Pilgrims*, bound for the Holy land, and interrupted in their march by Mr. Jerningham, Mr. J. Manners, and Lord Henry Fitzgerald, as *Turks*, while the Turkish Ambassador, in his *own proper dress*, was highly entertained at seeing his countrymen, though he could not understand them. Among other foreigners we also found the Earl of Aboyne, as a *Russian*; Colonel Thornton, as a *French Barber*—tolerably well; Lord Charles Bentinck, a *Swiss Peasant*; Captain Munday, a *Polander*. The *Spaniards* were particularly numerous: among them were the Dukes of Orleans and Montpensier, Marquis of Winchester, Lords Templeton, Ossulstone, Westmoreland, Colonel Churchill; Messrs. Lascelles, Townsend, and Maitland. The native characters were not less numerous than those from foreign parts; and since the Prince appeared as a *Highlander*, that dress is coming into vogue. In it appeared Major Eustace, a *Scotch Chieftain*; Earl Temple, a *Highlander*; but certainly not from the land of starvation. Colonel Campbell, a *Scotch Mendicant*. The English *Clowns* were as numerous as usual, and consisted among others, of Mr. T. Skifner, Mr. E. Boldero, Lord C. Somerset, Mr. S. Thornton, Mr. H. Anson. The females of the same class were, the two Miss Manners, as *Flower Girls*; Miss Erskine, a *Country Girl*, Mrs. Erskine, a *Cottager's Wife*; Lady M. Montague, a *Country Girl*; and the most humorous of all, Mr. Champneys, an *Old Welch Woman riding on Horseback with butter and eggs to market*, admirably supported. Of the *Clowns* superiors, there were besides, the Prince, as an *Ancient Baron*, Colonel Montgomery, and Lord Edward Somerset in the same dress. To match the *Ancient Barons* there were Miss Strahan, Miss Baldero, and Mrs. J. Orde, as *Old Maids*. Lord and Lady John Thynne were in dresses of the last century, an excellent couple who ridiculed, by the covering our parents wore, the nakedness of the present day. The *Jews* were not numerous, and consisted only of Lord Limerick as *Shylock*, and Sir W. Sheridan, a *Money Lender*. We only noticed one *Harlequin*, Mr. Herbert, the weather being too warm, perhaps, for feats of agility. The *Sailors* were Captain Upton, Mr. Pierrepont, and Count Beaujolois. Among the more singular characters were the Honorable Mrs. Wynne, as *Night*, and Mr. Wynne in a dress comprehending the costume of all nations (not very clearly). Gen. Lenox as a *Coachman*, and Captain H. Townshend as the *Brazin Mask*, were both very good characters; Prince William of Gloucester seems very adverse to any character, as he again appeared in a coloured domino; Mr. Erskine played the part of a *Boarding School Miss*, paying morning visits, very well; Lord Milsington was a little noisy as *Punch*; Lady Smith Burgess was well dressed as a *Ballad Singer*; The two Miss Fordyces, as *Fair Slaves*, were very beautiful; Miss Eglintown accompanied them as a *Hermit*; Lord Paget was admirably dressed as a *Hussar*, and made an elegant appearance; Lady Paget looked beautifully; Lady Dungannon was also one of the most beautiful women in the company, and the most elegantly dressed in black lace, with silver and diamond chains; Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Lady Haggerstone, were in the Highland dress of the forty-second Regiment. Among the others, with hands and fancy dresses, were—the Duchesses of Buccleugh and Beaufort; Marchionesses of Winchester, Headfort, Bath, Donegal, and Salisbury; Ladies Liverpool, C. Jenkinson, Campbell, M. Taylor, three Thynnes, Harrington, A. M. Stanhope, L. Manners, Mildmay; Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. and Miss Thompsons. Mr. Thomas Wynne was in the character of *Charles A.* with a beautiful

woman hanging on his arm. Speaking of beautiful women, we should not omit to notice Ladies C. Campbell and Copingham, Mrs. Champneys, and A. M. Taylor. Mrs. Thellusson herself was magnificently dressed in blue and silver without a mask.

At one o'clock, when mirth began to flag, the great hall was opened to the motley groupe, having been fitted up under the direction of Mr. Thellusson, with an inn and shops of every description; each of which was filled by the undermentioned gentlemen, supporting their several characters with a degree of wit and vivacity scarcely ever equalled.

Sir W. W. Wynn and Mr. Thellusson the *Landlord and Landlady of the Hotel*; Mr. Champneys, as *Doctor Galan Aesculape*; Mr. Wrottesley, as *Caleb Quotem*; Colonel Armstrong, *Jemmy Jumps*; Lord Cranley, a *Jew Broker*; Mr. T. Sheridan, a *Methodist Preacher in a Tub*, highly entertaining; Mr. Giles, a *Barber*; Mr. Cox, *Jobson*; Mr. Wm. Fitzroy, *Snip the Taylor*; an *Irish Gentleman*, with an excellent song in character, dealing out whiskey. This party, for nearly one hour, supported a constant succession of mirth and good humour; and altho' many of them early in the evening had exerted themselves in other characters, particularly Mr. Champneys, as an *Old Welch Woman* on horseback, with butter and eggs, wit and repartee did not slacken. The supper succeeded, disposed in seven different rooms, and at three o'clock the Phantasmagoria opened, and filled up that vacant moment which the departure of night, and the arrival of the morning dawn, might otherwise have rendered dull; at four the gardens opened, and displayed all the freshness of spring. It was five o'clock.

Many of those who would wish to be considered young men of wit, as well as fashion, were as simple in mask as they are in general when unmasked; and because they are not equal to the support of a character, think it sufficient to ornament the rooms with their pretty persons.

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[Your Peter Piper, and his peck of pepper, have recalled to my memory the following jumble of words.]

On Sintac tap, there is a cap,
And in that cap there is a drap;
Take up the cap, drink out the drap,
And leave the cap on Sintac tap.

On the top of Sintac, a high mountain of the south of Scotland, there is a large stone, in the form of a cap, which generally contains a quantity of water. A Scotch traveller, viewing this curiosity, his muse produced the above lines. It is for you, Mr. Oldschool, to determine whether they be poetical or logical. Yours, P.

THE DRAMA.

The tragedy of *The Revenge* was performed on Covent Garden Theatre for the first time these fifteen years. Cooke seems determined to pursue Kemble through the entire range of his characters. Zanga is not one of those in which he encounters him with most success; yet it is a source of high pleasure to the public that talents so respectable should be tried in every thing, though they may in some instances fall short of the perfection of the *Roscus* of Drury-lane.

Cooke expressed the stronger passages with much force, but he appeared to us to fall short in the more delicate. In the bold, direct sarcasms no man could surpass him, and his exultation at the accomplishment of his design was truly grand; but he did not appear to enjoy the previous and subordinate mischiefs as he went along. Our conception of the character supposes it proper to appear delighted with every new wound given to that peace which it is the ultimate object totally to destroy. In the fulshood and dissimulation preparatory to

the great entanglement, in the arguments urged to induce *Carlos* to resign *Leonora* and *Alonso* to receive her, great art and judgment were displayed; but the principal excellence was in *Zanga's* explanation of the extent of the injuries done to *Alonso*, and the declaration that he was the author of them. Thus there was much to admire, as there must be in every thing that *Cooke* attempts, unless he entirely loses sight of himself. Yet we cannot bestow that degree of praise on the performance altogether that *Cooke* is intitled to in his best characters.

Mr. Siddons, in *Alonso*, acquitted himself admirably. He displayed with feeling and correctness the successive emotions of friendship, honour, confidence, love, jealousy, and remorse. If not entitled already to rank with our best actors, he is at least one of the fairest hope of the stage. Mrs. Litchfield sustained the part of *Leonora* with great propriety, with much strength of colouring and happy discrimination. Mrs. St. Leger, in *Isabella*, did not enter with sufficient earnestness into the business in which she took so active a part. Mr. Brunton in *Carlos* was in general languid; but he shewed sufficient interest and animation in the scene in which he resigned *Leonora* to *Alonso*.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is supposed that if the duty of *residence* were generally observed by the clergy, in England, that the *schism shops*, as they are nervously called, of the puritans, would gradually diminish, and that true religion would gradually increase. When our remarker observes, from the top of any hill, in the happy little island of Great-Britain, we behold the numerous churches, which, by the wisdom, the piety, and the liberality of our forefathers have been scattered around, we are naturally astonished, not that puritanism and its inseparable concomitant disloyalty should not be destroyed, but that it should ever, for a moment, have existed.

A living poet, whose admiration of Edmund Burke led to the composition of a poem entitled *Innovation*, thus apostrophizes that sublime genius.

O thou, in whose emphatic page we trace,
The glowing beauties of each sister grace,
As prompt to crown the patriot's ardent vow,
They lift the veil from Wisdom's awful brow;
O thou, whose toils, with equal scorn, defy
The smooth perversion and the shameless lye;
The sorry ridicule, which fools impart,
And the cold sneer which speaks the canker'd heart.
While, blest, by all their country's weal, who prize,
While, blest, by all the good and all the wise;
If, in some moment of reluctant pause,
Which toiling Virtue yields to Nature's laws,
When rustic arts, and rustic converse charm,
And the light labour of thy cultur'd farm,
When social trifles smooth the brow of care,
The Muse shall claim their grateful task to share:
Oh! meet her homage with no cold distrust,
Severely grateful, as severely just.

The following epitaph on a great arithmetician and accountant, I find in a very pleasant work, entitled "The Meteors;"

Truth could not add unto his honest fame,
Nor malice dare subtract a jot from same;
Peaceful his life, no strife he ever made,
And ditto of his death was justly said
Division he ne'er cast 'tween man and wife,
He lov'd to multiply, as he lov'd life,
For simple interest he had many rules,
But left all compound unto knaves and fools.

The Editor of the Farmer's Museum always writes sensibly, whenever modern France is his topic. His sentiments are correct and prophetic. "The revolutionizing spirit, which has characterized the French nation for some years past having subsided, a new system has commenced under the reign of the first Buonaparte. Such a catastrophe from such tragic scenes, was to be expected. All the articles of optical deception are now dispensed with,

and with his wand and word, the chief juggler commands *presto* begone; and the real monarch for life appears, with a power and splendor which eclipses that of any of the *Bourbons*. The people were dissatisfied with the government of a mild prince. If they had a *log* for their monarch, like the frogs in the fable they mounted on his back and insulted him, till Heaven has at last sent them one whose little finger is as thick as the loins of the former. We hear occasionally of conspiracies against his life, many of which we presume are forged for some political or speculating purpose. Still, it is pretty certain there are many restless principals of the revolution who are dissatisfied with the political Colossus who strides over them. The existence of these characters makes it probable that,

"—Short will be his reign; his rigid yoke
And tyrant power will puny sects provoke;
And frogs and toads and all the tadpole train
Will croak to heav'n, from this devouring crane."

Boswell informs us, that Dr. Johnson once repeated to him with the utmost energy of applause, the original of the following lines, translated from JUVENAL. The sentiments are wonderfully noble, as will be perceived, in Mr. Gifford's version.

Be brave, be just; and when thy country's laws
Call thee to witness in a dubious cause,
Though Philaris place his bull before thine eye,
And frowning, dictate to thy lips a lie,
Think it the height of baseness, breath to choose
Ere Honour; and Life's end for life to lose.
Life, I recall the word; can he be said
To live, who merits death? No, he is dead;
Though Gauran oysters load his sumptuous board
And o'er his limbs all Vossio's sweets be pour'd.

The following extract from a London print, is recommended to the very serious attention of some of the Courts of Justice in Pennsylvania, and, indeed in many of the other states. The noise, and want of decorum in our Tribunals remind every blushing stranger of the bear garden and the brawling streets. There are regions, where the insolence of the vulgar, and the boorishness of clamorous crowds are tamely suffered. There is a country too from which we derive our laws, where Justice is not only righteously administered, but has a voice of dignity, which makes itself heard, and exercises a strong arm of power to repress the tumultuous movements of the rabble*.

* The Editor is very happy to find his opinion on the subject corroborated by the good sense of Dr. V. Knox, a writer who is far from being a foe to *rational* liberty.

The existence of society confessedly depends upon a regular subordination. What deranges or disturbs this regularity, even in the idea of the *subaltern* ranks, shakes the basis of society. All, who are raised by civil distinctions above the level of natural equality, are under obligations to preserve an appearance of dignity, adequate to their situation and correspondent to their real importance. Respect should be decently exacted, wherever it is due, not from a principle of pride, or from a littleness of mind; but because it facilitates the due degrees of necessary acquiescence; because it regulates the complex movements of the political machine. Even formality and dress, though futile in themselves, when abstractedly considered, have been preserved with care, in the flourishing period of an empire, because they tended to promote tranquillity. They excited an awe among the rude and the refractory which ensured a ready submission to legal authority. Let Philosophy boast its pretensions, we are yet so constituted, that not only the uncultivated, but the enlightened also, are powerfully affected by external appearance. He, who is in the useful and sacred office of distributing Justice, must endeavour to appear awful to the rude ruffian and the miscreant of society. There is a beauty in decorum, which renders the assumption of external dignity, when it is supported by mental and official importance, agreeable as well as venerable.

I find in looking into Clithero's Life of Judge BLACKSTONE, that "after he became a Judge, he thought it his duty to keep strictly up to forms, and not to lessen the respect, due to the dignity and gravity of his office, by any outward levity of behaviour."

An accomplished character of antiquity, skilled in every part of forensic duty, and of forensic dignity, thus describes the decorum of a magistrate.

Est proprium munus magistratus intelligere se gerere personam civitatis, debereque ejus dignitatem et decus sustinere.

Let the following article be read, and, for the sake of decency, for the sake of dignity, for the advancement of business, and for the promotion of justice, let us hope that all indecorous tumult in our Tribunals may hereafter be legally quelled.

"The audience in Guildhall was yesterday (14th June) very noisy, and interrupted the proceedings of the court of king's bench several times;—at length the Chief Justice inquired whose duty it was to keep silence, and being informed it was the sheriff's he immediately stopped the proceedings in the cause, until the under sheriff made his appearance. His lordship then informed him, that it was fit that they should be able to administer the justice of this country without interruption. "I understand, sir," said he, "that it is your duty to order silence kept; I therefore fine you 5l. for your negligence; and unless silence be hereafter observed, I shall have recurrence to the same means to enforce your attention to your duty."

Another circumstance is sufficiently momentous to deserve the attention of our law officers, in general, and the writer of this article hopes that none will be so uncharitable, or so incorrect, as to suppose the remark is invidious, when he calls upon all concerned to reflect how little regard is paid to what may be called the *costume* of the Court. Men of great talents and of incorruptible integrity who administer Justice from many an elevated bench with equal ability and uprightness, are too careless of their exterior. They are negligent of dress; they are not always awake to their dignity. Now, as man is modified, and especially as society is modified, in this country, it is not merely pleasing, but of singular utility, that Justice should be decorously arrayed. An ermined robe, or sable silk are things trivial in themselves, but if the magistrate, thus invested, command the respect of the crowd, or inspire awe in the criminal, then is dress itself a subject of no trivial interest.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A very general objection to the plan of this paper is occasioned by our *sometime neglect* of Political Disquisitions. These shall have their turn. Perhaps, the Editor is inordinate in his love of Literature. But his attachment to topics of a permanent, rather than of a fleeting character may be justified by the classical Dr. KNOX, who has exercised his pen, in the service both of the Nation, and the Muses. Though Politics, a subject adapted to raise the passions, engross the thoughts of most men, yet Reason informs me a community may be most permanently and importantly served, by the peaceful labours of the Student. I will not derogate from the glory of arms, or the merit of political conflicts, but I will say that he effects a durable and substantial good to society, who labours to diffuse the light of Literature. He sows seeds of excellence, which, if the soil be not ungrateful, may spring up to aggrandize empires; and of virtues, which may, in future ages, bless and exalt human nature. When temporary subjects shall have passed away, like the morning dew, those which are intended to promote a real and universal good, will continue to diffuse a beneficial influence.

BIBO quotes the example and the precept of Sir William Jones, to justify his Invocation to the bewitching Powers of Madeira and Melody, and hopes that some of the maladies of the mind will yield to a charm, like this,

If Wine and Music have the power,
To ease the SICKNESS OF THE SOUL:
Let Phœbus every string explore,
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl.

The Imitation of Cotton's "Fire Side" is perfectly to our taste. The politics which the poet ridicules, the Editor detests.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SONNET TO ELIZA.

Tho' love has often sway'd this heart,
And bade it glow with all his fires,
Yet ne'er before did he impart
Such gentle thoughts, such soft desires.

I do not feel that ardent flame,
Too fierce for reason to controul;
But passions far too sweet to name,
That sink in languishment the soul.

Eliza, language is too weak
To say how fully I was blest,
When the soft blush o'erspread thy cheek;
And clasp'd in transport to my breast,
I heard thy voice, in words divine,
Tell me each trembling wish was mine.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

How fortune deceptive was smiling of late!
Now dark are the clouds that o'ershadow my fate!
Such gloom hides the scene that once teem'd with
delight,
That hope has not radiance to banish the night.

The mind of refinement may anxiously try,
The arrows of grief and misfortune to fly;
But vainly shall try, if th' attempt to oppose,
The bosom of beauty partake in its woes.

AN EXPOSTULATION.

Shall Orpheus be forever prais'd,
Because a shade from hell he rais'd,
And I neglected here remain,
Whose *fute* could drive it back again?
Tho' Pluto wept (so great his skill!)
And snakes round furies' heads grew still;
His charms I'd break, make Pluto roar,
And snakes, entwining, hiss *encore*!

TO A RINGLET OF HAIR.

Dear relique of the gentle maid,
Who rules unrivall'd in my heart;
Oft round her polish'd brow you play'd,
Or careless, unconfin'd by art,

O'er her white bosom's graceful swell,
(Unconscious of the blissful scene,
Where lurking loves delight to dwell)
Have lain, in apathy serene.

Alas! like me, dissever'd now
From where you would forever grow;
No more to wreath around her brow,
Or, careless, on her bosom flow,

What is your worth?—Oh! ever dear,
While fancy, living on her charms,
Can recollect the standing tear,
When fortune from her circling arms,

With scowling mien, and brow severe,
Tore me—alas! from her so true—
For then Eliza plac'd you here,
And strove, but could not say adieu.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Where shall I go, dearest Zaira?
What shall I do, far from thee?
Maid beloved! maid adored!
O, speak thou—speak thou for me!

How does fortune joy to sever,
Hearts that feel a mutual glow!
Blight each bud of promis'd pleasure,
And plant deep the thorns of woe!

TRANSLATION OF A FRENCH GLEE.

Of old, Philosophers declar'd
From any thing without them
No happiness could e'er be found—
And which of us will doubt them?

Then since this wine, which smiles so sweet,
And strives so much to win us,
Can give no happiness without,
Let's try its power within us.

SELECTED POETRY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM THE SHADES BELOW,
GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE STATIONS AND
OCCUPATIONS OF DECEASED POETS.

Why how now, friend Richard? Because a man's
dead,
Will you break off acquaintance? d'ye think he
can't read?

Had you sent a small packet by Charon, post paid,
It had safely arriv'd—he's a trusty old blade;
However, I hate to be churlish and crusty,
Or stand upon forms—so resolve to write first t' ye.

Know then that my will was first finish'd—that done,
I had nothing to do, but to die and be gone.
Well, in due form of law, then I fairly departed,
And quickly and safely was hither transported.
As I know you are curious in search of things
strange,
I'll relate what I found by my whimsical change.

The poets, both Grecian and Roman of old,
Of whom we so many fine things have been told,
Live here in great state, are grandees of the court,
To whom all the moderns most humbly resort,
Yet few find admittance, or favour with those,
So poor their appearance, so shabby their clothes;
Some, indeed, a small pittance, or place, may
obtain;

But the rest are a sad ragged crew in the main:
In short, the whole tribe are at best, but so so,
As you'll find by their state and employment below.

Old Chaucer and Drayton I found in good plight,
And Shakespeare and Spencer appear pretty tight;
They've each a small freehold, tho' troth bounded
in sore,

And live not unlike to our poor knights of Windsor.
Ben Johnson sells ale on the side o' the hill,
And Beaumont and Fletcher go halves in a mill.
But Denham enjoys a small post in the state,
And Dorset and Juvenal's grown very great;
Whilst poor sir John Suckling is but a knife grinder,
And Cowley, poor Cowley's a lacquey to Pindar.

Friend Wilmot's a mountebank, Villiers his droll,
Charles Sedley their toad eater, Howard their fool.
Old Milton still blind, but much in request,
With Homer and Virgil, and most of the best;
And Addison lately assign'd for his guide,
Enjoys a small place and a pension beside:
Old Naso and Waller most hugely agree,
But Ar'stotle t'other day cudgelled poor Lee.

But Butler of all looks the best let me tell ye,
Has money, good clothes, and can now fill his belly;
Is lately prefer'd as his highness's jester,
For which he per diem has two and a tester.
In troth I was glad to see Butler so mended,
Who had suffer'd so greatly before he descended.

Old Dryden sells nectar, an excellent dram,
And Shadwell is kept by a wealthy old dame;
He was always a lover, you know, of the same.

Rough Wycherly sells penknives, razors and
scissars,
And Otway pincushions, essence, and tweezers.
Tom Brown's a black shoe boy, and carries a link,
A sad dirty whore's bird, and lies in a sink;
Joe Haines and Dick Estcourt are poor, but yet
merry,

And Philips for's highness makes cyder and perry;
But Plautus and Terence, both wealthy and able,
Have taken friend Congreve to wait at their table.

Behn, Manley, Centlivre, I found in the stocks,
It seem'd they'd purloin'd the Muses' foul smocks;
By washing and scouring, they are now forc'd to
live,
No wonder, poor devils, they sought thus to thrive.

Johnny Crown keeps a raree show, Farquhar's a
sutler,

And Horace has made Matthew Prior his butler.
Nat Rowe waits on Sophocles, has a good place on't,
But Hughes still is poor, though he puts a good
face on't.

Tom Durfey sings ballads and cobbles old shoes,
And honest Dick Steele runs about with the news.

Here are more, but so ragged, so poor and so sad,
'Twere a shame you should know, their condition's
so bad.

As for me, I am just advertis'd to be let,
So what will become of me, cannot tell yet.
I can rhyme, comb a wig, shave, pick up a w.,
And few of the moderns I think can do more.
When once I am settled, I'll write you again,
Till then your old friend, honest Dick, I remain.

PARODY OF SHAKESPEARE.

.....How crowd the numbers to yon bark!
There will we go and let the sound of money
Chink in our ears; such bustle at high noon
Delight, the griping trade of usury;
Look at the notes; see how the heavy desks
Are thick o'er laid with *eagles* of bright gold:
There's not the lowest clerk, whom we behold,
But in his station like an angel talks!
Still issuing out the cash to keen-eyed claimants,
Such glee is in receiving dividends;
But, while these humble cots of Poverty
Do vilely close us in, we cannot share them,
Come, ho! and "in a new attempt to please"
What duteous touches pierce your grandam's ear
To draw out from her stock; for what the poets—
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and
floods,
Is nought to bills made payable at sight.
The man that hath no money in his purse
Nor cannot meet with credit, on his name—
Is fit for *treasons, mobs, equality*;
The motions of his spirit are sly as theft
And his affections dark as treachery—
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice.

EPIGRAM

ON THE LATE ELOPEMENT OF LADY SPENCER WITH
THE REV. MR. N.

Mr. N— is a man of some note
Then why at his cloth take offence, Sir?
If no one would be in his coat,
We all of us wish for his Spencer.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 43.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER X.

American small game.

I shall say only a few words about the game, and those, only of the smaller kind of game. The larger sort, such as deer, bears, elks, moose, bison, or as they are commonly called, buffaloes, are to be found, the three last only westward of the Allegany mountain, and deer and bears only westward of the Blue mountain. There are however, some deer upon Long Island, and in the barren parts of New-Jersey. There is in America, thank God, no turning out of stags, to hunt for mere pleasure. Whoever can take the deer by surprise, shoots him. It is not much to the honour of the naturalists, that they have not yet ascertained, whether the Virginian deer, be a roe-buck or an hart, or the connecting link between the two.

The wild turkey might likewise be reckoned among the large game. They are to be found only in the western regions, or near the Allegany mountain.

The small game is as follows. Hares, which appear to be an intermediate species between hares and rabbits; they are much smaller than the hare, and not larger than the rabbit of Europe. They are scarcely seen at all, the whole summer through; they must bring forth their young in holes under ground. Their flesh is white, like that of rabbits, and insipid; excepting the legs, which are good. They always sit in a bush, and being surrounded with much prickly shrubbery, the dogs cannot well start them. Spaniels will not answer the purpose; hounds are the best for it, and fox hounds in particular excellent. They sit so firm, that the bush may be beaten a long time before they will start. They run like hares and not like rabbits. They are but thinly strewed about the country, and are seldom to be found in the fields. This chase can by no means be compared with the European hare hunting. On account of their smallness and swiftness, they are harder to shoot than the European hares, and owing to the same smallness, many of them must be killed, to make a tolerably good chase. They are sometimes shot likewise in their holes.

Foxes are very scarce. There are racoons only in the large forests. Squirrels constitute a considerable branch of this small chase. They emigrate in autumn. They are shot upon trees. There are dogs trained for the purpose; which stand still and howl under trees upon which squirrels are perched; whereupon the hunter shoots them down.

The woodcock broods in Pennsylvania, and draws to the southward in October and November; it returns again in March, to Pennsylvania, and the other middle states. The American woodcock weighs five and an half ounces, and is only half as large as the European, which weighs eleven ounces. It has a reddish grey breast and belly. Its back is brown and spotted. It has a deep red glittering

appearance, as it flies, and has a shrill piping note in the air. It flies straight forward, and is easy to shoot upon the wing, though very hard when in the bush. The young ones may be shot as early as July: they keep at that time in the meadows, and may be killed in great numbers, as the young ones have not strength to fly well. In August, however, they retire into the bushes. I have been told that the old ones often take the young brood upon their backs, and fly away with them. Their taste is various: many are excellent; others have a dry, tough flesh, and are very lean, according to what has been their food. They are found along the brooks, in the bushes, and are hunted with spaniels.

The American partridge is smaller than the common grey one of Europe, and not much larger than a quail; it seems to be an intermediate bird, between the quail and the partridge. It has however all the habits of the partridge; and is found in flocks. It is affirmed that the whole flock lay their eggs in one nest, and relieve one another in brooding over them by turns. They are commonly found in bushes along the water. They have much more red in their colours than the common grey partridge; they have instead of a red, a yellow circle round the eyes. They fly swifter than the European partridge, and being also smaller, they are hard to shoot. Their flesh is very tender and has an excellent taste.

The snipe is exactly like that of Europe, and appears in Pennsylvania as in Europe, in the spring and autumn.

The Pennsylvanian pheasant, properly belongs to the woodcock species; there is however nothing black in its feathers, but brown, grey, and whitish waving lines; all these colours are not clean, but dirty. This is the finest feathered game in the middle states. They are always in the woods, along brooks and rivers, but are likewise to be found upon the most arid rocks. They are uncommonly fond of bilberries, which I believe are likewise called blackberries. M. de Buffon calls them collared hens. They make a great noise when they take wing. They fly astonishingly swift, though straight forward, so that they are very difficult to shoot in the bush. Their flesh is white and tender, and uncommonly well tasted. Their young may be shot as early as the month of July, and are then extremely delicate food. Some few of them are still to be found not far from Philadelphia, westward of the Schuylkill, as also round Germantown; but only a few. Not far from Lancaster too, there are some: but they are in great numbers, only westward of the blue mountain, and especially along the Susquehannah. They are not much larger than the grey partridge. They have a collar of black feathers round the neck. They make a noise like a drum, whereby they betray themselves. The Americans who can shoot nothing flying, shoot them when they settle upon trees after being started; they do this, where they are still numerous, and have not grown shy. They may be hunted with spaniels; but then the dog must search for them close before the hunter, because otherwise he would see nothing in the wood, when the dog should come to a stand. The Ame-

rican partridge likewise settles sometimes upon trees. From all this it appears sufficiently clear, that a man must be a very good shot indeed, to kill much game in America.

It is proper to observe further for the information of hunters, that the pheasants commonly keep together in pairs, so that when one has taken flight, he may hold himself ready to shoot at the other. The finest of all the wild fowl in America, is the species of woodcock, called by Buffon the snow mercury, on account of two feathers which look like small wings at the back of its head. I believe it is also called the Pennsylvania woodcock, or woodcock of Hudson's Bay. It is called in English a grouse.

It is altogether as large as an European woodcock, or as a capon. It is found only upon Long-Island, in certain barren plains in New-Jersey, not far from Bethlehem in Pennsylvania, on the blue mountain, and to the westward of it; in short, wherever there is dry, barren land. On the Susquehannah, and to the westward of that river, there is not one of them to be seen. They are fondest of dry, barren plains, grown over with what are called in America, ground-acorns. This shrub is but three, or at most four feet high. They brood in these bushes, and are found together in coveys, like partridges. Such a flock of them often amounts to the number of twenty. It requires a strong spaniel to beat them up in these bushes. The flock lays very much dispersed about in the morning, and in the evening, when they feed. After many of them have been shot, there are others often remaining, which keep still: they must therefore be carefully hunted up. The dogs must not chace, after the shot, for if they do, the hunter, while reloading, will have the mortification to see the birds starting up on all sides. They are likewise shot sitting, in the evening and morning in autumn, after the buckwheat harvest has been gathered in; for they are very fond of buckwheat fields. I have at such times seen them come in flocks of twenty and thirty at a time. The hunter conceals himself in such a field, behind a fence, or digs himself a hole in the ground. After a shot, the birds flew back to the bushes, but within five minutes, one of the male birds appeared, as the leader of the troop, and perched upon the fence to reconnoitre, and call the others. Hereupon they came altogether, and the ground was quite strewed with them; more of them were then shot: upon which they once more disappeared, to return again after a few minutes; and thus the sport continued, until it was dark.

They are esteemed in America as the finest tasted game. Their flesh is black. They are said to be poisonous in the month of February, because they feed at that time upon the kalmia berry. The pheasants are likewise said to be poisonous at times.

The plover is a very delicate bird. A bird of passage. They are plenty in September. They are shot flying, for they draw nearer, when they are whistled after.

The wild pigeons, are not so abundant in the Atlantic states as they have been heretofore. They take their flight now, through the less inhabited western parts.

There is a greater variety of wild ducks in America, than in Europe. A very large sort of duck, with handsome plumage, is called by them in English, the canvass duck. Wild ducks however, are not very plenty upon the rivers of the Atlantic states, and are therefore more abundant upon the north-western lakes. Wild geese are principally found in considerable numbers, only upon the sea coast; they are larger than those of Europe.

In the thrush kind, America is poor. There is only the red breasted robin, which is very common, that can be accounted of that number. These brood in Pennsylvania, and their young, which have a very good taste, are shot in July.

The black bird, so called, belongs properly to the starling tribe. They are in excessive quantities, and do much damage to the corn; on the other hand, they devour many insects, which, since they have been thinned away, constantly grow more troublesome, and do great injury to the trees. There are no sparrows. What in America they call a lark, has a yellow breast and is larger than that of Europe. But it neither soars into the air, nor enlivens the fields by its song like its European namesake; I do not believe it belongs to the lark tribe. But it has a very good taste. Very few birds are met in the woods. A solemn stillness prevails throughout them, interrupted only by the screaming of crows. The only singing bird in America which can be compared with the nightingale is the mocking bird, which is however in Philadelphia very scarce.

I must further inform the lovers of hunting, that in America their dogs are subject to very dangerous distempers. The climate is very adverse to them. Dogs must be imported from Europe, for they degenerate in America. Madness among them is frequent. And they perish, when they overheat themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

Neighbourhood of Philadelphia. Road to Lancaster. Neighbourhood of Lancaster.

By adding here, the remarks made in my several excursions in America, most of which were made on foot, I propose to illustrate most of the opinions, which I have expressed. But first, I must say something of the neighbourhood of Philadelphia.

This neighbourhood is very handsome, though not that which borders upon the city. You must go half a German mile (two English miles) from the city before you find any thing interesting. Close upon the city, the English have cut down all the trees. All is bald, and full of filth from the city. It is only on the Schuylkill that the neighbourhood is truly enchanting. Gently rising hills, crowned with elegant country seats border on both sides the bed of this romantic river. Five English miles above the city are the falls of the Schuylkill, where it flows through a range of Granite. The neighbourhood here is romantic. A large brook pours into the Schuylkill, not far from the fall. Its banks are naked rocks, out of which trees, however, grow.

A mixture of hills, vallies, clear streams, meadows and agreeable shrubbery, make the neighbourhood round Germantown very charming. Some elegant villas, and still more pretty country seats, further encrease the beauty of this enchanting picture. Germantown is a village handsomely built, and consisting of one very long street. It lies at the back of a high hill, and enjoys a very clear and wholesome air. The banks of the Delaware, on the other hand, are very flat and uninteresting. The opposite shore of New-Jersey, is a flat sandy plain, grown over with bushes.

The neighbourhood around Philadelphia, to some distance, is however, by no means fruitful. They can raise upon it scarcely any wheat, on account of the quantities of garlic with which the

ground is filled. The land is somewhat better for grass.

Westward of the Schuylkill the land is barren and dry. The road to Lancaster which runs directly west, (Lancaster being only about five minutes northward of Philadelphia) is, as far as the village of Downingtown, very uninteresting. Downingtown, is half way to Lancaster, and thirty-three English miles from Philadelphia. At Downingtown you come near to the chain of mountains, which bound the valley of Lancaster on the south eastern side. The south eastern side of this mountain would be uncommonly well adapted to the cultivation of the vine. Not far from Downingtown, flows an arm of the Brandywine. The civilization of a people may be recognized in the name of their rivers. The Indian names are mostly well sounding, such as Susquehannah, Allegany, Ohio, &c. But by the name of Brandywine, you discover at once what sort of people they were who gave it to this beautiful river.

At Downingtown, the first inn, is kept by a quaker family. They entertain you pretty well, but make you pay well too, and the people of the house have the disobliging manners common to quakers. I can however, recommend to travellers the second inn.

There are two ways over the above mentioned chain of mountains; the old, and the new made road. In travelling by the old way, you have an excellent prospect from the top of the mountain upon the valley of Lancaster. Nothing but water is wanting to the landscape seen from that spot, to give it an extraordinary degree of beauty. Fields, meadows, small groves, good looking farms, hills, vallies, are all here, and at a distance, the horizon in blue obscurity, bounded by an high mountain top, called the south mountain. It is the nearest hill top to the blue mountain.

Upon the turnpike road you have no such fine prospect, though it crosses alike, the mountains. But on the other hand this neighbourhood has its appropriate beauties. A torrent rustles over the rocks by the side of the way, with its clear, though foaming stream. On both sides of the road rise mountains, or rather rocks covered with wood.

The chain of mountains is very broad, and when you have ascended them, they sink very gradually again, on the Lancaster side, so that you form at first no advantageous idea of the fertility so much celebrated, of the county of Lancaster; for the neighbourhood is very arid. But you soon come to the fruitful loam, which distinguishes the county of Lancaster above all the rest of Pennsylvania.

One English mile distant from Lancaster you cross over the great Conestoga, upon a bridge. This river has rocky banks, and meanders between woody hills until it falls into the Susquehannah. The country here is high. The Conestoga pours itself between two woody mountains into that superb river, which here, is very wide: on the opposite western shore, the blue mountains rise in picturesque forms, and it is here interspersed with numerous islands.

The little Conestoga falls into the larger river of that name, five English miles above the mouth of the latter. The banks of the great Conestoga are romantic; those of the little Conestoga have a soft, pleasing beauty. They exhibit the image of plenty. Luxuriant meadows adorn its banks, and their beauty is further ornamented with rose bushes. In other places its clear silvery waters rolling over gravel, are overshadowed by hedges of willows. It is divided into numerous canals, to improve more extensively the fertility of the meadows. Here it murmurs in slight water falls. There it flows so lazily along, that the eye can scarcely perceive the motion of the water. Here at the proper seasons of the year, the red breasted wood snipes may be shot. The plover, the cooing

turtle dove, and the pretty American partridge, delight also in these pleasant fields.

The strong scented meadows, are bounded by gently rising small hills, on the sides of which, fruitful fields and small groves alternately succeed one another, and which being beautified by well built country seats and fruit gardens, exhibit a variegated landscape to the eye. This is an Arcadian region, but its inhabitants are by no means of that description.

Between the great and the little Conestoga, and nearly at an equal distance from both, stands the city of Lancaster, built upon the side of an hill. In travelling to it upon the turnpike road from Philadelphia, the finest prospect is upon the high hills along the great Conestoga, where woods and fields appear in a picturesque reciprocal succession, and well built farm houses in romantic situations enliven the picture.

The German Lutheran church in Lancaster, has an handsome steeple which gives a charming appearance to the city. In general the red and white colours of the houses, together with the green of so many gardens, forms a smiling picture, when you look down upon the city from the neighbouring hills. This place would be very good for the cultivation of the vine. The little Conestoga yields good eels. The numerous mill dams prevent the shad from proceeding up the Susquehannah into this little river.

This neighbourhood is at least for the present, on account of its high cultivation, the Paradise of the Atlantic states, and for this cultivation it is indebted to the Germans.

CHAPTER XII.

Journey to the branches of the Susquehannah.

In May, 1796, I made an excursion towards the north west, up the Susquehannah, to Sunbury, Northumberland and the western branch of this river, upwards, to Derrytown which is also called Lewistown. From Lancaster to Elizabethtown, at the foot of the south mountain, at the northern boundaries of Lancaster county the land is continually ascending; it is uninteresting, and the nearer you approach to Elizabethtown, the more barren it grows. Elizabethtown is a dirty village, inhabited by cut-purse inn keepers. From Elizabethtown to Middletown, a distance of eight English miles, you cross over the south mountain, which is here not at all high, but very broad. After passing over this mountain, you come upon the banks of the Swatara, a river not inconsiderable, but which in the morning and evening is covered with unhealthy vapours, which give fevers and fluxes to the inhabitants. Middletown is rather a large village, built of log houses. Here are numerous mills upon the Swatara. From Middletown to Harrisburg, the road goes along by the Susquehannah. The soil is sandy. On the western bank a chain of mountains joins close upon the river and runs parallel with it.

Harrisburg is a place for fevers, and indeed for the yellow fever. I fell here into the clutches of one of my own countrymen, a Magdeburger, who keeps an inn, and made me pay half a guinea for a meal. Shortly after, he stole and ran away. I dined in company with some merchants of Philadelphia, who would not hear a word of what I recommended, if there must be an aristocracy at all, the aristocracy of the wise and virtuous.

In the afternoon I proceeded as far as Mr. McAllister's, who being mentioned in Mr Cooper's book, is known in Europe. Cooper has extensively, and as I found, accurately described his plantation, as a model. He is really one of the most intelligent farmers in America. He likewise keeps an inn, the American inns a well provided table must not be expected. They generally give tea or coffee for supper. Here, at McAllister's, we had coffee

white turnips and bread and butter, for which I paid two shillings. It must not be supposed that the cheapness will increase with the distance from the sea-ports. Here, in the mountains, I found every thing enormously dear.

M^r. Allister lives in the gap where the Susquehannah flows through the Blue mountain. The country is wild and romantic, but barren. The river makes a fall where it divides the mountain; this happens at every chain of mountains through which it flows. The rocks are there always in the same direction with the summit of the mountain.

Harrisburg is situated on a plain, close upon the banks of the Susquehannah, which forms here several agreeable islands. This boasted region has otherwise nothing remarkable. The place is over-run with lawyers; a class of men who have shewn themselves so devoted in Europe to democracy, but who are, in America, wholly aristocratic. They inveighed incessantly against the forced loan in France. "A fine freedom! forsooth!" was their exclamation.

From Harrisburg to M^r. Allister's, a distance of seven English miles, the road proceeds along the level banks of the Susquehannah, which here flows in tranquil majesty along. The Blue mountains extending like a wall from north-east to south-west, form here an handsome prospect. These banks are interspersed with well-built houses; the soil, however, is a sandy loam; and is not fertile.

At M^r. Allister's we met a certain Mr. W— with his young, and interesting daughter, who seemed not to have so much regard for her betrothed lover, Mr. M. as he had for her. Mr. W— is a land speculator, suddenly grown rich; who resides at Sunbury on account of his speculations. The most favourable period for land speculations was from 1791 to 1796; in many instances 100,000 dollars were made in two months time out of 100. The astonishing rise in the price of produce, occasioned by the European war, and pushed on by usurers, naturally gave a rapid appreciation to lands. I speak only of uncultivated lands. Suppose for instance, one hundred thousand acres are purchased for as many dollars. The purchaser pays not more than two thousand dollars immediately down in cash, and for the remainder gives a bond, promising payment by installments of the whole sum; part in four years for example, and the whole in six. The land rises, and the purchaser, for his two thousand, or his twenty thousand dollars that he has paid, sells it again for two millions. These great sums will, indeed, never be paid, because the fall of lands, which, in 1797, has already begun must draw after it numerous bankruptcies among the land usurers. But, in the meantime, they have, during five years, warmed their imagination with the pleasant prospect of enormous sums, and have made large profits upon small sums by the appreciation of the purchase monies. A man who purchases one hundred thousand acres for as many dollars, and sells them again for two millions, makes in his own fancy, a profit of eighteen hundred thousand dollars: but if he paid five thousand dollars earnest money, and receives twenty thousand his actual profit is only of fifteen thousand dollars; for as to realising the remaining enormous sums, that will be out of the question. These successful land speculations, and the speculating spirit kindled by them, have had, since 1791, a prodigious effect in corrupting the morals. People, who were formerly poor, and who without labour, without doing any thing useful, have grown suddenly rich, wallow in the filth of sensual pleasures. Hence arises, throughout the whole people, an eagerness to be rich without industry, without useful labour. Such a national spirit

must very soon cease, or hurry the nation into the most wretched condition. This monstrous evil, which every one surely will acknowledge to be such, might have been cut up at once, by the roots, if a tax had been laid upon uncultivated lands. A settled medium price for the produce of the land, which the farmers themselves wish, would have been likewise highly advantageous to productive industry. As soon as this medium price was exceeded, the exportation should have been immediately prohibited, as in all tolerably well governed countries is always practiced. The consequences advantageous to agriculture from this, would have been, that lands would have risen in price, solely and exclusively, by the improvements and ameliorations which intelligent farmers should have made upon them, and of course by an augmentation of their intrinsic worth; but in no sort whatever, by the mere circumstance that the Europeans are cutting one another's throats, or by the like external accidental occurrences, which occasion merely a momentary artificial price, the sinking of which will cause an unavoidable overthrow of the national wealth.—But I return to the relation of my journey. Miss W—, the daughter of the speculator abovementioned, inquired of Mr. M^r. Allister, the landlord, who that gentleman was; meaning my travelling companion:—"You are very lucky," said M^r. Allister to my fellow-traveller, upon telling us of the lady's inquiries, "but it is all over; for I told her, that you are married." Hereupon my friend was very angry. Indeed I remarked at supper, that is, at the afore-said white turnips and coffee, to which, in honour of Mr. W—, were added some very good tasted small fried fish, here called sun-fish, certain looks veiled, however, by that virgin modesty which is so unusual in America. They kindled an *Ætna* in my fellow-travellers breast.

The next morning at six o'clock, after breakfasting, we departed. In America the breakfast makes at least as good a figure as the dinner and supper. With the coffee we had broiled meat, radishes, cucumbers, fish, &c. to eat. The coffee, which they swallow by quarts, is commonly very weak, here, and in many other houses, it is good.—A servant maid stands by the table, and fills the cups.

Mr. M^r. Allister being one of those men who know how to make the most of their time, took care not to send us without breakfast into the morning air. Upon rising from breakfast, Miss W— cast another languishing look, half concealed under the shadow of her long eye-lashes, at my companion, and we set out upon our way; Mr. W— and his family in a carriage; my friend and myself, provided with our guns and pouches, on foot.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICS.

FROM THE PALLADIUM.

LESSONS FROM HISTORY.

It is of the very nature and essence of despotism to make use of the rabble, and to depress the middling class of citizens. In old *Rome* *Marius*, for the first time in the annals of that Republic, enlisted his soldiers from the sixth class, or those who had nothing. Whereas, until that time, the armies of *Rome* were composed of those who paid taxes. The honour of bearing arms was confined to the *Freemen*, as they would be called in *Connecticut*. They alone held the political power, and the right of voting. For, although the rabble or sixth class was not wholly excluded from suffrage, yet those who take the pains to read *Livy* or *Dionysius of Halicarnassus*, will perceive that the exercise of their right was very effectually guarded from abuse.

As ambition advanced, the rabble were courted. *Marius* admitted citizens from the cities of *Italy*, in familiar phrase, he naturalized every body that would come to *Rome*, and vote armies and provinces to him. Accordingly, the eternal City, as Roman vanity denominated it, the conqueror and sovereign of all nations, was herself subdued by a crowd of strangers. They were naturalized in troops, and rushed in to make the native Roman, strangers and servants in *Rome* itself! *This very work is going on in America*. Every ship from *Ireland* brings to *Philadelphia* more citizens than wharf rats—and a pest as hard to endure or to get rid of.

The ruin of *Rome* followed. Liberty fell first, for strangers came in to betray it. Then Roman glory faded, for the armies were composed of rabble who were too base to feel the inspiration of patriotism, and they had too much power in making Emperors, for discipline to have any power over them. Too corrupt for freedom, a mongrel race too democratic for arms, at length they could neither sustain the weight of their own glory, nor even of their chains. The Goths, and other barbarians, extirpated the descendants of the *Scipios* as too cowardly and base even for slavery. They peopled *Europe* anew with swarms of hardy savages of the north, who loved liberty because it was glory, and despised arts and letters because they were Roman.

Much might be added to this short history, to prove that the lowest class in *Rome*, was always made the dupe of the arts of demagogues, in order to be their convenient instrument. But never was the good of this rabble the object or the effect of the harangues and intrigues of their flatterers. It would lengthen this paragraph too much, to pursue the course of these remarks any further. Perhaps it may be attempted hereafter.

In *Paris* we have seen the rabble assembled, harangued, fed, paid and armed, and then suppressed by the regular troops.

In order to have the assistance of the rabble, the Roman and French demagogues gave, or pretended to give them political power—really gave them bread, sometimes arms, and often feasts and sports. For almost five hundred years, the Emperors distributed daily three pounds of bread each, to a lazy crew, who loitered from morning till night in the circus or amphitheatre. This kept idleness in a state of dependence on the prince; but it increased the number of the idle. At the same time, it augmented the burdens that the industrious middling class of citizens had to bear. These at length became so heavy, and the military government, while it was obliged to court the base, needy and vicious multitude, was so discouraging to the holders of property, that the Empire fell into a consumption. The people diminished, the lands became vacant, and the sound population perished. Its place was supplied by the barbarians, who settled by tens of thousands, and at length subverted the Empire: *A fate which we are doing our utmost to inflict on our country*.

In like manner the French revolution leaders flattered, assembled and paid the half naked mob of *Paris*. The burdens on property were immense in their amount, and arbitrary in their principle. The change of the landed property of that country was greater in five years of the revolution than was made of old by *Attila*, who was called the scourge of God. Nothing ever equalled it in Roman or modern history.

Why is this uniform alliance of demagogues with mobs; and why is it that usurpers are so sure to depress if not to extirpate the middling class of citizens: the class that holds, in every nation, a large part of the property? The answer is easy. The indigent rabble is every where turbulent. Having nothing to lose, a tyrant does not look to them for spoil. But their numbers and restlessness of spi-

rit make them formidable to him. He naturally therefore, snatches something from those who have property, to keep the rabble quiet, by giving them small gratuities and extravagant hopes.

It is easy to see that a tyrant will squeeze the middling classes excessively. Their property tempts his desires and those of his soldiers, while their care of it inures their tameness. Like the sea-otters, their fat prevents their flight, and they are knocked on the head to save powder and shot. Octavius and Antony gave one third of the lands of Italy to their soldiers, and turned the farmers out.

Hence it is that revolution is forever fatal to property. The very stimulus to revolution is the hope that property will shift hands.

Power, it is said, follows property: and as those who hold it will desire protection—which confusion and violence will not give and could not insure—their weight and influence will ever be anti-revolutionary. The revolutionists, therefore, will spring up among the destitute, who want spoil, and the daring ambitious, who seek dominion. The success of these latter, puts all property at their mercy, and their own security demands that it should shift hands, in order that the power it confers may be taken from enemies and placed in the hands of associates.

What has all this dry discourse to do with our affairs! says Dives, the great farmer, who has many thousand dollars lent on mortgage. The answer is, it has a great deal to do with them. The Worcester "Farmer" says, very fairly, "Liberty must be ransomed a second time from the hands of the opulent." The public funds and banks are openly threatened in the Jacobin Newspapers. A whisky mob would borrow very freely from the vaults.

Indeed what is there beside to tempt our needy Patriots to so much exertion? Surely more citizens come over in every ship than we can elect consuls for life. They expect humbler and more accessible rewards. A few great Democrats may expect office; but the only lure for a restless destitute multitude is plunder; and those who have been used to it in *St. Domingo* and in *Europe*, are coming here to set up their trade.

Let the real people, the house holders and possessors of small property, rest assured, on the evidence of dreadful and invariable experience, that the revolutionists of this country, the avowed admirers of the French revolution, are no friends to the people: They may, indeed, form a league with the vicious and destitute of our cities, but they try to deceive and will certainly betray, oppress and enslave the middling class. Let them then mark the Jacobins as the People's enemies, the enemies of virtue and of true Liberty.

MISCELLANY.

[The springs of Milton, or as they are vulgarly called, Ballston waters, are famous in the records of many a valetudinarian, and even in the memory of the Idler, and the Man of Pleasure. A good description of this salubrious retreat we read in the New-York Morning Chronicle.]

BALLSTON OR MILTON SPRINGS.

This agreeable place of summer resort has been extremely well attended this season. The company came and departed earlier than formerly. Whether it was owing to the peculiar quality of the water, or to the determination of cheerfulness which the visitors bring with them, castists may decide; but if we may judge by countenance and deportment, there are few heavy hearts at the springs. Good humour and sociability are ever the order of the day; and if the animal spirits have as great an influence over the health of the body, as some physicians affirm, we need not employ the use of chemical re-agents to ascertain the analysis of the water; nor need we look far for their good effects on the constitution of the valetudina-

rian. Through mistake the springs have always been called Ballston, though situated in the township of Milton.

The place itself is totally destitute of natural advantages. In a dreary and marshy hollow, surrounded by high and barren hills, it presents little to invite the curiosity. With the exceptions of its clear and sparkling chalybeate water, which experience has pronounced beneficial in an innumerable variety of maladies, its attractions are all adventitious. Yet it furnishes an additional support to the observation, that where a number of persons are collected, determined to make each other happy, they will rarely miss their object.

To this inviting spot we find drawn, during summer months, the gay, the brilliant and the fashionable from every quarter of the union. The eastern and the southern states vie with each other in transmitting their brightest beauties to enliven this barren valley. Under the reviving influence of its waters the roses of their cheeks, which the dissipation of winter had faded, are taught to resume the florid tinge of health: Their languid spirits to revive, their wasted sprightliness—and their enfeebled forms to regain their pristine spring and elasticity.

Riding, walking, reading and fishing, constitute the usual amusements of the day: music and dancing generally lead their attractions to enhance the pleasures of the evening. Two spacious houses of entertainment being competitors for the public favour, every season witnesses in improvement of accommodation; but the increasing resort has, as yet exceeded the arrangements provided for the reception of visitors.

Saratoga springs, about 8 miles from Ballston, forms one of the most customary rides. They are superior in situation, and waters more various in their qualities. An excellent public house has lately been erected for the reception of company; and as they have been considerably visited this summer, there appears a prospect of their rivalling the former.

Fishing parties from the springs to Lake George, (about 50 miles) have been more than usually frequent this season. The lake affords plenty of sport, and furnishes a variety of picturesque scenery. The accommodations are still indifferent, but, if this exertion continues, the rage will doubtless rapidly improve them.

A few parties, fond of romantic prospects, have lately chosen the following route: from Albany they proceed to the springs, either through the flourishing towns of Troy and Lansingburg, or by the way of Waterford, visiting the celebrated Cohoes falls: from the springs to Schenectady, and from thence up the bank of the Mohawk to Utica. The ride from Schenectady to Utica is one of the most delightful in the United States. It is turnpike the whole of the way—now winding along rich flats, now gradually climbing eminences that command extensive and variegated prospects. The eye embraces at one view abrupt and rugged uplands—gently swelling hills—and a richly cultivated valley, enlivened by the serpentine wanderings of the Mohawk. Travellers of taste, who have pursued this route, express, in animated terms, the pleasure they have received from the jaunt.

USEFUL ARTS.

[The subsequent article is from a New-York paper. It is a very just tribute to the genius and enterprise of many of our Printers. The elegance of Philadelphia typography is generally admired; and some works have issued from the American Press, which, in splendour, if not in correctness, nearly rival the elegant printing of Europe.]

It has formerly been matter of much regret to the friends of the Typographic Art in the United States, that most of those literary productions which have been issued from the American press,

have been executed in so slowly a manner, as to be truly disgusting to every reader of taste. Works of the most celebrated reputation have been printed on the coarsest paper and an old worn-out type, while, at the same time, so little attention has been paid to the important article of typographical correctness, that the force and beauty of some of the most elegant observations have either been entirely lost, or, at least, in a great measure obscured.

So long as the business of printing was conducted in this manner, it is by no means surprising, that imported books were preferred to those published in our own country. But an era of improvement in arts and manufactures, particularly in printing has, within these few years, commenced in the American States; and unless some untoward circumstance should occur to impede our progress, we have reason to hope, that before many years elapse, our artists and mechanics will be able to vie, in the neatness and excellence of their workmanship, with the most celebrated of their brethren in Europe.

To promote so laudable an object, patriotism requires, that we should, with pleasure, encourage every successful effort of our citizens towards improvement: for it is by such patronage alone, that they will be emboldened to proceed in their respective undertakings with spirit; being well assured that their exertions will be finally crowned with an adequate and proper reward.

I have already hinted that, though a rapid improvement is visible in different arts and manufactures, yet, perhaps, it is more apparent in the business of printing, in all its various branches, than in any other. I have, accordingly, seen books published within these few years, in this city, in Philadelphia, and in other places of the United States, which would do no discredit to any of the printing-offices of Europe.

To particularize all the works of merit which have, of late, been published in this country, with neatness, elegance and accuracy, would be too tedious: indeed it would be almost impossible to procure a correct list of them, as they have now become so exceedingly numerous.

POLITE LITERATURE.

[The following elegant essay we copy from the "New England Palladium." We have occasion frequently to admire the correct sentiments and manly style of a gentleman, whom we not only love as a friend, but respect as one of the most acute critics in America. The good sense and the elegant expressions of this Author, who has long and attentively studied the finest models of *Attic* grace, are decisive proofs in favour of *CLASSICAL LITERATURE*.]

ON THE PROSE OF COWLEY.

I mentioned in a former number, that the prose of Cowley was remarkably elegant, for the age in which he lived, and read well even at the present day. It has, indeed, as I think, Dr. Johnson observes, never met with its due commendation; and there are few, who know any thing of Cowley's writings, beyond the productions of his Muse. I shall make a few short extracts, which may excite the curiosity of some to the perusal of his works, and which at the same time, will be more worthy the public perusal than any original matter of my own.

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws, which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government; the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and his country. Of this latter only we are here to discourse, and to enquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our own actions is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself notwithstanding all his infinite power and light

over us permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it."

Essay on Liberty.

"The first wish of Virgil was to be a good philosopher; the second, a good husbandman: God, (whom he seemed to understand better than most of the most learned Heathens) dealt with him, just as he did with Solomon; because he prayed for wisdom in the first place, he added all things also, which were subordinately to be desired. He made him one of the best philosophers and best husbandmen; and, to adorn and communicate both these faculties, the best poet. He made him, besides all this, a rich man, and a man who desired to be no richer. To be a husbandman, is but a retreat from the city; to be a philosopher, from the world; or rather a retreat from the world, as it is man's, into the world, as it is God's."

Essay on Agriculture.

"There are two sorts of avarice; the one is but of a bastard kind, and that is, the rapacious appetite of gain; not for its own sake, but for the pleasure of refunding it immediately through all the channels of pride and luxury. The other is the true kind, and properly so called, which is a restless and insatiable desire of riches, not for any further end or use, but only to hoard, and preserve, and perpetually increasing them. The covetous man of the first kind, is like a greedy ostrich, which devours any metal, but it is with an intent to feed upon it, and in effect, it makes a shift to digest and excrete it. The second is like the foolish chough, which loves to steal money only to hide it. The first does much harm to mankind, and a little good too, to some few; the second does good to none, no, not to himself. The first can make no excuse to God, or Angels, or rational men for his actions; the second can give no reason or colour, not to the devil himself, for what he does; he is a slave to Mammon without wages. The first makes a shift to be beloved; ay, and envied too by some people; the second is the universal object of hatred and contempt."

Essay on Avarice.

But the following passage, which contains the character of Cromwell, may vie with almost any, ancient or modern, in eloquence and beauty. It will probably bring to the mind of the political reader, that fortunate freebooter, who, like Cromwell, has furnished the world with an admirable commentary on the Utopian text of Liberty and Equality, and now rules with despotic sway the free and pious inhabitants of France.

"What can be more extraordinary, than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient, and most solidly founded monarchies upon the earth? That he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament, to trample upon them too as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for a while, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the South, and the poverty of the North; to be feared and counted by all foreign princes, and adopted a

brother to the Gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned that he would be pleased to be hired, at the rate of two millions a year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant, to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly, (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory) to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him, not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so it might have been too little for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs."

Essay on the government of Oliver Cromwell.

FESTOON OF FASHION.

"If venerable time,
S'ain at the foot of pleasure be no crime,
Then, with his silver beard, and magic wand,
Let Comus rise, Archbishop of the land;
Let him your rubric and your feasts prescribe
Grand metropolitan of all the tribe."

The subsequent article though at the first view it may startle the Idler, will be read though without one yawn of Lassitude. It is the most fascinating description of the nocturnal delirium of a Masquerade we have ever perused. The narrator has the vivid fancy, and the copious expression of a *Radclyffe*; and in his florid page he has marshalled the gayest groups of a Fairy land. All is frolic, fanciful and volatile. Like the "quaint revellers" he describes. What is deformed he conceals with roses of decoration, and he so artfully arranges the false brilliancy of midnight exhibition, that they sparkle with tenfold lustre. An additional reason for us to contemplate this article is the curious picture it presents of the dissipation, consequent upon a *Pease*. This magnificent display of Asiatic excess appears to be made by the declaimers against a war with France, and these moral guardians of British economy appear on this occasion, whether they were "*Scratchers*," or rent by the war, to be no unwilling advocates for lavish expenditure. The Earl of *Maira*, no more solicitous to facilitate the descent of his French friends in Ireland, or to vaunt of the loyalty of *Ballynabinnich*, now "smooths his wrinkled front," and

He capers nimbly in the Ladies' chamber,

To the *Lascivious* pleasing of the lute

The first fruits of a hollow and short lived accommodation with a nominal Republic, appears to be like the Sodom apples, alluded to by *Bolingbroke*, of splendid exterior, but of internal corruption. The giddy metropolis is transformed to a sort of *Enchanted ground*, on which the inebriate mob, whether in the street, or the Saloon drench themselves in the cup of false joy. To martial sounds succeeds the masquing scene, and grave Senators exclaim to the melting fair

Braid your locks with gossy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine,
Rigour now is gone to bed

And *Amor*, with scrupulous head

Strict age and sour *Severity*

With their grave saws in slumber lie

We, that are of purer fire,

Imitate the starry quire.

Now to the moon in *wavering morrice move*.

LONDON, June 2.

MASQUED BALL AT CUMBERLAND HOUSE.

This magnificent *Fete* was given on Monday night, under the patronage of the *Union Club*, and management of Earls *Moir*, *Landaff*, and *Cunningham*, and Lord *Cahir*. The history of our amusements presents no period that abounds so much in this species of *spectacle* as the present. For weeks past we have had to notice a series of them, vying with each other in splendour and variety. That, however, of which we are now speaking, appears to have been a *chef d'œuvre*, produced by the delirium of the day, leaving us little hope of ever finding an equal. The industry of the town, which always forms the vanguard in the army of pleasure, long since gave note of preparation. The whole host of tailors, mantua-makers, and

milliners, have been for a month in requisition. Cooks, painters, carpenters, and confectioners, were levied *en masse*, and supplies raised to great amount, for this extraordinary service, destined to mark the commencement of our pacific campaign with every lustre. At about half after eleven all the fashionable world began to be in motion. The effect of such a mass of coaches and carriages collecting from all quarters, and pouring upon the spot, may be easily conceived. The first had scarcely reached Cumberland-House before the neighbouring street presented a long and uninterrupted cavalcade. The line that descended by Bond street extended from the top and the whole length of Piccadilly, and Pall-Mall, two lines deep. Instructions were given to the coachmen to set down and take up with their horses' heads toward St. James street. By this arrangement all crossing and jostling were avoided: but from the necessary slowness of the procession, three hours had elapsed before it reached its destination. It was consequently three in the morning before the whole company arrived. Had indeed the persons in every carriage waited for their turn, it would have been still later; but the impatience of many who were far back in the line, or came in other directions, was so great, that they abandoned their carriages and made their way on foot through the croud in their masks and characteristic dresses.

To the capacious means which the regular establishment of the house affords were added several temporary accommodations. One of these was a long and beautiful *Allée-vert* or green walk, extending from the centre window in the rear through the Prince's garden to the Mall in St. James's Park. It was covered in and hung with numerous festoons of variegated lamps and terminated by a transparency of a female figure, representing peace ascending to heaven, after having destroyed war, and his attending fiends. *Pomona* and *Vertumnus* themselves might be proud to acknowledge it for their favourite garden. The finest flowers of every species blooming in beds along the sides of the walk, and behind them, and close to the walls, rose in great abundance; the most beautiful shrubs and dwarf fruit trees, consisting of oranges, cherries, &c. growing in a state of nature. It is impossible to convey by any description, the beauty of this scene, either upon close examination, or in perspective view from the principal room in Cumberland House. The entrance of the *Allée-vert* was from a covered promenade, running along the back of the house, and extending at one end beyond it, adorned with flowers, and shrubs, and lamps. Seven doors at equal intervals opened into it from the body of the house; and on the eastern end it communicated with the ball-room. These two walks were rendered peculiarly grateful from the freshness of the air, the coolness of the ground and the odour of the surrounding flowers and shrubs; they consequently afforded a happy retreat to all who, in the course of the night suffered from the heat of the ball-room and interior apartments, which was excessive. They consequently presented a constant ebb and flow of persons retiring from the busy scene with fatigue, or returning to it with recruited spirits. Here too a groupe of travelling gypsies pitched their tents, lighted a fire and made several excursions to collect provisions. They had an ass, with panniers, between which were placed two fine chubby children of the Egyptian breed. Many a credulous fair one resorted to these oracles to learn her destinies; and many a fair promise was held out in future lovers, husbands, and numerous progeny. The lovely Miss *Pigot* supported the *Principa Sybil*, and Lord *Charles Bentinck* was the head of the tribe, consisting of Miss *S. Pigot*, Mr. *Smith*, and several others. They intended to sing catches and glees; but from the pressure of the crowd collected from the interest of the scene, the vocal part of their plan was abandoned. The ball room, the third temporary structure upon the

occasion, was 70 feet long, by 46. It was ornamented with paintings, representing views of London, and lighted up with five magnificent chandeliers. The dances commenced about two, but the Goddess of the light fantastic toe was not very successful in her inspirations. The number that joined in the dance was a very small part of population, and yet never was the ear assailed by more delightful and animating music. The band, all dressed in green, played in an arbour. It consisted of thirty of the first performers of Scotch music, ably led by Mr. Gow. The reels and strathspeys were given in true stile. This apartment was also ornamented with flowers and shrubs, for the supply of which in such abundance all the nursery gardens round town have, for some days past, been pouring forth all their sweets. At the opposite end of the house was another temporary building, as a tea and coffee room, communicating with the three great rooms upon the ground floor, which constituted the grand scene for the exhibition of the masks and characters. All the upper rooms to the attics were laid out for supper, they amounted to 20, in which covers were laid for 1400 persons. The most remarkable of them, was the Prince's supper-room. It was in a stile of superior splendour, and the plateaux down the middle of the table were beautiful in the extreme. Every chair was arched over with a garland of roses, which gave each row, when viewed in profile, the appearance of an avenue of rose trees, or as the company leaned forward, of a series of beautiful heads crowned with chaplets. There were four of these avenues. The room accommodated 60 persons, who composed his Royal Highness's select party. At half past 3 the Prince sat down to supper. Over his head appeared a canopy of rose coloured silk, with the feathers and other heraldic ornaments. Equal to all these in brilliancy of artificial ornament, but far exceeding in natural beauties, was the apartment in the body of the house, on the ground floor, and on the same side with the temporary ball-room. It was surrounded with a gradation of benches for the accommodation of those who chose to be calm spectators of the busy scene, and safe from the range of all the artillery of wit, which played upon the centre. Whether it were owing to a power in beauty to attract beauty, or whether a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances could produce the effect, we do not pretend to decide; but certain it is, that so many beautiful women as took their stations at one period of the night upon these benches, were never before assembled together in the same room. It would be impossible for the coldest imagination to describe the *tout ensemble* without giving an air of extravagance to the picture. Contemplating the surrounding circles, fancy one moment regarded it as the temple of beauty, in which some second Charles had enshrined all the loveliest women of his age, as the proudest records of the glories of his reign. Looking at the lively contrast and animation of masks and characters, it appeared an Olympic Theatre, to which the Goddesses were invited as judges to award the prize of wit, spirit, and gallantry. In this most interesting circle we noticed the Marchioness of Hertford, in blue and silver; the Marchioness of Headfort, in white and silver, with a profusion of diamonds; the Countess of Cunningham's dress black lace and silver; her sister, Lady Lawley the same. A group of *Fairy Queens*, consisting of Ladies Anne and Susan Hamilton, daughters of the Duke of Hamilton, and Lady M. Taylor; the Countess of Keitrim, and the Ladies Clements, in elegant embroidered white and silver dresses; the Countess of Lenmare, and Lady C. Brown, *Gipsies*; the Countess of Melborough, a *Gipsy*; with whom the Prince shook hands; in return for which compliment, she generously offered to tell his fortune, but Lady Hunkle coming up in the character of *Mother Shipton*

took away the Royal customer. Mrs. M. A. Taylor, in yellow and silver, Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Haggerston, grey and silver; Lady Allen, and her two lovely daughters, *Irish Peasants*, in green dresses, with green foil, sh-mocks, and silver; the hon. Mrs. Knight, white and silver; her sister, Mrs. Portman, slate colour and silver; Lady St. Clair, black and gold; Lady Smith Burges, black and silver; Lady Hill and Miss Beresford; Mrs. and Miss Clements, *Fair Slaves*; the Marchioness of Townshend, white and silver; Miss Pepper, an *angel*, dress white and silver, blue scarf and wings; Miss Rydley, yellow and silver, the Lady Seymours, white and silver; Mrs. Lawrell, white satin, pearls and Diamonds; the Countess of Aldborough; Lady S. Stratford; Miss Vaughan; Miss Courtney; Dowager Marchioness of Donnegal; Lady C. Jenkinson; Miss Lewes, Miss Manners, and Miss Fordyce's, were also in fancy dresses. Lady Sarah and Miss Bayley appeared in the Turkish costume; their robes and turbans were of blue satin, which attracted general notice for their elegant simplicity; the turbans did the inventor great credit. The beautiful Lady Elizabeth Villiers attracted the admiration of the motley groupe; her dress was formed of black lace and gold, the effect of which was strikingly novel and elegant. Among the most conspicuous characters were—the Prince, as *Harry the Eighth*, in a very rich appropriate dress; Lady C. Campbell was a most beautiful *Raphael*, in scarlet and violet dress, accompanied by her brother, the Marquis of Looze, as a *Pilgrim*; Col. Doyle, an *Irish Peasant boy*, admirably supported, who adhered the whole night closely to Col. Dillon, as *Bacchus*; Lord Valentia, a Spanish Royal Life Guard; Mr. O'Brien, a *Grey Monk*; Mr. Tierney a *Courtier*; Lord Cravan, a *Waterman*; Mr. Taylor, a *Clown*; Mr. M. A. Taylor, a *Physician*; the hon. Berkley Cravan, a *Ginger Bread Nutman*; Mr. Kein, a *French Hair Dresser*; Mr. Walsh Porter, the *Phantasmagorie*, a most excellent mask, the body silver, covered with azure tiffany. Mr. P. Methuen, Jun., a *Collector of Characters for the Morning Post*; Col. Baldwin, a *Cardinal*; Mr. Orde, *king John*; Mr. Windham Quin, *Fauconbridge*; Rev. Mr. Dolphin, an *Old Maid*; Lord Dillon a *Pilgrim*; Earl of Mountnorris, old English dress; Countess of Mountnorris, a *Pilgrim*; Mrs. Clive, a *Gipsy*, with a child at her back; Col. Montgomery, a *Countryman*; Col. Brown, a *Roman General*; Captain Clifton, *Caieb Quot'em*; Mr. Beckett, a *Peasant*; Lord Montford, a *Turk*; Captain Graham, a *Clown*; Mr. Morse, an *Old English Baron*; M. Boldero, a *Pilgrim*; Mr. Hilliard, a *Friar*; Marquis and Marchioness of Winchester, *Pilgrims*; Mrs. Powell, a *Highland Dress*; Mr. Champneys, an *Old English Dowager*; Mr. Wrexham, a *Highlander*; Lord Downe and Mr. Penn as *Pilgrims*; Col. Brook, with a groupe, carrying an ensign on which was written *Baronets Budgered*; Mrs. Champneys, as *Mrs. Ford*, looking lovely; Miss King, a *Country Girl*; Mr. Erskine, an *Orange Woman*; Mr. Lawrell, a *Taylor*; Mr. Peacock, *Fallstaff*; Mr. Green, a *Quaker*; Mr. Smelt, the *Braken Mask*; Mr. G. Thornton, a *Turk*; Mr. Heath, an *Old Maid*; Mr. Wilbraham, a *Spaniard*; Mrs. Dickson, an *Indian Princess*; Miss Brook, as *Mother Shipton*; the two Miss Lloyds, *Country Girls*; Mr. Sheridan, a *Lusty Friar*; Col. Macleod, of Colbecc, a *Fishwoman*; Mr. Pierrepont, a *Sailor*; Lords Ussulstone, Temple, Colonels Churchill and Thornton, Lords Courtenay, Mount Edgumbe, Yarmouth, C. Somerset, Mr. M. Lewis, Mr. E. Walpole, *Spaniards*; Marquis of Abercorn in the Windsor uniform; Marchioness of Abercorn, and the ladies Hamilton, *Flower Girls*; Col. Campbell, a *Highlander*; Mr. J. Manners, a *Turk*; Lord Cairn, a *Pilgrim*; Lady Cairn, a *Highland Lass*; Mrs. St. Leger, a *Witch*; Lady and Miss Bonveries, *fancy dresses*; Lord Templeton, a *Pilgrim*; Mr. Ogilvie, a *Highlander*; and *Juniper Jenny*, Mr. Dighton; Messrs. Conoanen, Smith,

Beverly, the *Banditti*. Though every body was there, *Nobody* was certainly one of the best characters in the room; a beautiful female as a *Virgin of the Sun*, who did not unmask the whole night, was asked by the Prince, "Will not the sun appear during the whole morning from under that black cloud?"

Some ladies of distinction, lately from the Continent had prepared a *Phantasmagoria*, upon a very superior scale; but it was not possible to exhibit it. A group of French Ladies deserves notice, for the taste and elegance of their dresses as *Egyptian Females*. Mr. and Mrs. Otto, and Mr. Kccamien, were of the party.

Among the vocal groupes were one consisting of Viganoni, Rovedino, and Morelli, as *Bailed Singers*. Another composed of Kelly, Miss Dixon, Miss Jacobs, and Miss Tyler, and another of Lord Barrymore, Mr. Methuen, &c. One singing groupe, comprising only ladies and gentlemen amateurs, (among them was the Duke of Orleans,) as *Italian Gondoliers*, with mandolines, &c. were admirably dressed, and had some charming music got up for the occasion. Many excellent groupes, prepared at a great expence, did not appear at all. One groupe indeed set all pressure at defiance. It consisted of eight men representing a boarding school mistress, with her scholars. Not content with shocking modesty by the unseemly sight of black bearded misses, with bare and tawny arms and shoulders, they under pretence of supporting their hoydenish romping characters, pushed and forced their way in every direction with insulting rudeness, and in their assumption of names, had no regard to private character.

It would far exceed our limits to mention all the names, and therefore we are obliged to pass without notice many hundreds of characters equally deserving of praise as those whom we have described. For the same reason we must decline an attempt to describe the flares of wit and merriment, in the collision of so many ardent spirits and enlightened minds. The company in fact embraced the whole fashionable world, and formed an object too large for the eye of the mind to take in one view. Another disadvantage which attended the vastness of the assembly, was also the necessary compression by which the characters were rendered unable to exert their powers. They were consequently locked up like militia men, and could not be considered a disposable force for the annoyance of their neighbours. It contained, however, all the elements of the completest and grandest *fest* of the kind ever exhibited; and the company, possessing heart, spirit and gallantry, wanted only a more enlarged theatre, and an opportunity of extending their services, to enable them to make it the brightest achievement in the annals of pleasure. While the troops were distributed over the whole field of action, the want of sufficient room to manœuvre was not so perceptible. But when the hour of supper arrived, and the charge was made upon the tables, the whole body was thrown into confusion. There were two staircases but the company in general were only aware of one, and there consequently prevailed a severe struggle for precedence. The foremost of course poured into the rooms, and all the seats were occupied in an instant; but though the most delicious fruits and wines were placed before them, their fate was no better than the sufferings of Tantalus. In the struggle up stairs, a crash was heard, as if the stair-case was giving way. All were alarmed, terror prevailed over all respect for sex or decorum. Those who were upon the stairs, finding it impossible to fall back, rushed with increased eagerness forward, and forced into the supper rooms already crowded to suffocation. The rooms now presented an alarming appearance. Twenty ladies might be seen fainting at the same moment in the same room. In this state some of them were placed upon the table among other forbidden fruits and flow-

ers. Others were laid out in the balcony to recover among the bow pots. The females of firmer nerves, were all the time busily employed in taking the diamonds from their head dresses, and putting them and their other valuable ornaments in their pockets. Thus all the labours of the toilette were lost in a moment, and all the economy of beauty deranged. The dresses, which upon an average cost from thirty to forty guineas, were torn to pieces, and wigs, of the most exquisite taste and fancy, forced from their foundations. Strange that it never occurred to our creative artists to invent fainting wigs; if so, we should not have seen so many bare headed beauties deserted by their inconstant Titus, Brutus, and Caracalla.

The Prince's supper room was an exception to the general confusion of the night: while disorder, crushing, shrieking, and fainting, prevailed in every other apartment, all was harmony and concord of sweet sounds in the presence of his Royal Highness. Here the Miss Abrams were sweetly singing "The Sailor Boy," "Shelter the way-worn Traveller," and other favourite airs, accompanied by some gentlemen amateurs. There were not fewer than 3000 persons in the rooms. They began to depart at 5 o'clock, many of them not only without a taste but even a sight of the supper. The great proportion of them, did not however, leave the house until half after seven, and many had not retired before ten o'clock yesterday morning. The circumstances of their departure corresponded with the confusion of the preceding scenes. The carriages could not, from their great number be brought up to the door; and therefore, not only those who depended upon hackney coaches but those who had coaches of their own, were obliged to go on foot. If the streets then presented a view of Rome or Venice in the time of the Carnival, during the time the company were going at night, the resemblance was still stronger as they returned in the morning. All the streets were filled with characters, scampering home, and as the reign fell pretty freely, any little remains of female dress that escaped the tempest of the night, were entirely spoiled. For a list of coughs, colics, and rheumatisms, acquired upon the occasion, we must refer to the Doctors and Apothecaries. A great proportion of the carriages were broken, three horses were killed, and several servants sustained fractures. A milk woman fainted in the street from the pressure of the crowd, and was nearly killed.

Several gentlemen were very ill treated by the mob; one Turk had his turban taken from his head by force, and his Camel-Hair pelice torn to pieces.

Subscriptions to the club, to the amount of fifteen hundred pounds were paid within the last ten days, by members who had been in arrear. This was done to have the privilege of purchasing tickets for the Ball.

From this circumstance some idea may be formed of the expectation which the fete had excited, and the universal eagerness in the fashionable world to partake of its pleasures.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Extract of a letter from a Friend.

Let me recommend to you strongly and seriously to read and to meditate XENOPHON'S treatise upon the Athenian Democracy. It is a great consolation to me, in the vicissitudes of our public affairs, to find that we are not conducting worse than others have done in similar situations. It is the infirmity of our natures; and no wise man would suffer his

composure to be ruffled by the fickleness and injustice of the popular voice, when he knows there is a safe appeal from it to the impartial justice of posterity.

In the experience I have had of the world hitherto, I have convinced myself that the only path in politics, as in every thing else, which ought anxiously and ardently to be sought and pursued, is the *path of right*. But whether that path will be *popular* or *not*, is *not to be inquired*. It must be left to chance, or to Providence. If success in this world were the test of virtue, the axiom that honesty is the best policy, would be a lie.—Honesty is the best policy, because it has the richest resources in adversity—Because it consoles itself in its own consciousness, and because none of its enjoyments are essentially in the power of others.

I have recommended Xenophon's Athenian Democracy to you, because it shews, in the clearest light, what the spirit and the effects of Democracy were, among the most enlightened and most ingenious people that ever existed upon earth. Their universal practice was to disgrace, and their common practice was to put to death, every man, among them of extraordinary virtue, or who had rendered them extraordinary services. Xenophon expressly founds his defence of the Government upon this principle, that Democracy is, in its nature, the institution, best calculated to raise the worst men in the community to power. Now, says he, as the Athenians love to have the worst men in power, Democracy must, of course, be the Government best suited to their purposes!

But a man, who has any concern with public affairs, ought never to despair. Perseverance and Fortitude are among the most essential requisites to the supporter of a good cause. True it is that Federalism is irrecoverably ruined in this country—I have long been fully convinced of it.—True it is that the present administration are going on with a strong gale, and a rapid tide full in their favour. But winds change, tides turn, and the popular voice will infallibly prove *fickle*, sooner or later, to them as well as to others. They have built upon the vulgar heart, and upon nothing else. Do you think they will not find their habitation giddy and unsure? The laws of nature and of man will not change at their bidding. Their policy is weak and wicked. It may, doubtless, prosper for a time; but it cannot prosper long; and the more mischief they do, the more violently will it recoil at last upon themselves.

Have you no faith in this doctrine? Reflect upon what is passing at this moment before your eyes.—Look into the heart of the man at the head of the union.—Glamis, *Condor*, King, he has it all, and he play'd most foully for it! But has he not been laid open to the inmost recesses of his soul, within the last three months? Has not his meanness, his hypocrisy, his falshood, his gross sensuality, been proclaimed in a voice of thunder over this whole continent? Is there a hovel throughout the union where he has not been the

theme of scorn and contempt? You say no! for his parasites and pimps still cry him up, more loudly than ever, as a prodigy of virtue.—But every body knows they are his parasites and pimps.—And after what has been, or what will be proved upon him, they, who clamour the loudest in his praise, will despise him as much as his greatest enemies. Think you all the praise of his Smith's, Cheetham's, and Duane's, can administer consolation to him, under that consciousness of universal execration, which his infamous vices, thus blazoned to the world, have drawn upon him? Alas! all the perfumes of Arabia would not sweeten his little heart. The votes of the whole human race to make him Emperor of the world would not speak peace to the agonies of his soul! And what has been the instrument to inflict upon him this insupportable scourge? Why, one of his own tools! The very mildew'd ear, with which he poison'd his wholesome brother, within a little month has eternally blasted himself.

Will not one example suffice you? Look at the man, next in power to the first. See him tortured by a scourge of the same kind—see his reputation and character torn to pieces by some of the agents of his own elevation. See him, after a long and involuntary silence, dragged at last into a public denial of facts, which are immediately fastened upon him, and clinched, beyond all his powers of extraction. See him almost universally deserted by the party, whose triumph he secured. Examine his letter, lately published; mark the violence of his agitation, lurking under the external colour of affected indifference.—Contemplate the real situation; imagine to yourself the necessary feelings of these two men, and then ask yourself whether they are not most dearly paying for all the success they enjoy.

To make a mighty declension, and come to the insidious author of your Pennsylvania philippics, to animate the torpid sluggishness of each German boor, and to agitate the confused mind of each wild Irishman, I read the address to which you allude, and despised it. But I think no other of the author than I thought before. If, in walking across the fields, you unwarily place your foot too near a rattle snake, you will, of course, hear his rattle, and may chance to feel his tooth, but you know no more of his nature, than you did before. This man promises us the blessings of future Thomases at the head of the union, and at the head of your state sovereignty, and the names are most happily coupled together. It reminded me of a line in Virgil, who, to pronounce the severest of curses upon any man, who did not hate the poetry of *Bavius*, wishes that he, may love the verses of *Mævius*.—I wish nothing worse to the man who now thinks of a Democratic President without contempt, than that he should consider a Democratic state governor, as an object of veneration.

A buxom widow complains, in a Provincial paper, that a young man has run away without paying for his bed and board with her. [M. P.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
HORACE, BOOK II, ODE 4.
TO XANTHIA PHOCEUS.

IMITATED BY THOMAS PAINE (NOT THE BOSTON POET, BUT THE SOPHIST OF THETFORD,) AND ADDRESSED TO THOMAS JEFFERSON.

["Young as we are, and with such a country before us to fill with people and with happiness, we should point in that direction the whole generative force of nature, wasting none of its efforts in mutual destruction." *Jefferson's notes on Virginia*, page 257.

See also the same sentiment repeated in the President's first message to Congress.

Ancillam amare, heroum exemplo turpe non esse.

That he had no occasion to be ashamed of being in love with his maid; for that had been the case with many great men."]

Dear Thomas, deem it no disgrace

With slaves to mend thy breed,

Nor let the wench's smutty face

Deter thee from the deed.

At Troy's fam'd siege the bullying blade

Who swore no laws for him were made,

Robs, kills, sets all in flame—

A SLAVE in petticoats appears,

And souse! in love! head over ears

The Lion's heart is tame!

Lord of the world, when Nero reign'd,

When fires were his delight

A SLAVE the Tyger's bosom chain'd,

That slave indeed was white.

Lo! at his feet the fawning train,

His Smith, Blake, Cheetham and Duane,

Howling his praise are seen!

Vice turns to virtue at his nod;

Imperial Nero, grows a God

And ACTE* grows a Queen.

Speak but the word! alike for thee

Thy venal tribe shall swear

PUREST OF MORTALS thou shalt be

And SALLY shall be fair.

No blasted brood of Afric's earth

Shall boast the glory of her birth

And shame thy daughter's brother,

To prove thy panders shall conspire

Some king of Congo was her sire—

Some Ethiop Queen her mother.

Yet, from a princess and a king

Whatever be their hue,

Since none but drivelling idiots spring,

And Gons must spring from you.

We'll make thy Tommy's lineage lend;

Black and white genius both shall blend

In him their rays divine.

From Phillis Wheatley we'll contrive

Or brighter Sancho to derive†.

Thy son's maternal line.

* For the history of *Acte*, the Emperor Nero's Sally, and the methods taken by him to correct the procedure of her genealogy, consult his life in Suetonius.

† It appears that Paine before he wrote this incomparable Ode or Epithalamium, had attentively studied his friend's Notes on Virginia. Phyllis Wheatley and Ignatius Sancho are there mentioned as the two prodigies of African intellect. There is to be found a learned and ingenious comparison between the blacks and the whites, both in a moral and physical point of view. The *immovable veil of black*, the *scented bosoms*, and sundry other properties of the negroes delicately alluded to here, are all noticed in that immortal work. It contains moreover the important discovery that "the difference between the black and the white complexion is as real as if its seat and cause were better known to us."

With respect to the amatory propensities of the blacks, the Notes on Virginia remark, that "love seems with them to be more an eager desire, than a tender delicate mixture of sentiment and sensation." And again, "Their love is ardent, but it kindles the senses only, not the imagination." Upon this point the Author's testimony is beyond all exception. *Gratia capienti.*

Though nature o'er thy Sally's frame
Has spread her sable veil,
Yet shall the loudest trump of fame
Resound your tender tale.
Her charms of person, charms of mind
To you and motley scores confin'd
Shall scent each future age;
And still her jetty fleece and eyes
Pug nose, thick lips and ebony
Shall blacken Clio's page.

Nay, Thomas, fumble not thy head,
Though Sally's worth I sing,
In me, no rival canst thou dread,
I cause no horns to spring.
Besides my three score years and ten
I was not form'd like other men
To burn for beauteous faces—
One pint of brandy from the still
My soul with fiercer joys can fill
Than Venus and her graces†.

AD XANTHIAM PHOCEUM ODE IV, LIB. II.

Ne sit Ancillæ tibi amor pudori,
Xanthia Phoeus: prius insolentem
Serva Briseis niveo colore
Movit Achillem.

Movit Ajacem Telamone natum
Forma captivæ dominum Tecmessæ;
Arsit Atrides medio in triumpho
Virgine raptâ;

Barbaræ postquam cecidere turmæ
Thessalæ victore, et ademptus Hector
Tradidit fessis leviora tolli
Pergama Graiis.

Nescias an te generum beati
Phyllidis flavæ decorent parentes,
Regium certe gerus; et penates
Mœret iniquos.

Crede non illam tibi de scelestâ,
Plebe delectam; neque sic fidelem,
Sic lucro aversam, potuisse nasci
Matre pudendâ.

Brachia, et vultum, teretesque suras
Integer laudo, fuge suspicari,
Cujus Octavum trepidavit ætas
Claudere ludrum.

ANOTHER IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. ODE 4.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESSED TO A CERTAIN GREAT MAN.

Nay hang not Tom, your nether lip;
Tho' you with Quashee made a slip,
Your fame it will not blight;
Ajax a captive maid admir'd;
Achilles by a slave was fir'd;
Both damsels tho' were white.

Who knows but Quasheba may spring
From some illustrious sable King;
And mourns her chang'd degree:
Odsbodikins, if this were true,
And son-in-law t'a monarch, you,
How devilish proud you'd be.

Certes, a wench, though strait and tall,
With lips so large and teeth so small,
Though lively plump and mellow,
Descended of ignoble race,
Would ne'er be suffer'd to solace
The sage of Monticello.

† For a full explanation of the last stanza, the curious reader is referred to the life of Thomas Paine, published in London, by Francis Oldys, about the year 1791. Paine in one of his pamphlets, subsequent to this period, has noticed the book, without denying any part of the instructive narrative it contains.

N. B. By the editor. The pretence, that Thomas Paine wrote this Ode, is mere poetic fiction. To my certain knowledge he did not write it, and indeed to speak in the Gallic idiom, he is incapable of writing such verses.

But banish, Tom, all vain alarms,
Altho' I paint each witching charm
That grac'd your sooty bride;
The heyday of my blood is o'er;
For I am verging to three score,
And have a wife beside.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. DACTYL & CONMA.

Of all the "arts of able" Poetasters, I know of none more universally practised, or which is attended with finer success than the art of *Amplification*—of drawing from a subject which appears scarce capable of affording matter for a single couplet, volumes of poetry.

The modern dabster in Parnassian wares, can draw, beat out and twist an elastic trifle, to a most astonishing length. A rolling eye or a dimpled chin, are an inexhaustible fund for songs, while the death of a favourite lap-dog or a catarh in an "angel of a monkey" are arguments for elegys as long as "Grays," or even epic poems as lofty as the Iliad.

How fortunate is it for the lovers of poetry, as original ideas are so very scarce, that the poet is able to produce so much from a single word—I can compare it to nothing but the ingenious artist, who is able to hammer out, and spread a small piece of Gold to almost any extent he pleases—Our poet has likewise another advantage, that in treating upon so indifferent a subject as the glance of his mistress, or what Pug, *might have said*, if he wanders from his subject, and writes a little infinity of *nothing* as unintelligible as nonsensical—'tis easily pardoned by the good natured reader, who could hardly have expected so much from so barren a soil.

Although not much given to this mode of spinning out "wire drawn poetry," yet to gratify the taste of a few amateurs of the art, and as a rich treat to those, who prefer a nonsensical trifle, dressed up in verse to a "plain tale plainly told," we have invented a machine for carding and spinning to what length the author pleases, say, one line or five hundred—as a specimen, we cast the following couplet into our mill.

The dog will bite
A thief at night.

And upon turning the crank only once—out spews,

The faithful tray, tho' every day he roam,

And rove a thousand flow'ry climes among,

Will seek each night with rapturous joy his home,

And to the moon attune his evening song.

Should then some wretch, by pale-eyed famine led,
Beneath the dusky mantle of the night,
Approach his master's humble, low thatch'd shed,
To fish therefrom for Bread or Dollars bright.

Our watchful dog, still mindful of his trust,
Flies at his heels and lays him low in dust;
Fond trusty Cur, our noblest strains are due,
And we with joy this tribute give to you.

Cambridge, October 1802.

EPIGRAMS.

Though poor as a beggar, Tim vauntingly cries
To my pocket my friends' ever free,
If fortune assist, let him share half the prize,
'Tis as open to him as to me.

"Why, I've known you," quoth Dick, for these
ten years or more,

And your cash has been always so sparing,
Had your friend claim'd his part, I could safely
have sworn

He'd ne'er have been richer by sharing.

Damon's in love, I plainly see,
Without a rival proves;
Alas! who would his rival be
For 'tis himself he loves.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 44.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CONTINUATION OF PART THE SECOND.

CHAPTER XIII.

*Mr. McAllister—Peter's mountain—The prospect—
Bad Inns—Indecent custom of quartering two
strangers in one bed—Sunbury—Northumberland
—Buffalo Valley—English Emigrants—Priestly—
Cooper.*

Mr. McAllister, without being a genius for farming, that is, without having made any new discoveries in the art, or practising it upon a system of his own invention, is an industrious follower of the farming modes of proceeding in use among the most intelligent farmers of his nation. He likewise reads many English books upon the subject, and here and there makes an application of what they teach. He seems to have some mechanical genius, for he has invented a new sort of cyder mill to grind the apples before they are shaken from the press. He raises, perhaps, more clover than any other farmer in America; but no Lucerne, or Saintfoin, though the high arid hills, of which his plantation consists, would probably be good for that purpose. They would likewise be good for a vineyard; but he has no thoughts of planting one. He keeps his orchard in perfect order; but his kitchen garden is insignificant, though the best I have seen in the country, in America. What distinguishes him, however, chiefly as a farmer, is the care which he bestows upon his cattle, and the rich feed which he gives to his beasts.—The culture of the animal kingdom is the great object of farming.

We crossed over the Peter's mountain, which runs parallel with the Blue mountain, and is separated from it only by a valley hardly three miles wide. From the summit we had a beautiful prospect backwards, to the south-east. The Susquehannah, where it flows through the Blue mountain, has the shape of a lake, with islands. You can see through the gap, as it were through a spy-glass, into the neighbouring country. Towards the north-west, at the distance of about ten English miles, was to be seen a woody valley, bounded by a second chain of less lofty mountains. Fir trees abound in this valley, though none are to be found eastward of the Blue mountain. These woods were very desolate; not a bird was to be seen; still less to be heard, though it was the singing season of the year. Nothing but the screaming of jays, interrupted the solemn stillness of the woods, and the hollow whistling of the wind in the tops of the firs—of murmuring brooks there was plenty; my companion, whose imagination was, by the tender looks at McAllister's, turned to romantic melancholy, began to talk in the usual strain about clear streams, when I made him observe that they rolled along among poisonous plants. In fact the *kalmia* is so abundant that it constitutes

almost entirely the underwood. This remark killed his poetical imagination upon the spot.

We next reached Halifax, a village on the banks of the Susquehannah, consisting of twenty or thirty log-houses dispersed along upon the side of an hill. The river here forms several islands handsomely covered with wood. Most of the huts here are inns, and most of the window sashes are broken. Almost all modern travellers have remarked, that the inhabitants of beautiful countries are not worthy of the charms which Nature displays around them. This is rather humiliating for our present generation, which has so high an opinion of itself. The country of which I now speak, cannot, indeed, be reckoned among the most beautiful; yet it is not bad; not uninteresting; with a more varied cultivation it might produce many things, which at present are not thought of, such as wine and silk; and its inhabitants are worse in proportion than their country. My fellow traveller maintained that Gessner would have written American Idyls. He thought it highly entertaining to compare the real objects with the ideal beauties of an Idyl. In his opinion if the ladies here were to be idylized, they must be called idyl-wenches. He was extremely delighted in thinking what a figure the Pennsylvania names would make in an Idyl, as for instance the Arcadian Tulpehacken, or that other Tempe the Sowswamp, or a third called the Schimohkin, the river Brandywine, &c. not to mention the whisky, instead of nectar.

We took, in a log-house, our dinner, which consisted, as it always does here, of eggs and bacon, for which you have to pay nearly as much as for a dinner at the red house in Frankfurt. Our fellow-travellers in the carriage came long after us, and wondered at the briskness of our walking, which they thought would have made an American's tongue hang out of his throat in such hot weather. For just then it was really hot. In the course of the morning there had been, according to the custom of the country, two or three alternate transitions from heat to cold.

After we had eaten our eggs and bacon, and swallowed a couple of draughts of whisky, we took up, not our staff, but our feet, and proceeded. The land, through the whole day's journey, of thirty-three English miles, could not be reckoned among the most fertile parts. The greatest part of it, owing to the quantites of stones, and the rocky ranges of mountains, was never susceptible of tillage. The Susquehannah has evidently been wider than it now is, for in many parts it forms a small valley, the soil of which is fertile.

The last five English miles we passed on the high rocky banks of the Susquehannah, shaded with thick rows of trees. A thunder shower overtook us as night came on. We wandered about among the woods, and at length reached the house of Mr. White, who keeps a sort of half and half inn; that is, he takes in travellers for good stout payment, and at the same time gives himself the airs, and his wife still more, of granting thereby a favour. Such kind of equivocal houses have always been my aversion. From

McAllister's to Sunbury, a distance of forty-six English miles, there are, however, only two or three inns, excepting Halifax, so highly favoured in this respect, and they are beneath all censure. You have eggs and bacon to eat; whisky to drink; a bag of straw for your bed; and have the unceasing noise of drunken peasants to endure, and pay for all these enjoyments a great deal of money. There is, behind the Blue mountains at least, nothing at all to be seen of the so highly boasted prosperous condition of Pennsylvania.

It is not considered here, nor indeed throughout all America, indecent to quarter in one bed, two strangers unacquainted with each other. There are chambers containing ten beds, and into which even ladies are ushered to sleep in them. I have met, not far from Philadelphia, a girl of eighteen in bed with a young fellow who was not her brother. This may be called simplicity of manners: it may be so: but it is national coldness of constitution too.

From White's we continued our journey the next day, through the hilly, rocky, woody, barren country, about ten miles to Sunbury. It was hot and rained, and consequently was unhealthy weather. We breakfasted with an industrious German peasant family, upon bacon and eggs, indeed, but with the addition of honey, apple-jelly, &c. These people furnish a proof that those who are not so lazy as the rest, can even in this country have a greater variety of eatables. We travelled along the side of the river. The highway turns off from it and is further. At the mouth of the large brook, called here Shima-kin creek, we were obliged to row in a boat round a mountain which comes here close upon the river. Hereupon we came to the plain surrounded by a semi-circle of mountains, in which Sunbury is situated. The soil is fertile, and when the hills shall be adorned with villas and planted with vines, it will be a charming spot. Sunbury lays along the banks of the Susquehannah, which are here flat: on the opposite banks of the river there are steep mountains, and as the place is on all sides enclosed by them, there are vapours resting over it, even when the sky of the neighbouring country is clear, which make it very unhealthy.

Northumberland is much more beautifully situated upon the isthmus, where the Susquehannah, which here flows from the north-west, unites with its western branch. This last comes directly from the west, and falls just opposite the northern end of Sunbury into the proper Susquehannah.

Northumberland lies upon the gradual descent of an hill, which rises like an amphitheatre, and in the back-ground joins upon a woody mountain, which bounds the horizon to the northward. This natural amphitheatre is exposed to the rays of the sun, and protected more than other places from cold winds, and appears consequently admirably calculated for the cultivation of the vine.

On the southern side of the western branch, rocky hills join close upon the water, and first lose themselves six miles higher up. Where they finish,

the low land of Buffaloe valley, expands, and has a soil uncommonly fertile. It is, however, yet too thickly covered with wood, so that the prospect is no where thoroughly cleared. Land altogether uncleared costs here no less than seven pounds an acre.

This western branch of the Susquehannah is an handsome still flowing river, free from rocks. Its banks are mostly flat and fertile. There is more level land upon its banks, than in any other part of Pennsylvania.

Derrytown is a village close upon the western branch, where more houses would, ere this, have been built, had it been possible to ascertain the true owners of the lots—Speculation has thrown all into confusion.

It is surprising that this part of the country is not yet more settled; as it is one of the most fruitful parts of Pennsylvania. Northumberland is the place of refuge for many English emigrants, the most celebrated of whom are Priestley and Cooper. The people there, now and then, when you speak of them, call them "English dogs."

Cooper has purchased a plantation in the neighbourhood of Northumberland; but when he found upon visiting his workmen, to whom he was obliged to pay enormous wages, that they were always resting themselves, and drinking; and heard himself called an English dog, whenever he made any objection to this; he grew weary of the thing, sold his plantation, and gives no credit at present to farming projects in America.

When Priestly wrote to his friends that Northumberland was an earthly paradise, it was only putting a good face upon a bad bargain. Northumberland is prettily situated, and the land is good, but far from being a paradise.—The climate is especially not paradisaical: no more than the drunken barbarians by whom it is inhabited.

I returned by water. Though it was the 25th of May, a north-west wind made it very cold. In sailing from Northumberland upon the river, the prospect is truly enchanting. In future times, when Northumberland and Sunbury shall have grown to be large cities, and the hills which surround them shall be adorned with villas and vineyards, the country must exhibit an uncommon richness and magnificence, when the radiance of the sun shall gild so varied a picture.

The raft upon which I floated down the river, was steered by three persons, who came from the sources of the western branch of the Susquehannah, and two of whom were young lads, who had never before left their home, and were admiring the houses, which, in comparison with their huts, were so large. The boards, which formed the raft, were destined for Havre-de-Grace, on Chesapeake bay, at the mouth of the Susquehannah. In those western regions, which are still thickly covered with wood, the trade in boards is the principal means of subsistence, and a saw-mill the most important property. These people say, that each of them shoot from forty to fifty deer annually, and as many as twenty elks. They had dried elk's flesh with them, which I thought had a very good taste. They had likewise a large and superb pair of antlers, not shovel-formed like those of the elk, but perfectly resembling the branches of an European stag.

We travelled on the raft at the rate of about four English miles by the hour, which shews exactly the rapidity of the river. It was now high water so that we could pass over the falls without danger. At low water the Susquehannah is throughout innavigable.

The banks exhibited nothing but barren rocky mountains covered with bushes, and here and there romantic situations. In the evening we found ourselves a couple of miles below Harrisburg, and as a fog began to rise over the river, we fled by the advice of the experienced steerman of the

raft, over head and ears, to get away from the river, and escape a fever. The next day I arrived again by the way of Elizabethtown at Lancaster.

CHAPTER XIV.

Second excursion to the same neighbourhood—Asylum.

In the course of my journeys in America, I was never, indeed, so lucky as a certain writer of travels, whose name I do not remember, and who declares that in Armenia he had seen the devil Asmodeus. One seldom has an opportunity to make such interesting acquaintances. I think, however, that the reader will not find here such remarks as the following "when I went out early in the morning, I saw little puddles of water frozen over; but by the time it was eleven o'clock the ice had thawed all away." I made, at the beginning of September 1796, another excursion into this same neighbourhood upon business. The road being the same, I have little further to remark. I found every thing at Mr. M'Allister's in as good condition as before. He was then busied in building a new house upon a small elevation close to the river, from which there is a delightful prospect. His whole plantation is of his own creation, effected, I believe, in the course of twelve years. Mrs. M'Allister, though an excellent hostess, is fond of reading. I found here an English translation of Zimmerman upon Solitude, and Mrs. M'Allister said it was extremely fine. Mr. M'Allister gave seventeen pounds an acre for his land which was then uncleared; an enormous price, to which the favourable situation on the high road, and on the river contributed much. In Northumberland I met with an Englishman of my acquaintance, who could not find words to express his astonishment at the great and unexpected corruption of morals prevailing in that neighbourhood.

Higher up on the eastern branch of the Susquehannah, French emigrants from St. Domingo had formed a settlement which they called Asylum. I carefully inquired after the condition of this establishment; most of my informers assured me that it was already at an end. But I could not, upon this subject, obtain a full certainty. Mr. Noailles and Mr. Talon are the founders of this little colony. They sold the land to the colonists. But the people say, that clearing land was by no means the talent of these French planters, who understood much better giving concerts, balls, and plays among themselves. Hunting was said also to be much to their taste, and they profaned even the Sunday by their hunting parties, which, especially in the eyes of the New-Englanders, whose neighbours they are, Asylum being situated not far from Wyoming, was an abomination. They were likewise for having fine houses all at once. I returned by the road on the western banks of the Susquehannah, where there is much more good level land than upon the eastern side. The land upon Penn's creek especially is very good. It is a black, light, rich earth, mixed with sand. The trees here have also a respectable size. The good soil seems to be considerably deep. This is one of the fertile spots of the Susquehannah valley. The settlements of Wyoming and Wyolusing, celebrated for their fertility, are likewise upon the Susquehannah. In Wyolusing this fruitful soil, which has probably been gradually washed up by the water, is said to be fourteen feet deep. Every thing grows upon it to admiration, and particularly flax. In this hilly and stony country it is agreeable for once to meet with a plain, by way of variety.

This fruitful plain is, however, of small extent. To the westward it is bounded by hills, as barren as in this country is usual. It would form a beautiful

landscape, if these hills were planted with vineyards, while the plains, bounded at the eastward by a beautiful river, should be decked with meadows and corn fields.

In requiring a higher degree of cultivation upon these regions, I shall be accused by persons of very youthful views, of wishing for the harvest before seed time. To this I shall only answer, that large commercial cities like Philadelphia, &c. and generally all foreign commerce not having its basis in the agriculture and manufactures of the country, may very properly be compared to harvests without seed-time. Let the hands be given in America to agriculture which foreign commerce and sea-ports withdraw from it, and especially let laws be made to encourage industry and promote the migrations from Europe, and there will be no occasion to complain of the want of hands for labour. The Americans might profit by the previously acquired knowledge of the Europeans, and carry the tillage of the land to an higher degree of perfection than any European nation. They might compare the various methods of the Europeans with each other, and chuse the best. Thus they might learn for instance from the provinces of Champagne and Burgundy the best method of making wine, &c.

Middle creek, a pretty considerable stream, flows likewise through this plain. These little rivers have plenty of fish. The people hereabouts were all employed in shooting squirrels.

CHAPTER XV.

Journey from Philadelphia, North westerly to the Blue mountains. Remarks upon the mountains, and upon the modern systems of geography. Great Line valley. Diet of the farmers. Game. Mr. Weiss. White hares.

I have nothing material to observe during the remainder of my journey back to Lancaster; I shall therefore make some remarks, resulting from the small tours which I made in America, in the years 1791 and 1792; chronological order being in no wise necessary for my purpose.

In October 1791 I travelled north westerly from Philadelphia to the Blue mountain. The road is continually ascending. The distance is sixty-six English miles. There is a succession of hills running parallel to one another. The country is plentifully supplied with brooks, whose waters grow continually clearer in proportion as you approach the mountains. The road goes through Germantown and White-Marsh, where Washington had in December 1777, his celebrated camp, upon a range of hills. Trout are found in the brooks, not far from the mountains. The land in general is of indifferent fertility, except upon the first long range of mountains, where it is fruitful. I mean that chain which is the nearest to the Blue mountains in descending towards the sea. It is longer than the Blue mountain itself, which joins to the Alleghany in North Carolina; but this first chain continues to run parallel with the united Blue and Alleghany mountains into West Florida, and extends as some suppose, as far as Mexico; which appears to me to be very probable.

But that this, as well as the Blue mountain terminates upon Hudson's river, I question, upon very good grounds. In New England, chains of mountains make their appearance again, running like this, north east and south west. The Blue mountain breaks off suddenly, where it is very high, (2800 feet above the surface of the water) close upon the Hudson, and the continuations of the mountains on the eastern side are not so high; but even though the chain should be altogether interrupted, the ridge of the mountain may be continued under ground, and when after such an interruption, a chain of mountains arises again, and follows

the same course as the others, it must be considered as a continuation of them.

The various names given to the same chain of mountains, often lead to an erroneous opinion that they are not the same. Thus for example this first chain of mountains is called, I think, in New-Jersey *Muskiriko*; in Pennsylvania near Bethlehem, *the Lehigh hills*. Further on, *the Olive hills*. Then, *the Iron mountains*. In Virginia, *the South mountain*, probably because it lays south of the Blue mountain, &c. &c. This confuses the physical geography of a country, which ought always to keep pace with its political geography. A geographer should for instance remark, whether several mountains with different names belong to the same chain or not. If he means to instruct, he must know this. A mere compilation of what is contained in other books, if the author adds nothing of his own, can at most prove nothing more than unwearied industry. Such compilations are of very little use, when the mighty compiler admits errors as well as truth into his volumes. Inasmuch as materials variously dispersed, may be found collected in his massive volumes together, they are convenient; but they should contain no errors; which however it is scarcely possible to avoid. When men of genius busy themselves with geography, it assumes quite a different shape. Thus for instance we are better acquainted with ancient Germany and Britain, by the little which Tacitus wrote of them, than by all the heaps of undigested crudities, called among the moderns, systems of geography.

A geographer should likewise elucidate natural history. Thus, for example, he should not say, in America, there are roe bucks, elks, &c. merely because the inhabitants call them such, but should examine whether they belong to the breed or not. It is likewise to be wished that he would name expressly all the known sorts of animals and of birds, and not, after mentioning several kinds, add in general terms "and the like." The term "in short," likewise, often used by bad writers is insufferable in systems of geography. For instance. "In short, the country produces all the necessaries of life, &c." In a system of geography it is not general expressions "that are required, but details." In all these respects, professor Ebeling's system of geography is very advantageously distinguished above others. It is the best work of the kind, which has appeared in modern times.

This first chain of mountains, is distant fifty English miles from Philadelphia, to the north westward. Philadelphia is itself situated fifty-five miles distant from the sea, in a direct south east line, which meets a point upon the coast of New-Jersey. Consequently the distance of this mountain from the sea, is one hundred and six English miles. In the southern states it is further distant from the coast, and in the northern states nearer to it.

The Blue mountains are every where about sixteen miles distant from this first chain. These two ranges of mountains enclose the most fruitful part of the Atlantic states; for the other fertile spots eastward of the Allegany mountain, along the rivers and in some vallies, bear so little proportion to the whole surface, as to deserve no consideration. This valley seems to be well qualified for producing wine.

On the west side of the mountains, there is a tract of very good land, running parallel to them, which is not very broad, and chiefly level, and comprises the fertile townships of Maxetania, Magunthy, and others. I went to Maxetania. The soil was blackish, and appeared to be of a very good quality. The farm houses and barns were built of very good common stone; as was generally the case from Philadelphia to this place. In such a stony country indeed, stones for building, chiefly sand stones, are very easy to be had; but notwithstanding this, the country would not have such a flourishing appearance, if the farmers were tormented

with European feudality, with recruiting, with quartering of troops, with supplies of provisions, of horses, of waggons, as much as in our part of the world. When we reflect that there is here no army at all to maintain, we must wonder that the situation of the farmer is not still more prosperous; and we cannot avoid the thought, that with equal advantages the German peasant would advance far beyond the American, considering that in spite of the various oppressions which he suffers, he can very well compare with, or even surpasses him, in many parts of our country, with respect to the comforts of his personal existence.

The Blue mountains are not very strikingly lofty, but are remarkable by their resemblance to a regular wall. As soon as you leave the fertile township of Maxetania, which is not large, the wretched log houses begin, and the landscape becomes again as barren, and as hilly as before. In general, this whole valley, excepting a few spots, distant from seven to eight or ten miles from the Blue mountain, is not fruitful. The high hills are gravely, and dry. There are scarcely any vallies at all between them, or none wider than the brooks, which enlose almost all of them. Only one half of the valley, that which lies nearest to the first range of mountains, is fertile. I must further remark that Lancaster is situated not in this valley, but eastward of the first range of mountains. But Carlisle lays in it, as do Harrisburg, Bethlehem and Easton.

I ascended the Blue mountain. The prospects on the two sides, in some measure contrasted with each other. To the eastward, in the above mentioned valley, was to be seen more cultivation; to the westward was almost an uninterrupted forest, only interspersed here and there with spots of green fields, while a second range of mountains bounded the horizon.

Westward of the Blue mountain, the land is more barren than in the valley to the eastward, I stopped here at a farmer's who was born in Germany, and had the reputation of being a good huntsman. We went a hunting together, and saw two stags, but missed them both. We shot several grouse in the morning and in the evening, as they passed. The people here live badly. They have not the least furniture in their huts. You must sleep upon bags of straw. They have neither beer nor wine; but have brandy, and when the apples succeed, bad cyder. They seldom have fresh meat unless it be game. Salt meat is almost their daily food. They have in winter, no other vegetables than potatoes and a bad preparation of sour kroust.

A certain Mr. Weisse passes in this neighbourhood for a gentleman. I found him before the door of his house dressed in ragged clothes; this is usual among the Americans in the country. He persuaded me to pass the night at his house. It was a log house, well furnished. He gave me for supper, tea and buck-wheat cakes. He had been an inhabitant of Philadelphia, and his daughter was pretty and very agreeable. He had purchased here some bad land, which would have reduced him to bankruptcy, if he had not discovered a coal mine upon his estate.

Mr. Weisse lives upon the Lehigh, seven miles above its passage through the Blue mountain. The Lehigh joins upon the Blue mountain one mile south of the gap, where it flows through it; after running thence parallel with the mountain, it runs through it where it is at its greatest height. Where the mountain first touches the river, it is much lower. How is this to be explained? Along the Lehigh, before its passage through the mountain, there is a small valley, surrounded by hills and bounded at the eastward by the Blue mountain, which, by the concentration of the sun's rays upon it, would be well adapted to produce wine. This region is indeed romantic; but the soil is

poor, and the inhabitants are coarse barbarians, chiefly of German origin.

I amused myself here for a time, with hunting. The Pine Swamp, so called, is yet full of game, and contains particularly a white kind of hare, larger than the hare of Europe, and having exactly the same flesh. Their fur is very soft, and the end of the tail black. The hair is excellent for hats. I could not learn whether their colour continues white in summer. How little versed are we still in natural history, notwithstanding the labours of a Buffon and a Daubenton, since this species of hare has been hitherto unknown! It is remarkable, that this animal has been extant in Pennsylvania, only a few years; it was first seen in 1788.

CHAPTER XVI.

Journey from Northampton county in Pennsylvania through New-Jersey, to New-York—The Lehigh—Bethlehem—Easton—The Rariton—Boundbrook—Washington's camp in 1777—Elizabethtown—New-York—General Steuben—The Result.

From this place, I made a journey through New-Jersey, to New-York. The distance to Easton is sixteen miles; nine miles of which, the road runs along the Lehigh, which here winds along between very high and arid mountains, not well adapted to produce corn: the country is afterwards more level and more fertile; but according to what I have before remarked, the north western tract which runs parallel to the Blue mountain, in a long valley, (the longest valley indeed in the world, since it certainly extends through all the Atlantic United States) is barren. The width of these barren hills is nine miles, reckoned from the Blue mountain. But of course it is not every where the same. The nearer you approach to the first chain of mountains, the more fruitful is the land. Bethlehem is surrounded with a fertile soil. It stands on the first chain of mountains, on the borders of the valley. It is remarkable that the Lehigh joins upon the chain of mountains, in like manner as upon the Blue mountain, and then flows in a northern direction parallel to it, until it falls into the Delaware near Easton. Easton is ten miles to the north eastward of Bethlehem, the Moravian town, which stands in a very romantic situation upon the side of an hill, at the foot of which flows the charming Lehigh, and a large trout brook falls here into that river.

Easton is romantically situated on the western banks of the Delaware. The Lehigh rushes with a loud noise into this river. Mountains, rocks, clear streams, and brooks, meadows, fields, and groves, all concur in forming here an enchanting landscape.

The banks of the Delaware are here very high. On the opposite side from Easton stands Philipsburg, a village inhabited by a dissolute crew, as may be known at first sight by the paper windows, and the huts threatening to fall in ruins. The journey through this part of Jersey, was at this season very agreeable: it was the beginning of May; all the fruit gardens were in blossom: this, connected with the verdure of the corn fields, gave great beauty to the landscape. Not far from Easton, but in New-Jersey, I saw in the midst of a smiling cornfield, an high rock, which strongly contrasted with the softness of all the surrounding natural objects, and on that account produced a finer effect.

The same valley above mentioned, between the Blue mountain and the first range, is more fertile and pleasant, as it approaches nearer to them, and bears a great resemblance to certain mountainous parts of Germany. To the eastward of the first chain, here called Maskiniko, the land is dry and barren, as I found it throughout almost all my way to New-York. I never saw worse rye, even in the sandy regions of Brandenburg than in New-Jersey.

Along the Rariton there lies a little good land. In the neighbourhood of Elizabethtown it was likewise tolerable. The rest was altogether bad.

The Rariton rises from two rivers, the east and west branches, which unite together ten miles above Boundbrook. Their banks are agreeable. From the point of their union until the Rariton falls into the sea, its banks are fertile, and present smiling landscapes to the eye.

Not far from Boundbrook is the celebrated camp of Washington, in the campaign of 1777. It was situated upon woody mountains. The woods in front, and upon the flanks, were adapted to the American mode of warfare; for they know very well how to lay upon the belly, to fire at an enemy without being seen, and then to run away. This mode of fighting, however, is not dangerous to those who know how to take the necessary precautions against it.

Elizabethtown, sixteen miles distant from New-York, is a very handsome village, or if you like it better, city, where several palace-like houses, belonging to wealthy inhabitants of New-York, give a striking appearance to the place. From thence I went in the packet boat to New-York. This city is in my opinion more beautifully situated than Philadelphia, and was reputed healthier, until in the autumn of 1795, the yellow fever gave a violent shock to its reputation for healthiness. In the summer of 1796, considerable symptoms of a prevailing fever again appeared, though it was denied to be the yellow fever. New-York and Philadelphia hate each other to an inexpressible degree. When the people of Philadelphia die by thousands, the New-Yorkers rejoice, and *vice versa*. The Philadelphia gazette makers describe New-York as the basest of all cities. In New-York, they say nothing better of Philadelphia. "The New York state is a nasty state" say the Pennsylvania Germans in their vulgar jargon. So it is, in societies composed of egotists; every one against all, and all against every one.

New-York has some handsome buildings. The front of St. Paul's church, with six porphyry pillars, is very elegant. There is in Philadelphia no street so handsome as Broadway in New-York. The prospect upon Hudson's river is admirable. The square upon which the governor's house stands is handsome, and that building is truly a palace.

I visited general Steuben, who is here called the Baron. So that whenever a person spoke of "the Baron," Steuben was universally understood to be meant. He was a violent enemy to the French revolution. He is fond of comparing himself with those generals who, in our days, have commanded and organized armies of insurgents, and with reason; since this parallel always turned to his advantage. He laughed a little at general Schonfeldt for his expedition in Belgium. The Americans are indeed much indebted to general Steuben, and they acknowledge it; and generally name him next to Washington, for his services during the revolution; for Washington, they think, was never qualified to discipline a body of troops, and practise them in the art of tactics. Steuben wrote a very good military book of exercise, which the Congress wished to introduce among the militia, but which is not attended to. He received from Congress a pension of 2,500 dollars a year. He appears by his will, to have considered himself richer than he was; for he estimated the lands which had been given him as a compensation, in the wildernesses of America, much too high; and his nephew, Mr. Kanitz, inherited from him no great estate. The reputation of an excellent officer, possessed of great knowledge of the world, and of mankind, belongs incontestably to general Steuben.

From New-York, I returned by the same way to the place whence I had come; and from thence to Philadelphia. You find in general more civi-

lity in New-Jersey than in Pennsylvania. They pay more attention to the education of children.

Upon my return from the Blue mountain to Philadelphia, I passed through the agreeable and fertile district of Moguntshy, where clear brooks, with shelvy banks, wind round among meadows and fruitful fields. An hurricane had here torn up most of the apple trees. This township is bounded at the eastward by the first chain of mountains. Millerstown is the principal place.

I shall now here comprize the result of all my remarks upon the land of the United States of North America. Excepting the Ohio and Mississippi vallies, and in general the western country, the land is upon the whole inferior in fertility to Germany. Germany enjoys a much milder climate than the Atlantic states, and perhaps, than all North America, because not subject to so great extremes of heat and cold, and the changes of weather are not so sudden. That Germany is healthier was never doubted.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANY.

[We hope our countrymen will read the following article attentively, and that each city in the union will remember that there are other buildings, beside *Banks*, which contribute to the magnificence of a nation. Liverpool is a great *Commercial* town too, but a fostering and affectionate nurse to every man of genius, and to every liberal Institution.]

LIVERPOOL LYCÆUM.

This magnificent room, which was opened on July last, at the bottom of Bold Street, forms the principal part of a most elegant structure, to be designated by the name of the "Lycæum." Several professional men of the first eminence, who have seen this building, have concurred in declaring it to be, in many respects, the first architectural ornament of Liverpool. There is a chasteness and simplicity in the whole design, both external and internal, for which the works of Mr. Harrison (the Architect) are so particularly distinguished.

The Lycæum is a building of one floor only, above a sunk basement, consisting of a coffee room, library, and other necessary appendages.

The coffee-room, both with respect to size, situation, elegance, and convenience, is absolutely unrivalled. It is an oblong of nearly 70 feet by 38, with a recess on the side opposite the window, of 46 feet by 10, making its whole width 48 feet. It is the only coffee-room with which we are acquainted that possesses height in due proportion to its other dimensions, being 31 feet from the floor to the centre of the ceiling, which is finished in the form of a flat arch, divided into large compartments by plain mouldings, the recess has also an arched ceiling in the same style of finishing, and there are no columns to separate it from the main body of the room. The noble sweep of this latter arch has a striking and sublime effect on the eye from every part of the room.

There are five large windows on the side towards Church-Street, commanding an open view, which can never be obstructed, down that spacious and principal street, and one large three light window, at the end towards Bold Street.—The bar is very commodiously situated near the principal entrance, and there is a convenient apartment corresponding to it, intended for a repository of papers, pamphlets, &c. communicating with the upper end of the room.

The library is a rotunda of 45 feet diameter, and about 40 feet in height, finished with a dome, and lighted only by a central sky-light. The lower part is divided into 12 recesses for books, supporting a gallery of 6 feet wide carried all round the circle, which will also be shelved for the reception of books to the height of 9 feet. In the

angles are stair cases, and closets for the Librarian. The reading room, or lesser Library, is 33 feet by 21, and over it is a committee room, of like dimensions. In the basement are apartments forming a convenient dwelling for the master of the coffee-room.

The principal front to Bold-Street, is in extent, 132 feet. In the centre is a recessed portico, forming a handsome and most convenient entrance both to the coffee-room and library, consisting of 6 columns, 25 feet in height, of the pure Ionic order, (supporting an entablature which is carried quite round the building) and a noble pediment, the whole extent of the portico or colonnade; on each side are large windows of three lights, divided by Doric columns, and terminated with flat arches. The front to Church-Street, is ornamented with four semi-columns of the same ancient Ionic order, over which is an attic with four pedestals, intended, to support so many appropriate statues. Over the three centre windows, are compartments, decorated with three bas so relievos of Apollo, Geography, and Commerce, which were designated and executed by Mr. Lege, an ingenious sculptor of this town.

The effect of the two front, when viewed together, on approaching from Church-street, or from the top of Hanover-street, is peculiarly striking and impressive. From these places the beautiful proportions of the colonades, and the majestic simplicity of the artist's plan, are distinctly comprehended. Both fronts of the building are finished with handsome hewn stone.

The workmanship throughout is executed in a manner which reflects the highest credit on the contractor, Mr. Slater. The flooring of the coffee room is particularly worthy of attention, from its uncommon firmness and compactness, as well as the excellence of the wood. We are afraid Mr. Slater will derive more honor than profit from his contract, which has certainly been fulfilled "to the spirit as well as the letter."

LEVITY.

["The Spectator" has exhibited the most beautiful models of every species of mock and ludicrous Journals. We have *Chronicles* of Loungers, of Rakes, and of Snorers. The following, from a recent print, is the diary of a *drunkard*. In a strain of delightful drollery it describes the progress of intemperance in the revels of one who might challenge as his motto the epitaph of Bonosus.

"Here lies not a man, but a bottle."]

DIARY

OF MR. THOMAS NOGGIN, AT THE BULL AT —

MONDAY.—Set off from my house in — street, on my own gelding; rode slowly on, determining not to overheat myself, for that makes me drink; arrived at the Bull at two o'clock; ordering a snug little bit of dinner; a boiled towel and oyster sauce; in my own room; determined to see no-body; dine alone for the first time these six years; did not drink before dinner; dinner served up; ordered some excellent ale, and one pint of wine; dined and began to smoke my pipe; room pleasant; over-looks the water; saw my friend Joe Trimsh arrive, called to Joe to ask how he did; Joe very glad to see me; took a couple of glasses of my wine; and when it was out, insisted on calling for his bottle; could not refuse him; drank that; he offered to pay; could not think of letting him do so; called for another bottle; Joe recollected an old wager betwixt him and me, which I had lost; something about the length of the Ball-room at the — tavern; had the bottle in; Joe went to town, and I went to sleep; waked about nine, very queer; a glass of brandy and water to wash down; ordered a veal cutlet for supper; and determined to see no more company; must call for something, a pint of wine; smoked till I fell asleep, and in the morning.

TUESDAY.—Plaguy sick; could eat no breakfast; took a ride, and called on an old acquaintance

six miles off; must taste his shrub; excellent; asked if he had any commercial brandy yet; said no; but he had some which was better; a glass of it; left him; head ache much better; ordered a trout and two pigeons; resolved to see no body; stepping across the yard, met Joe again; said he came to ask me how I did; could not but ask him to dine; added some steaks, drank three bottles with Joe; would not taste a drop more; Joe promised to bring a few friends to take a chop with me; went to sleep as soon as he left me; plaguy hot when I awaked; ordered some eggs and spinage with a rasher; a pint of sherry.

WEDNESDAY.—Complaints in head and breast worse; wondered the country air had no better effect; began to think the Doctor an ass; just thought of a Doctor: and had a pint of rum and milk; Joe and four more came down; told them I was very ill, and they must excuse my drinking; agreed; proposed a walk to an aunt of Joe's, obliged to taste the old Lady's water; carried off much wind; proposed to *hide the horse* for some Lisbon and bitters before dinner; won; bitters did me good; sat down to dinner; they all drank my health, could not but drink theirs; asked for my toast; a bumper; went on by degrees; and drank two bottles a man; all left me asleep; as soon as I awoke, ordered a rabbit for supper; a pint of port; went to bed.

THURSDAY.—Nobody at dinner; all snug; a few mutton chops, and a pint of wine; smoaked and slept till supper; hungry; ordered a roast duck; landlord came in; said the house was full, a gentleman wished to sup in the same room, if agreeable to me; consented, as I could fear nothing from a stranger; who should it be but *Tom Tossopot*; drank two bottles a piece, and went to bed.

FRIDAY.—Worse and worse, wondered what the Doctor could mean by saying the country air would do me good; received an invitation to dine with Joe, who was at an inn two miles off; determined not to taste any thing before dinner; arrived just as the dinner was serving up; a fine pig; partook very heartily; and was going to call for a bottle of wine, when Joe told me this was but a *luncheon*, as we were not to dine till four o'clock; cursed him for a mad wag; took a ride with him; and returned to dinner; a fine haunch, could not resist; drank three bottles a piece; as the landlord was a friend of Joe's; parted, somehow got home to my own inn; ordered a supper, very hungry and dry; drank a pot of ale and a pint of wine; determined never to exceed a pint of wine, went to bed.

SATURDAY.—Awoke at six o'clock; my head at the foot of the bed, and my heels on the pillow; could not think how it happened; went to sleep till twelve; drank two basons of tea; could not eat; took a ride, ordered dinner, but could not eat; landlord came in; begged pardon, but asked if my name was not Mr. Noggin, if so, he remembered my father in——and all my friends; pleased to hear of all my relations, could not but call for a bottle of wine; landlord offered to pay his share; would not let him; but he ordered a crown bowl of rack punch which he begged to treat me with; said it was better for the stomach than wine; saw it out; very sick; determined to stay no longer, as the country air was of no service; the stage passing went into it and came home at ten o'clock, went to see my friends in——street, drank two bottles and went home.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

[The following article is curious, as it shews that if an assault follows up the insolence of Democratic abuse, some juries will give no damages. The circumstance alluded to by Mr. Garrow, of the manly spirit of Mr. WINDHAM will afford pleasure to the admirers of that cavalier.]

An action for an assault (Warner v. Smithson) was tried at Hertford assizes, which was no ways

worthy of remark, but for the ludicrous turn it took. The plaintiff is a farmer, and was returning from a profitable adventure, having been at market, when he came at the Red Lion, at Hockerill, otherwise stiled *Sot's Hole*. Here he quarrelled with all the honest dealers in grain he met, and was at last so imprudent as to intimate that the defendant, who was one of them, was a d——d liar; the defendant very naturally felt that his character was at stake, and that if he passed it over slightly, the public could not believe him at the next market day, when he should tell them he had brought all the grain he was in possession of to market, and that he felt no desire to keep up the price of corn; he, therefore, replied, that if he repeated the same obnoxious expressions, he would "knock his d——d head about." The plaintiff very imprudently did so, and the defendant was as good as his word.

Mr. Garrow defended the action in a strain of infinite humour, contending that Mr. Smithson had done no more than any other man would have done in his situation. The laws of courtesy, he said, were infallibly the same on the subject; "if a man calls me a liar, I must knock him down." To prove which he cited many cases that had come within his recollection; among others, that of a very great man, whose talents he said, would do honour to any country, he meant Mr. Windham, who chanced to be in company, after his unsuccessful struggle for the city of Norwich, where an elector told him he had not voted for him, and as they were met he would tell him the reason why: in the first place he did not like him; and in the second, his aversion arose from his being a *turn-coat*, and many more observations equally affronting. Mr. Windham replied very coolly, "you do this sir, to put me off my guard, but I am collected, and though the laws of courtesy bid me knock you down, yet, as you have before voted for me, and as I think it may teach you how to behave in future, I shall only pull your nose," which he did, said Mr. Garrow, by *wringing it well*. He had no doubt that transaction would be brought into a court of justice, and if it was, he doubted not it would be treated in the same manner he hoped the present would; namely, by a jury giving a verdict of *two pence* damages, to enable such a plaintiff to buy enough of soft soap to protect his nose at least for a week.

The jury gave a verdict of sixpence damages, when Mr. Garrow observed to the plaintiff, who was in court, "there, sir, the jury have been more bountiful to you than I should have been, for they have given you soap enough for *three weeks*."

FESTOON OF FASHION.

[I believe it is remarked by the sprightly Colman and Thornton, in a merry *Canonsaur*, that the winter fashions of London reach the country, in sufficient season to be in full bloom at midsummer. Our coats, on this side of the Atlantic, are copied from the London model generally after the original has become quite faded at home. If an early autumnal scheme of dress can be of any use now, let the beau of Philadelphia copy the following, taking especial care, however, to avoid the old hat.]

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

The following is now all the rage with the fashionables in London—

Gentlemen.—Blue coat made very scant with pockets in the skirts, blue velvet cape, high up in the neck; pantaloons of mix'd broad cloth made very loose, with pockets; Suwarrow boots all the vogue. An old black hat with a narrow rim, constitutes the Gentleman.

Ladies.—Cambric Muslin Gown, scant, with full sleeves; black chip hat with coloured ribbands, and white veil, some wear white ostrich feathers in their black hats, which has a janty air, and gives a handsome appearance.

The following is a very pleasing essay, the stile is pure, the satire bland, and the wit comic. It is extracted from the New-York Morning Chronicle.

MR. EDITOR,

If the observations of an odd fellow are not wholly superfluous, I would thank you to shove them into a spare corner of your paper.

It is a matter of amusement to an uninterested spectator like myself, to observe the influence fashion has on the dress and deportment of its votaries, and how very quick they fly from one extreme to the other.

A few years since, the rage was; very high crowned hats with very narrow brims, tight neck-cloth, tight coat, tight jacket, tight small-clothes, and shoes loaded with enormous silver buckles: the hair craped, plaited, queued, and powdered:—in short, an air of the greatest spruceness and tightness diffused over the whole person.

The ladies, with their tresses neatly turned up over an immense cushion; waist a yard long, braced up with stays into the smallest compass, and encircled by an enormous hoop: so that the fashionable belle resembled a walking bottle.

Thus dressed, the lady was seen, with the most bewitching languor, reclining on the arm of an extremely attentive beau, who, with a long cane, decorated with an enormous tassel, was carefully employed in removing every stone, stick, or straw, that might impede the progress of his tottering companion, whose high-heeled shoes just brought the points of her toes to the ground.

What an alteration has a few years produced!—We now behold our gentleman with the most studied carelessness, and almost slovenliness of dress; large hat, large coat, large neckcloth, large pantaloons, large boots, and hair scratched into every careless direction, lounging along the streets in the most apparent listlessness and vacuity of thought; staring with an unmeaning countenance at every passenger, or leaning upon the arm of some kind fair one for support, with the other hand cramm'd into his breeches pocket. Such is the picture of a modern beau: in his dress stuffing himself up to the dimensions of a Hercules, in his manners, affecting the helplessness of an invalid.

The belle who has to undergo the fatigue of dragging along this sluggish animal, has chosen a character the very reverse: emulating in her dress and actions all the airy sprightliness of a sylph, she trips along with the greatest vivacity. Her laughing eye, her countenance enlivened with affability and good humor, inspire with kindred animation every beholder, except the torpid being by her side, who is either affecting the fashionable sang-froid, or is wrapt up in profound contemplation of...himself.

Heavens! how changed are the manners since I was young!—then, how delightful to contemplate a ball-room: such bowing, such scraping, such complimenting; nothing but copperplate speeches to be heard on both sides; no walking but in minuet measure; nothing more common than to see half a dozen gentlemen knock their heads together in striving who should first recover a lady's fan or snuff-box that had fallen.

But now, our youths no longer aim at the character of *pretty gentlemen*: their greatest ambition is to be called lazy dogs—careless fellows, &c. &c. Dressed up in the mammoth style, our buck saunters into the ball-room in a surtout, hat under arm, cane in hand; strolls round with the most vacant air; stops abruptly before such lady as he may choose to honour with his attention; entertains her with the common *slang* of the day, collected from the conversation of hostlers, footmen, porters, &c. until his string of smart sayings is run out, and then lounges off, to entertain some other fair one with the same unintelligible jargon.

Surely, Mr. Editor, puppyism must have arrived to a *climax*: it must turn; to carry it to a greater extent seems, to me, impossible.

JONATHAN OLDSTYLE.

CRITICISM.

[It gives us much pleasure to find room in the Port Folio, for the following article from the Frederick Town Herald, a paper not only conspicuous for the soundness of its politics, but for the purity of its style. On the miserable verses of the "Boston Chronicle," a dull democratic gazette, intolerably tedious, egregiously stupid, audaciously false, and unspeakably absurd, criticism, as invoked by the ingenious writer below, appears armed, both by wit and power. An article of this nature is of singular utility. It serves as a new proof, that the Republican faction not only think erroneously, but write incorrectly, and that genius, learning, and taste, as well as truth and virtue, have no connection with democracy.]

FROM THE FREDERICK TOWN HERALD.

"In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent,
Abortive thoughts, that write and wrong confound,
Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound,
False glare, incongruous images, combine
And noise and nonsense, clatter through the line."

GIFFORD.

Between false politics and false literature there seems to be, at the present period of the world, a closeness of connection, never so remarkable in any past age. This general observation is particularly applicable to the state of our own country. The faction, to which the people are subjected, appear no less conspicuous for weakness and poverty of literary intellect, than they are for the folly and depravity of their political principles. The example of superficial thinking and spurious language, has been completely set them by their great leader, who now lolls in the seat of sovereignty. Its influence has extended through all the ranks of the scribblers, devoted to his service. It is really astonishing, when we consider the multitude of democratic prints scattered over the continent, to observe how extremely rare are the instances they afford of any thing like good writing. In prose they are bad enough in all conscience; but when they pretend to invoke the muses, they are sure to produce such trash or trumpery, as is hardly sufferable by human patience. And, as if determined to expose one another to the utmost of their power, the publication of one press immediately runs through a thousand congenial channels. We have been led to these reflections by a set of verses, which we see re-printed in the last democratic paper of this place (the Hornet) from a New-England one. The writer of them is a candidate for the post of Poet Laureat to the President, and he may flatter himself with the hope of being a successful one, when he discovers the notice his production has met with, thus far from home. As it is perhaps esteemed a master-piece of poetic compliment, we shall lay the whole of it, verbatim et literatim, before the reader, and for want of better amusement, we shall then point out a few of its most choice beauties

From the Boston Independent Chronicle.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO THOMAS JEFFERSON, PRESIDENT
OF THE UNITED STATES.

O'ER the plain in beauty smiling,
See the stormy clouds arise,
Which, as if the light reviling
Hang with black the azure skies.

But ere yet another morning,
Drink the cold earth's dewy tear,
Light, in brighter brilliance dawning,
Shall the dark horizon clear.

Thus with falsehood's vilest story
JEFFERSON, in vain they try
To obscure the beams of glory—
Sun-like beams that ne'er can die.

Furious fiends, with secret slanders,
All their noisome vapours pour,
While around in rapture wanders
Every insect of the hour.

Haggard envy, prone to languish,
Hate, from disappointment born,
Vex'd ambition vents his anguish;
Malice smiles, affecting scorn.

All in vain—sublimely rising,
Truth shall dart her fervid ray,
And the summer cloud desisting,
Chase the envious gloom away.

To thy active genius owing,
That which dar'd proclaim her free,
Still with fire of freedom glowing,
Blest COLUMBIA bends to thee.

Like thy own Potomac winding,
Through the variegated plain,
And between the mountains finding
Health and beauty in his train.

So, by godlike truth protected,
Shall thy fame, thy mind its guide,
Flow with every charm collected,
And remain the PEOPLE'S PRIDE.

Firm and tow'ring as the mountains,
Crowned with virtue's virgin snow,
Pure as nature's fairest fountains
That with sparkling brilliance flow.

Clear as light, when first created,
Chaste as Angels guardian love,
And on wings of time elated,
Deathless as himself shall prove.

THE SIBYL.

What strikes us most forcibly, at the first glance over the above lines, is the strong resemblance which "The Sibyl," as the author of them "bears to the far-famed heroes of the Baviad and Mæviad." Not 'Laura Maria,' 'Edwin,' 'Tony Pasquin,' 'Mit Yenda,' nor even 'Berty Greathead's' self, could force together more delectable nonsense than has been collected in a very narrow span by this potent 'Sibyl.' The Sibyls of old used to place their prophetic verses on detached pieces of paper at the mouth of their cave; from whence they were frequently blown away and lost, by a rude and untimely blast of wind, to the great disappointment of their votaries. How happy should New-England feel, that the labours of her 'Sibyl' have been exempt from any such destructive casualty; that they have been finished and put together entire, without the coming of a single gale of sense or spirit to agitate or disturb their mellifluous lullaby. 'Stormy clouds,' 'light reviling,' 'dewy tear,' 'brighter brilliance dawning,' 'sun-like beams that ne'er can die,' 'furious fiends,' 'secret slanders,' 'noisome vapours,' 'haggard envy prone to languish,' 'fervid rays,' 'summer cloud desisting,' 'envious gloom,' 'virgin snow,' 'fairest fountains,' 'sparkling brilliance,' and a galaxy of other excellencies, follow each other in smooth and uninterrupted succession, and must serve to mark the poet as one of the true breed of Cruscan geese. We regret the want of time to examine and illustrate the various merits of his composition. We cannot help remarking, however, that from the second of these notable stanzas we should fear, lest not America, but Ireland, has had the honour of giving birth to this mighty genius. He says,

"But ere yet another morning
Drink the cold earth's dewy tear,
Light in brighter brilliance dawning,
Shall the dark horizon clear."

Now, how 'light' can be made to dawn, and to 'clear the horizon' before 'morning' or sun rise, is a thing conceivable only, we think, by an Hibernian understanding. Again, the poet seems a little out in his natural philosophy, when he makes the dew come out of the bowels of the earth—'Cold earth's dewy tear,'—As if the earth were shedding tears, because it was 'cold.' After this marvel-

lous fine conceit, we may expect, on getting up, the first frosty morning of this winter, to hear the ground crying out with anguish, and perhaps borrowing the very words of Mad Tom in the play of King Lear, 'Poor Tom's a cold—a cold.' Not noticing many trifling licences in grammar, such as learning 'haggard envy' and 'hate' in the 5th stanza quite destitute of any verb to depend on, let us contemplate towards the conclusion, the amazing Protean power of changing its form and nature, which the poet gives to Mr. Jefferson's 'fame.' In the 9th stanza, the President's 'fame' is made both to 'flow' like a river, and yet to 'remain' like a column.—In the succeeding stanza this 'fame' is 'firm' and 'towering' like 'the mountains,' then again it is 'crowned with snow,' and then again it is 'pure' like 'fairest fountains of sparkling brilliance.' And in the concluding stanza, this same 'fame' is 'clear' like the 'light when first created,' next it is 'chaste' like 'angel's love,' afterwards it takes 'wings' to fly up like a bird, and last of all it is 'deathless,' or like 'time,' never to die. Verily, to be learned is a main pretty thing: Moreover it is a right useful thing; for, were it not for this poet's great knowledge, how should we ever have been able to find out, that 'light' is now nothing to what it used to be, and that the nearer we go back to the moment when 'light' was 'first created' the more, 'clear' we shall behold it to have been. We have nothing to say against the political attachments of 'the Sibyl.' Viewing the piece itself as being, on the whole, the strongest concentration of absurdities and folly that we have lately seen, we are ready to allow, that the doggrel rhymester has been fortunate in fixing on a fit object for the praises of his verse. The subject is worthy of the Eulogist.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

On a topic, so trite as the danger of Intemperance, it could hardly be expected that the pen of Genius could communicate any thing, which could detain vagrant attention. The following extract from a Baltimore paper will please all, and may reform some. "Intemperance is the positive enemy of all solid enjoyment. It is honey in the mouth, but bitter ashes in digestion. It is the father of unnumbered vices.—What errors, what pains, what miseries does it not produce? And what are its benefits? They are known only to the apothecary, doctor and undertaker.

He, who has been long used to his rich wines, his spices, his creams and costly meats, looks with a degree of horror on the virtue of temperance. But he, who has tasted the cup of excess; has experienced all the unreal enjoyment of luxurious poisons; and has become wisely simple and regular in his diet; in full possession of cheerful spirits and vigorous health; would not exchange his happy mood of mind, his gay and quiet hours, for the morning headache, the forenoon mental vacuity, the afternoon nap, the hypochondriac hours, the uneasy rest of the night, with much turning on the bed, the indigesting stomach, the trembling hand, the bloody eye, the choleric, palsy, gout, distress, despair, that accompany the bacchanalian, no, not if Andes in gold attended the barter.

Neither talents, wealth nor fame can supply the want of prudence and temperance. Let every man who prefers happiness to misery, engrave on the tablet of his memory the following excellent lines from Milton, and never forget them when he eats or drinks."

"There is, said Michael, if thou well observe,
THE RULE OF NOT TOO MUCH, by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st, seeking from thence,
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight,
Till many years over thine head return;
So may'st thou live, till like RIPE FRUIT thou drop
Into thy mother's lap; or be with ease
Gather'd, not barely pluck'd."

FROM PARIS, AUGUST 1.

"Mr. Fenwick, the late Consul at Bordeaux, lately applied to President Jefferson for another appointment; the President told him, the public voice was so much against him, that he could not give him a public appointment; but observed at the same time, that the Treasury would take care of him. Accordingly Mr. Fenwick is sent to Amsterdam, as banker of the United States, with a promise that all the monies paid in Europe by the United States, shall go through his hands. Thus a Minister resident of 4500 dollars, is displaced to make way for one, who will make out of the United States at least 20,000 dollars!! Such is modern economy.

"I am informed, that a number of our countrymen have celebrated the 4th of July at Bordeaux, in a truly democratic style, with the American Consul as President, and the American Consul for Lisbon, as Vice President. After dinner, a number of democratic toasts were drank; and the President with a torch, blew up a ginger-bread bastille erected for the occasion, while the music played *Ca-Ira, Carmagnole* and *Marseillois*. The day happening to be on the Sabbath, it was proposed to postpone until Monday the celebration. This, however, was overruled by the men of the "Age of Reason."

The subsequent record of an Hymeneal union is copied from that classical paper, *The New-York American Citizen*, edited by a fugitive foreigner. The poetry is one of the finest specimens of democratic harmony, with which we have ever been indulged.

MARRIED,

Last Evening, by the Rev. Mr. Strebeck, Mr. Ralph Bogert, to the amiable Miss Sarah Bonte, both of this city.

Long may they in hymen's bands be blest,
And crown'd with wealth and happiness.

The Irish are frequently ridiculed for their propensity to those absurd or illsorted phrases, commonly called *blunders*, or *bulls*. This charge is often unjust, and many an Irish scholar expresses himself, with as much purity and precision, as his criticising neighbours. At any rate, not many American Aristarchuses have a right to sneer at any of the incongruous forms of vicious diction. One of our morning papers, published during the invasion of the Yellow Fever, describes *advancing* motion by a *retrograde* step. Of such a *progress* the mind even of those, whose judgment is most acute, and, whose fancy is most fruitful, cannot have any adequate notion. We copy the article, and then leave our classical readers to determine, whether the following paragraph may be considered as a kind of mystical response from the oracle of Delphos, or only an enchanting specimen of that American idiom, which, thanks to our love of *French models*, thanks to our ignorance, and thanks to our *Patriotism* is daily triumphing over the barbarity of pure English. "From the two reports of the Board of Health and the Burials given below, as well as the inquiries made since their meeting, we have reason to draw the most favourable conclusions; and, if the disorder that has alarmed the citizens should *progress in its present retrograde motion*! we shall, by the latter end of the week, have little occasion for reports on the subject, and less for alarm."

From a wise and worthy writer we copy the following sentiments with the fullest approbation. "Nothing can be more despicable than to flatter the mob. When I see a man of education and fortune put himself upon a level with the dregs of the people, mingle with the lowest vulgar, feed with them at the same board, and drink with them in

the same cup, flatter their prejudices, expose himself to the belchings of their beer, the fumes of their tobacco, the grossness of their familiarity, and the impertinence of their conversation, I cannot help despising him, as a man guilty of the vilest prostitution, in order to effect a purpose, equally selfish and illiberal.

Perhaps the following may explain the cause of the giddiness of many a democratic upstart. If negro drivers and hucksters should become suddenly rich and powerful, they know not how; if speculators, militia officers, town meeting bawlers; men of low birth and no breeding, should find themselves suddenly elevated to rank in the Commonwealth, no wonder that their brains should be intoxicated with pride, vanity, and presumption.

Curious Alliteration.—Last week died Sir HUNGERFORD HOSKINS, of Harewood Hall, Hertfordshire.
[London paper.]

A correct writer speaking of one of the upstarts of revolution, describes him as one of those *obscure* men, whom the hands of the *populace* have *lifted* into notice. We ought to apologize for taking any notice of him, if the example of France did not show to what heights such *low fellows* are raised in a *general fermentation*.

No man possesses such a *Genius* for the *palpable obscure*, as the Attorney General of the United States. His essays are of a most rueful length, and it is impossible to tell their meaning. "Plunging from gulf to gulf a vast profound" seems to be a good motto for this shallow politician, and mere attorney.

In a satiric Poem, which I have lately read, whose object is to lash the political absurdities of the day, and, above all, to add new contempt to the silly theory of *The rights of Man*, I find the following passage.

Convinced that Providence mistook her way,
And proud to mark the errors of her sway;
Let all be equal, FOLLY shouts aloud,
Be equal all, responds the mad'd'ning crowd.

In New England, it is a vulgar proverb, as beautiful and as true, as any in Dr. Franklin's works, that "nobody knows who is governor, till election day be past," but the worthy republicans of New Jersey have lived to falsify this adage; even an election day still leaves them inquiring, *who shall reign over us?*

We read the following in a morning paper, and extract it with alacrity, because we hope it will be incentive to farther improvement. It is amazing that the road from this city to New-York should be so shamefully bad, as to excite not only fatigue and terror among our own travellers, but the just sarcasms of every foreigner. "The improvement of the roads, in this state, merits distinguished approbation. Every where we see proofs of attention to this object. In every direction we see new turnpike roads opening, and the spirit of repairing the public highways diffusing itself more widely. The advantages resulting hence to agriculture and commerce, are more and more known and felt. When the improved roads of this State are compared with the road that connects the two largest and most populous cities of the United States, (New-York and Philadelphia) a traveller is astonished at the difference. Perhaps there is no road in any part of America that would so well bear the expense of a turnpike as the road in question—yet there is, perhaps, no highway, in any part of our country, in so deplorable a state. When the ground is perfectly settled, it is passable—but if the winter be open and wet, and invariably when the

frost first leaves the ground in the spring, it is oftentimes so obstructed that it is with difficulty the mail can be transported from one city to the other. When will some public spirited character take up this business, and devise a plan for securing to the citizens of the United States, a safe and agreeable road, at all seasons of the year, between two of the richest commercial cities in the union? The man, or association of men, who shall accomplish this object, will, indeed, deserve well of their country.

A gentleman inquired of one of the performers who was engaged at Mr. Stopford's late Benefit Concert at Halifax, in honour of the Peace, how the Manager could conceive so strange an idea as to introduce the *Dead March* in Saul, on a rejoicing occasion? "What could be more proper," replied the son of Orpheus; "were we not *burying* all animosities?"
[Morn. Post.]

Pope's grounds at Twickenham are expected to sell for six thousand guineas.
[ib.]

Painter, the Waterman, who saved GEORGE ROSE, has obtained the name of *Salvator Rosa*. [ib.]

My arrival, says Tom Paine, in his first letter to the people, has struck it, (the faction in the agonies of death) as with an hydrophobia; it is like the sight of water to *canine madness*.—A gentleman, on reading this, pleasantly observed, that Paine's simile would have been much stronger had he said, it was like the sight of water to *himself*.

Was the Calcutta pole, which makes so lofty an appearance in the annals of Duane, a *liberty* pole, or was it a *catch* pole?

THE DEMOCRAT AND TURTLE....A FACT.

A democratic candidate for *Congress, speaking to a large congregation, who had assembled to hear his sage reasoning, after exhausting the whole fund of abuse which the Aurora had furnished him with, against John Adams, the sedition law, gag law, &c. &c. in a very lofty tone of voice said, "let us, my fellow-citizens, imitate the turtle, draw our heads within our shells and be secure from all our enemies." Shortly after this famous harangue was delivered, a new created self-conceited politician in company with many more of the stamp, (who had met in a public house, to regale themselves with a little of the celebrated Gallatin Cordial) was very loud in praise of the Hon. Candidate's speech, particularly that part, which he conceived, contained such wholesome advice for our safety, in imitating the Turtle. An old gentleman, who had for some time remained a silent spectator of his folly, at length got very deliberately up, and thrust his hand behind his neck. Much surprised at the old gentleman's conduct, he inquired hastily "what he meant by it." "No harm, sir," replied the old gentleman, "I only wanted to feel if you had a shell on your back," "Shell on the devil," exclaimed the fiery politician, "who ever saw a man with a shell on his back?" "I never did," replied the old gentleman, "but concluded you must have one on yours, from your commending so highly, the honourable candidate's advice, which can be of no service to you without one." The poor demo, brought to a sense of his ignorance by this reply, slunk out of company, and perhaps never before or since, stood so much in need of a shell to protect him from his enemies, as he then did, to hide his confused and brainless head.

[Anti-Democrat.]

* G. C., esq. of H. and C. County.

† Rye Whisky.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON THE DEATH OF A TAR.

A SONG.

FRANK FID was a tar d'ye see,
As true, as e'er handed a sail,
Though the ship's gunnel in, yet still he
Would laugh at the noise of the gale.
With his grog 'gainst the storm he prepar'd,
And squirted the juice of the quid,
Now below, now toss'd high on the yard,
'Twas all just the same to Frank Fid.

One day, off the Cape of Good Hope,
As head to the wind lying to,
His foot took the bite of a rope,
And bilg'd poor Frank's skull on the fu:.*
The Doctor was sounding his brain,
While the blood from his scuppers ran fast;
"Avast!" he cried, "caulking's in vain,
For Death has sheer-hulk'd me at last.

"Come, mess-mates, no longer deplore;
What's life? but a squall at the best!
And tho' I can cheer you no more,
I mount to the truck of the blest;
I never fear'd danger, nor toil,
While an inch of life's brace stood the shock,
But now the last flake of my coil
Is rec'd through eternity's block.

"Through life's stormy sea as I sail'd,
By the compass of Friendship I steer'd,
And ne'er by Distress was I hail'd
But my lockers still open appear'd;
And whilst, with a shot they were stor'd,
None ever unaided went by,
When prog they no more would afford,
I gave all I had—'twas a sigh!

"I feel I must weigh—while I speak
Death's Capstan heaves short on my heart—
My anchor is almost a-peak—
What then! I have acted my part:
Safe birth'd in Felicity's bay,
I shall ride by the Kedge of Delight!
Gi's your hands then"—No more he could say,
His soul went aloft in our sight.

FERDINANDO.

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM AN EASTERN PAPER.

[Among the numerous accomplishments of a certain wise and virtuous Great Man, the public have not yet been informed that he possesses the fire and the soul of a poet. Scarce a day now passes, without developing some new and unexpected excellence in the character of that incomparable man; and the following song will abundantly prove, that his poetical powers are not less conspicuous than his philosophical acuteness, and his capacious and his minute acquirements as a statesman. It was indeed written under the immediate and omnipotent inspiration of Love; but its inimitable beauties of sentiment amply demonstrate, that its author has a genius of universal application. The lovers of the muses will regret that the cares of the NATION have deprived us of "so sweet an Ovid."

O! fomose puer! nimium ne crede colori!
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur,

A PHILOSOPHIC LOVE-SONG.

TO SALLY.

Let poets sing, and striplings sigh,
For damsels bright and fair,
The ruby lip, the sapphire eye,
The silken, auburn hair:

My philosophic taste disdains
Such paltry charms as those—

* The Sailor's abridgement of the *Fluke of the anchor*.

Scorns the smooth skin's transparent veins,
And cheeks that shame the rose.

In glaring red, and chalky white,
Let others beauty see;
Me no such tawdry tints delight—
No! black's the hue for me!*

What though my Sally's nose be flat,
'Tis harder, then, to break it—
Her skin is sable—what of that?
'Tis smooth as oil can make it.

If down her neck no ringlets flow,
A fleece adorns her head—
If on her lips no rubies glow,
Their thickness serves instead.

Thick pouting lips! how sweet their grace!
When passion fires to kiss them!
Wide spreading over half the face,
Impossible to miss them.

Thou, Sally, thou, my house shalt keep,
My widow'd tears shall dry!
My virgin daughters—see! they weep—
Their mother's place supply.

Oh! Sally! hearken to my vows!
Yield up thy swarthy charms—
My best lov'd! my more than spouse,
Oh! take me to thy arms!

ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED ONLY SON.

TRANSLATED FROM A DANISH INSCRIPTION.

BY T. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

Can mortal solace ever raise
The broken pillar of my days;
Or late restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here.

Ah no my, Darco, latest given
And last reclaimed gift of Heaven!
Possessing thee, I still could bless
One lingering beam of happiness:—
My lov'd, my lost, my only care,
I vainly thought with thee to share
Thy heart's discourse, so gently kind,
And mould to worth thy pliant mind,
Nor warn'd of all my future woe,
Presum'd on happiness below!
But, losing thee, my blooming boy,
I cannot lose another joy;
For all that stay'd my earthly trust
With thee is buried in the dust!

Nine charming years had fraught with grace
Thy sprightly soul and lovely face,
Where harshness had not planted fear
Nor sorrow wrung one silent tear;
But frank and warm my Darco flew
To share each welcome and adieu—
Each word, each thought, each look to 'tend,
My child, my scholar and my friend!

Oh, when his gaily—smiling talk
Endear'd my sweet, my summer walk;
Or when I sat, at day's decline
And clasp'd his little hand in mine,
How many woes were then forgot—
How blissful seem'd his father's lot!
And breathing love, my bosom said,
Thus, on a dying couch when laid—

* In Addison's Cato, we find a warm advocate for African beauty. Syphax, when observing Juba to be enamour'd with the Roman maids, thus speaks to his Prince of the beautiful damsels of Numidia: "The glowing dames of Zama's royal court, have faces flush'd with more exalted charms. Were you with these my Prince, you'd soon forget the pale unripen'd beauties of the North."

Thus shall I bid thee, Darco, stand,
And grasp thee with my failing hand!
Cold, cold, thou pledge of future charms,
As her who gave, thee to my arms,
My buried hopes your grave is one—
And Mary sleeps beside her son!

Now hush, my heart!—afflicting Heaven,
Thy will be done, thy solace given;
For mortal hand can never raise
The broken Pillar of my days,
Or earth restore a form so dear
As that which lies unconscious here!

THE DIRGE OF WALLACE.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

They lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chanted their holiest Hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with af-
fright—

Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie went for her Lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her Curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the Raven had flapp'd at her window board,
To tell of her Warrior's doom!

"Now sing ye the death song and loudly pray
"For the soul of my Knight so dear;
"And call me a Widow this wretched day,
"Since the warning of God is here!
"For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:
"The Lord of my bosom is doom'd to die;
"His valorous heart they have wounded deep;
"And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
"For Wallace of Elderslie."

Yet knew not his country that ominous hour,
Ere the loud Matin Bell was rung,
That a Trumpet of Death on an English Tower
Had the Dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a Martyr slain,
No Anthem was sung at his holy death bed;
No weeping there was, when his bosom bled—
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh, it was not thus when his oaken spear
Was true to that Knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd, like Deer,
At the blast of the Hunter's horn;
When he strode in the wreck of each well fought
field

With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd in helmet or shield,
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to
wield
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, tho' the Wallace Wight
For his long lov'd Country die,
The Bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight
Than William of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart;
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd;
From its blood-streaming altar his Spirit shall start,
Tho' the Raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 45.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Emigrants....Emigration to America is advisable to swindlers....And to the lowest class of people in the south of Germany....Hessians....Swabians.

The most important object for an emigrant is the knowledge of the people among whom he seeks a refuge. The knowledge of the land is but of secondary importance; for the people with whom we have to do, are much more essential in the estimate of our happiness than the mere natural objects around us. But after having given the characteristic description of the people, and of the land, it is proper, for the information of those who are inclined to go to America, to treat in particular of the various classes of emigrants.

From what has been said, it appears sufficiently clear, that for the class of Swindlers, the United States of North-America are a country after their own heart. The facility of obtaining credit and making an advantageous bankruptcy there, opens a most extensive field to the usual animated activity of such gentlemen. The stupidity of the peasants, descended from parents who came from the southern part of Germany, enables them to appear as fortune-tellers, conjurors, preachers, physicians, or surgeons, and wipe the purses of their stupid dupes. Since the French, from the West-Indies, have introduced there Pharo and *rouge et noir* banks, these ingenious people make the green creoles and country boobies pay the tribute due to superior genius. Virginia was at all times the land of gamblers. Where every one speculates, and there is such plentiful occasion for speculation, a swindler must of course live and thrive in his element. A skilful European cheat finds, among the Americans, many competitors, but none but simpletons can be taken in by American cut-purses; they cheat in the face of the sun, and can beat or gull only people like themselves. But as the gentlemen-jugglers and cut-purses contrive to live, where honest folks starve, we need not be at all concerned about their success in America, where nobody starves. We shall not pursue them, therefore, through their windings in that country, but, to deliver our own from them, recommend to them a tour thither, and wish them a good voyage.

The lowest class of poor peasants, especially in South Germany,* the swineherds, the beggars, the

poorest day labourers in Swabia, Franconia, and the Palatinate, may likewise be advised to emigrate to America, and join their cousins, brothers, &c. who in many instances have grown rich there by

sylvania, wrote, when he was assistant preceptor of the school at Nordheim. He divides Germany into South and North, by a chain of mountains, which he supposes to rise at the white mountain, near Teschen, in Silesia, and which afterwards forms the boundary between Moravia and Silesia, and then between Bohemia, Moravia, Austria, the Upper Palatinate, and Franconia. He reckons Bohemia as a part of North Germany, because the southern boundaries form the separation of the waters, as the rivers rising there flow in opposite directions. This chain, which he calls the division mountain, then takes the name of Fichtelberg, then that of the Thuringian forest, afterwards that of Vogelberg, and he brings it on to join upon the Rhine, not far from Dusseldorf, too far north, as it should seem, seeing that the chain of the division mountains join that river between Bonn and Coblenz. He follows this chain of mountains again beyond the Rhine, where I will leave him. He divides North Germany into a mountainous part and a maritime part "*Germania montana*" and "*Germania maritima*." The first includes Hesse, Thuringia, Upper Saxony (not the whole circle of Upper Saxony) Upper Lusace, and the mountainous part of Silesia. He divides again the second into Westphalia, and Lower Saxony and Vandalia. By Vandalia he means Holstein, Mecklenburg, Pomerania, Brandenburg, the electoral circle and lower Lusace. His subdivisions of south Germany are, I believe, according to the rivers. His division of North Germany appears to me equally new and accurate. But he has not remarked as far as I remember, a second chain of mountains, which run nearly parallel to the division mountains. The Harz is certainly a part of this chain; to the westward of it, is the mountain which separates Hesse from Hanover. The duchy of Westphalia, according to all appearance, likewise belongs to it. Although this chain in many places sinks so low as to appear to be interrupted, it continues to run in ranges of hills, perceptible perhaps to the eye of an observer. It is well known, for example, that the natural boundaries of upper and lower Lusace may easily be distinguished. The division mountains and this chain include a long, beautiful, fertile valley, which comprises Hesse, Thuringia, &c. This valley, and country situated to the northward of the northern chain of mountains, may very safely contend with the finest parts of North-America. In South Germany, too, not only these regions, but also the beautiful countries of Holstein, Mecklenburg, and Lauenburg, are seldom equalled. In respect to fertility, there are certainly some districts upon the Elbe equal to the most fruitful parts of South Germany, if not superior. In respect to climate there can be little difference between the two halves of Germany. Mr. Hess remarks in his fugitive pieces that the catable chesnut thrives in the neighbourhood of Altona. The vine succeeds only in certain advantageous situations to any high degree of excellence in South Germany, and perhaps it might thrive equally well, in similar situations, in the northern division. It appears by documents that the Mark of Brandenburg formerly produced much wine. We are indebted to Mr. Professor Meiners for more correct ideas upon the proportionable goodness of south and north Germany. Before that respectable author appeared, Germany was in truth almost a "*terra incognita*;" for I make no account of mere general information. North-Germany is divided by the Weser, the Elbe, and the Oder, into three large portions, if the country to the westward of the Rhine and to the eastward of the Oder, be not taken into the account. The first between the Rhine and the Weser, the second between the Weser and the Elbe: the third between the Elbe and the Oder. Every one of these parts may be divided again into mountainous and flat lands. The division mountains are the natural boundaries to the southward, as the Baltic, the Eider, and the Northsea are to the northward.

excessive labour. It is remarkable that even the lowest class of northern Germans are never, or at most very seldom pleased with America. Perhaps the principal cause of this may be, because there are so many southern Germans there, and those two nations have a strong antipathy against each other. I met with a Brandenburger who shed bitter tears, because he could not return again to the old Mark, his native country. I told him he would be there exposed to be forced to enlist as a soldier, he answered that he had rather live as a soldier in Prussia, than remain here, though he could earn high wages for his daily labour. A Mecklenburger said the same, and added, that he was determined to return by the first ship to his dear native country.

Of the northern Germans, the Hessians alone are pleased with America. They emigrate thither in great numbers, and are glad to get to a country where, say they, "we shall be able to drink coffee." They take no notice of the hatred which the Americans bear towards them since the war. "A damn'd Hessian," is the name which the Swabian populace of Pennsylvania readily bestow upon every German. The causes of this Hessian emigration are well known.

Judging from what I have seen in Pennsylvania, I must conclude the South-German, and particularly the Swabian peasants to be much below those of upper and lower Saxony. Of the former, indeed, none but the dregs of the country people emigrated to America. But in the Saxon circle, even the day labourer is neither so coarse and ignorant, nor so ugly as the South-German emigrants to America, and their descendants. The language of the South-Germans is likewise much harsher; and hence Mr. Hess thinks that the south part of Germany should be called *Deutschland*, and the north *Deutschland*. The only objection to this is, that the upper Saxons, who are northern Germans, use the first of these expressions too. The language is certainly softer in the mouth of the northern Germans, and especially of the lower Saxons, than in the throat of the Swabians. The fine cultivation of the meadows in Pennsylvania is the work of Wurtembergers. They are all artificially watered, which is, however, here very easy, owing to the numerous brooks which issue from the hills.

A Wurtemburger by the name of Sager, who had practised as a physician at Charleston, and then came to Pennsylvania to buy a farm, but prudently forbore the purchase when he found that it would produce nothing, said to me, that Wurtemberg was a paradise in comparison with the rest of Germany, but a hell in comparison with America. This Swabian declared that North Germany was an hundred years behind hand of Wurtemberg in point of information and farming, and that we poor northern Germans were all despicable slaves. Upon my remarking then that America was to be sure an excellent place of refuge for emigrants of a certain class, he cried out with all his might, "No...but for every person who has learnt any thing." Hereupon I took the liberty to answer, that it was especially a good place for bunglers, every one

* The divisions of Germany into North and South, has in modern times become more and more general among writers. It has been at length remarked that there are natural boundaries which divide Germany into two equal parts. I have seen in America a Latin dissertation upon the natural geography of Germany, which a man by the name of Reichenbach, who now lives at Lancaster in Penn-

having the liberty of practising any sort of business, and because in the land of the blind the one-eyed people are sharp-sighted.

CHAPTER II.

Redemptioners....Cruelty of a ship-captain to certain persons of that description....A Russian captain.

These people are commonly unable to pay the master of the vessel for their passage, and, therefore, he generally sells them for three years upon their arrival in America. These kind of goods have grown very dear; twenty guineas are now paid for the three years. The owner of another man's powers for three years, must give him food and cloathing, or at least something that he calls such. The Pennsylvanians maintain that nothing honest can ever be made of these redemptioners, who by this slavery are immediately made homogeneous with the lands, and they think it would in general be best if no Europeans other than such redemptioners should emigrate. In such case they would, indeed, be secure from censure, and might live on, unnoticed in their stew.

The most distressing circumstance for these poor people is the separation of families. The children are often sold at a great distance from their parents. They are besides often ill-treated by the ship-captains; who beat them and give them stinking meat to eat. Hunger is still more frequently their lot. There are, in America, societies who inquire of these people upon their arrival, whether they have been ill treated by the sea-faring people. But the captains take care to supply them abundantly with every thing at the end of their voyage, to efface the previous ill-impressions, and the joy at seeing themselves relieved from the sufferings and dangers of a voyage, contributes to the same effect.

The American ship-captains often practice real cruelty upon these poor wretches, though more upon the Irish than upon the Germans; which no doubt proceeds from the circumstance that the Irish migrate in much greater numbers. Thus, for example, all the Philadelphia newspapers related, in the year 1796, that the captain of a ship, who had many hundred Irishmen on board, suffered two hundred of them to perish with hunger; that for several days successively he gave them no provisions at all, and that, upon his arrival in America, he sold to an house of ill-fame, a girl of fifteen, whom on the passage he had got with child. The ship remained at Wilmington, because an infectious distemper prevailed on board. Of the punishment of this sea-monster, the newspapers never said a word; and I myself dare not, for fear of the German Americomanes, express here my surprise at the impunity of such a wretch, who, as far as I know, was never called to any account; for they would say I blame the American administration of justice because it does not, upon all occasions, hang, and break upon the wheel. Joy, therefore, to the Americomanes, upon the impunity of the worthy gentleman ship-captain!! and long live the mild justice of the United North-American States!!!

Strong farming workmen or tradesmen find an easy sale. But sometimes an unsaleable article creeps in, and lays for a long time upon the owner's hands. Officers and men of letters are such articles. The captain who imports such goods knows not the market. I saw a Russian captain remain a whole week long as ballast on board a ship, and not a soul shew an inclination for him. He was a mere drug. The master of the ship constantly urged him to find a purchaser, and offered, in such a case, to let Mr. Captain off at 50 per cent discount; for it was easy to see that no use whatever could be made of him, &c. &c. He sent the captain round in

the city to attract a purchaser; but no such thing as an *amateur* was to be found. The captain talked of nothing but running people through with bayonets, which he pretended to have practised very largely against the Turks and Poles. This spitting of people was in truth all he knew, when he was analysed in his first element. At length the owner and master of the vessel let him go, for a promissory note to pay his freight in six months time; hopes being given him of a place as schoolmaster in the country; this place he obtained. What he will teach the boys, and especially the girls, I know not: for as I have observed, he understands nothing but spitting. While he lay as dead goods on board the ship, he was continually writing threatening letters to the empress of Russia, who, he pretended, owed him money. When he inquired of me, how he should procure payment of this debt, I advised him to raise an army of two hundred thousand men.

CHAPTER III.

Of Redemptioners, in continuation....The best thing an European of education, and without money, can do there, is, to commence pedlar....Indifference towards the sciences....Schoolmaster Reiche.

The horrors of a winter voyage, for these redemptioners, who are heaped up together in what is called the ship's steerage, can be more easily conceived than described. They must endure every calamity. Hunger, cold, thirst, blows, vermin, filth, sickness, and often the plague. I know not whether the hope of earning, after a three years slavery, more than in Europe, by daily labour, can be equivalent for so many sufferings.

From all this it may surely be concluded, that a man of education must use all possible endeavours to avoid falling into the unhappy necessity of selling himself in America. If such a person can pay for his passage, but has no capital with which to commence business, I know nothing better for him than to turn pedlar. Should he have been even a field-marshal in Europe, he would do well to assume the part of a pedlar, rather than to learn a trade, or fell trees, a work for which well-educated gentlemen are not remarkably qualified. If he has no money at all, it will still be easy for him to obtain, upon credit, goods to a small amount, which he may sell at a profit of an hundred per cent to the farmer's wives and daughters: he can then return to Philadelphia, purchase more goods again, and proceed as before. This employment is, indeed, for a man of taste, not the most exalted. There is little dignity in playing the Harlequin before farmer's wives, to prevail upon them to purchase trash, at treble the price for which they might buy it in town. Yet, for an European fine gentleman, without money, it is the best thing to be done in America; for a schoolmaster is not only a much tormented creature, but is so badly paid, that he must follow some other business, besides the disgusting trade of schoolmaster, to procure a mere subsistence.

Tradesmen of all kinds can, unquestionably, get a living in America. But it is not so easy for them to attain a comfortable condition. If the price of labour be incomparably greater than in Europe, and they can, of course, earn much more, the price of every article, is in the same proportion higher, so that the balance is entirely restored. In this country every thing favours trade, and especially foreign trade. The working up of raw materials is rather impeded than advanced by the commercial and fiscal establishments of the country.

That artists, and men of letters, as such, are not received with open arms in America, and that

treasures are not showered down upon them for the productions of their genius, is sufficiently known in Europe. "The country is too young for this," say Europeans and Americans. "We must not wish to reap before seed-time," say the European Americomanes; and if the advancement of the arts, not of immediate necessity, is mentioned, even the polished Americans inquire, "what is their use?" that is, "how can they bring us in money?" This infancy of the country so often alleged, to excuse so many things, may well be doubted, when we consider the state of morals which is exactly similar to those of the decrepid European states, which the gentlemen Americomanes so pleasantly style crippled; as they call poor Europe a crippled quarter of the world. It is highly unbecoming for youth to indulge itself so much in luxury, and to be more addicted to avarice, even than decrepid old age. It would besides be an insoluble problem, how the outcasts of societies altogether crippled, (I ask pardon, for the frequent repetition here of this favourite word of the gentlemen Americomanes) by vice, could have erected such a vigorous youthful state, if the fact were so. This absurd and false pretence of youth must no longer be adduced to excuse the Americans for their clownish contempt of the beautiful, and their barbarian indifference towards the sciences which do not immediately bring in money. They must not be held out as a philosophical people, while philosophers starve among them. It is insufferable to hear them called an ingenious, noble, feeling people, while a brewer's boy is more esteemed among them than a great painter, sculptor, poet, or musician.

It would be altogether intolerable to apply in favour of the Americans, the opinion of the Genevan philosopher, in respect to the influence of the arts and sciences upon the morals; the person who should do this, would prove that he did not understand that great man. He himself declares the cultivation of the arts and sciences, to be a palliative among corrupt nations, by the removal of which the evil would become still worse, and appear in its utmost deformity. The Americans greatly need such a palliative.

From the contempt in which the German language stands among the Americans, it is evident that German men of letters ought to be the last of all to go to America. The example of the schoolmaster Reiche,* who died here in wretched poverty, though he had been invited to Pennsylvania, to be minister of the church in Philadelphia, is discouraging enough. My advice, therefore, to men of letters and artists, is to stay at home.

CHAPTER IV.

Physicians—Surgeons—Apothecaries—Clergymen.

Physicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries find abundant employment in a country where fevers of all denominations and colours prevail, where rheumatism, palsy, gout, pleurisy, &c. are so common; where apoplexy, dropsy, &c. &c. offer up so many wretched victims to drunkenness, and America would really be a gold mine for persons of those professions, if the ability to pay, were in proportion to the general sickness. But this is not the case. A physician, whom I met with in the mountains of Pennsylvania, complained very much of bad payment. One half the sums which physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, all which professions are practised at once by the same persons in the inland parts, or which merchants have in

* He published a German gazette. It may be imagined how profitable this was, by considering that the payment in advance, for a whole year, was—one dollar!—No!—not the payment in advance, but the subscription—which the subscribers pay just when they please or can.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Blanchard—Migrating manufacturers alter their plans, and turn speculators—Merchants must be acquainted with the peculiarities of American commerce—Delius the merchant.

their account books, they must consider as lost. There are however some richer neighbourhoods, where this is not the case; such as the sea ports, and the county of Lancaster. But they are obliged to give their attendance upon credit, excepting in the sea ports, or otherwise they have very little practice. The healing art however in all its branches is next to commerce, the most profitable business. A skilful physician, or surgeon, in a country where there are so many bunglers employed in keeping the boat of Charon constantly full, must soon have an extensive circle of operation for his art. There are able Europeans in this line, and Americans too, such for example as Doctor Rush, who are in great business. But the quacks, and makers of experiments "*in anima vili*" continue nevertheless to follow their own courses. When I went to America, I had one for a fellow passenger. He called himself a surgeon. Some days after my arrival in Philadelphia I met him in the street; and upon my asking him where he meant to go, he answered that he had been advised to go immediately into the western country, where he hoped to find something or other to cut up. I afterwards heard he had been practising tooth drawing upon dogs. Wherever he saw a dog he fell upon him and broke a tooth out of his head. After following this habit a while, he thought he might begin to do the same with human beings. How he succeeded I know not. I suppose however that he broke a couple of dozen necks, or at least occasioned sufferings inexpressible.

Of the theological faculty, those who possess the art of assuming the mask of orthodoxy may be tolerably sure of obtaining a place as clergymen, among the German Pennsylvanians. The heterodoxy of schoolmaster Reiche, did him much injury. Even Mr. Muhlenberg himself, the clergyman at Lancaster, though otherwise very partial in favour of his countrymen, acknowledges that the Germans there, in respect to religious instruction, are fifty years behind hand with Germany. The Calvinistic and Lutheran societies reciprocally hate each other, and strive to give each other all possible vexations. They are attached to those religious systems, I believe, chiefly for the sake of the doctrine of exclusive salvation, a creed to which they are devoted in its fullest orthodox sense, or rather nonsense, and which is very convenient for them, because they think it relieves them from the troublesome obligations of active charity, and the performance of their duties. Orthodox divines therefore, may go to America, with a moral certainty of making their way; and I wish they would all go, together with the class of emigrants first mentioned in this part of my work.

The clergy are maintained by the voluntary subscriptions of their respective societies. Every individual gives what he pleases, or if he has no occasion for a clergyman, gives nothing. The public government, make it not at all their concern. The clergymen therefore, are dependent upon their flocks. There are commonly two parties; one for the minister, and the other in opposition. By the latter every action of the clergyman is blamed, and by the former, from party spirit, approved. A clergyman told me that he found it impossible ever to satisfy his opponents. If he rode his horse fast, they would say "the parson rides like a hussar." If he rode slow, they would exclaim "the parson is lazy, &c." These inconveniences are however compensated by a considerable income, collected by the subscriptions.

The clergy enjoy besides, the advantage of having nothing to pay at the inns when they travel; hence it is, that so many adventurers fall to preaching. I knew one, who was at the same time a joiner. Yet he preached as well as others upon an average. It does not appear that the clergy lose any of their estimation by this absolute dependence upon their society.

Among the emigrants who do not succeed well in America, are likewise included the air balloon gentry, if we may judge from what happened to Mr. Blanchard. Those who have read my letters from America, published in Mr. Archenholz's *Minerva*, must already know that Blanchard has sunk from the dignity of an air balloonist receiving presents from kings, down to the rank of a puppet show man, in taverns, of the class which in Germany we commonly call tippling houses. This trade is far from being so profitable, as in the north of Germany; for the Palatines and Swabians, and their American descendants, especially the Calvinists, are of a much more melancholy turn than the northern Germans, and probably from a mistaken or an hypocritical devotion, have no taste for such worldly amusements. The Irish, and the sots in general, would indeed readily support such exhibitions, but they have no money. Yet, as the wheel of fortune is continually revolving, Mr. Blanchard, before my departure, appeared to be rising again, for he advertised in the newspapers his intention to go up in a balloon at New-York. His ascension at Philadelphia, which was the first instance of such an experiment performed in America, he said had ruined him; for the Philadelphians had subscribed, but after seeing him in the air, kept their money, and many of the subscribers sent him only half a dollar each, to his lodgings. In this manner he lost the expense he had been at, and was ruined. Before his aerial tour, he called the Americans in a pamphlet a wise and happy people. But afterwards, whenever he spoke of them, instead of "Americans," he called them Americoquins.

Manufacturers who come with large capitals to America, and hope to reap great advantages from the establishment of their manufactures, will find themselves greatly disappointed in their expectations, as may be seen by what has preceded. General arguments drawn from the nature of things must lead us necessarily to conclude that America gives special encouragement to the migration of wealthy manufacturers, especially considering the numerous causes which urge them to leave England. But general reasonings devised in one's chamber, concerning an object, twelve hundred miles distant from that chamber, often bear wide from the truth, while so many single circumstances are unknown, which operate to produce an altogether different result. Very respectable writers have believed in such an encouragement of migrating manufacturers; and what could they else, while so many incredible circumstances altering so widely the calculation, were unknown to them? and these very incredible circumstances are the naked truth. In one word it is, that in America, the public good is not at all taken into consideration, in the administration of government; but as a speculative commercial interest, and if things are traced to their source, an English interest are there predominant, all the positive establishments are therefore in direct opposition to the success of manufactures. The principal obstacle is, not so much the want of labourers as the dearthness of labour, and of all articles, which are artificially created. But I have already sufficiently explained these things, for persons who know how to read; and it would be an useless expence of paper here to repeat what I have said. Most of the manufacturers upon arriving in America, alter their plans, and apply themselves to speculation instead of manufactures.

Merchants, who wish to settle in America, will do well first to study the market, and then to learn

the method of trading peculiar to the Americans, before they engage in commercial business there.

For German merchants, who had been bred to trade, assured me in Philadelphia, that they paid dearly for the lessons they had received concerning these peculiarities. With regard to sending goods to America, and entrusting them there to American houses for sale, it must be sufficiently known in Germany, that German commercial houses, unable to obtain any accompts, have been obliged to send agents to America, to recover their debts, and that they have thought themselves lucky to recover after several years, twenty-five per cent. of their capitals. The adventures of the merchant Delius, which have appeared in print, written by baron Knigge, shew all this in its true light, and to the great mortification of the Americomanes fully confirm my opinions. This man relates his commercial sufferings in America, and the ill treatment occasioned by them, which he met with in Europe, and proves the whole by documents annexed. It may be established as a maxim, that commercial connections should be formed only with European mercantile houses, settled in America; but never with natives of the country.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICS.

FROM THE TRENTON FEDERALIST.

Mr. Jefferson, and his party, have, in the most wanton, lavish, and unconstitutional manner, wasted the people's money. To give a slight idea of this, I submit the following statement, which appears from the proceedings of Congress, from official documents in Mr. Jefferson's own papers, and from other authentic accounts:

The unconstitutional order for the repairs of the French ship *Berceau*, cost 32,838 54

The unconstitutional order to restore one half of the sales of the French schooner *Peggy*, by which, if complied with by the federal officer, the United States would have lost 10,000

The unconstitutional order for repaying the fine to Callender out of public monies 200

Mr. Jefferson and his party, during the last session of Congress, gave to Duane, four dollars a ream for four thousand reams of paper for the United States, which could have been bought, and which Duane did actually buy, of a paper maker, for three dollars a ream, by which the United States lost 4,000

Mr. Jefferson, without any cause but to gratify a favourite, recalled Mr. Humphreys, our minister at Madrid, and appointed Mr. Pinckney, a democratic senator from South-Carolina, in his place, with an outfit of 9,000

Mr. Jefferson, instead of ordering Mr. Livingston, our minister to France, to embark from Boston, where the vessel lay prepared for him, he ordered the vessel to wait on Mr. Livingston at New-York, which cost upwards of 2,000

Mr. Jefferson sent Mr. Dawson to France, to carry over the treaty, in a public armed ship, when at the same time Mr. Livingston had been appointed, and it was his duty to have gone immediately—but his own private convenience was preferred to the public good—This jaunt of Mr. Dawson's cost the United States 30,000

Mr. Jefferson discharged several hundred disciplined marines, who had received cloaths and bounty, and then, when they were wanted soon after to send against the pirates of Barbary, he was obliged to raise new recruits, and to pay

a fresh bounty, and give new cloaths—
This cost the United States, extra

10,000

And to this last article, might, with propriety, be added the loss of our merchant vessels lately captured by the Tripolitans, by reason of Mr. Jefferson's saving policy, in not sending out a sufficient force, while the greater part of our navy is laying rotting in the docks at Washington

60,000

Add also for the ransom of nine seamen captured in the brig Franklin, at two thousand dollars a head, according to the customary rate

18,000

The expenses of the federal house of representatives, during the eight months session, from Nov. 13, 1797, to July 1, 1798, and which was the most expensive session that happened during the federal administration amounted to fourteen thousand and ninety eight dollars and sixty-one cents—while the last session, which lasted but five months, from 7th December, to May 1, 1801, amounted to seventeen thousand dollars, making a balance in favour of the federal, and against the present administration, notwithstanding the difference in the length of the session, of

2,901 49

The shares of stock, belonging to government in the United States bank, have been sold to Foreigners, Messrs. Baring and Co. merchants of London, by Mr. Gallatin, at ten per cent. below the selling price; by which the United States have lost, at the lowest calculation,

190,000

The present rulers have released to the French republic a debt due to our citizens, for depredations on our vessels, and commerce, and which our government will eventually have to pay, of at least

20,000,000

During the last session of Congress, the Salaries of the following officers were raised, viz.

Secretary of State, raised 1500	Register,	900
Secretary of the Treasury 1500	Post-Master General 600	
Secretary of War 1500	Assistant P. M. G. 500	
Secretary of the Navy 1500	Com. of Revenue 600	
Comptroller of Treasury 1250	Account. of War 400	
Auditor 1000	Account. of the Navy 400	
Treasurer 1000	Attorney-General 600	

13,250 00

Total amount of above expenses \$ 20,382,191 03

Thus my countrymen, it appears, that in the short space of 18 months, the present rulers, which I have heard called "*your most sincere—your best friends*"—have destroyed the main pillar of our government, the Judiciary, which was our great bulwark against oppression and tyranny—That they have drawn monies from the Treasury, without the authority of law—That they have postponed the payment of the public debt, which, on the federal plan, would have been totally discharged in 1817—That they have authorised agents to borrow money at 10 per cent; and have, moreover, absolutely wasted and thrown away of the people's money, above Twenty millions, three hundred and eighty-two thousand, one hundred and ninety-one dollars. What think you of such friends?—Might you not, with equal propriety, call the robber, who has rifled your treasure, and set your dwelling on flames *your sincere—your best friend*?

MISCELLANY.

ADVENTURES OF CRITA.

SIR,

I do not at all question, that your gallantry will prompt you to step forward in defence of an unfortunate female—unfortunate, because she pos-

sessed a stronger mind and greater erudition, than most of her sex, who, to confess the truth, have little acquaintance with the sublime study and practice of philosophy.

You must know, Sir, that I am the daughter of a country gentleman of considerable fortune, who spared no expense in my education, which was both solid and ornamental. At ten years of age I was mistress of a tolerable share of universal history, both ancient and modern. At fifteen, to pass over the lighter parts of my accomplishments, such as a perfect knowledge of the French, Italian, and Spanish languages, drawing and music, I began to have some relish for the works of Locke, Malebranch, Bayle, and Hume, which latter, I will not hesitate to own, was always my favourite. By a continual reading of these authors, vulgar conceptions were banished from my mind; and I soon perceived, that most of the received opinions of the world originated in prejudice.

But how shall I describe the transports I felt upon the first perusal of the fascinating pages of Rousseau? Dear and lively painter of nature, we live over thy fancied scenes! When we read thy thoughts, our intellect wanders in the most delightful and rational elysium! But not to be hurried away by the violence of my admiration, from the immortal Rousseau I learnt, that the passion of love was so far from inimical to true philosophy, that it was absolutely necessary the mind should be unshackled by contracted notions, to taste that passion in its pure and unadulterated state.

From Rousseau I caught a refined taste in poetry; particularly for that tender and keen sensibility, which is so peculiarly remarkable in the Italian poets—for, though I never read any of the poetical effusions of that great man, I think his *Nouvelle Heloise*, not to mention his *Confessions*, calculated to throw a soft languor over the mind, more favourable to a love of poesy, than the works of any other writer whatever.

At this period a young gentleman, the son of a man of good fortune in our neighbourhood, returned into the country from the University of Cambridge, from whence he had been unjustly expelled by the illiberality of the Vice-chancellor; because, forsooth, he was reputed the author of an essay, displaying at once the most profound reading and elegance of style, and enlivened by a sarcastic vein of wit, worthy of the pen of Voltaire, which openly denied the divinity of a certain celebrated philosopher, (whom some, indeed, have exalted into a deity) and even expressed a doubt whether such a person ever existed!

Charles Mandeville, for that was his name, possessed a handsome exterior, and the manners of a man of fashion. We read together, and mutually diverted ourselves with the ridiculous prejudices of mankind. Our opinions instantly coalesced;—mutual sympathies soon attracted us to each other; and from friendship we insensibly felt the soft ties of affection influence our hearts.

No sooner did we discover the cause of our emotions, than we communicated our feelings to each other. Both loved, and both were sensible of the pleasure of loving; but as we were well acquainted how much the mind abhors restraint, and that

"Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies,"

we disdained to think of any other union than of nature and sentiment, when

".....All is full, possessing, and possest,
No craving void left aching in the breast,
E'en thought meets thought, ere from the lip it part
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, it bliss on earth there be,
And once the lot of Mandeville and me."

The remnant of common usages, however, still hung upon our ideas; and we felt it to make our connection known. Thus for near six months we

we enjoy the most perfect state of felicity and confidence that humanity is capable of, although in secret, by which you will see how difficult a matter it is to eradicate those ancient errors to which the mind hath been accustomed; and that the soul cannot emancipate itself at once from the constraint which hath been absurdly imposed upon it, but requires some time to regain its native energy and elasticity.

At the end of six months the affection of Charles Mandeville manifestly declined. I was far from being surprised at this, or upbraiding him for his inconstancy; for I knew too well the mutability of human nature to expect an everlasting attachment, as both Rousseau and Godwin have clearly shewn its impossibility. However, I did not fail to blame my confidant for informing me of the true state of his heart, and to acquaint him that I considered his conduct as an insult upon my understanding. He confessed his error, and solicited my pardon, which I gave him, and we parted in the most friendly manner.

Perhaps I should not so easily have forgiven this slight, had not my paramour been for some time indifferent to me. Nature pointed out to us our duty, and we fulfilled her commands; had we continued our connection, we should have counteracted her designs, which would have been at once irrational and disgusting.

My reason was now greatly improved, and I had acquired a strength of mind sufficient to enable me to despise the opinions of the world. I only waited, therefore, for some object who was worthy of my regard, to whom I might once more unite myself by the bonds of love; but I was diverted from my pursuit by the illness of my father, who shortly afterwards ceased to be—sunk in eternal sleep. Philosophy forbade me to give way to useless sorrow upon this occasion, and I soon removed to the house of an aunt, with whom I continued to reside for some time.

As my fortune was now in my own hands, I was teased by the addresses of several officers in the army; but I had resolved to preserve my independence. A young baronet, who had lately married an antiquated virgin in consideration of her great wealth, settled in that part of the country where my aunt lived. An intimacy soon ensued between the families, and Sir William's conversation presently convinced me he was a man of superior intellect and learning. His situation became the object of my pity. It was impossible he could have any affection for Lady —. Indeed he hinted as much to me in a confidential conversation.

This made me determine to offer him a share in my heart, and to propose a tour upon the Continent, by which we could at once gratify our love, and the thirst of beholding whatever the fine arts and antiquities of Italy should present to our notice. He instantly agreed to the proposition, and we left England upon our projected plan. As to Lady —, I am informed she was so ridiculous, as to take the infidelity, as it is called, of her husband so much to heart, that she repaired to Bath, where she died of vexation.

We remained in Italy three years, gratifying our laudable ambition of knowledge and research, during which time I twice became a mother. As Sir William's circumstances had become rather embarrassed by the unbounded profusion to which he had accustomed himself, when we arrived at Florence upon our return I advised him to offer his hand to a young lady of immense property, the daughter of a dry salter, who had come hither for her health, not doubting but the charms of a title would have a powerful influence upon both the old man and his child. I was not deceived in my conjectures. The marriage very shortly took place, notwithstanding the bad impressions which the character of Sir William must have made upon the mind of people of such narrow principles.

Having a sincere regard for Sir William, I would not suffer him to be exposed to any reproaches from his new relations upon my account. I therefore quitted Florence, and set off for Germany, accompanied by my woman and my children.

Not to detain you with unnecessary details, as I was passing through Franconia, my carriage unfortunately broke down at the foot of a steep mountain. To increase my distress, night was quickly coming on, when one of the postillions informed me that we were not far from the château of the Baron Von Erlichtenheitenberg, who was a nobleman of a very courteous disposition. I dispatched one of my servants to the château to inform him of the accident, and to request his permission to remain there that night. The man returned with a polite invitation, and was followed by the Baron and Baroness.

I shall pass over the compliments that took place. Suffice it to say, that I was equally charmed with the Baron and his Lady, and continued at the château for a long time.

The Baron was a man of sense, and one of the Illuminati: indeed, the conversation of both husband and wife was peculiarly pleasing. One morning as we were walking in the park belonging to the château, the Baroness, after a short preface, told me, that she suspected I was more than agreeable to her husband, and, therefore, provided I had no objection, she would be very grateful, if I would have the kindness to admit him into my affections, and to share him between us. Sentiments so exalted and noble, and moreover so congenial with my own feelings, darted through my frame like electricity. I embraced the Baroness, and promised to grant her request. During the eighteen months that I staid at the château, I experienced nothing but a calm philosophical joy; and I once again became a mother.

Man is a finite being, and all his pleasures and pursuits have an end. The Baron left Erlichtenheitenberg to attend the commands of the French Directory, upon some business of extreme importance. As I did not choose to accompany him and the Baroness to Paris I set out upon my return to England, whence I hoped all the Gothic impressions of false education had been entirely swept away.

But upon my arrival at London, to my infinite surprise, I found them as strong as ever. Would you believe it possible, that all my acquaintance avoid me? Nay, when I wrote to my aunt to tell her I would spend a few days in the country with her, she had the folly to return me for answer, that she must decline any intercourse with a person of my character and disposition; as if it were not a duty to follow the impulse of Nature, and laudable in a female citizen to have as many offspring as she can!

All I desire of you, Sir, is to place this matter in its proper light. If you will favour your readers with an Essay upon the subject, you will be entitled to the thanks of all people of enlarged minds, and particularly of, Sir, your humble servant,

CRITA.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

HAFIZ, the elegant poet of Persia, has not only been commended by Sir William Jones, but has been decorated by the excursive fancy of Burke with the most brilliant panegyric. The odes of this Persian warbler are as enchanting as the notes of the Nightingale, and while he charms the listening air, as he sings in the pavilions of Asiatic luxury, every Muse, Grace, and Love assemble, and crown the *Harmonist* with chaplets of the gayest texture. It has been considered as a sort of duty by every one, skilled in the idiom of Persia, to

translate from this bewitching writer. The Persian miscellanies abound with his effusions; and every student of the East, as he touches the gay chords with no reluctant quill, blesses the memory of the bard.

ODE OF HAFIZ.

From *Persian Lyrics, or scattered Poems from the Divine Hafiz, &c.* translated by Mr. Hindley.

Minstrel, tune some novel lay,
Ever jocund, ever gay;
Call for heart-expanding wine,
Ever sparkling, ever fine
Sit remov'd from prying eyes;
Love thy game, the fair thy prize;
Toying snatch the furtive bliss,
Eager look, and eager kiss;
Fresh and fresh repeat the freak,
Often give, and often take.

Can'st thou feed the hung'ring soul
Without drinking of the bowl?
Pour out wine; to her 'tis due:
Love commands thee—fill anew;
Drink her health, repeat her name,
Often, often do the same.

Frantic love more frantic grows,
Love admits of no repose:
Haste, thou youth with silver feet,
Haste, the goblet bring, be fleet;
Fill again the luscious cup,
Fresh and fresh, come, fill it up.

See, yon angel of my heart
Forms for me, with witching art,
Ornaments of varied taste,
Fresh and graceful, fresh and chaste.

Gentle Zephyr, should'st thou roam,
By my lovely charmer's home,
Whisper to my dearest dear,
Whisper, whisper in her ear,
Tales of Hafiz; which repeat,
Whisper'd soft, and whisper'd sweet;
Whisper tales of love anew,
Whisper'd whispers oft renew.

In a summer retreat, I have given many of my summer evenings to reading and meditating the ANCIENTS. JUVENAL, PERSIUS, and HORACE, claimed and received a very continued attention. In studying these admirable writings, I have not disdained the aid even of the Dutch commentator; and I have courted the liberal society of such scholars, as GIFFORD and DRUMMOND. The following comparison, from the pen of the latter, appears to be critically just, and is composed in a sparkling style, which is *marmore purior*.

"In comparing the three great satirists of antiquity, I am inclined to give the first place to Horace, the second to Juvenal, and the third to Persius. Horace is the most agreeable and the most instructive writer; Juvenal the most splendid declaimer, and Persius the most inflexible moralist. The first is like a skilful gladiator, who vanquishes without destroying his antagonist; the second exerts gigantic strength in the contest; and the third enters the lists with all the ardour of a youthful combatant. If the style of Horace be chaster, if his Latinity be purer, if his manner be gayer and more agreeable, than either of the two Satirists, who follow him, he does not write finer verses than Juvenal, nor has he nobler thoughts than Persius. The poetry of the first resembles a beautiful river, which glides along through pleasant scenes, sunny fields, and smiling valleys: that of the second is like the majestic stream, whose waters, in flowing by the largest city in the Europe, are polluted with no small portion of its filth and ordure: that of the third may be compared to a deep and angry torrent, which loves to roll its sullen waves under the dark shadow of the mountain, or amid the silent gloom of the forest.

I hope the following remark will urge the classical reader once more to the perusal of the *Fifth Satire*, "*ad Anneum Cornutum, cujus fuit auditor*."

In directing the attention of the reader more particularly towards Persius, I might indulge my partiality for that admirable moralist, by pointing out many passages in his satires worthy of a great poet.—I cannot resist the inclination I feel of recommending his fifth satire to the examination of those, who have not already attentively considered that poem. The verses, particularly addressed to Cornutus, are beautiful and interesting: the explanation of the doctrine of the stoics, concerning liberty, is done in a masterly manner; and the description of the effects, produced on the human mind, by the *insubordination of the passions*, is deserving of serious reflection in every stage of life.

In the first part of the succeeding remarks, Mr. Drummond's theory of the passions will please by its ingenuity, and benefit by its wholesomeness.

"There is a knowledge of human nature, and of the constitution of the human mind, displayed by Persius, in treating of this last mentioned subject, which ought not to escape the observation of the reader. It must be evident to every man, who attends to the operations of intellect, that its energies are increased by the influence of passion; and that even what are called the worst passions appear to have been originally intended by nature only as stimuli to the mind, to impel it to exertion. Anger is implanted in our breasts, in order to enable us to resist injury; and fear is made to influence us, in order that we may attend to the preservation of our existence, by avoiding danger. It is then the excess of the stimulus; it is the extreme indulgence of the passions against which we have to guard, and which we ought to consider as noxious to our mental constitution.

"It seems to me, that the human passions may properly be classed under two heads; the first comprehending those, which are more temporary; the second including those, which are more durable in their nature.

"We may reckon, in the one class, anger, desire, terror, &c. in the other, envy, love, ambition, avarice, &c. The first may be called the acute, and the second the chronic diseases of the soul: the former occasion us the severest pangs; but the latter disturb, with little intermission, the repose and happiness of our lives. It is against the influence of these last, that Persius directs the moral part of his fifth satire. He endeavours to shew that, without vanquishing those tyrants of the mind, avarice, luxury, love, and ambition, the understanding will lose all its force, and at length sink in drivelling dotage into the vilest and most contemptible state of weakness.

"But, to return to the literary character of Persius. Though his sentiments are admirable, and deserve to be better known than they are, yet his poetry cannot be praised for its elegance, nor his language for its urbanity. It is one thing to esteem the excellent sense of an author, and another to propose his style as a model for imitation.

"The defects of Persius, considered with respect to composition, cannot perhaps be easily defended. Even Causabon, his fondest admirer, and most successful interpreter, admits that his style is obscure. If, however, any apology can be made for this first sin against good writing, it is in the case of a satirist, who dared to reprobate the crimes, and to ridicule the follies of a tyrant. If Persius be obscure, let it be remembered, he lived in the time of Nero.

"But it has been remarked that this author is not obscure, only when he lashes and exposes the Roman Emperor. It was very well, it has been said, to employ hints, and speak in half sentences, while he censured the vices of a cruel and luxurious despot; but there could be no occasion for enveloping himself in obscurity, while he expounded the doctrines of the stoics to his

friend Cornutus, or expatiated to the poet Bassus on the true use of riches.

"But those who blame Persius for his obscurity, ought to reflect, that of all the various kinds of poetry, Satire is that, which loses most, by being read at a period very distant from the time of its composition. Just observations upon men and manners will indeed be esteemed in every age, when Taste and Literature flourish; and well described characters will always interest readers of judgment and feeling. But it is not the nature of satire to dwell upon general topics, without allusion to existing circumstances, or without reference to particular and even familiar examples. But it may be asked if vice and folly would not be exposed with perhaps greater effect by the delineation of fictitious characters and by general observations upon manners, than by dwelling upon the absurdity of a temporary fashion, or upon the guilt, or weakness of an obscure individual. To this question the satirist may justly reply, that his aim is not only to censure vice, but to punish those who practice it. If example teaches at all, it teaches most, where it applies best. The principle upon which punishment is justly inflicted is for the sake of example; and the punishment, which we dread, because it may be ours seems terrible even where it falls upon others. General and abstract reasoning upon virtue and morality may delight the wise and good; but it rarely corrects the foolish, or reforms the profligate. As the moralist treats generally of virtue and of wisdom, of the influence of reason and of the subordination of the passions; so the satirist remarks, and censures those private and individual deviations from good sense or good conduct; which it does not fall within the province of the moralist to observe. The moralist displays the variety of the human character, as it exists in all ages and nations: the satirist marks its shades and its defects in particular instances.

"While, therefore, I admit the charge of obscurity, which has been brought against Persius, I cannot allow it that weight, which it would have in most other cases. Indeed, we may as well complain of the rust on an ancient coin, as of the obscurity of an ancient satire. Nature, it is true, always holds up the same mirror, but prejudice, habit, and education are continually changing the appearance of the objects seen in it.

"The objections which have been made to Persius, in some other respects, are more difficult to answer. His unpolished verses, his coarse comparisons, and his ungraceful transitions from one subject to another, manifest, it is said, either his contempt, or his ignorance of elegant composition.

"It cannot, indeed, be contended that Persius displays the politeness of Horace, or that he shows himself an adept in the *callida junctura*. His poetry is a strong and rapid torrent, which pours, in its infracted course, over rocks and precipices, and which occasionally, like the waters of the Rhone, disappears from the view, and loses itself under ground.

"But although some critics have been thus far justly severe upon Persius, is it possible that they should be so prejudiced against him, by the imperfections of his style, as to deny that this excellent satirist possessed energy, acuteness, and spirit; because his language is rude, is not his bold and manly sense to be admired? What mind is so fastidious as to condemn just observations, and sound and wise reflections, because they are not expressed in the most elegant manner. The ancients, who must have seen the defects of Persius better than we can do, nevertheless admired him. All the philosophers and poets of his time, seem to have esteemed him; and the best critic, and the wittiest epigrammatist of antiquity, were among the number of those, who celebrated him. And then comes the elder Scaliger

with all his offensive pedantry, to inform us that Persius was silly and dull. But Quintilian would not have praised a silly writer, nor would Martial have admired a dull one."

Having, at considerable length, exhibited from the *Drummond gallery* a pleasing portrait of Persius, we will now present a most brilliant proof of his gratitude to his master. It seems that this wise ancient had a very different idea of the character of a sage preceptor, and a man of learning, from that *disgraceful* and degrading one, which is so current in this enlightened country. The writer of this article repeats his fervent wish, that we had *Palaces*, magnificently devoted to learning; that we could see in America another Oxford, and another Cambridge, liberally endowed, and instructed by a long train of dignified doctors, who should be proudly and perfectly independent.

"Tis true on lofty themes I seldom dwell,
Nor love with empty sounds my verse to swell.
But now, my gentle friend, while thus the hours,
While even the inspiring Muse herself is ours,
Let me my heart unfold, and there disclose
The generous love, which for Cornutus glows.
An hundred voices now I dare to ask,
For praising thee becomes thy poet's task:
Nor think these words a flattering Muse has sung;
They fall not varnish'd from a faithless tongue:
They leave my bosom to thy view reveal'd,
And own the secret which it long conceal'd.
When first, a timid youth, I knew the town
Exchang'd the purple for the virile gown,
The golden bulla from my neck unstrung,
The sacred bauble by the Lares hung
From harsh restraint the first enlargement knew,
And crowds of parasites around me drew;
When the white shield, by youthful warriors worn,
Through all the streets of Rome by me was borne;
When too the martial dress forbade reproof,
And kept each friendly monitor aloof:
At that green age, when error most beguiles,
And Vice puts on her most seductive smiles,
Allures from Virtue unsuspecting youth,
And teaches folly to abandon truth;
To thee, Cornutus, I myself resign'd,
To thee entrusted my uncultured mind.
Thy gentle bosom, O Socratic sage,
Proved the best refuge to my tender age:
My young and pliant spirit clung to thine,
As to its guardian oak the shooting vine.
Train'd by thy hand, and moulded by thy will,
I was thy scholar, and companion still;
With thee I saw the summer sun arise,
With thee beheld him gild the evening skies:
Well pleas'd from feasts the twilight hours to steal,
And share with thee a philosophic meal,
On us, my friend, like fortune still awaits,
And stars consenting have conjoin'd our fates.
Whether by chance our lives were both begun,
When equal Libra had receiv'd the Sun;
Whether our lots the Twins between them share,
And those, who love like them, have made their care;
Whether malignant Saturn's clouded hour
Was cross'd for us by Jove's prevailing power;
The stars, I know not, which do thus combine
To regulate my destiny by thine.

Persius thus illustrates a well known paradox of the Stoics.

Some one there was, who finding strength to fail,
His body meagre, and his visage pale,
For the physician sent and told his case,
And show'd Health's roses faded on his face,
Three days repose the fever's force restrains
And cools the current boiling in his veins.
Once more desirous for the world to live,
And taste of all the joys which it can give;
He quits his bed, prepares to bathe, and dine,
And quaff the juice of the Surrentin vine.
"How wan, how sallow!" the physician cries;
"Ah, but 'tis nothing now," the sick replies:
"Nothing, my friend, the dire prognosis shews
"Disease productive of a thousand woes."
"Nay, pry thee peace,——I do not ask thine aid;
"My guardian in his grave long since was laid."
The doctor goes, the sick man's body swells,
And water gathers in a thousand cells:
His breath, sulphureous, taints the vernal gale,
And airs mephitic, from his lungs exhale;
At length unlock'd for, Death the wretch appals,
And from his hand the lifted goblet falls.
The trumpets sound, funeral torches glow,
Announcing far the mockery of woe.

On the state bed the stiffen'd corse is laid,
And all the honours, due to death, are paid;
O'er the sad relics new made Romans mourn,
And place the ashes in the silent urn.
"Thy well told tale does not to me apply
No fever rages, and no pulse beats high,
Lay thine hand here; my heart no throbbing knows,
And health for me uninterrupted flows."
Methinks thou may'st a few exceptions make,
Did loss of gold never cause thine heart to ache?
Does not a fever rage, whene'er by chance,
*A fond maid's soul is pictur'd in her glance?
Say dost thou sit contented at the board,
Which just a cake and cabbage can afford?
Come, try thy mouth—hah—there's an ulcer there
Too tender to be touch'd by such coarse fare.
Thou hast an ague, when heart-chilling fear
Bristles thine hair, and whispers dangers near:
And madness, horrid fiend, is nigh at hand,
When raging anger hurls his flaming brand,
And thou dost rave in such a frantic strain
As mad Orestes would pronounce insane.

This evening, as my studies and reflections have been unusually long, my readers must be yawning as well as myself. To relieve them, and send them to bed in good humour, I trim my lamp once more, and, by its fading light, copy the following.

When good King Arthur rul'd the land,
His jovial name old tales resound,
In merry mood he gave command
To shape the royal table round:
Then, when the Monarch freely din'd
Among his knights, so fam'd of yore,
Each guest at once his place could find,
Nor think of ceremony more.

From this arrangement it turn'd out,
As mirth and jollity soon found,
That, while they push'd the bowl about,
The liquor constantly went round:
From hence the modern custom rose,
For Arthur's sake, we'll hold it dear,
Still round and round the bottle goes,
Be tables round,—or tables square.

A circle is a wond'rous thing,
As sage philosophers repeat,
So perfect, nothing can they bring
In which all ends completely meet;
And where so well can end meet end,
As when our hours with wine are crown'd,
While glass meets bottle—friend meets friend,
And Pleasure's heartfelt smile—goes round.

Let Bacchanals sing rosy wine,
The *summum bonum*, as they think;
Another theme of praise be mine,
A poet owes much more to ink.

Dear fluid! what to thee I owe,
Without thee cannot well appear;
Ah! still thy ebon stream must flow,
Or all my visions flit in air.

Thou givst to half the world its fame,
By card, newspaper, or review;
Thou givst to airy nothing "name,"
And "local habitation" too.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH, GUILDHALL, June 16.

Mrs. Parker, v the Rev. Mr. Geldart.

Mr. ERSKINE stated the case on the part of the plaintiff; she is a Lady who has a large house in Kent, within seven miles of Rochester, which she lets in lodgings during the summer season to persons of rank, fortune and character. The defendant is a Clergyman of the Church of England who has livings and estates in Yorkshire.

The present action was brought for the sum of 64l. 7s. 6d. for the board and lodging of the de-

* DRYDEN, with his usual felicity, thus translates a similar passage,

If an alluring girl, in gilding by,
Should tip the wink, with a lascivious eye

defendant's wife and child, for near six months. The circumstances of the case were as follows:—The defendant, who is himself an opulent man, had received a considerable fortune with his wife, a Lady of great beauty and accomplishments, and against whose honor and character there had never been the slightest imputation thrown, even by the defendant. The violence and fury of his temper were such, that she now, for the second time, found it impossible to remain in his house, and was obliged to leave it. The defendant, forgetting the honour and humanity which became a gentleman, but more especially a person invested with the sacred character of his profession, suffered his wife to remain in London absolutely penniless; while she on her part, was obliged to institute a suit against him in the spiritual Courts, praying to be divorced from him, on the ground of cruelty and adultery, and also praying that alimony or separate maintenance might be decreed her. While this suit was depending, she wished to find a respectable asylum in country lodgings, and, by the recommendation of Mr. Brooke, of Grey's Inn, with whom she had been acquainted previous to her marriage, she went down with her child, on the 18th of April, 1801, to the plaintiff's house, where she continued for six months: the defendant, however, came at the end of three months, and took away his child; but at the same time expressed his satisfaction at finding her lodged in so respectable a house, and that her conduct was so unexceptionable. He also then expressly consented to her lodging at that house, in case she should refuse to return to his. Afterwards, in March 1792, a bond was executed between defendant, his wife, and her friends, wherein, it being mentioned, that the expence of the proceedings in the Spiritual Court might be injurious to their family, it was therefore agreed to put a stop to those proceedings, in consideration of a settlement of 150*l.* per annum, from the day of the date of that bond; after which, she also agreed that she would contract no debts with which he might be chargeable; this bond had neither by the words, or the meaning of it, a retroactive effect, so as to exempt the defendant from the debts his wife had incurred in 1801, when she was obliged to fly from his house, on account of his ill treatment, and being destitute of the necessities of life, contracted such debts for her lodging and maintenance, as were suitable to her station in life.

Miss Ester Smith, a lodger in the plaintiff's house, proved that Mrs. Geldart and child had lodged there for the time the plaintiff charged; and that the house was every way appointed for the reception of persons of fashion and fortune. She was present at the time that Mr. Geldart took away his child, and heard him then say, that if his wife would not return to his house, he was glad that she had taken lodgings in such a respectable house.

Mr. Brooke, of Gray's Inn, uncle to the last witness, said that it was by his recommendation Mrs. Geldart took lodgings at the house of the plaintiff; that the terms charged for her board and lodging were no higher than he had himself always paid for his niece (the last witness), and what was usual at that house; he had had many conversations with the defendant, respecting his wife, in which defendant said, he was much surprised and pleased to find her so comfortably and respectably lodged; and that if she would not return with him, he was willing to pay for her at the rate of 100*l.* per annum.

Major Stuart, of the Royal Marine Corps, lodged in the house at the same time, and remembered the visit of the defendant, at the time he took away his child: he had some conversation with him at the time: and upon the defendant's asking him some questions about Mrs. G—, he told

him, that she had made herself universally respected, from the correctness and reserve of her conduct. "Oh! she had always too much of that for me," was the answer of the defendant.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH in the course of the trial, observed, that no agreement for separate maintenance could exempt a husband from paying the debts contracted by his wife, in a state of separation, unless the money agreed on was regularly paid; he observed that maintenance means food and cloaths, and not a mere parchment deed. The bond, dated March 1802, was proceeding to be read in evidence; when

Mr. GARROW, feeling such a weight of evidence, and his Lordship's opinion against the defendant, consented to a verdict against him—Verdict for the plaintiff 64*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

CHURCHILL cherished a prejudice against THOMAS SHERIDAN, the author of some valuable tracts on Elocution. The satirical bard, thus derides one whom he supposed to be a mere *duceps verborum*,

"A word catcher, who lives on syllables."

He can instruct us how to use
Our A's, and B's, and P's, and Q's:
O'er letters, into takers, worn,
O'er syllables, defaced and torn;
O'er words disjointed, and o'er sense,
Left destitute of all defence,
He strides, and all the way he goes,
Wades—deep in blood—o'er *criss cross rows!*
Before him, every consonant,
In agonies is seen to part;
Behold in fumes not to be known,
The ghosts of tortured vowels groan.

Of all the multifarious advertisements we have ever seen, the following is the queerest.

LINES,

COPIED FROM A BOARD OVER THE DOOR OF JOHN GROVE, OF WHITE WALTHAM, BERKS.

John Grove grocer, and dealer in tea,
Sells the finest of Congou and best of Bohea;
A dealer in coppice, a measurer of land;
Sells the finest of snuffs, and the finest white sand;
A singer of psalms a scrivener of money;
Collects the land tax, and sells fine virgin honey:
A ragman, a carrier, a baker of bread,
And a clerk to the living as well as the dead;
Vestry-clerk, petty-constable, sells scissars and knives,
Best Virginia, and Buckles, collects the small tythes;
Is a treasurer to clubs, and maker of wills;
He surveys men's estates, and vends Anderson's pills;
Woollen-draper and hosier, sells all sorts of shoes,
With the best earthen-ware, also takes in the news;
Deals in hurdles and eggs, sells the best of small beer,
The finest sea coals, and's elected o'erseer;
Deputy-surveyor, sells fine writing paper,
Has a vote for the county, and is linen-draper;
A dealer in cheese, and the best Hampshire bacon,
Plays the fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

The editor of the Aurora wishes, that there were as many aliens landed to vote in every state as in this. Should any man, or number of men, who wore the appearance of poverty, ignorance, and vice so strongly marked, as did hundreds of the newly naturalized citizens of Pennsylvania, been landed in some of the towns in New-England, it would have been the duty of the civil authority of those towns, and this duty they would have strictly performed, to have warned such men to leave the town within ten days, and if the warning was not complied with, they would have thrust them out by force. Duane knows little about the people of New-England. Great changes must be effected in the laws, customs, feelings, and pride of that people, before they will submit to the degradation of being told, by the out cast of foreign nations, who shall sit in their councils.

[Gazette of the U. States.]

A southern gentleman lately paid a visit to Colonel Pickering, at his farm in Essex. He found this worthy, though much abused citizen—not superintending a set of ill-fed and worse clad slaves—not amusing himself with cock fighting, horse racing, or hunting for popularity, in a tavern or grog-shop—but literally, like another Cincinnatus, guiding the plough, while two of his sons were assisting him in his rural labours. Such is the reply which this celebrated citizen makes to the many slanders which the insatiate unrelenting malice of political enemies are ever uttering against him. Instead of retailing their invectives, he lives down their calumnies, and by his conduct convicts them of falsehood and malice.

[New-York Com. Adv.]

The following is a memorable proof of the political ignorance of the new fangled French. Of that cart load of constitutions, drafted by the *rascal* Sieyes, it is probable that neither he, nor his vulgar associates, knew even a letter. They understood them, however, to mean treason, sedition, and rebellion, and that to these upstart reformers was sufficient. "A few days ago Lord Holland asked Barthelemi, the president of the senate, for some explanation upon one of the articles of the new constitution, and that Barthelemi referred him to the person who drew up the constitution, for as to himself he was not informed upon the point in question. This reply is said to have surprised all the English who were present." [Lon. pap.]

General Vial is said to be an excellent bottle companion. [ib.]

Cheetham, the *hatter*, and bad editor of the New-York Citizen, left England, it is said, to cheer us benighted Americans, with the brilliant flame of his phosphoric patriotism. Alas! how unconscious of the danger of a warfare with federal wit. He has been so often lashed, of late, in COLMAN'S Evening Post, that the poor *hatter* looks as black and as blue, as if he had been immersed in one of his own vats among the lees of logwood and indigo. We have thoughts of writing a parody of Inkle's affectionate apostrophe to Yarico, and beginning with—

O say, simple Felt, have you form'd any notion,
Of all the rude perils in crossing the ocean?

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Aurelia" has by no means "survived the age of invention and poetry." She is in the full bloom of mental youth. Let her remember the easy lines of Dr. Johnson,

Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at *thirty-five*,
Time his hours should never drive
Over the bounds of *thirty-five*.
High to soar, and deep to dive,
Nature gives at *thirty-five*.
Lady, stock and tend your hive,
Trifle not at *thirty-five*.

The first imitation of the well known ode of Horace to Xanthias Phocæus is worthy of the classical scholar, the elegant poet, and the independent man, who has expressed his just contempt of the sable sensuality of *Thomas the Lewd*.

The second imitation, though too short, is humorous, and remarkably easy. We impute no fault, but its brevity.

"Frank Fid" rivals the "Poor Jack" of Dibdin.

"Dactyl and Comma" are alert and skilful.

"Frederick," both as a good poet and a sincere lover, deserves the fond regard of his fair one.

"Harley" is one of our most favorite correspondents.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WILLIAM.

A SONG—FOR MR. CARR.

WILLIAM was young, and never youth
Possess'd a better soul than he;
To JULIA he had sworn his truth
His love from guile was ever free!
But war uprear'd the bloody tent,
And William to the battle went.

Why flies the rose my Julia's cheek!
Why fall those tears, my love? he cries,
Thy country's peace alone I seek,
Her liberty the darling prize:
With glory crown'd return'd at last,
We'll smile on all the perils past.

You go, she cried, and we must part:
Thus love by fate was ever crost!—
I see the weapon reach your breast;—
And Julia in the fight is lost.—
Ah! too prophetic were her words,
He fell, oppress'd by hostile swords.
FERDINANDO.

JULIA.

A SONG—FOR MR. CARR.

The ev'ning blush'd her latest red,
When JULIA to the shade repair'd,
Where, o'er her faithful WILLIAM's head,
The turf its heaving bosom rear'd.

The lily, planted by her love,
Its truest emblem flourish'd there,
The laurel o'er his tomb she wove,
And yew still sacred to despair.

While with her lips the stone she prest,
That told the story of his death,
The poison rankled in her breast;—
She sunk, she sigh'd, resign'd her breath!
FERDINANDO.

FROM THE ANTI DEMOCRAT.

[The argument of each honest Statesman, the invention of every Genius, and the sprightliness of every Wit are all in battle array against our *French philosopher* and his Democratic troop. The ensuing Parody of a drinking song, much in vogue, alludes to the "*ardent*" amours of Africa, so well understood, and so modestly prosecuted by a certain Great man.]

A NEW SONG,

BEING A PARODY ON AN OLD ONE,

LATELY INTRODUCED IN THE NEW OPERA OF THE CALEDONIAN DISCOVERY.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Discovers a modern philosopher seated in a negro hut, with a number of the African race round the fire; the younger part eating mush out of a frying pan: over the fire place hangs a *Calendar*, which tells the *Merryweather* and the sad: behind the door, stands a *Mad'son* chained to his brother, who was too *Dearborn* to be free; admiring the ingenuity of a *Gullatin*—in the chimney corner stands a *Smith*, who appears to be endeavouring to repair a broken nose.

When seated with *Sall*, with my *brats* all around,
Fol de rol de rol de ri do,
The *banjo* shall play and the song shall go round,
With a bumper then here's to you *boy*,
Come *Sall*, a buss, my *yellow joy*,
Here *Tom*, be merry, drink my *lad*,
The fed'ralists are all run mad,
And I've come here to be merry, *girls and boys*,
And I've come here to be merry.

Come strike up the *banjo*, Sam—*Sal* giv's your hand,
Fal de rol de rol de ri do,

Take partners, od zooks, ne'er shilly shally stand,
Lead up, cast down, hands across,
Now *Tom*, another bumper toss,
Here's to the man that I love most.
Join *Sal* and *brats*—my *fav'rite toast* (*Tom Paine*)
For I've come home to be jolly jolly boys,
For I've come home to be jolly.

In glee, jig, and merriment the moments shall fly,
Fal de rol de rol de ri do,
While *whiskey* in bumpers brightens *Sally's* eye,
Oh damme, *charmer*, giv's your hand,
My purse you know you can command,
In pleasure, joy and gay delight,
Another glass and then, the night
Will pass in extacy and carnal joys,
For I've come home to be jolly.

SONNET

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO HER WHO BEST UNDERSTANDS IT.

Friend of my heart! whom I have fondly lov'd
Who sought to lull my miseries to rest,
Whose smiles have sooth'd me, when with cares
oppress'd,
Whose partial friendship e'en my faults approv'd,

Friend of my heart! farewell—I wish'd to part
(If that were doom'd) as *friends*—In evil hour,
I mark'd the gath'ring storm begin to lower
To pang a bleeding, yet still faithful heart—

This cruel doom I could have silent borne,
And when at eve I sought my wonted rest,
In pleasing dreams have clasp'd thee to my breast
And told my heart that it was made to mourn—
Why then unkind, at parting should'st thou be,
Why say "*to wound thy feelings, were most sweet to me.*"

FREDERICK.

SELECTED POETRY.

SONNET

TO WINTER—BY MRS. OPIE.

Power of the awful wind, whose hollow blast
Hurls desolation wide! thy sway I hail.
If o'er the scene around can beauties rest
Superior far to aught that summer's gale
Bids in the ripening year to bloom awake.
To view thy majesty, the cheerful lake,
The dance, the festive song, I pleased forsake,
And through thy sparkling scenes I stray alone,
Now the pale regent of thy splendid night
Decks with her yellow rays thy snowy throne.
Richly her beams on Summer's mantle light;
Richly they gild chill Autumn's tawny vest
But ah! to me they shine more chastely bright
Spangling the icy robe that wrapt thy breast.

THE WITLING AND THE CLOWN.

A JEU D'ESPRIT.—BY AMBROSE PITMAN, ESQ.

A Witling of the dashing kind,
Ask'd Hodge if he had seen a wind.
"Yes, that I have (quoth Hodge) I vow,
I saw a mighty wind just now."
"You saw it, Hodge! it cannot be"—
Replied the man of repartee.
"Pray, what was't like?"—"Like," quoth the
Clown,
"Twas like—to have blown my cottage down."

WILL THE MANIAC.

A BALLAD.

Hark! what wild sound floats on the breeze!
'Tis Will, at evening fall,
Who sings to yonder waving trees,
That shade his prison wall.

Poor Will was once the gayest swain
At village wake was seen;

No lighter heart than his of pain
E'er tripp'd the moonlight green.

His snowy flock graz'd on the hill,
A finer ne'er was known;
And, but when died a kid, poor Will
Had never cause to moan.

But now poor William's brain is turn'd,
He cares not for his flock;
For when I ask'd "if them he mourn'd?"
I mark'd his vacant look.

Yet William does not mourn his fold,
For them he scarce would miss:
Some say a love he never told
Consum'd his form to this.

And others tell, as how he strove
To win the fair-one's heart,
Who mock'd his tears, and scorn'd his love,
And left him thus to smart.

Will wander'd then amid the rocks,
And left his flock to stray;
And oft would creep where bursting shocks
Had rent the earth away.

He lov'd to delve the darksome dell,
Where never pierc'd a ray,
There to the wailing night-bird tell
His mournful tale away.

And oft upon the craggy mount,
Where threat'ning cliffs hang high,
Have I observ'd him stop to count,
With fixless stare, the sky:

Then to himself in murmurs low
Repeating, as he wound
Along the mountain's woody brow,
"Till lost was ev'ry sound.

But soon he went so wild astray,
His kindred acri'd to see;
And now, secluded from the day,
In yonder cell is he.

Poor Will from all that pass along
Claims but a tear; and then
Poor Will, the Maniac's, grateful song
Returns the gift again.

ANINTOR.

London, March 24, 1802.

ANACREONTIC TO DORIS DRINKING.

When, dearest Doris, you resign
One happy hour to mirth and wine,
Each glass you drink still paints your face,
With some new victorious grace.

Charms in reserve my soul surprise,
And by fresh wounds your lover dies.
Who can, resist thee, lovely fair
That wit, that soft engaging air,

Each panting heart its homage pays
And all the vassal world obeys.
God of the grape, boast now no more,
Thy triumphs on far Indus shore,

Each useless weapon now lay down,
Thy tigers, car and ivy crown.
Give but this juice in full supplies,
And trust thy fame to Doris' eyes.—

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 46.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXIV.

"O digna conjuncta viro." *Virg. Phædræutria.*

I shake off to-day my usual lassitude, and, in the language of the modern French, *hasten* to amuse the imagination of my readers, by an allegory, sent me by an accomplished friend. I believe that all, who relish pure expression and elegant description, would wish my laziness a long slumber, provided, that while I was snoring in my arm chair, they could be enchanted with such harmonious sounds as might be heard from LOVE and GENIUS.

AN ALLEGORY.

In the early ages of the world, ere the rich had learned to domineer over the poor, or the poor to despise the rich, lived ADMIRATION and RESPECT. Their residence was in the *vale of sensibility*, where they had erected a small, but elegant, cottage...It was surrounded with a garden, where the wild and luxuriant beauties of nature received an additional grace from the judicious dispositions of art. The woodbine and the jessamine, twining their slender shoots round the humble walls, clothed them with the richest verdure, and filled the air with their mingled fragrance.

They had not long resided in this delightful abode, before their union was blessed with a son, whom they called LOVE. At first, the child appeared weak and delicate, but, by the persevering attention of his parents, he at length became lively and vigorous. He would frequently wander through the extensive Groves of Contemplation, which adjoined their lonely retreat, or ramble over the Mountains of Imagination, which surrounded the valley. But his highest gratification was to bathe in a pure stream, whose waters, transparent as the liquid crystal, dashing from rock to rock, at length collected themselves in the bosom of the vale, and winded murmuring away over sands of gold. This stream was denominated the River of Delight: Its banks were adorned with all the flowers which the hand of spring pours, in gay profusion, upon the lap of nature; and here, after the toils of a long excursion, the youth would frequently enjoy the sweets of undisturbed repose. By these means, his vigour and activity daily increased. His cheeks were blooming as the rose-bud glistening with the morning dew; his breath fragrant as the zephyr whispering over beds of violets; his eyes, though sparkling and animated, possessed a captivating languish, which rendered them still more interesting...they spoke intelligibly the language of a feeling soul. His hair black and glossy as the plume of the raven, hung waving in bushy ringlets over his shoulders. These charms of person and of mind, rendered him the delight of his parents, and the universal favourite of the nymphs who inhabited the Vale of Sensibility. Without feeling a particular inclination towards any, he had occasionally been the companion of all, for

wherever he chose to appear attention awaited him.

One day, after an excursion rather longer than usual, he laid himself down to rest beneath the shade of a flowery alcove, where the rose and the myrtle intertwined their odoriferous branches. He had just sunk into the arms of sleep, when GENIUS, who had lately chosen this delightful valley for her residence, approached the spot. Never before had she beheld such beauty: The fervid glow of exercise had lent fresh lustre to his cheek, the brightness of his lip vied with the richest ruby of the east, and the exquisite proportion of his shape seemed to bespeak him an inhabitant of Olympus, rather than one of the frail race of mortals. She gazed in astonishment; but wishing to take a nearer view, the motion of the branches awakened him. He opened his eyes to a sight of wonder. The nymph was tall and of an elegant form. She was habited in an azure robe, her zone was of gold, and the robe itself studded with stars of the same precious metal. Her features were rather wild and irregular, but such was the intelligence, such were the inexpressible graces of her whole countenance as could not fail to engage the heart of every beholder. Her hair, which was of the brightest auburn, floated negligently on the breeze, and discovered a neck of the most exquisite proportion, and most transcendent whiteness. A wreath of glittering gems encircled her brow, which, when they reflected the beams of the sun, rendered her dazzling beyond description. He started up, and approached her with trembling steps. The first expression of their mutual feelings was silent admiration; but their hearts soon overflowed in the tenderest language of affection.

From that moment they were inseparable companions. Their dispositions were perfectly congenial. Whatever spot was a favourite with the one was sure to attract the frequent visits of the other. Often would they meet at the hour of sunrise, and fix their raptured sight on the great luminary of the world, as he tinged the tops of the mountains with his vivid rays. Often would they climb the highest of their hills, which commanded a prospect of the ocean, and behold him as he sunk away in soft and varying shades, till he entirely disappeared, and left them to enjoy the trembling lustre of the Queen of Night, whose milder beams now shed their silvery radiance over the placid waves.

Thus days, months and years rolled away, and seemed but as the vision of a moment. At length it was agreed, that the hand of Hymen should unite the two lovers in the flowery bands of connubial bliss. The marriage was celebrated with the greatest festivity and joy, in the palace of IMAGINATION, Empress of the hilly country which bore her name. MODESTY presided at the ceremony, GOODHUMOUR attended at the repast..... The Epithalamium was composed and sung by the MUSES, while the GRACES danced in all the enchanting variety of attitudes to the sprightly numbers of their golden lyres. The youth was enamoured with the beauties of his lovely bride, and, by this alliance with GENIUS, became not merely vigorous, but immortal.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF SÜLOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER VI.

Emigrants of the middle classes, possessed of some property....Motives which they have to emigrate.

I now come to a class of emigrants, who are neither swindlers, nor peasants, nor adventurers, nor men of letters, nor physicians, nor priests, nor air balloon men, nor manufacturers, nor merchants; these are the owners of small or moderate capitals, the most virtuous of all citizens, and the real strength of every human society. These people alone deserve to have a book written for them, to inform them truly concerning America; a country towards which, for some time past, they have anxiously turned their eyes as towards a blessed refuge for oppressed virtue. The Americans are incurable: nothing but a voyage to America, and a couple of years residence in their Eldorado, could a little cool down their madness; for shame would deter them from recanting their opinions, and acknowledging their cure. The rich already know that they cannot enjoy in America the pleasures of luxury to so high a degree as in Europe. The despairing beggar may go there; for mere change of place is in itself an alleviation of his sufferings. The traveller may continue to take up his residence for a while in the United States, to see their wonders with astonishment, and then return home with correcter ideas; but the man of the middle class of society, who seeks for happiness, must be furnished with more correct information concerning America, than he could draw from the scribbles of Americans and of their partizans.

The motives for emigration, of this class of citizens, are no where better unfolded than in a remarkable little English tract, written by Augustus Nordenskiöld, a Swede, which deserves to be more known in Germany, and from which I shall here translate a few suitable passages. The English title of this little work is, "Plan for a free community upon the coast of Africa, under the protection of Great-Britain, but entirely independent of all European laws and government."

"In travelling over Europe," says my author, "we find a great number of persons altogether dissatisfied with the condition of the society of which they are members. Their country, the place of their abode, is, in their imagination at least, full of so many obstacles to their happiness and internal contentment, that they incessantly and anxiously keep before their eyes, the possibility with which they flatter themselves of being happier in some other situation."

"The observing traveller is astonished at this phenomenon. The first thought which occurs to him is that some general giddiness of spirit has

befallen the human race. But when he exerts his powers of judging, and begins attentively to observe these people, how much is he surprised to find, instead of the characters befitting vagabonds or worthless adventurers, as he naturally expected, such genius and talents, as belong only to the nobler portions of the human race. He finds among them many married men, and heads of numerous families, and their discontent is often in proportion to the excellence of the faculties which they possess.

"This appearance, which is in its nature very remarkable, certainly deserves the greatest attention in respect to the research of its real causes. We may have occasion to believe it originates from a certain instability with which the whole civilized part of the human race appears, in the present century, to be tormented; an instability which may be imputed to an extravagant irritability. But, when we consider the object with attention, we discover that this is a false conclusion, inasmuch as these persons voluntarily subject themselves to great dangers and many inconveniences of life, singly and solely in the hope of attaining a more extensive freedom than they now enjoy. In one word, when we seriously and honestly trace the causes of this dissatisfaction, we soon discover that the fault lays not in the discontented persons, but in the states of which they are members. Man is born for liberty, and, according to the measure of his capacity, and of his industry, is entitled to all the advantages which the state can bestow upon him. But liberty is restrained, and every real avenue to the enjoyments of life is obstructed. Every man suffers a sort of economical and political slavery. We find ourselves surrounded by rich men who have accumulated treasures, not conformably to order, but without labour or capacity, by marriage, inheritance, or by frequent dangerous and unlawful enterprises, not to mention many methods too abominable to be detailed. We likewise find the highest offices of the state every where in the hands of men who possess no sort of real merit, if we consider the qualities of their hearts, as well as of their understandings. On the other hand, we find directly the contrary, that is, persons of the finest capacity, and the most unwearied industry, to answer purposes of the highest utility, bowed down with insupportable labour, and not only obliged to spend their lives in the sweat of their brows, without enjoying the innocent superfluities, and even many of the necessities of life, but subjected to slavish servitude, under numberless monied tyrants: for it cannot be denied that many a man of the best heart, and most ardent activity for the welfare of the human race, is unceasingly oppressed beneath the painful yoke of an arrogant man in office, whom nothing but his wealth and his office authorises to show that indifference, contempt, and unmerciful insolence, which he showers down upon his inferiors, of his own species, and better men than himself. This is a melancholy spectacle; but we can turn our eyes to another still more melancholy by considering the condition of the marriage state, and seriously reflect how it is poisoned by an anti-matrimonial life in every part of Europe. Marriages are the real elements of nations, and every wedding represents in miniature the commencement of civil society. In every state we find a great number of marriageable men, who remain unmarried, and range about like robbers in society, contributing only to the promotion of anti-matrimonial life; and likewise a great number of women, destined, by their creation, for the happiness of man, entirely neglected by the state, and who pass their time in punishable indolence, many of them in the misery of licentiousness, without ever tasting the pure enjoyments of faithful wives and tender mothers. But this is not all. What do we discover, when we approach nearer, and reflect upon the present condition of

marriage connections? Instead of being considered as they should be; as the strongest ties, as the true foundations of human society, we find them in general to be the most neglected of all, and viewed as the most unimportant and precarious of all engagements. It is a sure, though a melancholy fact, that marriages, like those of the present time, are the mere nurseries of a corrupt generation. Instead of that sincere friendship, which ought to be the soul of this union, we find nothing but indifference and dissimulation; instead of liberty compulsion; instead of tender love, cold disgust;—so that while many members of society live unmarried, or not conformably to regular order, and still more, in direct opposition to it, we may confidently foretell, without pretending to the spirit of prophecy, that the state approaches to its dissolution. Admirable as these fundamental truths may be, false religions and a false policy have concealed them in impenetrable darkness.

"Every thing is in the greatest disorder. Order would require that the culture of the animal kingdom should be considered as the first source of wealth and greatness to a state; the culture of the vegetable kingdom as the second, and that of the mineral kingdom as subordinate to both the others, and not, as it is at present, as the principal source of national power. Order would require too, that the production of raw materials in the three natural kingdoms should be respected as the noblest of employments in a state; that the working of them up, should hold the second rank, and that commerce, which derives its subsistence from the two others, should be in the third; instead of which commerce is now considered as the principal source of the public welfare and of its representative power. Order would require further, that the mass of money circulating in a country should represent the productions of industry, whereas at present it represents itself, that is the quantity of gold and silver, and not useful productions, in consequence of which foolish estimation of money, an extravagant circulation of paper money, far exceeding the real mass of gold and silver, has taken place, which is a mere chimera. Order would require that nothing but an activity useful to the public should furnish every individual with the means of growing rich, and not, that the welfare as well of nations as of individuals, should as at present be falsely grounded upon lotteries and chance, upon inheritance, wealthy marriages, gaming intrigues, and false speculations, &c. In a word, money is the representative of intrigue and of idleness, instead of being, as it should be, that of useful activity.

"Such is at present the corruption of civil liberty in all the European states; and we may draw from it the conclusion, that Europe is doomed to a terrible and lasting state of internal confusion. Its convulsions must be inexpressibly tragical and of long duration, seeing that vice and error have taken such deep root, that we may look forward whole centuries before they can be extirpated."

It is remarkable that the author of this extract wrote it before the French revolution. He went to the new English colony at Sierra-Leona, and there fell a victim to the climate. It will be acknowledged that he has very accurately given the causes of dissatisfaction, and motives which drive to emigrate from Europe many persons who are not in desperate pecuniary circumstances, and that he says many useful truths. In the sequel of this work he says, that in the last half of the present century a great religious liberty has begun to be spread over Europe, but that there is yet no prospect of true civil liberty; that religious liberty and civil liberty, bear in a state the same relation to each other, as the liberty of speech bears to that of action for an individual: that the religious liberty introduced into Europe, chiefly consists in a mere de-

velopment of the powers of the understanding, and a liberty of the mind, connected with it, greater than ever before existed since the records of history; but that nevertheless civil liberty has not been restored, but on the contrary external slavery is evidently much greater now, than it ever was before.

CHAPTER VII.

Farming is not advisable, either to Europeans who wish to grow rich, or to persons of polished minds.

Such emigrants of some education and some property, whom an ardent desire for more civil liberty and happiness, and horror at the immoral condition of Europe, induce to abandon this quarter of the world, will not, in my opinion, by any means find their wished for better order of things in the United States of America—Religious liberty indeed exists there in the most extensive sense of the word; but it is very nearly as great in Germany. The liberty of following for a subsistence whatever business you understand, unrestrained by guilds, and the most extensive liberty of the press, are establishments which doubtless must correspond with their wishes. But they will find there again the monied aristocracy, at least in as high a degree as it could prevail in any part of Europe. The desire of wealth, and the veneration for it are certainly as great there as any where. Whoever is vain enough, not to be able to bear the luxury of the rich, because his fortune forbids him from displaying the same kind of glitter, will find himself still more mortified in America, where a yet higher value is set upon luxury of ostentation, than in Europe.

They are used to turn their views towards agriculture, and the enjoyment of the pleasures of a country life with an increasing capital. Their plan is to spend golden days of peace and liberty, in the enjoyment of rural pleasures, among enlightened neighbours. Cooper, by his book has spread still more these ideas abroad.—But Cooper himself has abandoned his farming projects in America, after he had made himself better acquainted with the true state of things. It is unfortunate, that people should write books, upon their first arrival, and afterwards observe a profound silence.

It can never come into the head of any European, who knows something of the country, to attempt an improvement of his estate by farming. Since the French war, lands have risen to their highest possible price, near Philadelphia an acre of bad land sells for sixty or seventy-five pounds Pennsylvania currency. Land holders have unanimously assured me it was impossible by farming, to obtain six per cent upon the capital employed. At Lancaster in like manner the price is fifty pounds and more, for an acre. To this must be added the dearth of labour, and that of horses, cows, farming utensils, in short, of every thing. Eighty dollars are paid for a bad horse, at least fifty for a cow, &c. American families, who work the farm themselves, without having to pay labourers, must have besides, an advantage.—This dearth is the consequence of a free exportation, and the bank-system. The worst of all, however, is the want of workmen, not because in general, there are so few people in America, but because they are in proportion to the population, crowded too much into the Sea-ports; because so many hands are employed in navigation, at the expence of agriculture, and because in general, every man, who finds it possible, prefers any other occupation, to that of tilling the ground.

Besides this, must be added, the insecurity of property, inasmuch as the seller was perhaps not the real owner; the latter, drives our friend of liberty, who came to seek in America, security for property, out of house and home, without making the least account of the poor European's American

patriotism, and without paying him back a farthing of the expence he may have laid out upon the estate.

The neighbours of our polished emigrant, form the deepest and proper shade of the picture. If he resides among the Germans, he has the satisfaction of hearing himself reviled in Swabian German, as a "damn'd Hessian." Further, he will have as many law-suits as possible brought upon his shoulders, and will loose them all. An expedient against this is to pay the lawyers; but such is the faculty of these men for engulphing money, that they may properly be compared to a bottomless bucket; and it is neither wise nor delectable, to run one's self, for the sake of enriching lawyers.

Furthermore, his fruit gardens will be robbed; his fences torn down; nay, perhaps his cattle will be poisoned &c....For these descendants of Swabian and Palatine swine-heres, have, as it were an hereditary hatred, not against the nobility, of which they have only very obscure conceptions, but against every thing more civilly behaved, and better clad than themselves, and which they include under the denomination of gentlemen. This relaxation will probably be now and then an elegant ball, which they call a frolic, and where the ladies, barefooted dance jigs and reels, to the scraping of a discordant fiddle worked upon by a negro.

If he should escape unboxed, out of this ornamental dancing circles, he may esteem himself lucky. This emigrant, therefore, whose seach was for virtuous men, who came to live among a people equally free and enlightened, must renounce all social pleasures. Hunting might perhaps afford him some consolation; but in the most cultivated regions he may wander about a whole day after a partridge half as big as a German one, and unless he be remarkably skilful, must after all leave her unshot, for they fly like an arrow.

In New-England the people have much more of the human character; but they are for the most fanatics. Yet the most comfortable living would be among the New-Englanders. In the states, south of the Potowmack the planters, excepting perhaps the swine-feeders and pitch-boilers of North-Carolina, are better educated more polite and more hospitable than to the northward. But on the other hand the immorality there is excessive. There are among the wealthy, many pleasant families who live in elegance. But the people are devoted to gaming, drunkenness, gouging, (see above, an account of the gougers) &c.

The cruelties practiced upon the negroes, render those regions insupportable to men of feeling hearts. The relaxing, unhealthy climate which unites in itself the faults of Greenland and of the Libyan deserts, is a very discouraging circumstance to those who would settle here.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Western Territory, the best for farming projects;—But then Europe must be renounced forever.—Dissolute crew settled there—French colonies at Gallipolis, Kaskaskias, &c.

An European cannot be advised to go into Kentucky or the other western regions, however liberally nature has bestowed her blessings there, unless he is determined to renounce forever all connection with Europe. For after once making a purchase there, he can never get away again; it being very easy to lay out a considerable sum of money there, but extremely difficult to convert real estate again into cash. Another very important and disagreeable circumstance for a settler, is the vile set of people who swarm in that country: they may be called the worst among the bad. They are fellows, who by excursions against the Indians have habituated themselves to assassination and robbery. They are besides addicted to drink, and

in the rage of drunkenness, often commit murders. It is dangerous to live among them.

But on the other hand these are the regions, the best adapted to farming projects. There is indeed a want of labourers, and if you carry any such there with you they run away; but in Kentucky, there are negro slaves, and the country is sufficiently inhabited, to afford some probability of recovering them if they run away. But when the negroes are well used they stay, and are better than white workmen. Amidst the majority of highwaymen who disgrace these western regions by their presence, there are many families of good morals, and habits of life, who constitute however a feeble minority and who came from the Atlantic states to settle there. They have been induced to remove by the offensive sight of the luxury displayed by worthless speculators, by the exclusively commercial principles of legislation, prevailing there, so unfavourable to the farmers, and by the nauseous view of an ulcerous moral corruption, constantly spreading further; and the Western Territory attracted them by the enchanting fascination of a milder air, a more fruitful soil, and a greater magnificence of nature, and discovered to them a blissful retreat, in the profound peace of rural happiness, heightened by the pleasures of nature in her beauty.

Many Europeans have settled in these parts, who were not persons of the lowest class. Thus for example, a number of Frenchmen have built a town called Gallipolis, upon the Ohio. It consists of about sixty log houses. Most of these emigrants are Parisians, and persons of good education. They too are victims of land speculations, and of the frauds of American speculators. For they had purchased their lands of one Duer at New-York, who became a bankrupt. His creditors seized his lands, and among them these which the Frenchmen had purchased. This happened while they were upon their voyage from Europe. Upon their arrival in America, they found that their capital was lost, and were obliged to hire a spot upon the lands which they themselves had bought, to build a sort of a town there, which is this same Gallipolis. Here they have employed themselves somewhat with gardening and with handicraft. They have planted vineyards, and may perhaps introduce there the cultivation of the vine. The situation of Gallipolis, on the lofty banks of the Ohio, is described as beautiful.

It is known that there are, on the Illinois, on the Wabash, at Post St. Vincent, and at Kaskaskias, old French settlements formed by Canadians in the time of Louis the XVth while those countries yet belonged to France. These Canadians are assimilated to the Indians by marriages, and lived with them very peaceably, until Americans settled among them, and by numerous murders provoked the Indians to make reprisals. The Indians have in general always lived in good understanding with the French; they could not do the same with the inhabitants of the United States, who deceive, annoy, and murder them as soon as they begin to settle in their neighbourhood. In almost all the wars, the Indians are first provoked, and the injured party. Their horror, and hatred mingled with contempt for the Americans, properly so called, whom they call "the long knife," is therefore as just as it is unbounded.

CHAPTER IX.

Stuart the traveller, and the Americans.

If therefore an European is willing to bury himself forever in Kentucky, or upon the Miami, the Wabash, &c. he may become a planter there. A huntsman too might gratify his taste, for a considerable length of time. He will find it easy to support mere animal life, but he must renounce all hope of finding society; and an enchanting pa-

trichal life, is not to be expected, where vice prevails, where gougiers and horse stealers, murderers of Indians, and drunken handicraftsmen pass their lives. It would contribute much to the happiness of emigrants, if many European families should settle near together. But such a project is impracticable with Europeans at this day, when a segregating egotism makes an union of many for one object nearly impossible, unless this object be immediate gain, or some work of darkness. The Europeans do not think and feel sufficiently alike.

But, for an European to visit these parts as a traveller, is quite another thing; and may safely be recommended to every man of enterprize. Discoveries in the north west part of North-America, would in particular reward him with celebrity. It is astonishing that the Congress has not yet sent persons at the expense of the public, to make discoveries in the centre of the country. It is disgraceful to them, that the English government has executed such a plan, in *their* quarter of the world, while this Congress thinks of nothing but impost and excise. This government has the character of the nation. They are indifferent to whatever produces no immediate profit. Their measures have nothing noble in them. If the modern Israelites should found a republic, it would be like that of America.

This lethargic apathy of the Americans upon every subject but that of money making, was experienced by a Scotchman, who called himself Stuart the traveller. In the winter of 1796 he advertised continually, an entertainment under the comprehensive title of "Conversations upon the human mind." For every ticket of admission to this feast of reason, he demanded a dollar; and promised to deliver out four hundred tickets for each evening, provided so many should be paid for. His receipt would truly have been by no means contemptible. Do but consider; four hundred dollars for every evening, with the satisfaction besides of making others discourse for him; for as they were to be conversations, he contracted no engagement to speak alone. This was the ridiculous side of the affair; but Stuart had made extensive journeys on foot, in the internal parts of North America, and he might surely have talked of these, in his conversations. In his advertisement, he advised the Americans to raise their minds a little higher, and render them more analogous to the grandeur of nature in America. "Consider," said he "your stupendous mountains, and immense lakes." Now as we have hitherto no knowledge of stupendous mountains in North America, it might happen that he had discovered some. The originality of the idea, would at least have been worth a single dollar, to attend once at his conversations. In England they would have been crowded. But the Philadelphians were too much engrossed by the care of their bodies, to have much taste for conversations upon the mind. In general there is no people from whom the Americans differ more, than from the English; a circumstance which has indeed not yet been remarked, but which is altogether conformable to truth.

When Mr. Stuart found at length, that no inclination discovered itself to converse upon the human mind, he declared in the newspapers that the Philadelphians were the merest earthy animals that he had ever met with; not indeed in so many words; but he gave it very clearly to be understood; he added that he would go next and try his luck at New-York, and if he found the people there too, refuse to discourse with him upon the human mind, he would leave the United States, and excuse himself from all further esteem for their citizens, whatsoever. But I now return from this little digression to my subject again.

(To be Continued.)

POLITICS.

[The following essay merits regard, and will cause some heads to meditate. It is the beginning of a short series which will appear in the Port Folio.]

ESSAY I.

NATURAL RIGHTS.

It is the fashion with all modern philosophers to lay down, as the basis of their systems, *rights* which they assert to have existed in a state of nature, before any societies were formed amongst mankind, and for the maintenance of which they pretend men entered into society; they tell us that such *rights* are inseparable from our nature, and can never be superseded by any institutions of the legislature. Upon these natural rights they build their pretensions to annul the most revered establishments of past times, and to overthrow at pleasure, governments that have been the work of ages, whenever the people can be brought to think fit to exert the authority that is inherent in them.

Surely it behoves us to examine carefully whether such rights did ever exist in a *state of nature*, before we allow the validity of them to invade every right which we claim in a *state of society*, and upon which depends every blessing we derive from the protection of law and government.

Now, I imagine, that if there ever was a proposition that was absolutely incontrovertible, it is, that in a state of perfect nature there can exist no right of any kind whatsoever. A state of nature, as considered previous to the institution of social connection, is exactly the state in which brute animals exist; and if you allow an instinctive assembling together in such a state, without law or controul over each other, like a herd of deer in a forest, it is all that can be allowed in a state of absolute nature.

Let me ask, then, what are *the rights* in such a state—rights, it seems, that are born with men, and are so inseparable from his very being, that he never can depart from them afterwards, or renounce them in any situation? If he has any rights in such a state, let him plead them against his fellow-brute, who is inclined to offer him violence, and he will soon perceive whether they are acknowledged to be valid. The truest definition of a state of nature, is *a state, previous to the institution of rights*; it is a state in which instinct and appetite have no controul, but such as they receive from the uncontrouled instinct and appetite of others. If this be the object to which our philosophers are aspiring in this *enlightened age*, I trust there is virtue enough left, and plain common sense, amongst the unenlightened, to counteract such a tendency, and to see through the fallacies of such dangerous innovators.

But, in fact, no such state has ever yet existed; it is a mere creature of the imagination; and it is whimsical enough to draw arguments for the subversion of every state in which man has existed from the beginning of the world, and in which alone he can exist to the end of it, out of a supposed state, which is so utterly incompatible with his existence. The long infancy, the wants and infirmities of man, render him dependent upon others, from the moment of his birth; and all his instincts and faculties that distinguish him from the beast of the field necessarily urge him to unite more or less under the bonds of society. Our common parents no sooner saw a progeny around them, dependent upon their care for their protection, than the origin of parental government was established. A colony of transported felons, cast upon an uninhabited island, would be exterminated by each other, if they did not agree upon some government and subordination for their mutual protection.

All the hordes of savages we have discovered are more or less formed into societies; and those who approach the nearest to a *state of nature* are, by far, the most wretched, as they are the most brutal, selfish, and unfeeling towards each other.

There are but two real pictures to be drawn from experience of the state of man in perfect independence of all controul. The one is a tyrant, who has got rid, at once, of the compunctions of his own conscience, and of the dread of his people. He lives, like every man, in a state of nature, possessing every opportunity of showing his disposition, by gratifying his appetites. The other instance is the patriot, who, like the tyrant, places himself beyond the reach of law, through his influence over the people, whom he misleads for his own purposes. He likewise is proof against the stings of remorse. In either instance the pictures bear the strongest resemblance to each other. Mad ambition, insensibility to the sufferings of others, injustice, violence, and rapine; blood, and cruelty fill up the measure of their despotic power, till it overflows; the excess of their iniquity arms the resentment of their country against them as a common enemy; and they fall buried under the ruins they have pulled upon their heads, by the destruction of every principle of security. It must be confessed, however, that the cruelties of Nero, and the proscriptions of a *Triumvirate*, fall far short of the honors and extensive persecutions which have been practised under the auspices of the advocates for the Rights of Man.

Half the disputes that men engage in, with most heat and animosity, arise, it is said, from not agreeing, in the outset, upon the precise sense of words. Perhaps an accurate definition of terms in dispute would convince the parties that they are nearly, if not entirely, of the same opinion; or, perhaps, that they are both engaging in a discussion of what neither of them perfectly understands.

It is this reflection that induces me, at a time when political controversy is carried on with so much fervour, not only in pamphlets, but in clubs and tavern meetings, as well as private societies, to endeavour to ascertain the meaning of some popular expressions, that are the most frequently sounded, and the least frequently examined, though they carry with them a sort of magic influence upon the imaginations of the hearers. Whether they produce the same sensations in the minds of those who use them, the conscience of these demagogues can alone determine. Amongst these sound words, "the Rights of Man," and "the natural indefeasible rights," seem to claim the pre-eminence, not only as they *begin from the beginning*, but as they appear to have the greatest weight with the proselytes to the new doctrines.

MISCELLANY.

Extracts from letters of an American Gentleman in Europe, to the Editor of the Philadelphia Gazette.

GLASGOW, AUGUST 26.

Glasgow is a considerable town, bearing the appearance of a great stir of business, and a thronged population. It is rapidly advancing in manufactures, and consequently, commercial importance. The old town bears but a small proportion compared with the buildings erected within the last 20 or 30 years. The modern houses are built in a style of superior elegance. There is one whole street, the houses of which consist of wrought stone, each about 50 feet front, with columns from the basement story, and pediments after the best Grecian and Italian models.

The cotton manufactories have done wonders for this place. I was this morning admitted to examine one of the largest of these establishments, the property of a Mr. Patterson. The impelling force of their machinery is derived from a stream, which is capable of working thirty-two thousand mule-spindles, and gives employment to 700 people. To behold this vast congregation of machinery all at one time in operation, is a sublime spectacle, calculated to excite the most exalted ideas of the powers of human invention.

EDINBURGH.

In proceeding from Hull, we were induced by a wish to see the celebrated Iron Bridge over the river Wier, to take Sunderland in our course. On its first opening to our view, the sight was at once a matter of astonishment and delight. Its immense arch, its light construction, and extraordinary height from the water, gave it the appearance of a bridge hanging in the air. The arch is 236 feet in the clear, and the under side of the crown 160 feet from the water. Three large barges, with all their masts up, were lying under it at the time. At Edinburgh we were gratified by many objects of magnificence and curiosity. The change of scenery, which is different from every other city in the world, the immense height of the houses, which are all of stone, and appear as you rise the hill to be built one upon the other with their gable ends to the streets, would lead us to suppose that we were in another world. The street where we are, exhibits a range of houses three quarters of a mile in length, with uniform fronts of brown stone in the most elegant style of workmanship, having rustic casements and areas, and palisades in front. The pavements are laid with flag-stones, about twelve feet wide. It is as handsome a street as any London can produce.

The castle at this place is a very ancient fortress. Every part of it is in a high state of preservation, and kept in excellent order.—The 42d Highland regiment are now quartered here. This is the regiment who did themselves so much honour in Egypt, by destroying Bonaparte's Invincible Legion, and capturing their colours. They are indeed a fine shewy set of soldiers.

We next made an excursion through Holyrood house, formerly the place of the kings of Scotland, and of the unfortunate queen Mary. Here is a long gallery of paintings of the hundred and ten kings of Scotland, from the foundation of monarchy to the last of the Stuarts. We were shewn the drawing room and bed chamber, occupied by queen Mary, with all the original furniture as she brought it from France. We were also in the room where queen Mary and her favourite Rizzio were at supper, when Darnly and his companions broke in and stabbed Rizzio, in her presence. There are stains remaining on the floor, said to be of Rizzio's blood.—At present this gorgeous palace is occupied by the Duc d'Artois, brother to the late king of France. It is said the English court allows him 120000l. a year. He is held in high estimation throughout Edinburgh, for his conciliating and correct deportment.

The ladies of Edinburgh have fine healthy complexions, but are not remarkable for elegance of person or the display of taste in their dress. They are extremely modest, domestic, easy in their manners, affable, intelligent—and an uncommon proportion of them possess highly cultivated minds, and are extensively acquainted with literature.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

PUBLICANS DANCES.

ARCHER V. WELLINGRACE.

This was a *qui tam* action brought by the plaintiff, who is a common Informer, to recover the penalty of 100l. from the defendant, who is a publican, for having public dances in his house, without a licence from four magistrates, as the act of the 25th of George II. requires.

Mr. Park, on behalf of the plaintiff, said, he could not point out in more forcible language the evils arising from those tumultuous receptacles of persons of all descriptions, than by reading the preamble of the act, upon which the present penalty was sued for. This preamble stated every kind of immorality and vice as likely to proceed from the temptation such houses held out to the lower classes to run into expenses they could not afford, and into irregularities that would lead them to ruin.

A great number of witnesses, summoned on the part of the plaintiff, proved that the defendant was proprietor of the public house, called the Coach and Horses, in Holborn, opposite the George and Blue Boar; that there were dances there every Monday and Friday, when any gentleman could obtain admission with a lady, on paying eighteen pence; the money was generally paid to one Clerk, who was door-keeper and fiddler. The defendant, who was the landlord, only interfered in selling liquor and refreshments.

The witnesses, who were persons, that had frequented the house for the purpose of dancing, all agreed that every thing was conducted there with the greatest regularity and decorum, and without any disturbances; but they differed most materially in this point; the male witnesses all insisted that most of the women, who frequented the house, were *immodest*, and that there was but little *decency* among them. The female witnesses, on the other hand, insisted that they were very *modest* and very *decent*.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant, endeavoured to shew that Clerk was a dancing master, and that this room was his school, but in this attempt he did not succeed.

Lord Ellenborough told the jury that the fact being clearly proved, that the defendant had, without such licence as required by law, established public dances in his house, he as judge, and they as jurymen were but instruments of the law, and bound by the law to declare that he had forfeited the penalty, named in the act of parliament, on which this action was brought.—Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 100l.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The lives of the ancients, as we find them in the Dauphin, and Dutch editions of the classics, have not much to interest the "elegant formam spectator," the accomplished gazer at beautiful models. The biography of the Romans, when exhibited by the dull diligence of a Dutchman, presents little more, than a meagre assemblage of names and dates. On an article, thus composed, the most eager attention will hardly dwell a moment; and when, for relief, we repair to Biography, expressed in the phrase of the middle, or the modern Latinity, our taste is offended, though curiosity may be gratified. From all offensive stains the following life of *Persius*, written by the learned *Drummond* is perfectly pure; and, what renders it still more valuable, the subject of it was not only studious, and wise, but affectionate and good. Gifford truly says that his life may be contemplated with unabated pleasure. The virtue he recommends, he practised in the fullest extent; and, at an age, when few have acquired a determinate character, left behind him an established reputation for genius, learning, and worth. *Drummond* laments that an early and untimely death, should have prevented this Poet from giving a more finished appearance to his works. His short day was so truly glorious, that it must ever be lamented it was closed so soon.]

Above all, the fate of *Persius* must have been mourned by the friendly *Cornutus*. It was his bosom, which had first received and cherished the neglected plant—it was his hand, which had long fostered it, with such fond and assiduous culture—it was his arm, which had already warded off a thousand dangers. Alas! the flower had just put forth its leaves in full blossom to the morning sun, when the day overcast, and this promised pride of the garden perished—by the relentless storm.]

THE LIFE OF PERSIUS.

AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS, according to the fragment ascribed to *Probus*, was born on the day before the Nones of December, in the consulship of *Fabius Persicus*, and *Lucius Vitellius*; and died in that of *Rubrius Marius*, and *Asinius Gallus*, on the eighth of the Kalends of December. But as there were only twenty-eight years between these two consulships, the author of the fragment is afterwards guilty of a glaring mistake, in stating that *Persius* died at thirty years of age.

Persius was born at *Volaterræ* in *Etruria*. He was of the equestrian order, and was allied to some of the noblest families of Rome. The author of the fragment says, his father died when *Persius*

was scarcely six years old. But the account given by our Poet himself, seems to contradict this assertion.

Sæpe oculos memini tangebam parvus olivo,
Grandia si nollent morituri verba Catonis
Discere, ab insano multum laudanda magistro,
Quæ pater adductis sudans audiret amicis.
Jure etenim id summum, quid dexter senio ferret,
Scire erat in votis, damnosæ canicula quantum
Raderet, &c.

What, could a child, not six years of age, have occasioned his father a sweating, because he could not repeat *Cato's* dying speech? And was this same infant, who was to have publicly recited the dying words of the Roman patriot, in the habit of playing at hazard, and of making calculations of chances?

Persius studied at *Volaterræ*, till he was twelve years of age. After that period, he was under the tuition of two masters at Rome, one of whom was a grammarian, and the other a rhetorician. The author of the fragment says, *Persius* did not become the pupil of *Cornutus*, till he had reached his sixteenth year. But our Poet tells us, his acquaintance with *Cornutus* did not commence till after he had taken the virile gown:

Cum primum pavido custos mihi purpura cessit—
Now the age at which the *prætexta* was laid aside, was seventeen years.

Among the number of friends and companions of *Persius*, were the poets *Lucan* and *Bassus*. The latter is mentioned with respect by *Quintilian*.

The author of the fragment says, *sero cognovit (nempe Persius) Senecam, sed non ut caperetur ejus ingenio*. By this I can only understand, that *Persius* could never relish the pompous eloquence, and declamatory style of *Seneca*. It is impossible that he should not have admired the talents, and respected the virtues of that philosopher, who was also a Stoic.

Persius was a person of the mildest manners, remarkable for the beauty of his form, and for the modesty of his appearance. His piety was exemplary, in discharging the relative duties of his situation. When he died he left a sum of money, together with his books, to *Cornutus*. The philosopher accepted the books, and delivered the money to the sisters of his pupil.

It appears that *Persius* wrote seldom and slowly. He forms one of the few examples of a young man, during the course of a short life, having acquired immortality for his name by his virtues, his talents, and his learning. His satires were much valued by his contemporaries. The poet *Lucan* particularly admired them. He is said to have died of a stomach complaint.

LEVITY.

[We extract the following, not merely because it is a humorous example of a power to puzzle, but because it has a close resemblance to the perplexed idiom of our *Genevise* calculator, and of our Attorney General of the United States.]

THE ART OF BOTHERING.

(FROM A LONDON PAPER.)

MR. EDITOR,

As it too frequently happens that, by an over-zeal to give minute directions, we bewilder those who execute our commissions, I enclose you a curious order, *verbatim*, as it was sent to a tradesman by a farmers' wife, for a *scarlet cardinal*,

"If you please to send me a *scarlet cardinal*, let it be full yard long, and let it be full, it is for a large woman, they tell me I may have a large one and a handsome one for eleven shillings, I should not be willing to give more than twelve, but if you have any as long, either duffel or cloth, if it is cheaper I should like to have it, for I am not to give more than twelve shillings, I beg you, sir, to be so good as not to fail me this cardinal on Wednesday, without fail, let it be full yard long,

I beg, or else it will not do, fail not on Wednesday, and by so doing you will oblige

"M. WINNS.

"P. S. I hope you will charge your lowest price, and if you please not to send a duffel one, but cloth, full yard long and full, and please to send it to Mr. Field's, the waterman, who comes to the Beehive at Queenhithe, pray don't send me a duffel one, but cloth, I have altered my mind, I should not like it duffel but cloth, let it be full yard long and let it be cloth, and not more than twelve shillings at most, one of the cheapest you have and full yard long, send two, both of a length, and both large ones, full yard long, both of a price, they be both for one woman, they must be exactly alike, for goodness and price, fail them not on Wednesday, and full yard long."

FESTOON OF FASHION.

....."Here, if a poet
Shin'd in description, he might show it.
Tell how the moon beam trembling falls,
And tips with silver all the walls,
Venetian walls, Palladian doors
Grotesque roofs, and stuccoed floors.
But let it in a word be said,
The Moon was up, and *Cure* abed."

[The following is from an *opposition* paper; but while we dislike the political sarcasms, we can applaud the ingenuity of the describer of the

"Topsy dance and Jollity."

SUBSCRIPTION MASQUERADE AT MARTINDALE'S.

A grand Masked Ball was given at *Martindale's*, in *Bond-street*, on Friday night, under the patronage of the club. It was one of the series of *fetes* in honor of the peace, which have added so much to the brilliancy of the present month. In happiness and harmony, the entertainment corresponded with the cause; but, in point of expence, it was completely upon a war establishment. It cost about 4000l: nothing that could give brilliancy to the scene was neglected. In addition to the extensive accommodations of the house, a temporary building was erected for the ball-room. It was nearly three hundred feet long by sixty feet in breadth, and fitted up in imitation of a green-house. Twenty-two waggon-loads of lilac and other shrubs were appropriated to this purpose; and the walls were trellis-work, with roses and other flowers of the finest quality in great abundance. An elegant room was set apart for the Prince of Wales, hung with festoons, supported by flying Cupids, Sylphs, Angels, &c. Finely contrasted with the lightness and brilliancy of this apartment was another adjoining, fitted up as a cavern, the ceiling of which was of shell work, resembling a grotto. The company began to assemble between eleven and twelve o'clock, and consisted entirely of masks in character or fancy dresses, to the complete exclusion of dominos. The number of tickets being limited, and disposed of only with the approbation of a committee, chosen by the club, consisting of the Marquis Headfort, the Earl of Besborough, and Lord Ossulstone: the company were of the first rank and fashion. It is of course superfluous to observe, that the enjoyment of the night was conducted with all the delicacy and decorum of the most refined manners, enlivened with all the combined effect of wit, taste, sentiment, and fancy, exerted to the utmost stretch, and devoted to the pleasure of pleasing. The Prince of Wales looked admirably in a highland dress; the Marquis of Lorn, Lord Villiers, and Captain Maitland, also, assumed the plaid with advantage, the last, particularly, the splendor of whose dress bespoke him the head of a Highland clan. Lady Charlotte Campbell, looked divinely in the character of *Mrs. Ford*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; but, singularly enough, there was no *Falstaff*, on whom the fire of her eye might operate as a burning glass. Lord Nelson was in a *Spanish Costume*: this was not the first time he dressed the Spaniard well.

Lord Ossulstone, Mr. Skeffington, the hon. Berkeley Paget, Lord and Lady Yarmouth, Mr. Lumley Saville, Mr. Cassamajor, the three Ladies Bennett, Mr. Gosling, Mr. B. Simpson, Lady Warburton, Miss Croxton, and Lord Courtney, were also of the same nation. Among the isolated characters, Lord Valentia was a *Grey Monk*: the beautiful Mrs. Gardiner, a *Quaker*; Lady Hamilton, a *Pilgrim*; Captain Carter, a *Servant in Livery*; Sir John Riddell, a *Courtier*; Mr. Moore, a *Tailor*; Mr. Dennison, a *Pilgrim*; Earl of Besborough, a *Monk*; Miss Milner, as Miss *De Camb*, in *Of Age To-Morrow*; Mrs. Theellusson, a female beauty, in extreme fashion; Mr. Paul Methuen, one of *Dr. Ollapod's* recruits, in excellent discipline; Colonel Ponsonby, a *Jew*; Mr. Lambton, *Cardinal Wolsey*; Mr. W. Bagot, an old *English Baron*; Mr. S. Turner, and Mr. Heneage, *Conjurors*; Mr. Smith Owen, *King John*; Mr. Knight, *Faulconbridge*; Mr. Lloyd, *Hamlet*; Mr. G. Cowper, a *Rustic*; Miss Sober, in the character of *Night*, a very merry night, if we may judge from her dancing. Mr. T. Wynne, in an old dress coat, from the wardrobe of the late Lord Fauconberg; Major Eustace, a *good Jew*; Earl of Landaff, a *Pilgrim*; Sir William D'Arley, a *Poisoner*; Mr. Roach, a *Witch*; Mr. Thornhill, an *Old Woman*; Hon. J. McDonald, *Sylvester Duggerwood*; Lord Mountjoy, an *Old Woman*; Mr. R. Jenner, a *Friar*; Col. Armstrong, *Lord Foppington*, one of the best characters in the room; Mr. W. Lloyd, an *Alderman*; Sir Sidney Smith, an *Egyptian*; Mrs. Sober, a *Nun*; Sir Edward Ryan, a *Hussar*; Sir J. Wrottesley, a *Countryman*; Mr. Wall, *Mother Cole*, with a *Male Young Lady*; Major Locke, a *Roman*; Mrs. Wood, a *Gipsy*; Sir J. Coghill, a *Turk*; the Miss Cramers, *Sultanas*. In the rank of those who astonished by their whimsicality and eccentric humour was Mr. M. A. Taylor, in a dress composed entirely of *Morning Posts*, of course extremely entertaining and eagerly sought after by the fashionable world. The hon. Miss Moore, a *Soldier's Wife*, with a child in her arms, returning from the campaign, and Colonel Montague Matthew, a *Wet Nurse*, of Brobdignag, fresh from the straw, and wanted to take a child from the month. The Duchess of Devonshire, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Harriet Cavendish, Lady Milner, Madame Recamier, Madame Barnard, the Countess of Harrington, Lady A. M. Stanhope, the Marchioness of Headfort, Lady M. Taylor, the Countess of Besborough, Mrs. Fitzherbert, the Miss Courtneys, Miss Lewis, and Mrs. Orby Hunter, were all in splendid fancy dresses. Lady Caroline Wrottesley, was also in a fancy dress of great taste and elegance. About four o'clock in the morning a masque of extraordinary attraction entered the room: it was a caricature upon the subject of the *fete*; the satire of which was forgotten in the ingenuity of the device. It was *John Bull* bending beneath an enormous basket upon his back; yet delighted with his burden, consisting of the three favourite subjects of the day, *Union*, *Peace*, and *Plenty*, all personified, the figures being kept in motion by a curious mechanical process, so as to be a perfect imitation of life. They were thus ironically represented, *Union*, by his coat half green half blue, his nose and chin having completely joined issue, and the head surmounted by an enormous pair of horns; *Peace*, a female *Billingsgate*, with a mob cap, a black eye, ready to return the compliment on any of the company, and a glass of gin; and *Plenty*, the figure of Mr. Pitt, as the starved *Apothecary* in *Romeo and Juliet*, with the motto, "*My poverty and not my will consents.*"

It was allowed to be one of the best masks ever seen, and was imputed to many. We understand Mr. Walsh Porter, was the real representative. The *Banditti* who were to occupy the cavern adjoining the Prince's apartment, were to have per-

formed an interlude for the amusement of their Royal neighbours; but the curiosity of the company defeated the plan, as they forced into the cavern, and took possession before his Royal Highness arrived. Among the banditti were Lord Headfort, Lord Ossulstone, Lord Cravan, two Mr. Manners, Mr. W. Porter, Mr. Carlton, Mr. P. Andrews, Mr. Concannon, &c. The five supper rooms were lighted up by chandeliers. The supper consisted of every delicacy, green peas, &c. Wines of the first quality in profusion, consisting of champagne, burgundy, claret, &c. The desert—cherries, strawberries, &c. The Duke of York's band played during the night at the foot of the stairs. The whole concluded about 7 o'clock, with the exception of one groupe that stayed until noon.

READING ROOM.

[Mr. Caritat, bookseller at New-York, has recently began an establishment intended as a sort of Literary Lounge for the studious, and the inquisitive. His literary assembly seems well filled with excellent company, and we wish that it may prove not only useful and pleasant to the public, but profitable to its projector.

LITERARY ASSEMBLY....Mr. Caritat's exertions to establish a room in which gentlemen who have a taste for literary subjects might associate, merit decided countenance and support. Though the inhabitants of New-York are much engrossed by commercial and professional avocations, yet there are some leisure moments which they might devote to other pursuits. The establishment of a literary coffee-room, in which strangers might meet those gentlemen with whose names and characters they are acquainted, is an object which, if effected, would be highly honorable to the city. For this purpose, it is not sufficient for gentlemen to give their subscriptions: their personal attention is also requisite.

The apartment appropriated to this use is provided with a judicious collection of the latest and most valuable publications; but it should also be understood that, at particular hours, when the hurry of business is over, the subscribers will frequent the room for the purpose rather of exchanging ideas by conversation, than of seeking entertainment or instruction in the perusal of books.

Such places of literary resort are not uncommon in Europe; but in this country a stranger has few opportunities of seeing the inhabitants collected, except for the purposes of eating, or for the transaction of business. The attempt to introduce an arrangement of this kind has been made with spirit; but is allowed to languish through the inattention of the gentlemen who have honored Mr. Caritat's subscription-list with their names.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

To counteract the views of the Jacobins, who strive annually to infect the minds of miscellaneous readers, with the poison of false politics, communicated in a book, published by the noted R. Philips, and called the "*Spirit of the Public Journals*," an ingenious publication has lately appeared in London from the pupils of the *Oldschool* called "*The Spirit of Anti Jacobinism*."

This is a duodecimo volume, consisting of essays in prose and verse, partly original, and partly collected from the daily, and other publications. These essays, some of which have very great merit, are for the most part of a political nature, and all have the recommendation of loyalty. The following is the Editor's Preface.

Superadded to the desire of rescuing from oblivion many pieces of merit, which appear in the fugitive publications of the day, the Editor of this volume has another object in view;—to provide an antidote for the poison, which has, for some time, been annually circulated under the title of "*The*

Spirit of the Public Journals;"—a work apparently intended to corrupt the morals, and vitiate the taste of its readers.

But the principal part of the *Spirit of Anti Jacobinism* will ever consist of ORIGINAL COMPOSITIONS, which some of the first poets and prose writers of the present day have engaged to supply. The Editor feels it necessary to caution the Public against the hasty adoption of an erroneous idea, which, though founded exclusively on the title of the book, great pains have been taken to encourage; namely, that this is merely a political and party publication. It is no such thing; political discussions will ever constitute a portion of its contents, but certainly not with a view to the support of any Party. It will contain Essays, Letters, Dissertations, and Poems, on subjects religious, moral, scientific, and literary.—In short, as JACOBINISM has demolition for its object, and depravity for its means; so is the object of ANTI-JACOBINISM preservation, and its means purity. Thus, while the votaries of the former seek, by poisoning every source of information and amusement, to deprave the taste, corrupt the morals, and to eradicate all religious principles from the mind, so destroying the cement which binds not merely man to man, but the creature to the CREATOR, for the attainment of its end;—the followers of the latter should labour to keep the channels of instruction pure and uncontaminated, to preserve the taste from pollution, and the mind from corruption, by providing it with such wholesome food as may at once afford pleasure and supply nourishment, fortifying it in its own good dispositions and strengthening it against the attacks of its most malignant, most inveterate, and most dangerous enemy.

JACOBINISM, then, is not merely a political, but an anti-social monster, which, in pursuit of its prey, alternately employs fraud and force. It first seduces by its arts, then subdues by its arms. For the accomplishment of its object it leaves no means unemployed which the deep malevolence of its native sagacity can devise. It pervades every department of literature and insinuates itself into every branch of science. Corruption is its food, profligacy its recreation, and demolition the motive of its actions, and the business of its life.—This "foul fiend" flourished both in France and Germany, long before it received its present appellation. Its hideous features may be plainly discovered, and will be easily recognized, in the multifarious works, profound and superficial, serious and comic, historical and scientific, in the poetry and prose, of the numerous philosophers who deluged both countries with their publications, during the latter half of the last century. Its perseverance is only to be equalled by its deformity, and its activity only to be exceeded by its malice. And, at no period, were its progress and its influence more to be dreaded, for reasons too obvious to require specification, than at the present. Consequently never were the efforts of ANTI-JACOBINISM more necessary to check that progress and to counteract that influence. To this object and to this end, will the vigilance and care of the Editor of the *Spirit of Anti-Jacobinism* be invariably directed; most anxious to preserve the religious and civil establishments of his country; with the character of his countrymen for purity of taste, depth of knowledge, correctness of judgment, and integrity of mind;—but most averse from the prostitution of talent to the mere purposes of party, or the support of political disputations, which have not a superior object in view.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

The following is a desperate effort at a pun. "Had Mr. Bullock set up for Ox ford, there is very little doubt but he would have met a friendly reception." [Morn. Post]

The Morning Post, of London, like gentle Dulness, sometimes loves a joke. "Mrs. Gibbs, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, being both in the *straw*, neither of them is of course to be found at the *Hay-market*.

Mr. Pitt has been recommended to the Bath waters; but he says *wine* agrees best with his constitution. [*Ibid.*]

Had General Vial been sent as Ambassador to this country, we could have fitted the French by sending them the Earl of Cork. [*Ibid.*]

The preparations making by the court of Spain, for the journey of the royal family, will cost, it is said, several millions. Upwards of four hundred carriages filled with the paraphernalia of the court were dispatched from Madrid the beginning of August. The feasts which are to take place at Barcelona, will recal by their taste and magnificence, the sports and tournaments of the ancient kings of Castile and Leon.

The Baronet, who is the subject of the following sneer, had the misfortune, sometime since, to be prosecuted for crim con, with Mrs. Dunnage. "Sir Thomas Turton intends giving a grand ball to the ladies of Southwark, by way of securing his election, and he proposes opening it with the dance to the tune of "*Petticoats loose*."

Sir Thomas Turton was strongly urged to call himself Sir Thomas Turtle, and set up for the city.

Bonaparte's election necessarily makes *much noise*, as the citizens of the department of the *Roe* are decidedly in his favour.

The post-office has been lately puzzled by a letter addressed to "*Sir, All you read, Clerk*." It has been at length determined, after much *decyphering analysis*, to belong to Sir ALURED CLARKE. [*Morn. Post.*]

The place in which George Rose took his unfortunate dip, has since been called *Rose Water*.

The Chronicle, no longer dares to repeat, with all its hardihood, that Mr. Pickering is a *public defaulter*. The tale of plunder so often told and so infamously persisted in, is now added to the long list of detected falsehoods. But who invented and propagated the slander? Who attempted to prolong its influence by the sanction of a report?

But, in the present extremity, something must be resorted to to fill up the chasm made by the ample and complete exposure of old lies. They have become unprofitable even to the cause of democracy, strange as it may appear; and as the invention has become lame, the difference of opinion between Mr. Pickering and the late President Adams, is brought forward with a view to create distrust in the qualifications of Mr. Pickering.

Mr. Jefferson has told us, that "every difference of opinion is not a difference of principle." Will not this silence the Chronicle? Common sense can decide without the authority of names, that differences of opinion may, and do often exist between men pursuing the same objects, without casting the shadow of reproach upon the integrity of either party, and if there is one serious thinking man in Essex who doubts whether Mr. Pickering is a whit the less worthy of his zealous support and confidence for such reasons, let him remember that so sharp was the contention between Barnabas and Paul, that they parted, and then ask himself if he can, on this account, distrust the virtue or goodness of either. [*Palladium.*]

Old poetry often exhibits sterling sense; and quaintness of expression does not, in the following curious lines injure the truth of the sentiment.

PARALLEL

BETWEEN BOWLING AND PREFERMENT.

Found in one of the Manuscripts in the British Museum.

"Preferment, like a game at bowles
To feed our hope hath diverse play:
Here quick it runs, there soft it rolls;
The betters make and shew the way
On upper ground, so great allies
Do many cast on their desire;
Some up are thrust, and force to rise,
When those are stopt that would aspire.

"Some whose heat and zeal exceed,
Thrive well by *rubbe* that curb their haste,
And some that languish in their speed
Are cherished by some favoured blaste;
Some rest in others' *cutting out*
The same by whom themselves are made;
Some fetch a *compass* far about,
And secretly the mark invade.

"Some get by *knocks*, and so advance
Their fortune by a boisterous aime;
And some who have the sweetest chance,
Their enemies *bit*, and win the game.
The fairest *casts* are those that owe
No thanks to fortune's giddy sway;
Such honest men good *bowlers* are,
Whose own true *bias* cuts the way."

The following is slightly altered from a British publication. The Federalist will determine whether it be well or ill applied.

Great TOM and B-RR, in dark divan,
At Washington were met;
Diamond cut Diamond was the word,
Each spread his *wily net*.

Each *bow'd*, and in most friendly guise
Be citizen'd the other;
And, giving the fraternal hug,
Call'd him his *loving brother*.

Each had his *views*, and strove to catch
The other in his *gin*;
Bold THOMAS wanted to get up,
Sly AARON to get in.

In his "minds' eye," B-RR was to TOM
"Ambition's *towering ladder*,"
And AARON meant, as a balloon,
To use this *mob-blown bladder*.

'Twas thus, deceiving and deceiv'd,
They made a coalition,
Each vowing, when he'd gain'd his ends
The other's sure perdition.

A few days since a gentleman in Shropshire observed two sailors very busy in lifting an Ass over the wall of a pound, where it was confined. On asking the reason, the tars, with true humanity and in character, made the following reply: Why, looksee, master, we saw this here animal a ground without victuals, d'y'e see, and so my messmate and I agreed to cut his cable and give him his liberty, because we have known, before now, what it is, to be at short allowance. [*London Paper.*]

The members of the corporation of New-York, we understand, are divided in their opinions respecting the plans which have been laid before them for the erection of a new City-Hall. That of Dr. Smith has excited general attention, and is thus defined to us by the author. It is left for public inspection at Mr. D. Longworth's, the Shakspeare Gallery, near the Theatre:

"It is in the form of an ellipsis, having a colonnade in the centre, in which are introduced the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders, with correspondent pilastres and wings, presenting a front of 300 feet, 63 feet in height, exclusive of the dome, commanding by an easy ascent a view of the city, the harbour, and the adjacent country; and the ornaments are such as can be executed in America.

"The dome being 145 feet from the ground, and having a large and higher object than a cupola, would give an air of grandeur and opulence, serve as a landmark to pilots for the safety of commerce by day, and at night facilitate the safe approach to the city, by means of a large lanthorn hung in the centre.

Suppose that a *Federalist* of direct views, and an independent mind should reluctantly submit to expose himself, at this time, to the dubious chance of an election, might he not thus soliloquize.

"I have so far acquiesced in a nomination, as not publicly and positively to decline it. My motives to the obtaining of a seat in Congress are certainly not those of personal ease, comfort, or interest. Most, even of the most sanguine and adventurous Federalists behold a choice in its true colours, and shrink from it, as from a burden. But I am prepared. If the Federal cause fail, I will submit with a good grace. I will thank the voters for me, for their good opinion, and the voters against me, for relieving me from a station for which I have no desire. If it succeed, I shall go to my post, as a slave to the galleys, with the resolution to act, as my conscience shall dictate, and the expectation of being treated eventually by my constituents as so many, in every republic, have been treated before me.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Votary of Hoyle," who, without many errors in orthography, has copied some novel laws of a favourite game from the "Sportsman's Magazine," might exclaim, could he remember the elegant couplets of the moral Bard,

O the dear pleasures of the velvet plain!
The painted tablets, dealt and dealt again,

but let him beware of

Spots quadrangular, of diamond form,
Ensanguin'd hearts, clubs, typical of strife,
And spades, the emblems of untimely graves.

The Editor is exhorted to "write poetry," by one of his correspondents. Alas! the rhyming powers are unpropitious. It is long since the Editor tasted a drop of Helicon.

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino,
Nec in bicipiti somniasse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic Poeta prodirem.

The remarks of a correspondent upon the alarming increase of emigration to the United States deserve the most serious consideration. If "acquitted felons" continue to be poured upon us: if this land is to be considered as the Botany Bay of England, we shall soon have occasion for the makers of manacles.

The forge in fetters only is employed,
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for the teams, and plough shares for the plough.

We shall be greatly obliged, if gentlemen will favour us, occasionally, with files of the London papers. The Editor at his literary bank, will repay the obligation with usury.

Our correspondents are requested to address their favours as usual. The pestilence which rageth at noon day, has grievously checked, but has not entirely arrested our business. Kindness is never more useful, than in the season of calamity.

Will Weathercock verifies his title. He is one of those, who go out into the market place, for an opinion; and, instead of consulting Truth and Conscience, consults the "rascal rabble."

How goes the mob? for that's a mighty thing,
When the King's trump, the mob are for the King.

Our subscribers at Savannah will notify us early if they wish to take the next volume of the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ALLITERATION.

The driest truths in fiction's garb when drest,
Steal on the ear and win the willing breast;
With fresh delight we read the thrice told tale,
Or hear the muse at wayworn follies rail.
Such are the charms in poetry we find,
To soothe the sorrows of the wounded mind;
At her sweet voice, the tear forgets to flow,
The Miser's bosom almost learns to glow,
The tortur'd wretch half ceases to complain,
And smiles, whilst vengeance shews the rack in vain.

Yet, whilst we own the power of verse divine,
And for the Poet's brow the wreath entwine,
We see with sorrow half her empire lost,
Her ends perverted and her meaning crost
By bold intruders, who in every age,
Assume her mark and venture on the stage;
Then false conceits their glittering tinsel shew,
And ranting rage contends with weeping woe.
Alliteration proudly rears her head,
And o'er the labour'd page her art is spread;
R's P's and Q's in every corner rise
And strike with ravishment our gazing eyes,
Yet, whilst we praise a science so profound,
We grieve that sense is sacrific'd to sound.

Are rural scenes the subject of the song,
The glittering stream must glide the glades along;
The homely hamlet rear its humble head,
And swallows swiftly sweep to gain the shed:
No lark must dare to mount the clear blue sky,
Because Alliteration is not nigh;
But chattering chaffinches may cheer the day,
Or roving red breasts run from spray to spray,
Or bulls may bellow, or a stag may stalk,
But for his life must not presume to walk,
For then to jingle there were no pretence,
And sound would quite be sacrific'd to sense;
In short, if they agree, 'tis well—if not,
Keep sound in view and let sense be forgot.

But if Alliteration's power is seen
To deck the meadows with a gayer green,
And adds new charms to cheer the darksome grove,
How much the more when winds unlicens'd rove;
When gloomy tempests wrap in clouds the sky,
And screaming sea fowls tell the storm is nigh,
Then with delight she shews her utmost power,
And leaves the bubbling brook and beauteous bower,
The shattering waves then shake the shelving shore,
And rending rocks re-echo to the roar.
The foaming froth bedecks the billows' brow,
And mourning mariners make many a vow,
Whilst livid lightnings shoot with glittering glare,
And ten fold horrors haunt the angry air.

Thus sings Alliteration—and her theme
To some, the height of poetry may seem;
Yet may we hope this taste at length will fail,
And common sense take up the pleasing tale;
Then shall Alliteration have less power,
Yet not be banish'd quite the muse's bower,
Since still her art may have the power to please,
If well employ'd, and introduc'd with ease.

R. S.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF HAFEZ.

BY JOHN NOTT, ESQ.

The cup of the tulip with wine is replete,
Come, my boy, let thy office begin;

How many more scruples and doubts must we meet?
To be longer severe were a sin*.

Break instantly forth from this pride and this scorn!
For what more can old time wish to know?
It saw, mighty Cæsar, thy proud tresses shorn,
And thy diadem, Cyrus, laid low†.

Be wise; for the sweet bird of morning is found
Gaily drunken with love and desire!‡
Be watchful; for lo! that deep sleep spreads around,
Which shall last till the world must expire!

How graceful thou movest, thy shape how divine!
O thou plant of the spring's early bloom!||
May beauty's fresh blossoms uninjur'd be thine,
May'st thou 'scape the rude winter's cold tomb!

'Tis wrong in the bright beams of fortune to play,
On her favour too much to rely:**
Alas! and alas! that the wisest will say,
"I am safe, and my mischiefs defy!"

With Eden's blest nymphs†† we to-morrow shall be,
Deeply drinking of Kuther's‡‡ pure stream:
To day mortal wine, and the hand maid we'll see
Whose fair lustre outshines the moon's beam.

The gale of the morn bids the morn of our youth
Yet once more richly glow on the mind:
Boy, bring us that balm which our senses will sooth,
Bring that balm which to sorrow is kind.

O, cease with delight to survey the proud rose,
Whose soft leaves must too soon feel decay;
For ah! the dark wind, which so churlishly blows,
At our feet all its honours shall lay!

* In this ode, much praised by Sir William Jones, as well for its superior beauty, as for the purity of its dialect, the Poet seems to address the hypocritical bigot—"Be not ostentatiously religious; for, in spite of all your severity, and abstinence from wine, death will at last subdue you, as he has subdued the most exalted characters history can boast."

† The Cyrus, or Ki Kosru, mentioned in this stanza, who in Persian is simply called *Ki—the Monarch*, was the third king of the Kaianian family: he was esteemed among the Asiatics as the very pattern of military glory.

‡ "Follow"—says Hafez—"the example of the nightingale, who, in the fair season, loves its darling rose even to intoxication."—Similar to this is the following distich, from a fable which must be familiar to every Persian learner. "The nightingale, if he see the rose, becomes intoxicated; he lets go from his hands the reins of prudence."

PERSIAN GRAMMAR.

|| In my opinion, there is a singular elegance and propriety in this paraphrase for his youthful cupbearer, who not only has a resemblance to the blossom of spring, from his tender charms, but also from his motion which is full of grace, like a flower gently waving in the air.

** The mutability of Fortune, is one of those subjects, which comes home to the bosom of every man—Hafez speaks of it so often, and so pointedly, that I am led to draw some comparison between him and the plaintive, the tender Petrarch—Alike they experienced the short lived joys of prosperity, and the bitterness of distress: they were both learned, both polite: they were both born with elegant desires, both were perhaps favourites with the fair: and they were alike protected by great men, whom they at once courted and despised.

†† The *Houris*, or *black eyed nymphs*, (for such is the meaning of the word *Houri* in Arabic) of more than mortal beauty, who are imagined to inhabit the promised Paradise, and with enjoyment of whose charms the faithful Mussulmans are to be rewarded.

‡‡ Kuther, or Cauther is a name given to the 109th chapter of the Koran, which, we read, was sent from heaven to Mahomet, to make him amend for the reproaches of his enemies. But it is commonly understood, by good Mussulmans, to be a river of the eighth heaven, the shores of which are pure gold, and its sand more fragrant than musk—its waters are white as milk, of that pure quality that whoever drinks of them is never to thirst more. The mystic interpreters of the prophet's law, make this river the symbol of the divine communication with the deity, which, they say, render us indifferent to those sublunary researches, that have their origin in ignorance.

The goblet then fill from the flask's purple store,
Unto HATEM of generous fame!*
But ne'er let us open the black volumes more,
That enrolls the mean niggard's poor name.

The wine which adorns the syringa† with red,
Does its nature so sweetly impart;
That quick from the cheek, where its glow was first
bred,
The warm current flows on to the heart.

The garden's brisk songsters now pour their full
throats:
Hark! methinks 'tis the dulcimer's strain!
'Tis the lute, 'tis the harp that now swell their clear
notes,
'Tis the pipe that enlivens the plain—

Mid these sweets bring thy couch; for ready as
slaves,
In the customs of service well tried,
Behold, where the cypress its head humbly waves,
And the reed has its vest duly tied.

From Rom,‡ and from Rei, the high fame of thy
song
Far as China, and Egypt is flown:
To HAFEZ such wond'rous enchantments belong,
He is honour'd wherever he's known.

EPIGRAM.

Fox et prætereæ nihil.

A venal Senator, to revenge some slight
Thrown on him by a spouting wight,
Cry'd, "Prithee don't presumptuously rejoice,
I grant you eloquence, you are 'tis true
A voice and nothing!"—"Thank you, Sir,—and you"
His foe replies, "are NOTHING and a VOICE."

EPITAPH ON A WIDOWER.

Beneath this stone lies Peter Foster,
Who married a wife—and *luckily* lost her!

* HATEM, surnamed TAJ, was an Arabian prince, recorded by the poet Sadi, for his learning, his valour, and his generosity. His character was held in such high esteem, that, when the Arabians wished to praise any one for his virtues, they always called him HATEM TAJ. He lived before the Mahomedan era; but his son Adi became a Mussulman in the seventh year of the Hegira. Among several other instances of his liberality, it is related that he more than once killed forty camels, to feast his neighbours and the poor wandering Arabs. An ambassador of rank was once sent to him by the Greek Emperor, to purchase a very valuable horse which he had, Hatem, who knew of his arrival but not his business, and having nothing to entertain his guest with, from the extreme scarcity which then prevailed, had actually killed that very horse, precious as he was, to supply his table with food.

† The *Argoon* is supposed by some commentators, to mean the Persian Syringa, or tree of Judas, on which the traitor hung himself: the tree, in consequence, is said to have wept blood; with which its blossoms are still dyed.

‡ His fame flies from the utmost extremities of Persia, to kingdoms the most learned, and the most polished.—Rom was the Anatolia of the Romans, which produced some of the brightest luminaries of which antiquity can boast. Rei—a city famous for having given birth to some very distinguished characters. It was situated on the northern part of Persian Irak—or ancient Paethia.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 47.]

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1802.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE THIRD.

CHAPTER X.

*Land speculations—Banking—Foreign trade; may all
be carried on by foreigners.*

After an emigrant has recovered from his projects of farming, he will certainly turn his eyes towards commerce, and soon find, that as, according to the common proverb we must howl, when among wolves, so when among Americans, we must speculate. If he has any taste at all, it will be impossible that shop keeping should suit it; and he will remark that the detail traders unless they import their own goods, only labour for the wholesale dealers. He will find three great paths of business open to him, which he may deliberate upon, and choose among them. First, land speculations; secondly, usury or money banking; and thirdly, import and export trade. The time for land speculations is past, inasmuch as at the end of the year 1796, all lands had reached their highest possible prices, and must fall again. I have no occasion here to observe that this price always bears a proportion to that of wheat, and of other productions. At the breaking out of the French war, when produce rose very rapidly in price, and when America by her neutrality obtained the carrying trade of West Indian produce, all which immediately drew floods of money from Europe to the United States, was the true point of time for land speculations. From that time until late in the year 1796, the price of lands has been constantly rising. The greatest American land usurers have notwithstanding, found themselves very much mistaken in their reckoning; for they expected the political convulsions of Europe, would produce emigrations of whole nations to America. This however has not happened; and the American speculators with their many millions of acres of purchased lands, are left in the lurch. They have no money left, and their land is without value.

The American speculators have besides, their mysteries, and have formed among themselves a junto, so that a mere layman, not initiated into the mysteries of this junto, could make very little progress. The art of cheating with lands must be learnt. An emigrant therefore cannot be well practiced in it, until he has resided there a certain length of time. Besides which, a certain innate address is required to excel in it. He will therefore in most cases do better, not to meddle with it at all; especially at this time, when the favourable period is past, and will probably not return again.

The discount business, or usury, offers itself to the emigrant as the second mode of improving his finances. Specie is so scarce that at the end of the year 1796, five per cent. by the month were given for it. He may entrust his cash to the money

brokers, or discount with it himself. It is a rule never to discount any other than small notes or bills, because in a given number, there are always some, that are never paid; but the profits upon the others are so large, that they make such a loss unimportant. Care must be taken likewise, to discount none but indorsed notes. In this trade, which can be of little general utility, money may be collected; but not great treasures, nor even any considerable sums.

What the French call "*commerce sur la place*," that is purchases and sales made on the spot itself, may be very profitable to a person of a speculating genius. Thus for instance at the beginning of winter, muslins, or summer stuffs may be purchased at public auctions very cheap, and sold again in the spring, with a profit of twenty-five per cent. and the like in other cases.

The import and export trade, by which a man is in some measure useful to two countries at once, that is, to the country where the goods are manufactured, which as I should expect from all German emigrants would be Germany, and also to America, provided the objects imported should be useful articles, is then after all, what may be advised as most expedient for an emigrant of some property. He must however have studied the market before he undertakes it, and the market in America, changes every year.

On account of this instability of the market, it is advisable for an emigrant, when he goes to America, rather to take money with him, and no goods, unless he have a very good correspondent there; and the best coin he can take will be good guineas of full weight. He would indeed thus lose the expenses of his sea voyage, which are not inconsiderable, and also those of the first six months residence in one of the sea ports of the United States. But he who insists upon losing nothing often loses all. He would at least thus obtain the advantage of making himself sufficiently acquainted with the nature of the market. He might then send to Germany for goods, and fetch them not from the German sea ports, but directly from the manufactures. If however he chooses at first to carry goods with him from Germany, he will do well to apply for them to a known commercial house; but not to obscure traders of the third or fourth class, with whom there is much more danger of being cheated, and who have seldom good correspondents in America.

The bills of lading must be directed to himself and not to any merchant in America, who if they were, might dispose of the goods. Upon his arrival in America, he will do very well not to give his goods in commission, but to hire an house where he can store them. He may then advertise them in the newspapers, and not be over hasty to sell them, for the first essay of commercial fraud, which he will have to withstand, will be the statement of false prices, and attempts to debase the value of his goods. This is one branch of the little shop keeping policy. He may deposit at the custom house a sufficient quantity of his goods to serve as security for the payment of the impost upon all that he has imported. For a merchant already known has credit at the custom house for six

months; but a stranger, as may be supposed, has not.

If he deposits money at the bank, he receives no receipt for it, but it is noted in the books of the bank, and he may command it, whenever he pleases.

In all these commercial occupations, it is necessary to reside in the sea ports, even to speculate in lands. In North-America, the sea ports are the centre of all wealth and all power. In these sea ports you live among mere shop keepers, excepting perhaps the adventurers from Europe, who give a little more variety to the insipid uniformity of the scene.

In a series of years, thus spent, wealth may indeed be acquired; but is it really worth one's while to vegetate away a great part of one's life, for such an object?

Whoever wishes to visit the United States, merely as a traveller, should be warned, that he must so order his purse as to reckon upon a weekly expense of at least twelve dollars, without taking into the account his expenses of travelling, or of removal from one place to another, and without including any disbursements for cloathing.

CHAPTER XI.

The Sea voyage.—Enormous expense of it.—The Steerage.—Nautical remarks.

It is not indifferent for an emigrant to read something concerning the voyage to America, seeing that this passage is not one of the most unimportant scenes of the whole drama. We shall first say something of its expense. Among the Americans, nothing is cheap, and their ship captains require large payment. On my first voyage, the price for a cabin passenger was twenty guineas, without reckoning coffee, sugar, strong liquors, wine, poultry, &c. On my second voyage it had risen to thirty guineas, for which however the captain, was obliged to provide those articles. Consider the cost of such a voyage for a whole family. In the steerage, a passenger pays ten or twelve guineas for his passage, and has the common sailor's fare. This steerage, is a part of the ship, between the captain's cabin, and the hold, where the sailors are sheltered. The passengers in the steerage are not however secure against the detestable company of these sea monsters; and therefore a decent family, especially if consisting in any part of females, must be reduced to the extremest indigence to acquiesce in this unbecoming, and excessively disagreeable way of crossing the Atlantic. The passengers in the steerage, are besides, exposed to the thefts of the sailors, the most thievish race of beings under the sun, as also to the coarse vulgarities of the captain, and the steerman, and lastly, they travel in company with that sort of rabble, and those vagabonds, who go to sell themselves in America.

I have not indeed been round the world with captain Cook; but as I have crossed four times the Atlantic, without reckoning several smaller voyages in Europe, I must know tolerably well what the ordinary occurrences of a sea voyage are. I do indeed regret that I cannot here entertain my

readers with a couple of ship wrecks at my expense. I can tell them to be sure of three very severe storms and of four water spouts; and I once ran a ground upon the coast of Holland. We got afloat again however, before the ship had gone to pieces: it was not even damaged. The Americans are good practical navigators, but their ship captains have in general no mathematical or astronomical knowledge. They know not how to take the longitude by celestial observations. They go merely by what the English call, "dead reckoning." They heave the log every two hours, to find out how many English miles the ship sails in an hour, and that is all. They do not consider that the ship may vary twenty times the rapidity of its progress, in the course of two hours, and thus alter the length of the log-line. This would nevertheless be easy for them, inasmuch as the nautical books contain rules for the rectification of the log. But all this is not sufficient. In the English ships of war, they throw the log every half hour, and an officer is constantly observing the variations in the sailing of the ship. But in the trading vessels, at least in those of America, they throw it very carelessly every two hours.

In the voyages between America and Europe, the sailing is always from east to west, or from west to east: and the longitude may thus be ascertained sufficiently without observations of the moon, or of the satellites of Jupiter; but for East-India voyages it will not answer. Most of the American captains who go to the East-Indies, know therefore how to make those observations, which the others do not. On my last voyage the captain believed himself to be thirteen degrees distant from the British channel, but not being quite sure of his reckoning, threw the lead, and found soundings at sixty fathoms; that is, we were already at the mouth of the channel. And this captain was otherwise a skilful and active mariner. The danger in this case is, of running aground in the night, under the mistaken opinion of being yet distant from land.

Another very unpleasant circumstance is the bad steering. On board of merchant vessels, the sailors, however ignorant, take their place at the helm by turns. Now a ship is like a cannon, which if pointed but a single line to the right or left, bears wide from the mark. By bad steering, and by vibrating to and fro, from one point of the compass to another, the voyage is very much lengthened. Ships going from one quarter of the world, ought to sail upon the largest circle, and vary from it as little as possible.

In consequence of such bad steering, I was upon my last voyage twice witness to a very dangerous circumstance; that of the ship's falling behind the wind. In such cases the masts are very easily carried away, or the ship itself, pressed down at the stern until she sinks.

It is astonishing to think, how in sea voyages, one's life is every moment exposed; and generally by the fault of the mariners. Another danger, arises from sudden squalls, which very soon overset a ship under full sail. The Americans are very bold, and generally carry as much sail as possible. I have seen the ship on board of which I was, during such squalls, lay entirely upon her side; but she righted again, upon the captain's taking the helm, and bringing the vessel round before the wind.

The American sea captains are often very young, and many of them are pretty gentlemen. I performed two of my voyages to America with a Scotchman, who was directly the opposite of a pretty gentleman; but a good seaman. No man exceeded him, in braving the elements. During a tremendous storm, when he saw that no human power could avail any thing against it, and that the ship must be abandoned entirely to her destiny, he turned in and snored it away.

Most persons who never saw the sea, can have no conception of the uncomfortable circumstances of a sea voyage. Among which, sea sickness is the first. The cause of this singular distemper is not yet sufficiently known. I believe it is occasioned solely by the motion of the ship, which throws the blood into an homogeneous vibration. This unnatural motion hinders the digestion; and hence the stomach casts up again all that it receives. This vibrating motion of the blood likewise obstructs generally all the faculties of the body, and hence the incredible aversion against all motion. It is easy to judge, and experience teaches that this violent agitation of the blood clears away many obstructions from the body; especially as the disease often occasions two opposite kinds of secretion at once. The best treatment of this distemper, as far as my experience teaches, is to lay in an horizontal position as long as it lasts, and take nothing at all against it. It is folly to counteract the beneficent purposes of nature, and the consequences of this disease are beneficial. Walking about, and eating, which the sea captains always recommend, give no relief, and are a real torment.

That the motion of the ship occasions the sickness is clear, from the circumstance that you are twice subject to it; first in the North Sea, and then in the Ocean, where the motion of the water is altogether different. The ship is indeed to those on board, a second body. You feel every one of its motions. Hence the sea captains who speak English, personify their ships, and ascribe to them the feminine gender, though otherwise in the English language, all inanimate things, are neutral. "She is a beautiful creature," say the sea captains, when they look with delighted eyes towards a well built vessel.

The bad smells on board ship, do not produce sea sickness; but they are very disagreeable. The seamen perfectly disregard them. Under the bed places of the passengers, they stow away cheese, meat, which frequently is stinking meat, &c. This, for delicate persons, is not one of the smallest inconveniences at sea.

The table, is in perfect unison with all this. Among the Americans, at least those who sail from Hamburg for America, it is really very monotonous, and to say the least, far from being nicely selected. Always salt or smoked meat; once in a while a half famished fowl dead of disease; scarcely any vegetables except potatoes, &c. and all this, prepared by the worst sailor in the ship, whom they always employ as cook. It is well known to have been long a common proverb among the English sailors, that "the Lord provides food, but the devil cooks it." The favourite beverage is brandy and water, with which in Germany hogs are fed, and which they call grog. You have indeed besides, a little porter, and very bad wine, and for all this, must pay thirty guineas! Add to this, the unremitted noise which you hear every night over your head, so that a person upon his first voyage, must think the ship all the time, in the greatest danger; further, incessant curses and blasphemies in an inharmonious language; and finally the cruelties which one must witness, practiced by the captain and the steerman against the sailors, and against the wretched German fugitives who are going to be sold in America. All these things make the ship an abode, uncommonly resembling the ideas which we have of hell. The American sailors are flogged much more severely, than ever the soldiers were formerly in armies where the most rigorous discipline prevailed. The law, to be sure prohibits it, but of the law, no notice is taken. The sailors are indeed in general such a depraved class of men, that they can be kept under the rein only by the fear of punishment. I have also seen a captain nearly starve to death his sailors and the German slaves which he was carrying to America. He gave them only a bis-

cuit and an half a man, by the day, so that they crept about the ship like corpses.

Other travellers have remarked before me, that during sea sickness, and in general at the beginning of a sea voyage, home sickness, is common. The traveller repents his determination to expose himself to so many dangers and inconveniences. He becomes excessively dejected, and longs for the flesh pots of Egypt again.

A voyage to America is among the most tedious of all voyages. The winds are almost always westerly, and of course adverse to ships sailing thither. It takes not much more time to go to the Cape of Good Hope, though much more distant. But hence on the other hand, the voyage from America to Europe, is the more quickly performed. The usual passages to America, take from sixty to ninety days; those to come back from thirty to sixty.

CHAPTER XII.

Vincit amor patriæ.

The object of an emigrant, as such, is to better his condition. Oppressions of every kind induce the poorest and meanest of all the inhabitants of Germany, to exchange that country which is unjust towards them, for North America or even for Russia or Hungary. These are not to blame; but there is another class of persons in good circumstances, who are no less ungrateful to their mother country, than the arbitrary and selfish governments of some oppressed German states, are to the unhappy tillers of the ground; who despising Germany, remove to foreign lands, where, seeing themselves disappointed in their expectation of finding things better than at home, they repent their rashness, to which nothing but shame at the failure of their undertaking, or the loss of their property, can chain them down.

To these I address myself in this chapter; not to the artist insufficiently rewarded in his own country, (such as Gluck, Gretry, Handel, Haydn, Angelica Kaufmann, the painter Hackert, Madame Mara, &c. &c.) who delights England, Italy or France by his talents; nor to the man of letters, contemned by ungerman Gothic governments, who by his discoveries in the abstract sciences, adds new refulgence to the light, spread over the most cultivated nations of Europe.* Nor do I speak, to the speculating merchant or the observing traveller; but those Germans, whose heads are heated by romantic ideas of foreign excellence, and who inspired by Anglomania, Gallomania, or Americomania, despise and desert their country, shall be now the objects of my animadversions.

This partiality for what is foreign, itself arises from a great irritability of imagination, which paints in too lively colours the distant objects, and which is a characteristic feature of the German nation so ridiculously cried down by the French, as a phlegmatic people. It is consequently an amiable failing, which foreigners at least out of gratitude ought to judge with tenderness, and which even has its foundation in a mental perfection. For this imagination, moderated and corrected by experience gives rise no longer to errors of conduct, but to master pieces of genius.

The love of geography, a science, in which by the confession of all nations, the German people excel all others, may likewise be a primary motive for the emigrating passion of polished Germans. But the German must look back upon his native land with true complacency when he perceives how well it can stand a comparison with others. The climate of Germany is less cold than the coun-

* Such as Herschel, Euler, &c. and Winckelmann, whose labours, though not devoted to the abstract sciences, taught Italy to discern and to appreciate the master pieces of ancient art.

tries in the same latitude, to the east, and less damp, than those under the same parallel to the west. How highly favoured in respect to climate must Germany be; since it produces further to the northward than any other country, wines, which the English, the Hollanders and other foreigners prefer to the finest wines of France.

But Germany is, in winter covered with snow and ice. I answer, this is the case, only in hard winters, which extend over the greatest part of Europe: does not the northern part of Italy itself often smart under the rigour of the cold? did not frost extend further south than Rome, in the years 1740, and 1789? and do not the inhabitants of those countries in such cases suffer from it, by so much the more, as being unprepared for it, they possess fewer means of defence against it. I wish not by any means to depreciate the natural charms of the three southern peninsulas of Europe; Spain, Italy and Greece; but the preference which the French and English give to their countries over Germany, can be founded only in egotism, and in the geographical ignorance of those nations. For the winter, which drives you from Germany, you will find again in those countries; but you will not find in an equal degree the fertility of the soil, or an equal proportion of good land to the bad, of which there is probably more there than in Germany; notwithstanding the Lunenburg heaths, the sands of Brandenburg, and other barren districts.

For, according to the opinion of the English geographer Guthrie, Germany would surpass every other European country in fertility, if the cultivation of the earth, were not, as he thinks in an inferior degree of perfection. He draws this conclusion from the proportionably low prices, and the abundance of provisions; a circumstance which must excite admiration; considering that Germany, is always the scene of action for enormous armies, in every European war, and that in peace it maintains more soldiers than any other country in our quarter of the world. Germany, says the same geographer, produces as many excellent fruits as Italy. Here then is the judgment of an Englishman, concerning a country, which many of its own inhabitants ungratefully despise; and it deserves the more attention, as proceeding from a nation, accustomed to undervalue every thing, in comparison with their island.

For healthiness of climate, and for variety of productions, in the three natural kingdoms, Germany is certainly inferior to no region of the earth. Yet, what avail all the natural advantages, to the happiness of man, if he must forego the sweets of love, of friendship and of society with polished and sympathising individuals? if he cannot enjoy the flowers, which an universally disseminated cultivation of the mind strew in the path of life? It is a characteristic feature of the sensuality of our times, to allow more importance to mere physical advantages, than to the intellectual enjoyments of the mind and heart. Internal delight is disregarded; external gratifications exclusively occupy us; and hence that overweening love of riches, which is the ruling passion of the present generation.

But how should a German expect to enjoy, out of his country, those pleasures, which arise from agreeable connections with his fellow creatures. in greater perfection than within it? For every man is homogeneous chiefly with his countrymen, and similarity, not so much of principles as of inclination is the connecting link of minds. Hence, I am inclined to believe that sympathetic love, such for instance, as Rousseau has drawn in his *Julia*, can take place only between persons of the same nation. Several powerfully operating causes concur to occasion heterogeneity between nations; and among them, the language is probably the greatest, inasmuch as the whole system of ideas is closely connected with it; and this organizes, not only the minds, but as no operation remains without effect,

even the physical constitution in analogy with itself. Hence the influence of great writers upon the moral and physical improvement of a nation. Who can calculate the effects, which Addison, and others have disseminated by works of general utility?

Whence comes the uneasiness and melancholy which the traveller for the first time in foreign countries feels, but from the sentiment of heterogeneity towards every thing around him? Who has not upon his arrival in foreign cities remarked in himself a certain obscurity of conception, which does not clear up until a longer residence has made him homogeneous with the inhabitants.

A German may therefore expect with more probability to find in his own country a wife, and a friend suitable to himself, than in any foreign land. Moore, the Englishman, says in his travels, that the German fair, have a more placid look, than English, Italian or French women: here is another judgment of an impartial foreigner (for who is there, partial in favour of Germany?) which is the more flattering, as it appears to have been extorted by the charms of the objects themselves.

As there is less luxury prevailing among the German women, than among the fair sex of trading nations, this is another motive for a German to choose from his own nation a partaker of the sufferings and joys of his life. And, if a German is more likely to find domestic happiness in his own, than in a foreign country, Germany is likewise rich in romantic regions, where he can enjoy it, heightened by the pleasures of a country life. The beautiful banks of the Elbe, of the Saale, of the Weser, of the Mayn, and of the Rhine, exhibit to the wandering eye, the image of exuberant fertility, and their landscapes inspire the poet and the painter, with the master pieces of art. Here, surrounded by a pure and temperate air, you behold emerald meadows, obscure forests, golden wheat fields, smiling vineyards, rocks, and magnificent streams intermixed with enchanting variety, while distant cities glitter in the glowing splendour of a noon-tide sun.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Result.

My conclusion, with respect to the several classes of emigrants who go to America to spend their days, is this. The lower, and poorer these emigrants were in Europe, the more they will find their lot improved in America; but I speak not of mere poverty; for meanness of education must be combined with this indigence. Whoever has been bred to the coarsest daily labour, which is the basis of subsistence to every society; whoever has grown up, under the oppression and contempt in which this lowest gradation of society is unjustly indeed held, may emigrate to America, where the want of competition, gives an higher value to these labourers than in Europe, and where this class of men, can by labour raise themselves from a state of absolute nullity to a certain degree of independence, and of existence as citizens. A man possessed of mental endowments will probably sooner succeed in Europe than in America, where such abilities are in no esteem. A merchant may make great profits there, but still greater losses, if he has not studied the peculiarities of that trade. He will be swallowed up in the convulsions of those commercial earthquakes which America periodically suffers, if a too ardent thirst for gain prevents him from withdrawing in time, from the trade. But least of all is America the country for a farmer of education and property, who wishes to realize their projects of agriculture. Every thing is adverse to this; the dearth of labour; the scarcity of workmen; their bad quality; the dearth of cattle and of farming utensils; the want of cloathing, &c. and above all, the bad neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

ESSAY II.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

There being no such thing as *rights* in a state of nature, the next object of our inquiry is to know what are the rights which we acquire by entering into society.

Nobody would be presumed to give up his natural liberty of doing what he pleases, if it were not in exchange for a happier existence. Whilst he is in a state of *perfect independence*, it so happens that he is dependent upon every thing that surrounds him. He is at war with the elements—with the beasts of the forest—but, above all, with his own species.* If he seeks shelter in a cave, which he is to dispute with its savage proprietor, he is liable to be torn out of it by the first man who finds him in it, and who is stronger than he. His food he acquires with difficulties and hardships incredible, and eats in fear and trembling, lest it should be taken from him. Nothing is his own. His life is in perpetual danger, whilst his precarious existence depends upon the fraud or violence of every thing that approaches him; and his mental faculties, that should aid his individual and corporeal weakness, are uncultivated, and neglected for want of communication with his fellow-creatures.

If man, therefore, could have existed during the shortest period under such misery, he would soon have renounced a liberty so fatal to his happiness, the moment experience had taught him the benefit of union with others, though in the rudest elements of civil society. The enemy that one man was not equal to subdue, three might easily overcome; but then an agreement must take place amongst them, that the spoil should be fairly divided, or the two, who defrauded the third, would, in future, have no confidence in each other, and the common benefit could not be renewed upon another occasion. The laws of equity are so beneficial, and so obvious, that in some degree they force themselves upon us, whether we will or no; and there is no savage insensible to them, however interest may tempt him to violate the sense of justice in particular instances.

Establish once the principle, and there is deduced from it a string of corollaries which extend themselves wider and wider, till they form the most perfect institutions of human government.

The great object, then, of civil society, is to procure to us security in our persons and property.

It is proved then, that there can be no *rights* in a state of nature previous to the institution of society, and it may, with equal certainty, be demonstrated, that no *liberty*, properly speaking, could exist in such a state; for what is slavery, but the depending upon the will and passions of those more powerful than ourselves; and enjoying neither property nor security, but by the precarious tenure of arbitrary power? This must be the case where the law of the strongest is the only law, and is equally the case, whether in a state of despotic tyranny, or of *natural*, unconnected independence.

In the institution of society there is really no sacrifice made of *natural liberty*; for previous to the formation of society, a state of liberty cannot exist. Civil liberty is acquired into society, together with civil rights, by a convention which gives the protection of the whole community to every individual who is received into it.

What, then, is the object of civil society?—the acquisition of liberty—and what is liberty, but the protection of the individual against arbitrary power? that is, the secure enjoyment of every thing he possesses under the laws established by his society.

Liberty, therefore, and *rights*, are acquired, and not innate; they spring out of the conventions of

* *Ferguson on Civil Society* (a book on such hypothesis is totally false) says, that in a state of nature "the sight of a fellow-creature is the signal for slaughter, or for flight." EDITOR.

civil society, and must, consequently, be forever subject to the modifications of particular governments. All that can be said is, that the purposes of civil society are best answered in those governments where the public happiness is the best secured, whatever be their form or constitutions, which, according to circumstances, must eternally vary:—

"For modes of government let fools contest,
The best administer'd is surely best."

The most free of all governments would be that of a despotic authority in the hands of an Angel sent from Heaven to controul us, provided it were also administered by Angels.

It is, therefore, *not* essential to liberty that free-men must necessarily be governed by the elected representatives of the majesty of the people; by what forms it is actually administered; in whose hands the springs of it are trusted; or what are the elements that compose it. A Monarchy may be free, whilst a Republic may be a tyranny. A government, which has framed itself by experience, though reconcilable to no theory, may be more free than the wisest system of democratic maxims, written in letters of brass, as a *Constitution*. The true test of liberty is in the practical enjoyment of protection. Where the same laws extend to all the subjects of different denominations; where there is no dispensing power; where the poorest claims obtain redress against the strongest; where his person and property are secure from every insult within the limits assigned to him by the known laws of his country;—that nation is free. Under whatever form of government property is insecure, law uncertain and arbitrary, and the person liable to insult without proof of guilt, that country is in a state of slavery.—But if there be a spot upon the face of the globe, where, under the pretence of public convenience—nay, even of the public safety, whole classes of the community may be proscribed, their property confiscated, their persons pointed out as objects of popular fury; where, under the very eye of the Legislature, arbitrary imprisonment to an unlimited extent, rapine and massacre, prevail as a system of government—where terror dictates those laws which refined cruelty enforces—where the good citizen trembles in secret, whilst the murderer displays in public, day after day, the bloody trophies of his guilt—if there be any where such a country (to the disgrace of human nature) it is not enough to say they know not liberty—that they are in abject slavery to the vilest tyrants—we should say they were a people divested of every principle of reason, as well as virtue, and as devoid of the sentiments of honour, as of the feelings of humanity.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. I.

The question is often asked; why do the federal printers and Editors, so frequently notice the return of Thomas Paine to this country, and why is he made the subject of so many paragraphs and essays in our public journals? The answer is easy. Thomas Paine returned to the United States, "after an absence of almost fifteen years," in consequence of an invitation, sent by a *public envoy*, from Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States. In this view alone, should the arrival of this man, in this country be deemed important. As to any letters, he may write from Lovell's hotel or any other hotel, they can be of no consequence to the people of America. The government newspapers, are, however, striving hard to bring his letters into notice; they even undertake to vindicate his character; and it would be a pity to divert them, from so

pleasing a task. Thomas Paine, his character and his writings are prolific themes for jacobinic eulogy. He is, notwithstanding his hatred of titles, *the prince* of jacobins, and therefore entitled to the homage of the whole sect.

There was a time when *the people* of America were infatuated with the low buffoonery of Thomas Paine. By *the people*, I would be understood to mean, *the mob*. This was at the breaking out of what is called, the American revolution. When the French revolution commenced, Paine, then in England, wrote two *low comedies*, which he called, first and second parts of the "rights of man." In his first epistle from Lovell's hotel, he tells *the people*, that the pamphlet "rights of man," was occasioned by a furious attack from the pensioned-pen of Edmund Burke, which brought him once more on the *public theatre* of politics. "It had the *greatest run*, of any work in the English language," not excepting, he should have said, Pilgrim's Progress, or Robinson Crusoe itself. These comedies took mightily with the pit and gallery, but the company in the boxes, hissed so incessantly, that the pieces were never acted, more than one season, and being once fairly off the stage, can never be revived with any chance of credit or profit, to the author or manager. These plays were also acted in America, by Jefferson's* company. But as Paine, the author has not informed *the people*, what run they had here; I think fit to do it for him.

It will be well remembered by numbers of people, in the United States, that the first copy of the first part of the "rights of man," was sent by the author to Jefferson, the manager, and that he gave this copy to Samuel H. Smith, the present Editor of the government newspaper called National Intelligencer, published at Washington. The manager, when he furnished the copy, wrote a sort of *billet doux*, to the printer, in which he congratulates him upon the early receipt of this new piece, from Europe; and informs him of his having obtained special permission from the author, to have it acted here; he goes on in a strain of lively anticipation, as to its success; expresses his hopes that certain *political heresies*, which had lately sprung up among us, would be speedily banished the country, and that our citizens would flock in crowds to the theatre to see the first representation of the piece, on American boards; or to use his own words; that "our citizens would rally once more round the standard of *Common Sense*."—Such were the auspices, under which the comedy "Rights of Man," was ushered upon the American stage.

It is true, that the fondest hopes of the author, and the most sanguine anticipations of the manager, were, for a season, completely realized. The piece had a surprising run. It was acted, rehearsed and acted again, by the strolling company under manager Jefferson, all over the country, during the spring and summer of 1791. The applause it received, was not here, as in Europe, confined to pit and gallery, for many of the company's friends, who were able to pay for *box tickets*, used to applaud as loudly as any in the sky-loft. This however did not last long, for a critic no sooner appeared, in the Boston Centinel, under the signature of Publicola, and in a masterly review of the whole piece, exposed its shallowness, its absurdity, its fallacy and the corruption of its moral, than the tide of success began to turn against it. Some faint hisses were first heard from the boxes, which however were stifled by the vociferation and clamour, which still parted from the pit and gallery; but after a few more representations, the boxes ceased to applaud, altogether; the pit became languid, but the gallery, for the most part, adhered to their favourite farce. *Ex uno, disce omnes*. This has been the fate of all Paine's comedies, from *Common*

* Not Jefferson of the New-York theatre; but Thomas Jefferson, who then had a company of strolling actors, under his management.

Sense down to his familiar epistles from Lovell's hotel. They take exceedingly with the gallery wherever they are acted—that is, with the vulgar; but men of education universally despise and hiss them.

But why did manager Jefferson, invite author Paine to come back to America? What use can he make of him here, any more, than when he was abroad? These inquiries are often made, and as I am not in the secrets of the *green-room*, I am unable to give a satisfactory answer. I indulge my own conjecture, however, on this head, and after some reflection it has occurred to me, that since the defection of J. T. Callender, the company's playwright, and manager's scribe, Paine is wanted to supply his place. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact, that Paine had been scarcely ten days in the United States before he began to write his familiar epistles to the people. Whoever has read these epistles, must have instantly recognized the spirit of the old dramatist Thomas Paine. It is what the French call *unique*; or as we should say in English, unmixed and unadulterated. It is, like all the rest of his effusions, extremely palatable to the vulgar. Some people however have been heard to say, that the author's prologue is so full of, *I by myself I*, that the public have little or no chance of participating in the entertainment.

The winter campaign is already announced in the Aurora of the 4th instant, as on the eve of being opened; but the "recreations" are expected to be very few, "excepting the performances of the great actors on the Capitol-hill." "On this theatre however, though there may be some *spouting*; it is not expected that the acting will be so much in the true comic and tragi-comic style as in former seasons; so many of the *low comedy* characters and mock heroes have forfeited their engagements, by mistaking the taste of the audience; that nothing is expected but a little *sentimental comedy*, and perhaps now and then, a tragedy speech." &c. &c. These *low comedy* characters and mock-heroes, who have forfeited their engagements, must allude, one would think, to J. T. Callender, and Matthew Lyon, or perhaps, the noted John Wood.

At the bottom of the *play-bill* in the Aurora, we find some interesting memoirs of author Paine, but as he is already sufficiently notorious, it would be superfluous to transcribe them. In a future paper, you may expect some further animadversions upon the familiar epistles.

Meantime I am,
Your friend,
THE EXAMINER.

Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

CRITICISM.

REVIEW OF LYCEE, &c.

[The ensuing article, from one of the English Journals will inform and please the lovers of classical and political literature. Mr. La Harpe's interesting work, which has been perused with the greatest avidity in Europe, we have the satisfaction to announce, as proposed for publication in America.]

Lycee; ou, Cours de Literature, Ancienne et Moderne
Par J. F. La Harpe. 12 Tom. 8vo. A Paris, chez, H. Agasse, Imprimeur Libraire, Rue des Poitevins, An 7 de la Republique. i. e. The Lyceum; or, a course of Literature, Ancient and Modern. 1800.

This is a book which, we should think, could not fail to attract very considerably the attention of our countrymen. It is interesting on several accounts. The subjects, of which it treats, are those which draw the curiosity, and amuse the leisure of, by far the greatest number of readers. And it is impossible for any one not to feel curious in the highest possible degree concerning every thing of such a kind, produced in the circumstances in which we knew this work was composed.

It is the substance of a course of lectures delivered since the revolution in that institution in

Paris, known by the name of the Lyceum, which was first established in 1788; was interrupted for some years during the horrors of that strange period, and was restored in 1794. The object of these lectures is, a critical and philosophical review of all the branches of literature which are addressed to the imagination and taste. This, according to our author, includes every kind of literary production, excepting only physical philosophy, and the abstract sciences. Few things, certainly, can be more interesting to us at the present moment, than to know what sort of instruction is given, and what species of man is permitted to give instruction on such subjects as those, to people of every sex and age in Paris, to all of whom the Lyceum is open.

The best method of giving our readers, within the narrow limits to which we must confine ourselves, any tolerably correct idea of the nature and merits of this work, which has not yet appeared in our language, seems to be to trace, as rapidly as possible, the plan of the author, enumerate the topics which he discusses, and mark, as we go along, our opinion of the merit or defect both of the plan and of the several parts of the execution.

The view which this author has taken of his subject is altogether a new one. And there is no work of the same kind either in ancient or modern language. We have books which investigate the nature of the different species of composition—poetry, history, oratory; and deliver the rules for composing in each, with many excellent criticisms on the different productions of each kind, which have appeared. The plan of Laharpe is different. He supposes the general rules of criticism, and the nature of the different species of composition, to be already known. And his purpose is to take the general principles and rules of judgment which have been established by philosophy and taste, and apply these to all the works of literature which are the object of taste from the time of Homer to our own. His book, therefore, is, to use his own language, “*Une Histoire Raisonnée de tous les Arts de l’Esprit et de l’Imagination.*” He ought, however, to have added something which restricted this expression to works of literature. For he does not treat of painting, or music, though these certainly are “*arts de l’esprit et de l’imagination.*”

This view is a mode of treating this extensive and important subject calculated to afford at once the greatest instruction and amusement; and when we add, that the plan has been executed by a very enlightened man, who joins solidity of judgment, and delicacy of taste, to a most accurate knowledge of the rules of art, and a mind in many respects truly philosophical; we certainly promise not a little both of profit and pleasure to such of our readers as shall peruse this work.

It is evident from what we have stated already, that the book is not intended for the young student. It is not an elementary work; but supposes the general rules of composition and criticism already known. To the student of polite literature, however, who has got beyond this elementary part, and whose judgment is mature enough to begin to exert itself, perhaps no book has yet been published more fit to serve as a guide, better calculated to exercise the judgment, to increase both the quickness and profundity of the discernment, and inure to habits both of just and refined decision. We speak thus highly on the strength of the old maxim, that example teacheth much better than precept. From this we conclude, that a book which examines, with the greatest minuteness of detail, every considerable work of taste from the earliest times to the present, and whose criticisms are generally not only very just, but very delicate and profound, cannot fail to be highly instructive—for it is nothing else but a great collection of examples of correct judgments in matters of taste.

The author divides what we would call his critical history of polite literature into three parts.

The first contains the ancient literature of Greece and Rome. The second, the literature of the age of Louis XIV. And the third, the literature of the eighteenth century. There is a preliminary discourse prefixed to vol. iv. which fills up the period between the literature of ancient Greece and Rome, and that of the age of Louis XIV. The method which he follows in treating each of these periods is, first, to examine the poetry of that period; second, the eloquence properly so called; and, third, the history, philosophy, and miscellaneous literature.

To the whole is prefixed an introductory discourse, in which he delivers some general observations on the art of composition. proves that it really is an art, the subject of precept, as much as any other art, that philosophy, instead of hurting the productions of taste, is that without the aid of which they cannot be brought to their perfection. Here too, he thinks proper to settle the meaning of the words genius and taste; the vagueness of which often occasions disputes; and gives a curious account of the variations of meaning these two words have undergone in the French language; being first terms of particular import, and at last abstract general terms. He then treats of ancient literature, in the following manner. Before he enters upon the subject of poetry he gives three chapters, one containing an abstract of the politics of Aristotle, accompanied with observations of the author's own, which shew him accurately to have studied and understood the critical writings of that great father of the critical art. In the second of these three chapters is, a not less sensible analysis of the treatise of Longinus, on the sublime. And in the third, a comparison of the French language with the Greek and Roman, in which we perfectly agree with his opinion of the great superiority of the ancient languages, but think he might have easily, by a few more well selected examples, rendered that opinion a good deal more clear and incontestible. In examining the poetry of the ancients, he takes the epic first. To his criticism of the ancient epic poems he prefixes some observations which are rather more of the nature of general and elementary writing, than for the most part he indulges in. He then gives a detailed and minute account of each of the epic poems by name, the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the *Eneid*, and *Lucan's Pharsalia*. He successfully defends the *Iliad* against the charges of Lamotte, and justifies his own admiration of the poem by a great variety of ingenious and solid observations. Notwithstanding all that has been said concerning the character of Achilles, several of his remarks on that subject deserve here to find a place.

“The character of Achilles is the finest production of epic poetry. ‘Tis the effect of admirable address in the poet to have given that young hero the certainty that he was to perish before the walls of Troy. In vain is it for him to spread death all around him; he may find it at every step; and though he cannot meet a conqueror, he is sure of marching to death. His youth, his beauty, a goddess for his mother, all these advantages, which he sacrificed to glory, when he voluntarily accepted a premature and inevitable end, all serve to diffuse around him that lustre and that interest which belong to extraordinary men.—What a noble and sublime idea, to make of the repose of a warrior the action of an epic poem! That single conception would be sufficient to characterise a man of genius. Every event in the *Iliad* is disposed to aggrandise the hero; and every thing which is great about him elevates him still more.—Into what profound grief is he thrown by the loss of his friend, the companion of his infancy! Vengeance made him quit arms; vengeance alone can make him resume them. It is not Greece which he wishes to serve, it is Patroclus whom he wishes to revenge. He still weeps over Patroclus, while

dragging in the dust the dead body of his murderer; and with the tears of friendship mixes the tears of rage. But he weeps also when restoring to the aged Priam the body of his unfortunate son; he melts into pity over that ill-fated old man, and still menaces even while he pities. From that mixture accordingly, of sensibility and fury, of ferocity and tenderness, from that ascendancy which we love to behold in one man over others, and those weaknesses which we love to find in every thing which is great, a character is formed the most poetical which has ever been imagined.”

We think this author rather too unfavourable to the *Odyssey*, which, though not equal in fire to the *Iliad*, possesses much poetical beauty, and is richly fraught with instruction concerning human life. He points out the beauties and faults of the *Eneid* with great judgment and taste; and his observations on this poem appear to us a very fine piece of criticism. He seems likewise to have appreciated *Lucan* very justly. An appendix follows concerning *Hesiod*, *Ovid*, *Lucretius*, and *Manilius*; concerning whom his judgment is not less correct than in most other cases.

The drama, which appears to be his favorite subject, is the topic to which he next proceeds. And what he has given us here certainly forms the fullest and most perfect criticism upon the ancient drama with which we have yet been presented. Not only does he fully detail the circumstances which rendered the object of dramatic representation considerably different among the ancients from what it is among us, but he enters with the most minute particularity into the merits of each of their dramatic poets, specifies their peculiar excellencies and defects, and compares them with one another, and with the moderns; singles out such of the productions of each author, one after the other, details its fable, follows minutely the conduct of the piece, examines the characters, the incidents, the tenure of the fable, the language, the sentiments, in short, every thing which is the subject of criticism in a play; and illustrates the whole by apt quotations from the piece, very well translated by himself. Such is the manner in which he examines the works of *Eschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*. His review of the ancient comedy is a good deal more cursory. He prosecutes the subject of ancient poetry by separate chapters on their lyric poetry, their pastoral poetry, and fable; their satirical poetry, and their elegiac and erotic poetry, as he calls it, what we would, perhaps, rather call by a plain name, love poetry. Each of these chapters contain a full and excellent criticism on every considerable production of each kind, whether among the Greeks or Romans.

On the second part of his subject—the eloquence of the ancients, he is equally minute and equally instructive. A very full abstract is given of the institutions of *Quintilian*, and the rhetorical writings of *Cicero*, accompanied with many just and enlightened observations. He shortly notices the orators who preceded *Demosthenes*. He describes the character of that great man's eloquence; examines the nature of oratorical invention, and oratorical reasoning, as exemplified in the harangues of *Demosthenes*; and he illustrates the principles here laid down, by an application to one of the *Philippics* and the two celebrated orations of *Eschynus* and *Demosthenes*, for the crown; all of which he analyzes minutely, and gives large quotations in a very elegant translation of his own. In the same manner he proceeds with the Romans. A short account is given of the orators who preceded *Cicero*. A comparison is instituted of the eloquence of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and some very ingenious observations made on the conformity of the eloquence of each, to the people to whom it was addressed. He then analyzes minutely, and criticises with great judgment and taste, all the

leading orations of Cicero: those against Veres; those against Catiline; that for Murena, for Milo, for Archias, for Marcellus, and several more. He includes under this head, too, his criticism on the two Plinies; and gives large quotations in his own language from each of the pieces which he analyzes.
(To be continued.)

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[It begins, at length, to be fashionable among the better sort of booksellers in America, instead of publishing the nonsense and impiety of Tom Paine, Volney, &c. to select books of an approved stamp, and of sterling value. It is pleasant also to discern the dawning of a CLASSICAL taste. Hence we give publicity to the ensuing proposals, and ardently wish both the bookseller and the public may be benefited by an extensive sale of La Harpe's book, one of the most learned and solid performances which has appeared within a century.]

PROPOSALS

By E. SERGEANT, & Co. No. 123, Water-street, New-York.

For publishing by subscription,

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

Translated from the *Lyceum* of La Harpe.

CONDITIONS.

I. The work shall be printed on fine paper, with a handsome type.

II. It shall be comprised in three 8vo. volumes, each containing about 500 pages, and shall be delivered to subscribers at the price of two dollars a volume, in boards. The price to non-subscribers will be considerably advanced.

III. The printing of the first volume shall commence, as soon as five hundred subscribers shall be procured.

It is the remark of a profound critic and elegant writer, that the attention paid to the authors of antiquity, may be regarded as the criterion of learning and politeness. Though we may refuse to admit this remark in all its latitude, it is yet certain that some acquaintance with classical learning is essential to the accomplishment of both the scholar and the gentleman. It is here unnecessary to dilate on the excellence of the ancient authors; none but those ignorant of their works have ever questioned it, and as the vanity of such is generally equal to their stupidity, it were useless to inform them that the most eminent men amongst the moderns have been the warmest admirers of the ancients. The almost universal neglect of classical literature in this country, has long been deeply deplored by all the real friends of learning. To inquire into the cause of this neglect would here be impertinent. Some have thought it a necessary consequence of our system of government, whilst others attribute it, with more probability, to the prevailing manners, to the indifference of parents, and the incapacity of instructors.

If any thing can be supposed capable of rousing us from our stupor, and of awakening in us a desire of improvement, it is the present work of M. La Harpe. It is a work singular in its kind. The idea was bold and original, and its execution acquits the author of temerity in its conception. M. La Harpe examines and analyzes the most celebrated productions of antiquity; he translates, with fidelity and elegance some of their happiest and most important passages; upon the truest principles of criticism he unfolds the art of their composition and explains the justness of their arrangement. With the pencil of a master, and in colours the most warm and glowing, he traces the propriety and displays the richness of their imagery. Nor have the interior beauties of style escaped his attention. The elegant selection of their words, and the harmonious structure of their sentences, receive a due share of notice and praise. The superiority of the ancients, in works addressed to the imagination, is seldom disputed; but to

repair the wound our pride has suffered by such a concession, it is generally agreed that, where they attempt to enlighten, they but too frequently confuse and mislead the judgment: that the poets of Greece and Rome are unrivalled, but that he, who is in search of truth, must consult the philosophers of France and England; they alone, it is confidently asserted, have shewn the foundation of our moral duties. They alone have investigated with success the nature and operations of the human mind in the study of abstract truth. They alone can conduct us to certainty.

Such are the opinions commonly received; such are the prejudices from which few are exempt. M. La Harpe, to his honor, is one of those few. The nature of his work did not allow him to treat this subject with much extent; but in what he has written he has sufficiently proved, that however far the ancients excel us in poetry, they equally surpass us in philosophy. M. La Harpe is an admirer of the ancients, but his admiration is not that of a pedant; he laments their faults, whilst he extols their beauties. Lest their excellencies should induce us to an imitation even of their defects, he points out,

.....quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura.

Yet he does not perform the ungrateful task with the asperity of a Warburton, or the contemptuous levity of a Voltaire, but rather with the delicacy of a friend, and the modesty of an inferior. As an evidence of the high estimation in which the *Lyceum* is held in Europe, it may not be improper to transcribe the judgment of the Anti-Jacobin reviewers, whose praise receives, from its rarity, an extraordinary value.

"The review which this author has taken of his subject is altogether a new one, and there is no work of the same kind either in ancient or modern language. We have books which investigate the nature of the different species of composition, poetry, history, and oratory, and deliver the rules for composing in each, with many excellent criticisms on the different productions of each kind which have appeared. The plan of La Harpe is different. He supposes the general rules of composition to be already known, and his purpose is to take the general principles and rules of judgment which have been established by philosophy and taste, and apply these to all the works of literature which are the object of taste from the time of Homer to our own."

And again—"This view is a mode of treating this extensive and important subject calculated to afford at once the greatest instruction and amusement; and, when we add, that the plan has been executed by a very enlightened man, who joins solidity of judgment and delicacy of taste to a most accurate knowledge of the rules of art, and a mind, in many respects, truly philosophical, we certainly promise not a little both of profit and pleasure to such of our readers as shall peruse this work."

"It is evident from what we have already stated, that the book is not intended for the young student, it is not an elementary work; but supposes the ground rules of composition and criticism already known. To the student of polite literature, however, who has got beyond this elementary part, and whose judgment is mature enough to begin to exert itself, perhaps no book has yet been published more fit to serve as a guide, better calculated to exercise the judgment, to increase both the quickness and profundity of the discernment, and inure to habits both of just and refined decision."

The three first volumes of this work may be safely recommended as a body of just criticism upon ancient literature, more full and minute than any which has yet been presented to the public.

The remaining volumes relate entirely to modern French literature, which they examine with such length of detail and minuteness of criticism, that they can only be intelligible or instructing to those who have made a particular study of the French authors. The volumes of which a translation is now offered to the public form by themselves a complete work.

There is a passage in the celebrated dialogue, *de Causis Corruptæ Eloquentiæ*, which, with some slight alteration, we may perhaps apply to our own country:—*Quis ignorat ab Majorum gloria, nos descivisse non inopia hominum, sed desidia juventutis, et negligentia parentum et inscientia precipitentum, et oblivione moris antiqui?*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In this Port Folio we have deposited some papers, illustrating the plan and criticising the execution of the celebrated "*Lyceum*" of La Harpe. We now present an extract of a literary letter from an ancient scholar, in our own country, and are delighted to discover, that men of learning and genius, at home and abroad, are unanimous in favour of a learned and virtuous Frenchman, who, disdaining and abjuring the visionary theories of his modern countrymen, has carefully applied himself to the study of the ancients, and with equal taste and judgment has appreciated their incomparable value. The collateral remarks of the letter writer will not fail to give pleasure to all the disciples of the oldschool. They have long since learned to detest such illustrious scoundrels as Voltaire and the king of Prussia.

"I have read the six volumes of Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and was well paid for my time. I have perused also four volumes of *Memoirs of the chevalier Ravannes*, in the *Bibliothèque Amusante*, which, if it should fall in your way, I advise you to read, not only for diversion, but to learn the character of the school, in which Voltaire and Richelieu were formed; the court of the Regent Duke of Orleans, and his minister, the infamous Cardinal Du Bois. Voltaire could have been bred in no region more infernal, on this side the bottomless pit, nor in any more proper to inspire his philosophy. I have read of nothing more odious, except the court of Alexander the sixth, and his son, Cæsar Borgia. Even that produced nothing, so fatal to human happiness, as Voltaire. I wonder not that he said to marshal Richelieu, in his last moments, "*Eh! Frere Kain, tu m'aves tué.*" I have read the life of Lorenzo de Medici, by Roscoe. This is useful to students in Italian Literature, next in taste to the Greek, and shews the causes of the resurrection of letters, that most transcendent blessing to mankind, provided Voltaire and his brother Gains are not permitted to convert it into a curse.

"The three volumes of the *Studies of Nature*, by St. Pierre, are amiable and ingenious, but full of superficial whimsies.

"But the greatest work of all is in fourteen volumes, under the title of *Lycée; ou cours de Littérature, ancienne et moderne, par I. F. La Harpe*. I have read nothing with so much pleasure, except *The Pursuits of Literature*. Vast as his plan is

I would advise every young man of letters to go through the whole catalogue of authors La Harpe criticises. *Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti* is his motto, and never was any one better chosen. Most of all to excite our surprize is the style in which he speaks in *Public Lectures*, delivered before twelve hundred hearers of the French Revolution, in the midst of it in 1794, and since. There is scarcely any spot in America, where he could have read the same discourses to an equal number of hearers, without raising an uproar and a mutiny. He does ample justice to Voltaire's genius, talents, taste, and eloquence. But he spares not his immorality, his impiety, his mendacity, his perfidy, his brutality, his universal rascality. I do not believe there was ever any man, to whom were more applicable, his own words, or those of the king of Prussia, in their partnership commentaries upon Machiavel—"The most infernal monster, that hell ever vomited upon this earth." This comet has shaken from his horrid hair, pestilence, war, and death to the human race."

The following is a specimen of the *American style* of the "National Intelligencer," edited by the *philosophic Smith*. We do not mean the author of *The Wealth of Nations*.

"The militia legion of Washington county assembled on the parade ground. They were reviewed by general Mason, in the presence of the president, the secretary of war, &c. A standard was presented to the legion by general Mason, through Miss Murray, and Miss Paine, the former of whom delivered an appropriate address to the lieutenant of the guard, who returned a suitable answer."

REMARK.

Even a militia might assemble on a parade, though, God knows, they would make a very contemptible appearance there, but why they should assemble on a parade ground, can be answered only by the lovers of the *True Indian* style. We cannot help smiling at the awkward, not to say indecent, appearance which the militia standard makes, as described by this democratic editor. But the looseness of his expression is only a part of the Jacobinical character. The *Innovator*, grown grey in the Gallic school, as he exalts himself above the law, and sneers at the Gospel; as he laughs at prescription, and abjures authority, has a privilege to trample alike on the laws of language, as the laws of society.

In the "Zeluco" of Dr. Moore, there is an allusion to a machine similar to the following. It is often to be met in monasteries.

MECHANIC COFFEE-HOUSE AT PARIS.

The celebrated *café mécanique* exists no more; like a multitude of other institutions, that have novelty to recommend them, which at first attract great notice, are much frequented, and presently forgotten. The mechanism, however, of this coffee-house was pretty enough.

The tables in it stood on hollow shafts of columns, which had connection with the cellar below. Ask for what you would, and before you were aware, there sprung up an iron trap, horizontally level with the table, and through it entered a plate, with what you had called for, upon it. A speaking trumpet, fixed in the bar of the landlady, told the waiter below, what was to be sent up. The whole had a pretty effect; and, as long as it was new, drew a great deal of company to the house.

It is reported, that a misunderstanding, and a great coolness have arisen between Mr. Pitt and Mr. Addington; and the non-appearance of the latter at the sick-bed of the former, is instanced as a proof of the truth of this report; but it is, perhaps, the only ground of it. The public would be astonished, if they knew, and would not believe us, if we stated it, the extreme hostility, that exists between the personal friends of the late and present premiers; an hostility, which is only restrained from breaking out in public, by Messrs. Pitt and Addington themselves. Under these circumstances, a rupture is to be looked for; and nothing more prevents it, perhaps, than Mr. Pitt's present listlessness of disposition; he is tired of a public life, and disgusted with politics.

[London paper.]

The inveteracy of Buonaparte appears to be confined wholly to republics....When the "infuriated" general Lasnes, the late French minister at Lisbon, arrived at Paris, he received a severe rebuff from Buonaparte, who immediately put him in Coventry, at his residence in Normandy. A new minister is to be sent immediately to the court of Lisbon, who will doubtless be instructed to assure the prince regent, that Napoleon the First will not permit the freaks of a petulant minister to destroy the good understanding, which ought ever to exist between independent monarchs.

[Centinel.]

A young lady in a village of New-Jersey, who was cold in her temperament, and coy in her humour, was lately addressed in turn by two suitors, a Mr. Bread, and a Mr. Stone. As the damsel appeared quite insensible of the gallantry of her admirers, a witling remarked, that she reminded him of Lord Angelo, in Measure for Measure.

.....She is precise,
Stands at a guard with envy, scarce confesses
That her blood flows, or that her appetite
Is more to Bread than Stone.

We perceive, in one of the morning papers, that a Mr. William Goodfellow is notified by the sheriff to appear before the justices of the supreme court, to answer the libel of his wife, who prays for a divorce from the bonds of matrimony. We cannot refrain from remarking, that, in the opinion of the lady of this false husband, though he might be an excellent good-fellow, he was a very bad bed-fellow.

A boy, just got into his Latin grammar, made an équivoque, equal, at least, to many of our punsters, Observing his school-master riding up the avenue, he ran and informed his father. "Yes, child," said the latter, "your master is fond of a glass of hock, and is coming to drink a bottle with me." "Then sir," replied the boy, "my master is coming hic, upon his hœc, to drink hoc."

Every one remembers the well known Catch, "Which is the properest day to drink, Saturday, Sunday, Monday?" The ensuing parody, which is very happily achieved, is of American origin, and will be remembered by him, whose motto is "*Sapias vina liques*."

PARODY.

Which is the properest hour to drink,
One, two, three, or four, sir?
Each is the properest hour, I think,
Why should we name no more, sir?

Tell me but your's, I'll mention mine,
Fix but on one, pray do, sir;
Three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine,
Ten, eleven twelve, one and two, sir.

The London wits observe, that the sages of Oxford have had a long conference, whether they should or should not, elect Lord Nelson a Doctor of Divinity, as being thoroughly acquainted with the cannon law.

So audacious are our thieves become, that a gentleman at Walworth was robbed a few days ago of his spectacles off his nose, which a fellow snatched at, and ran away. We know not what precautions to recommend, if people are not safe who have all their eyes about them.

[London paper.]

We learn the important intelligence, in a London magazine, that two of the *frail fair* had a dispute lately, at Drury Lane theatre. The consequence was, they exchanged cards, and were to have fought, in Hyde Park, with pistols. The interference of some generous friends prevented the rencontre.

A clergyman, as a text for a wedding sermon, appositely chose the following; "Abundance of peace, while the moon lasteth."

A wag, observing a fellow steal a fish, at Billingsgate, and put it under his jacket, which was too short to conceal the theft, whispered the purloiner, in future, either to wear a longer jacket, or steal a shorter fish.

From an Eastern paper we copy the subsequent remarks upon the ability of J. Q. Adams, as a civilian and negotiator.

A great charge lately adduced against John Quincy Adams, in the Chronicle is, that in the treaty with Prussia, he did not insist that "free ships should make free goods."—"This doctrine, says the stupid Chronicle, is "essential to our prosperity." In this instance the Chronicle has stumbled upon a subject which the friends of Mr. Adams would be glad to see discussed, for this negotiation alone gives him many claims upon the gratitude of his countrymen. In the first place, in availing this new-fangled principle, he acted agreeably to the long established laws of nations; and in the second place, he secured and essentially promoted the interests of neutrals.

Every Farmer, Mechanic and Merchant, has been benefited by the admission of a rule, which permits nations at war to search neutrals: for if this was denied, and free ships were to make free goods, neutrals would become mere carriers instead of merchants. They would furnish bottoms and flags, or nothing but flags, to the belligerent powers, instead of furnishing them as traders with cargoes from the produce of their own country. Let every man who for the last ten years, has found employment upon high wages, or grown rich by commerce, remember that the principle contended for in the Chronicle, was supported by French plunderers, and that Mr. Adams in rejecting it, gave proof of his THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF THE LAWS OF NATIONS, while he promoted the true interests of his country.

"In the Palladium the following notice appears." The late master of the *Topsham Beauty*, informs, that the small sum of money which was loaned him is on the way to Portsmouth; and gives notice to the one-eyed gentleman, who composed the piece that appeared in the *Palladium* of the 28th ult. to call on said Master and pay a balance that is due him as per account rendered in.

One cannot help smiling at certain passages in the above advertisement. The master of the *Topsham Beauty* appears to be very fortunate in his mistress, whether she be a virgin, or a vessel. Nothing can be more agreeable than the intelligence of money being on the road to Portsmouth. The various beauties which adorn the concluding sentences of this admirable advertisement, cannot be too highly applauded. The "one eyed" gentleman will not have a single eye to his interest, unless he call on the master and pay the balance, which appears due, in the charming language of the shopkeeper, "as per account rendered in."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

REFLECTIONS IN SOLITUDE.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You will peruse the enclosed at your leisure—use the pruning *knife*, as freely as you please. It will not give me many pangs, if you should *ornament* the whole of my manuscript with what our friend Blackstone calls, *lattice-work or cancelli*. You will know to whom the concluding lines are addressed—Our regretted friend deserved more, but it is the *widow's mite*, all I have.

The night is cold, and I have clos'd the door
And windows of my wood-surrounded hut,
That by my own fire-side, (the quiet spot
Where he, who seeks reflection, loves to hold
Calm converse with himself,) at noon of night,
Uninterrupted, I may dream away
A silent hour....In such a lonely hour
Who, that has feeling, but his heart will prompt
To dwell in sadness on the storms of life,
That rudely shatter'd his fair-weather bark.
And wreck'd the treasures dearest to his soul?
I once was happy as the mother bird,
An inoffensive gleaner of the field,
New-reap'd, that lightly flutters o'er her nest
To feed her chirping brood....The syren forms
Of Pleasure wanton'd in my path, and Hope,
God's chosen angel, with seducing notes,
Cheated the passing hour of half its pangs....
Riot and revelry had then no charms
For me....The summer day was far too short
To drain the bowl, that innocence prepar'd...
Sleep, sweet as sleep of babes, stole o'er my eyes
And clos'd my lids, resistless till the dawn;
While health, with golden hues, life's landscape
ting'd,
And added charms to each new-rising joy.
The fondest father lov'd me....From his heart
Streams of affection to his children flow'd,
Which, grateful they, with pleasing care return'd
Back to their fount, that it might stream anew....
As the warm blood, that, issuing from the heart,
Makes glad the swelling veins, and, circling round,
In ceaseless motion, to its source returns.
At such an hour as this, I may not chuse
But think on him....His venerable form,
Such as it was, when with his children's smiles
He mingled his; when they, in fondest gaze,
Hung on those lips, that *anger* never mov'd;
Through which the warmest heart, that ever
glow'd

A parent's bosom breath'd the notes of love;
Such as 'twas then, (and such it often was,)
It stands before me, fix'd by mem'ry's pow'r.
How mild the beams of love that light those eyes!
How sweet the smile that plays upon those lips!
How soft the strain that fond affection breathes!
More musical than ever raptur'd bards
Of Orpheus fancied;....known not, save what hour
The mingled melody of thousand birds,
Warbling, first broke on Adam's ravish'd ear!....
Oh! I could sketch with mem'ry's brightest tints
Each little mark of fond paternal love,
But I should idly sketch....For who would bear
With me? Who, save the few to me most dear,
Who know, who *feel* that truth my pencil guides.
Death aim'd his arrow well, and more than one
That arrow pierc'd....He loves to disunite
The firmest link from fond affection's chain.
He did it then, and now the sever'd parts,
Torn from their prop, can only sigh to clasp it;
Who now shall bring the cement? Who shall pour,
In mercy, balsam on the bleeding wound?
He....God....who, with an eye that never sleeps,
Watches the wearied farm-boy, midst his flock
Browsing, asleep, what time the ven'rous snake
Glees by, and harms him not the charmer, *charm'd*.
He, who, unheeded, leads the truant child
Home, to relieve a mother's tortur'd heart,

And takes the mourner "*where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest.*"
Nor must I pass thee by, my parted friend!
At this still hour, to mild seclusion dedicate,
It were not wrong to think thy virtues o'er.
Thou too art number'd with the favor'd few
Whom friendship mourns....I could not chuse but
love thee,

And I have lov'd thee well....Among the tears
That warmly mingle on thy early tomb,
Mine will be found....And at that awful hour,
When life's pale taper shoots its last dim gleam,
When the last figure in the shifting scene
Of life flits by; may then the chosen few,
Whom I have lov'd, and who have cheer'd my path,
In silence seek my grave, with sighs as pure
As those, that we, who lov'd thee, heave for thee?
JACQUES.

THE DISCOVERY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Whence these tumults in my breast?
Wherefore fly my pillow, rest?
Why do these unwonted sighs
Cause my panting bosom rise?
Swelling both with joy and pain,
Each contending for the reign;
Joy, extatic, pure, unknown,
Pain to hardest torments prone.
Why thus roves my anxious eye?
Wherefore wish, yet know not why?
All that late could give delight,
Now offends th' averted sight:
Still I seek, but find not bliss,
Tell me, Nature, whence is this?

Hence ye dreary fears away!
Mark some other as your prey!
Me let richest thoughts possess,
Such alone as truly bless;
Such as late, where friendship's throng,
Cheer'd the hours with mirth and song,
Mark'd not how the moments glide,
Seated by Maria's side.

Then I first beheld her face,
Form'd of each enlivening grace;
Saw those eyes enchanting beam;
Cheeks which rose and lillies seem;
Lips as yet untaught by guile,
Sweet Innocence, to check thy smile!
Heard the music of that tongue
On its sounds enraptur'd hung;
Sounds, that from the heart of youth
Flow with candour, virtue, truth;
Still their gentle force I feel,
O'er my mind vibrating steal.

When her hand I gently prest,
What emotions thrill'd my breast!
Still I gaz'd, and still I felt
Each dissolving sinew melt;
Melt with unconfin'd desire,
All was rapture, all was fire!
In vain to check the wish I strove:
Nature speak, can this be love?

Subtle God I feel thy art
Triumph o'er my vanquish'd heart;
All my soul is freely thine;
Let thy purest joys be mine.
Let again those hours return,
Let again my senses burn;
Once again, kind fortune, aid,
Bring me to the lovely maid,
Let me from her looks receive,
Transports they alone can give.

Nature, whilst such bliss I prove,
Never let me cease to love.

FERDINANDO.

VERSES.

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR'S SISTER WITH A
PORTRAIT OF THEIR MOTHER

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Entic'd by Friendship to present,
Some gift, that might her wish declare,
Not from unmeaning compliment,
This present to your breast I bear.

Here, in these mimic strokes, you'll trace
What filial love should always prize:
Think as you contemplate the face,
What hid within the bosom lies.

A mother's heart!....Nor let your thought
View lightly what that heart contains;
With still unvalu'd treasures fraught,
In each reverse preserv'd from stains.

Whatever be in life your doom,
By troubles tost, or lull'd by rest,
Remember, when she's in the tomb,
You wear her image in your breast.

Should ever wav'ring thoughts entice
Your mind from rectitude astray,
Return to this your wand'ring eyes,
Let her example mark your way.

Thus mem'ry, from a well spent life,
Unpractis'd, uneduc'd by guile,
Shall arm the mind 'gainst fortune's stri
With virtue's ever-placid smile.

In this secure, though friends may fail,
And falsely turn when riches fly,
Though chilling penury assail,
The soul, regardless, tow'rs on high!

FERDINANDO.

AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

OCCASIONED BY THE VISIT OF A BELOVED WIFE TO
A WATERING PLACE ON ACCOUNT OF HER HEALTH.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Oh! thou (whate'er celestial name be thine)
Neptune, Oceanus, or Tethys fair,
To my fond suit a gracious ear incline,
And grant me, for thou canst, my fervent prayer.
Behold a gentle form, with languid eye,
And faded cheek, bends o'er thy briny waves;
Cool streams from thy refreshing urn supply,
And cheer her drooping spirits as she laves.
Its lustre to that languid eye restore;
To that wan cheek its wonted bloom impart;
My earthly treasure let me clasp once more,
In radiant health, to my delighted heart.
So may no tempests' rage thy tranquil breast
Deform and spread its howling whirlwinds wide;
But peaceful Halcyons on thy bosom rest,
And parting sun-beams kiss thy placid tide.
So may no hostile prow invade thy right,
And scatter fear the trembling shores along;
But the gay sea-boy, 'neath the moon's pale light
Awake thine echo's to the voice of song.

EPIGRAM.

As the priest was committing a corpse to the earth
To supply, in his mem'ry, an unlucky dearth,
He ask'd of an Irishman "pray, my friend, say
Do we bury a brother, or sister to-day?"
"What d'y'e mane, sir?" says Pat, "no, St. Patrick
defend,
'Tis not one nor the other, 'tis only a friend."

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
GOWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 48.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXV.

"Those charms are greatest, which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite
There is no woman, where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve."
DR. YOUNG.

I imagined, at the close of last winter, that my virtuous admonitions on painted faces, and white-washed necks, on ostentatious bosoms, and transparent muslin, had produced penitence in some ladies, and reformation in more.

Delighted with my censorial triumph, and gratified for the docility of my fair pupils, I was resolved, for the future, whenever my speculations led to the sex, to turn my thoughts wholly towards panegyric. I beg the ladies now to consider that this is my natural inclination; that I wish always to be chaunting their perfections in a sonorous strain of gratulation; and that satire and reproof are altogether foreign to the heart of their fervent friend. I anticipate, with the greatest eagerness, the news of the exemplary rectitude of their behaviour, and that each time I trim the lamp of my future lucubrations, it will cast the brightest gleam upon the feminine character.

MR. SAUNTER,

Among the many foibles, which mark the age in which we live, and which the pen of the satirist, and the voice of the moralist are frequently in vain exerted to correct, no one is more pernicious than the present eccentricity of female dress. The bold display of beauties, of which reason and delicacy demand the concealment; the looseness and thinness of the attire of many of our fashionable females, while they jeopardize their health, excite ideas and wishes in the breast of the other sex, on which morality must frown. Happily, indeed, this foible is not universal. Some ladies there are among us, over whom delicacy still holds her sway; whose manners are moulded by modesty, and whose dress is fashioned by propriety, who, abhorring this "harlot's custom," blush for, and pity the conduct of the other portion of their sex.

Reading the new edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," I was strongly impressed with the truth of some observations on this subject, to which I entreat the attention of my fair, but deluded country-women. If a portion of gall flowed with the ink, with which they were written, the pen was directed by the hand of truth.

"The fondness for excessive finery is not so derogatory to the refinement and delicacy, which, particularly in dress and sentiment, ought to distinguish the female character, as the adoption of those fashions, by which young and old now expose their naked arms, elbows, shoulders, necks, bosoms, and themselves to every beholder! "The chariest maid," says Shakspeare, "is prodigal enough, if she unmask her beauties to the moon." Ariosto, after describing the dress of the beautiful Alcina,

by which no more of her matchless charms were permitted to be seen, than the strictest innocence and modesty allow, concludes,

"Not Argus self her other charms could spy,
So closely veil'd from every longing eye;
Yet may we judge the graces she reveal'd,
Surpass'd not those her modest garb conceal'd,
Which strove in vain from fancy's eye to hide
Each angel charm, that seem'd to heaven allied.

"There needs indeed no crier, as Fredericus Maternecius observes, to go before those, who are loosely dressed, to tell us what they mean, for it is as sure a token to a young gallant, as an ivy-bush over the door of a tavern, is to a debauchee. The conversation and behaviour of such females, are, in general, as loose and meretricious as their dress.

"There's language in their eyes, their cheeks, their lips,
Their feet speak loud, and wantonness looks out
At every joint and motion of their bodies.
These fair encounterers are so glib of tongue,
Give such a courting welcome eye they come,
So wide unclasp the table of their thoughts
To every observer, that I set them down
For sluttish spoils of opportunity,
And daughters of the game.....

"The girl, who on beauty depends for support,
Must call every art to her aid;
The bosom displayed and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade.
But learn not, ye fair ones, to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal."

I am, sir,
your's, &c.

MR. SAUNTER,

I am a plain old fellow, and the importunate nature of my business obliges me to trudge about a great deal in the streets and lanes of this vast city. Sometimes, when my eyes are divorced from their usual rivet on the ground, and my thoughts estranged, a moment, from my engagements, I look at the pretty figures, of females which glide by me. I like their faces, and their gait, well enough, but their naked elbows, though they often hit my side, or my shoulder, do not, I confess, at all hit my fancy. It certainly, Mr. Saunter, was reserved for the whimsical French, to discover the witchery of such an exposure. But to my old eyes, it suggests no resemblance either of beauty or grace. One of your ancients, in a musty Latin book, either long ago forgotten, or which nobody reads, says, somewhere, "Non datum est cuicunque habere nasum;" that is, not every man is privileged with a nose, or, as some sagaciously will have it, with a penetrating judgment. Now, as it is the misfortune of some men not to be endowed either with a Roman nose, or American acuteness, so it is incident to many females, not to have a handsome elbow. Of ten thousand agreeable women, who are interesting enough, from the expression of their features, or their grace of motion, not more than one has an elbow, sufficiently symmetrical, to be displayed. Besides, what advantage is it to a lady, to wear her gown sleeves curtailed? My father Shandy exclaims, what signifies how a man cocks his hat? And I

may ask, what service can it be to a woman to shew her elbow?

A well turned arm, seen with, or without a covering, is an interesting object to a painter's eye, and to a lover's imagination. But, an elbow, whether idly dangling, or see-sawing a handkerchief; whether fiercely a-kimbo, or reposing calmly by the side, is not, my dear ladies, valued at the price of a nut-shell, even by your gallants. Here I suppose I shall be told of the dancing girls of Asia, and the Grecian nymphs, and the fine forms of classic statuary, which sometimes prodigally reveal, and, at others, give a shadowy glimpse of the elbow. I hope I shall not be accused of detracting from the beauty of my fair country-women, whom I indeed consider as very lovely, when I affirm that not many of them have the Grecian contour, the Grecian forehead, the Grecian nose, or, lastly the Grecian elbow. They possess and display much American beauty, and, in Philadelphia, in particular, it is striking and attractive. But it does not but very rarely resemble the ancient model; and though now and then a young lady, of an ardent temperament, and of a generous indiscretion, may be furnished with red, or classical hair, I doubt much, if the precision of arithmetical calculation could truly state the existence, in this city, of twenty classical elbows. From the changeableness and coldness of our climate, every exposed elbow sometimes looks too blue, and sometimes too red; and, with reverence be it spoken, is often rough and unsightly. Now, as many ladies, particularly those, who have faded fast, or have been married long, exhibit elbows, which are prominently ungraceful. I submit it to your consideration, Mr. Saunter, whether it would not be wise and politic, as well as correct and chaste, to lengthen the glove and gown sleeve, and let unprotected elbows be seen no more.

I am your's, &c.
SIMON SOBERSIDES.

The above is a pretty furious onset, and I had half determined not to be an auxiliary to such an attack. But my correspondent though "rude in speech, and little blessed with the set phrase of peace," is nevertheless tolerably correct in opinion, and not very weak in argument. For displayed elbows I have long since entertained a careless indifference; and I doubt whether in temperaments, much more combustible than my own, a flame, either lambent or languid, be ever lighted up, by looking at the bones of beauty. I hope the charming nymphs, who beautify the noon-tide walk, and splendidly glitter, in the horizon of gaiety, will still continue to enchant us, by the magic of modest smiles, flashing eyes and correct decoration. Redundant hair, polished arms, and the ingenuousness of a lovely face, may still be displayed, and every man of sensibility be pleased, and not a moralist frown. But, in this cold season, it is barbarous to expose the elbow and bosom, to the malice of FROST, and to the impertinence of the WINDS. We hope that the snowy sufferers, will in future be sheltered, both from the inclemency of the climate, and the severity of reproof. If the refractory should, in defiance of my gentle admonitions, sally out armed at all points, and darting sharp elbows

against every one, in their way, I shall employ a sort of deputy lounge, empowered to give each fair offender a rap, either with a French fan, or a fashionable *stickée*. I observe that my illustrious predecessor, Joseph Addison, employs, in the *Tatler*, *Pacolet*, John Morpew and Charles Lillie, in the *Spectator*, a trunkmaker, and in the *Guardian*, a lion, sub-lion, and under roarer, all as subaltern agents, to carry on the work of reformation. This is a sufficient hint. Moreover, I find my labours, so thicken upon me, that an assistant is indispensable. Of late, my title is a perfect misnomer, and, far from being a lounge, I am in danger of becoming, one of the most laborious fellows, that ever plodded along the cart rut of constant occupation. This is so alien to all the habits of an indolent character, that a deputy lounge must be created. I accordingly appoint Lewis Listless, a distant, though decayed relation of the Saunter family, and one, who boasts of the pedigree of Old-school. This lazy kinsman of mine, dearly loves to loiter through the streets, and to look at the ladies. I have commissioned him to take all the affairs of the female world, under his immediate inspection. Not only elbows, but ankles are open to his criticism; and he is to take care, with a power, similar to that of the Roman consuls at perilous epochs, "Ne quid detrimenti *Femina* capiat." He is to see, that elbows and bosoms catch no cold, by being wantonly exposed, to the merciless winter; and he has it in charge to punish the trespassers, upon the close of MODESTY, and the inclosures of VIRTUE.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER I.

It is not impossible, to foresee the future, in general.

I have no pretensions to a foreknowledge of futurity. I am by no means disposed to play the prophet: my only object is, to derive inferences from known facts, according to the rules of probability.

If man, could foresee the future with certainty, all the intellectual faculties, would be useless, and would die away by inactivity. But future events may often be foreseen, generally, by persons who have not given themselves out for inspired; thus in the writings of Rousseau of Geneva, may be found, not only obscure anticipations, but explicit presages of the French revolution; and this might easily be accounted for.

All things which are to happen in future, are truths. Why then should not a person who sincerely loves truth, not have forebodings of them, since they are homogeneous to that love?

Whoever knows the ruling passion of an individual, and should know it perfectly, might know beforehand, how he would conduct himself in any given case.

It is doubtless in such a manner, that the deity foresees the actions of men. As the deity knows in the utmost perfection the characters of men, or their ruling passion, that is to say, what they love above all things, he foresees in like perfection all their future actions; for in this ruling affection or inclination of the soul, they are all inscribed: they are there as it were, bound up in embryo.

In this manner the foresight of God, may be very well reconciled with the freedom of man; a problem which has always been deemed insolvable. In order to foresee all the occurrences in the world, so far as they are not merely physical, but moral, it would be necessary to know the ruling passions of all men, at least of all men in power, to perfect

tion, with all their possible modifications. This is what no man can do; but the deity can; and is consequently omniscient and omnipresent.

Whoever knows perfectly the character of a man, can lead him, with motives: the Deity therefore governs the events of this world, and the transactions of mankind, notwithstanding all appearances to the contrary.

A man cannot therefore accurately foresee the occurrences of a nation, because he cannot thoroughly know all the men who have an influence upon its fortunes. From known data, only very general conclusions can be drawn, and this is now my purpose with respect to the republic of North-America. I am apprehensive that even these few preparatory considerations will be thought too abstracted; I hasten therefore to my proper object.

CHAPTER II.

Europe may be perfectly free, from the fear of being in future conquered by America.

Our descendants are threatened with being conquered by the Americans, and particularly by the republic of North-America. My purpose is, to convince those of my fellow-citizens of this quarter of the world, who may read my book, that they have no need to pass sleepless nights on this account, and that they may go peaceably to bed every night, free from all concern for the future fortunes of their posterity.

"America," says a German author, "is an oak upon a solitary mountain." This is probably a figure, drawn from that *forest-bending eloquence*, of which another German author tells us. I do not indeed exactly understand what this metaphor of an oak upon a solitary mountain means, probably because I am not well versed in the forest-bending eloquence; but thus much I can perceive; that it is meant to designate something vigorous, energetic, herculean, &c. &c. We hear of nothing else, but of this youthful national vigour, this national bloom, when America is spoken of. In the eyes of these vigorous statesmen, Europe, is in comparison with America decrepid with age, a dotting cripple, &c. I wish that upon this subject some determinate ideas could be formed, and shall take the liberty to discuss the subject a little here; though without forest-bending eloquence. The republic of North-America, exhibits at present, that is, in its youth, no proofs whatever of youthful vigour. It is rather the despicable sport of those European states with which it stands in any political relation. It is, if I may be allowed to use a trivial expression alternately cudgelled both by England and France. Here then is a youth, incompetent to struggle with an old cripple; this youth is indeed very prematurely unnerved.

It will be objected that America is not yet sufficiently peopled to make herself formidable to the most powerful European states, and this observation will be erroneous. If the geographical situation of America be considered, it may very easily be proved, that four millions of men, at such a distance from Europe, might resist the united attack of all the European states together, and become extremely formidable to those which have possessions in America, if other causes of which I have treated in the first part of this work, did not paralyse these four millions of people, in a military, and consequently in a political point of view.

This national weakness is occasioned, by a want of youthful vigour. A youthful vigorous nation, is one whose citizens magnanimously sacrifice in case of need, their own interest, to the public good. In a vigorous nation every arm and every purse is stretched forth for the national honour, if it has been offended. In such cases the Americans submit themselves to the insolent foreigners. Nor is there for them any thing else to do, seeing that their love of ease prevents their forming them-

selves into a serviceable national militia, and their love of money has always made them refuse to pay an adequate number of soldiers.

A nation, where luxury consumes so many of the elements of power, must always remain weak, so long as no radical reformation of manners is effected. Even the people are in America addicted to luxury; even the lowest classes are accustomed to high living; a circumstance, which weakens yet more the republic, and which occasions the enormous importations. The vain women of the sea ports, with the most impudent extravagance deck themselves out at a cost, which might clothe and pay twenty thousand men; and if this extravagance is not quite equal to that of the European capitals, it is not because the passion for luxury, but merely because the means of gratifying it, are wanting. In all the European countries where luxury prevails, the people at least, live frugally; hence fewer of the elements of national power are wasted, than in America; and the nation is enabled to apply them to its defence.

If the Americans manufactured for themselves their articles of luxury, the nation would not be so much weakened, as the consequence would then be an internal circulation of their productions, and not their exportation to foreign lands.

America produces only articles of the first necessity; such for instance as the materials for bread; and as with these, she purchases articles of luxury, the consequence is great dearth; and where dearth prevails, few operations can be effected, unless there should come in from abroad a proportionable affluence of money; this however cannot be the case, in a nation, where amidst great luxury, the articles of luxury, are purchased of foreigners.

These are the physical causes of the weakness of the American republic. But there are likewise moral causes for it, and it is clear, that without them, the others would not exist. In a community, where in general, the great object of life is made to consist in usury, there is little martial fire to be expected, and legions collected from among shopkeepers, were never considered as formidable. The shop-keeping spirit however in that country extends even to the farmers: they too, think of nothing but purchase and sale, and have debt and credit constantly before their eyes.

The numerous fanatical sects likewise contribute in part, to this un-military spirit. I have never heard the quakers celebrated for their heroic spirit. Nor are the Mennonists distinguished as very warlike people. The characteristic ruling passion of all these fanatics is self-interest. The Presbyterians and Independents, were very brave under the conduct of Cromwell, and they performed the most, in the war of the American revolution. But no magnanimous deeds of martial valour, were ever heard to be performed by the two before mentioned sects, nor by Moravians, Methodists, Anabaptists, Baptists, Syncretists, Dulcinists, Pictists, or Quiestists.

This complete want of all proud, and warlike spirit, would be salutary and laudable, inasmuch as it should prevent attacks upon the rights and security of a neighbour; but it is pernicious, blameable, and mean, as it prevents resistance against the usurpations of foreigners. Hence the Americans are compelled to crouch before the English, to crouch before the French, to crouch before the Algerines, and by continual sacrifices, obtain of foreigners to spare the remainder yet a little longer. The Americans want a great stimulus to valour, the glorious warlike deeds of their forefathers. Every European nation has had its splendid warlike period, the remembrance of which inflames the youth with noble enthusiasm. But what great actions of their ancestors can the Americans relate to their youth? The history of their revolutionary war? But there again, are the official letters of General Washington, a lasting monument, which,

if they should dare open the mouth to boast, must instantly condemn them to shame and silence.

No man is better acquainted with his nation, than Washington, and no man ever conducted himself better, according to circumstances. But he was probably tired of appearing at the head of the affairs of a nation corrupted in the grain, and altogether regardless of the general interest; and as in the long run even he might find himself unable to defend the political independence of the nation, he withdraws himself from a career, where nothing useful can be established.

The Greeks and Romans are ridiculed by the Americans, for not having understood, so well as themselves, the art of money making.

To form a warlike people, the youth should be hardened by gymnastic and tactical exercises, to the soldier's life; and their souls should be inflamed by ancient history, with the desire to achieve similar actions. But instead of this they are formed from childhood to usury, and their souls are inflamed with a most ardent desire of money.

Such is the people whom we are told to dread. But the Americans are represented as likely to be terrible to us, only in future times; for no man denies that they are at present weak.

But I do not even concur in this opinion; for their population will continually spread to the westward, and at the end of a thousand years, will be very small in comparison with the surface of the land. Now, in order to carry on war, at a distance, a concentrated population is absolutely necessary.

To execute great military undertakings, a government must possess a considerable coercive power, and the subjects must be content to make great sacrifices to the public. I doubt whether this will ever be the case in America. A people desirous of conquests is generally very numerous in proportion to the surface of its country, and a conquering, is commonly a despotic government. In America there will be after the lapse of centuries, uncleared land remaining in plenty, and the government will never be despotic. Nor will the spirit of the people there, ever be warlike.

The posterity of the present Europeans will therefore never have occasion to fear an attack from the Americans.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. II.

The intimate connection between Author Paine and Manager Jefferson, being uncontroversially proved, by a reference to letters and other documents, no less than, by the well known fact, of *present personal intimacy*; and as, according to the old proverb, "a man is known by the company he keeps," I shall, in the sequel of this examination, make a liberal use of these data. To express my deep-rooted abhorrence at this connection, between the present chief magistrate of the American States, (United they are not, but in name) and that *creeping-thing* called Thomas Paine, I have only to "brand it with the unchangeable name of *meanness*," and quote from Paine himself, the definition of that vice. There are in Paine's writings, all sorts of slanderous and acrimonious epithets, and I wish no better manual than his works, to spell out an exact, I may venture to say, a perfect description of Mr. Jefferson's character.

See what he says to sir William Howe, in his *Crisis No. 5*—which I have taken the pains to read since the author referred to it, in his third epistle. "Mankind are not universally agreed in their de-

termination of right and wrong; but there are certain actions, which the consent of all nations and individuals, hath branded with the unchangeable name of *meanness*. In the list of human vices, we find some of such a refined constitution, that they cannot be carried into practice, without seducing some virtue to their assistance; but *meanness* hath neither alliance nor apology. It is generated in the dust and sweepings of other vices, and is of such a hateful figure that all the rest conspire to disown it." If the people of America will tolerate in their first magistrate, this monstrous alliance with such a hateful "figure," nobody ought to be surprized if all the rest of mankind "conspire to disown them."

But there is in America, I fully believe, a numerous sect, who will not tamely tolerate this alliance; they will make it the constant theme of censure, of complaint and of remonstrance, and whether their frowns produce any effect or not, their solemn protest will be entered of record.

So early as July 1801, I find a record in the Port-Folio of your protest Mr. Oldschool, against the then current rumour, that Thomas Paine had been invited to return in a national ship to America, by the first magistrate of a free people. It is as follows.

"If, during the present season of national abasement, infatuation, folly and vice, any portent could surprise, sober men would be utterly confounded by an article current in all our newspapers, that the loathsome Thomas Paine, a drunken atheist, and the scavenger of faction, is invited to return in a national ship, to America, by the first Magistrate of a free people. A measure so enormously preposterous, we cannot yet believe has been adopted, and it would demand firmer nerves than those possessed by Mr. Jefferson, to hazard such an insult to the moral sense of the nation. If that rebel rascal should come to preach from his bible to our populace, it would be time for every honest and insulted man of dignity to flee to some Zoar as from another Sodom, to 'shake off the very dust of his feet,' and abandon 'America.' Strong as this language may seem, it is by no means too nervous for the occasion, for, of all insults that can be offered, the most flagrant are those, which assault the religious code, and offend the moral sense of a nation: and although 'the first magistrate of a free people,' has dared to commit this outrage against his country—I will be bold to say, there is not a king, a consul nor a despot in Europe, who would have displayed so little delicacy and testified so little regard to the feelings of his enslaved subjects. But we are free, sovereign and independent, and what is more, Thomas Paine, has come, by the invitation of president Thomas Jefferson, 'to preach from his bible, to our populace.'"

It is not my design to remonstrate against this intimate alliance, by the mere application of harsh and general epithets, to the character and conduct of Thomas Paine. I can prove from various sources, that this man stands upon record, as a traitor to his trust; as a busy, officious and pestering meddler, in affairs with which he had no business; and that for these sins, he was publicly reproached and dismissed from office, by the American congress of 1779. I will prove further, that Mr. Jefferson could not be ignorant of this act of treachery, and that from that hour, he knew or ought to have known, that Thomas Paine could only disgrace any body, who cherished his acquaintance, or confided in his principles.

In the Journals of Congress, vol. 3, Folwell's edition, under date 17th, April 1777, is a resolve in these words.

"Resolved, That the stile of the committee of secret correspondence be altered, and that for the future, it be stiled the committee of foreign affairs. That a secretary be appointed to the said committee, with a salary of seventy dollars a month.

"That the said secretary, previous to his entering on his office, take an oath, to be administered by the president;" "well and faithfully to execute the trust reposed in him, according to his best skill and judgment, and to disclose no matter, the knowledge of which shall be acquired in consequence of such, his office, that he shall be directed to keep secret." "Also the oath prescribed for the officers of the army," the latter clause of which is, "I do swear, &c. &c. that I will serve the United States in the office of — which I now hold, and in any other office which I may hereafter hold, by their appointment or under their authority, with fidelity and honour, and according to the best of my skill and understanding."

"Congress proceeded to the election of the said secretary, and the ballots being taken,

Thomas Paine was elected."

Here was an honourable and lucrative office bestowed upon Paine, and I should like to hear from his own confession, who was the member of congress, that put him in nomination....perhaps he does not know, or has forgotten....He has not probably forgotten the fable of the "countryman and the adder." How well he deserved this distinguished mark of confidence and trust, and how sacredly he observed the oaths he took, when sworn into office, a few more references to the journals of Congress will enable us to discover.

Meantime I am,

Your friend,

THE EXAMINER.

Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

An original work, and greatly superior to the ordinary poetical trifles of the hour, has been put into my eager hands, and caught my roving eye with the dazzling title of "The Meteors." This glittering name is not arrogantly assumed. The following are like "the sparkles of a glancing star." They are bright and beautiful, and thus gild my evening hour.

I bought a horse; the owner swore
He had no fault, was far from vicious:
Thus much was well, I ask'd no more
Not choosing to be thought capricious.

When, lo! to my surprise, I find,
This faultless horse is almost blind.
In haste, I hie me back to meet
My jockey; find him—"sir, this cheat
Will never do; the nag's unsound,
Has not an eye to see the ground!"
Friend, quoth the man, as sharp as salt,
"Tis his misfortune....not his fault."

The subject of Plagiarism has never been more merrily treated, than in the ensuing tale, which not Marot, not La Fontaine, not John Hall Stevenson, could have told with more naivete, than our author. All is easy, all is animated. The versification flows *incredibili lenitate*, like the river, described by Cæsar.

A Poet being once accus'd
That many of the thoughts he used
Were stolen; with patience heard his friend,
An author likewise, to the end.

"That paragraph, I own, is fine,
But I can show you, line for line,
From whence you every beauty took,
'Tis in a most uncommon book
Where every thought of yours, and better,
I lately found in old black letter."

In vain the other urg'd his plea,
That great wits sometimes might agree:
"Well, well, (he adds) let truth prevail,
It will not spoil the following

TALK.

Young Kitty grew so fair a maid,
That Grandmama was much afraid
To trust the damsel out of view,
Lest any mischief should ensue;
Experience is the test of truth,
The old lady *prov'd* it in her youth;
So, for good reasons she could bring,
Kept Kitty near her apron string.

Now Kitty's grandsire was of mind,
Restraint, of whatsoever kind,
Was wrong, except when he, in vain,
Besought his dearest to restrain
The gentle warblings of that tongue,
On which most honey'd accents hung,
Sweets; too luxuriantly enjoy'd,
That long ago his taste had cloy'd.
Thus, either party claim'd the art
To guard fair Kitty's tender heart.

The old lady led a tiresome life,
For Kitty long'd to be a wife,
And though full many a suitor came
Not one could please the cautious dame.
Among the rest young Clodio strove,
The fair one listened to his love,
Which fact once known....the youth no more
Dar'd set his foot within the door.

The banish'd lover bore his doom
Like others, humbly, I presume,
That is, he wrote, and brib'd the maid,
Who all his *billets doux* convey'd.
His mistress, as his zeal deserv'd,
The intercourse of souls preserv'd.

But absence is a cruel state,
'Tis needless to expatiate,
And shew how, during this dread trial,
Love measures time, unlike the dial,
My muse her story ne'er delays
By dwelling on the *et ceteras*.

A secret meeting was projected,
And very speedily effected;
'Twas just about the break of day,
When most good folks in slumber lay;
And Betty's head, invention rich-in,
Contriv'd the scene should be the kitchen.

When down stairs tripping came the lady
Her faithful swain was there already....
What bliss!....But offered, ah! in vain,
For Tray that moment slips his chain;
He hears a stranger's voice below
And needs must let his master know.
Uncourteous dog! has never heard
Truth should not *always* be declar'd!

The echoing bark resounds above,
And Prudence flies to succour Love,
Sir Simon rose, his Lady's will,
To know why Tray can *not* keep still.
Now Kitty, what thy trepidation!
Thy lover....and thy reputation
In equal danger!...." Betty, say,
Have you no plan....no scheme....or way
To let this gentleman escape,
And get us fairly from the scrape?
Your master comes in anger hot,
Oh Clodio! I shall see thee shot!"

But Genius, when demanded most,
Too frequently deserts his post.
So 'twas with Betty, whose desire,
Though simply to conceal the squire,
Could scarce accomplish it before
Sir Simon thunder'd at the door.

"Hey day," said he, "what's here to do!
What Kitty up! has Tray wak'd you?
And Betty too!....'tis very careful,
I thought you women were more fearful!
That noisy mastiff barks for sport,
I've half a mind to hang him for't,
Nad but this pistol ball and powder,
I'd make him yelp a little louder."

But Beelzebub, or proverbs lie,
Must have a finger in each pie.
It came into my lady's head,
That she had better leave her bed;
So down she comes, and in she dashes,
Poor Kitty turns as pale as ashes.

The old lady easily believes
She's not in danger from the thieves;
For, if Sir Simon should have found 'em,
He must, ere this, have ta'en and bound 'em:
That fancy gave her no great fear,
Another did, as you shall hear.

'Tis very odd, thought she, that miss
Should be below so soon as this;
What though we all imagin'd danger,
That only makes the thing the stranger;
Us common thieves, indeed, are those
Which *females* run the first to oppose.
Sir Simon have you scar'd 'em, dear?....
"My love, no thief have I seen here,
That Tray is an unlucky cur...."
"He is, indeed! (quoth Betty,) sir,
To call my master up so early,
And fright us all for nothing....nearly;
My dear young lady snatch'd her gown,
And made me instantly come down
To hide what most in hazard stood,
And save what *valuables* we could."

"But, (adds the old lady,) are you sure,
Since things are never too secure,
The villains are not somewhere hid?
Which accident may heaven forbid."

"I've search'd the place, my dear, all over,
The devil a rogue can I discover!"

"Well, well, Sir Simon, be it so,
But I'll search further, ere I go;
Come Betty....bear that light before,
And every corner we'll explore:
Sir Simon does things like a sloven,
Suppose....we *peep* into that oven."

"La! Madam, may I be so bold,
That oven's full as it can hold;
They can't be there; 'tis vain to seek...."
"Do, Betty, mind me, when I speak."

Poor Betty from experience knew
Prevarication would not do,
And therefore hesitates no more
But, trembling....opes the oven's door:
No time to peep....that very minute
Bounc'd out our Clodio, hid within it.

To paint the general consternation,
Would too much lengthen the narration.
Now, says my lady, love, you see,
Fine works were here, except for me!
Pretty!...."Stop, stop," Sir Simon cries,
"I always grant you very wise;
I own it, to my great disgrace,
I ne'er had thought of such a place.
The oven, it must be confess'd,
Was the last place I should have guess'd,
And yet 'tis odd the thought struck you,
Or any.....WHO'VE NOT BEEN THERE TOO."

Now friend, the bard accus'd, exclaim'd,
You see the point at which I've aim'd:
You would have borrowed from the store
Had I not rummaged it before;
Leave censure to the critic throng,
Brother, we both are in the wrong.

I have the greatest possible respect for the holy
institution of matrimony, and, with our modest
Milton,

Of the genial bed,
With most mysterious reverence I deem.

How often have I exclaimed with the experienced
Solomon, that *two are better than one*, and how often
have I re-echoed the pensive remark of an apocryphal
writer, who, with a sigh from his bachelor
heart, informs us, that He, who hath no wife,
wandereth up and down mourning. It is shameful,
the Vicar of Wakefield would say, to continue
single, and only talk of *population*, and none but
those, who are hardened sinners, and obstinately
impenitent in the ways of celibacy, could approve
of the following sarcasm at wedded life. Let witlings
joke, and let the gibing Gibbon sneer at the married,
"For my single self," I like to see Benedict and
Beatrice in unison. I abominate the allegory of
Louisa, in the last stanza, and I copy the poem

for its literary merit, without presuming to give
my sanction to the satire.

THE HONEY MOON.

Serene and tranquil was the night,
The night that clos'd the summer day,
And brilliant shone the Moon, and bright,
And warm and tender was her ray.

"How like our loves," the husband cried,
As on his arm Louisa hung....
Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

This Moon, how like our love, my dear,
He said, and clasp'd her round the waist;
'Tis pure and perfect, and sincere,
Tender and true, and warm, though chaste.

Time flew....the youthful pair again
Enjoy'd at eve the stilly vale;
The Moon still shone, but in the wane,
Her form less round, her face more pale.

This too is like our love, my queen,
For though less radiant and less bright;
Yet still o'er all this sylvan scene,
She sheds a soft and pleasing light.

Louisa bow'd her beauteous head,
And yet a sigh escap'd her breast;
Perhaps the fair one would have said,
She *lik'd* the first bright moon the best.

Time linger'd, yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib'd;
And now less perfect, yet still fair,
The Moon, alas! two horns describ'd.

This too is love, Louisa says,
The love, my dear, that life adorns!
Perfect, at first, it soon decays,
Decays and ends, at last, in *quans*,

I believe it was Lady Montague, or the author
of Lady Montague's letters, for their genuineness
has been doubted by recent incredulity, who first
shewed us fashionable specimens of *Turkish* poetry.
Her versions, whether prose or poetical, were not
of much value, and are now forgotten. Whatever
Sir William Jones has translated from the dialects
of the East will continue coeval with his fame, and
the following ode will probably be lost only with
that elegant English, in which it is rendered.

A TURKISH ODE OF MESIHI.

Translated by Sir William Jones.

Hear how the nightingales, on every spray,
Hail in wild notes the sweet return of May!
The gale, that o'er yon waving almond blows,
The verdant bank with silver blossoms strows:
The smiling season decks each flowery glade.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

What gales of fragrance scent the vernal air!
Hills, dales, and woods, their loveliest mantles wear.
Who knows what cares await that fatal day,
When ruder guests shall banish gentle May!
Even death, perhaps, our vallies will invade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The tulip now its varied hue displays,
And sheds, like Ahmed's eye, celestial rays.
Ah, nation ever faithful, ever true,
The joys of youth, while May invites, pursue!
Will not these notes your timorous minds persuade?
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The sparkling dew-drops o'er the lillies play,
Like orient pearls, or like the beams of day.
If love and mirth your wanton thoughts engage,
Attend, ye nymphs (a poet's words are sage.)
While thus you sit beneath the trembling shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The fresh blown rose like Zeineb's cheek appears,
When pearls, like dew drops, glitter in her ears.
The charms of youth at once are seen and past;
And nature says, 'They are too sweet to last.'
So blooms the rose; and so the blushing maid!
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

See yon anemones their leaves unfold,
With rubies flaming, and with living gold!
While crystal flowers from weeping clouds descend,
Enjoy the presence of the tuneful friend.
Now, while the wines are brought, the sofa's lay'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The plants no more are dried, the meadows dead,
No more the rose-bud hangs her pensive head:
The shrubs revive in vallies, meads, and bowers,
And every stalk is diadem'd with flowers;
In silken robes each hillock stands array'd,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Clear drops each morn impearl the rose's bloom,
And from its leaf the zephyr drinks perfume;
The dew buds expand their lucid store:
Be this our wealth: ye damsels, ask no more.
Though wise men envy, and though fools upbraid,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

The dew-drops, sprinkled by the musky gale,
Are chang'd to essence, ere they reach the dale.
The mild blue sky a rich pavilion spreads,
Without our labor, o'er our favour'd heads.
Let others toil in war, in arts, or trade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

Late, gloomy winter chill'd the sullen air,
Till Soliman arose, and all was fair.
Soft in his reign the notes of love resound,
And Pleasure's rosy cup goes freely round.
Here on the bank, which man ling vines o'er shade,
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

May this rude lay from age to age remain,
A true memorial of this lovely train.
Come, charming maid, and hear thy poet sing,
Thyself the rose, and he the bird of spring:
Love bids him sing, and love will be obey'd.
Be gay: too soon the flowers of spring will fade.

CRITICISM.

REVIEW OF LYCEE, &c.

(Concluded.)

Lycee; ou, Cours de Literature, Ancienne et Moderne
Par J. F. La Harpe. 12 Tom. 8vo. A Paris,
chez, H. Agasse, Imprimeur Libraire, Rue des
Poitevins, An 7 de la Republique. i. e. *The*
Lyceum; or, a course of Literature, Ancient and
Modern. 1800.

His criticism on the history, philosophy, and miscellaneous literature of each of the three periods, into which he divides his history, is much more short and cursory than that on the two other subjects. He treats of the Greek and Roman historians under two classes:—In the first he ranks Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, and Quintus Curtius. He gives a detailed account of the merits and defects of each; in which, if he has fallen into any error, it is with regard to Thucydides, to whom he greatly prefers Sallust, and almost every historian in the class. Thucydides, by the ancients, was looked upon as a perfect model of historic wisdom and dignity. We think he has made several very just observations in defence of the speeches in the ancient historians, which he has employed a whole section to vindicate. His account of the historians in the second class, though short, is sufficient to give a very distinct idea of the character of each, and a pretty accurate notion of their merits and defects. In almost every instance his judgment is enlightened, and may be trusted. He professes to give but a superficial review of philosophy, which he could not expect, he says, to render equally interesting to his auditors with his other subjects. He examines the philosophy of Plato; but, we think, he has erred farther from his plan in his case, than in any other part of his book. Instead of examining the writings of Plato as the subject of taste, he gives a detailed account of his abstract notions, and metaphysical conjectures; in which much was certainly not to be found the object of praise. Had he considered Plato, as we think it was the nature of his plan to have done, as a moral and eloquent

writer of the first class, he would have been more interesting as well as instructive. It is rather wonderful that it did not occur to so enlightened a writer, that here was a most proper place to deliver a criticism on dialogue writing; a species of composition, the nature of which has been less developed than any other, and of which Plato was the inventor. And it would certainly have been very much to his purpose to have explained that exquisite art with which Plato conducts his argument, and which, not less than the charms of his style, renders him the most bewitching of authors. He next examines at considerable length, the philosophical writings of Plutarch, which he warmly recommends, and the beauties of which he very justly details. Cicero, of all the philosophers of antiquity, is he whose writings he most esteems, and he certainly points out their excellencies with great skill, and shews a very complete acquaintance with their contents, and a strong feeling of their merits. As to Seneca, with whom he closes his account of the ancient philosophy, we rather think he has been led, from opposition to Diderot, who affected to set Seneca above all writers, to undervalue that celebrated author, who, though he has some defects of style, which have been enlarged upon, certainly possesses the most dazzling eloquence, and has a power of warning his reader upon moral subjects beyond any author almost with whom we are acquainted.

Such is the plan of this author's critical review of ancient literature. He shews himself to be very thoroughly acquainted with it. And though he is a warm, he is not a superstitious admirer of the ancients. The three first volumes of this work may be safely recommended as a body of just criticism upon ancient literature, more full and minute than any which has yet been presented to the public.

We shall not be particular in our account of what he has done, respecting the two remaining periods of his review. Indeed it will not be necessary, because his mode of procedure is almost exactly the same in these, which we have seen it to be in the former. In the literature of the age of Louis the fourteenth, there is no epic poem to review; for it is only the literature of France, which our author considers in his two last periods. He proceeds, therefore, immediately to the drama. And, with the same minuteness which we described him to have employed with regard to the ancient dramatic poets, and even still greater, he analyzes and examines each of the plays of Corneille and Racine; describing the circumstances in which they were produced, the success they had, the art of the poet, in such pieces, and all its excellencies and defects. He enumerates and characterises all the inferior writers of tragedy, during the same period; and then proceeds to comedy; when, after a short account of those who preceded Moliere, he dwells at great length upon that author, and then, as he did in tragedy, gives a more cursory review of all the inferior comic writers of the age of Louis the fourteenth. After this he considers the opera of the same period, chiefly that of Quinault; the odes, the satirical and epistolary poetry, fables, tales, pastoral poetry and the different kinds of light poetry.

The next subject is the eloquence of the age of Louis the fourteenth. He mentions first, the eloquence of the bar, and that of the deliberative kind in popular assemblies. But, though he thinks France did produce some specimens in both these kinds at that period, of no little merit, he allows they were but few; and that the circumstances of France were not favourable to produce them. He finds compensation in the eloquence of the pulpit. This he divides into two kinds; the funeral oration, and the sermon. And, after some observations on the earlier productions of both species in France, he enlarges upon Bossuet, as a model almost perfect in the former, and Massillon, in the latter. Several

just and uncommon remarks are made on the nature of this species of composition. And every reader of taste will be pleased with the full development which he has given us of the beauties of style and thought in Bossuet and Massillon. He allows that France had not much to boast of her historical compositions in the time of Louis XIV. He is a great admirer of Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History: he praises Fleury's Ecclesiastical History: and speaks with respect of some of the productions of Vertot. He gives a whole section to the consideration of memoirs; in which he mentions, with particular praise, those of Jeannin, of Villeroy, of Torcy, of Turenne, of Sully, the Letters of Cardinal d'Ossat, the Memoirs of Mademoiselle de Montpensier and Molleville. "But for the knowledge of men and of affairs," says he, "nothing can be compared, even at the greatest distance, with the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz: 'tis the most precious monument, in that kind, which remains to us of the last age."

We can do little more than barely name the different authors in philosophy, whom he has criticised, and declare our opinion that his appreciation both of their doctrines, and of their talent in delivering them, is, for the most part, perfectly correct. The writers in metaphysics, whom he examines, are, Descartes, Pascal, Fenelon, Malebranche, and Bayle. His account of Bayle is really valuable, because it has seldom fallen to the lot of that man to be either praised or blamed, with moderation. Neither the metaphysics of Descartes nor Fenelon, perhaps, deserve all the praise which he bestows upon them. We are better metaphysicians in Britain than they are in France. But it is pleasing to observe this learned and ingenious man, in the situation in which he is placed, so attached to the sentiments of religion and morality, that he cannot help regarding, with veneration, every opinion, which has been employed with success in their defence. As writers in morals, he names Fenelon, Nicole, Duguet, Laroche-foucauld, Labruyere, and St. Evremond. Most of his observations on each of them are just and interesting. But his criticism on Laroche-foucauld is the fullest which we remember to have seen; and, though a little more metaphysical acumen be wanting to the complete refutation of that author's maxims, what he has said is highly valuable. A short criticism on romances and tales concludes this part of his subject.

Of the literature of the last period we have the criticism of the poetry only. He promises some additional volumes on the philosophy of the eighteenth century. Into the poetry of this period he enters with the greatest minuteness of detail. No less than four volumes are employed upon it. He begins with the *Henriade* of Voltaire, of which he is a great admirer. He is too wise and too candid not to admit its defects, but he contends that it has many, and great beauties; and we think he does prove that it has been, in general, under-rated. He examines the tragedies of Voltaire, in no less than two full volumes: and much fine instruction on that species of composition is to be found in them! It is here, indeed, that we think this author chiefly excels. He omits not the writers of the second class. And when he has thus fully discussed the tragic writing of this period, he passes on to the comedies. He first examines that curious question, whether to write a tragedy or a comedy be most difficult? where the reader will find several ingenious and important observations. And then he appreciates the merits, one after another, of the numerous comic writers of this period. He examines, with great judgment, the nature and merits of that new species of drama, which was introduced into France by La Chaussée, and which they sometimes call *Comedie Mixte*, sometimes *Larmoyante*, and criticizes with his usual correctness, the productions in that kind, of Voltaire, Diderot, and others. The last volume contains criticisms on the heroic and comic epics, and

the different writers of these two descriptions, which have appeared in France, during the last century.

We cannot close this account of Laharpe's work, without mentioning a very eloquent discourse, prefixed to his review of the literature of the eighteenth century, and delivered in the Lyceum in December 1794; in which he describes, in the most glowing colours of horror and indignation, the persecution which literature had suffered during a few of the preceding years, and the utter abasement into which France had been sunk, with regard to every thing, the object of taste, reason, sentiment or virtue.

"Shall our wretched tyrants," says he, "be compared to the men, who have effected revolutions in other countries; and who, setting morality aside, were great men?" "There is not one of ours," continues he, "and history will prove it, whom Cromwell would have employed as a sergeant in his army, or a messenger to one of his offices." "Methinks I see them yet," cries he, "those ruffians under the name of patriots, those oppressors of the nation, under the name of magistrates of the people, mixing themselves among us in crowds, with their grotesque apparel, which they called exclusively that of patriotism; as if patriotism must of necessity be ridiculous and impure; with their coarse accent and brutal language, which they called republican; as if grossness and indecency were so essentially republican; with their haggard countenance and wild and troubled eyes, the witness of an evil conscience, throwing around them looks at once stupid and threatening, on the instruments of the sciences, of which they did not even know the names; on the monuments of the arts, which were so strange to them; on the busts of those great men, the mention of whom had scarcely ever reached their ears: and one would have said, that the sight of all that literary pomp, of all that innocent luxury of all those riches of taste and genius, roused within them that sullen and ferocious hatred, that internal rage concealed within the darkest doublings of self-love, which stirs up in secret the ignorant and ill-conditioned man against every thing, which is more valuable than himself."

It is certainly an objection to this book, that the part of it which treats of modern literature, should be confined so exclusively to that of France. It cannot be so interesting to Englishmen, as if it had been mixed with criticisms upon the favourite authors of this and the other countries of Europe. And we should think, scarcely so interesting even to Frenchmen themselves. We suspect, too, that it will appear tedious to the readers, who seek only for amusement in books. We are pretty certain, however, that the person, who wants to be inured to habits of accurate investigation, and to have his judgment exercised, in just decision, concerning the objects of taste, will not find fault either with the number of the subjects of judgment, which this author has brought forward, or the minuteness, with which he enters into their merits and defects. Yet, it is, perhaps, to be granted, that there is a diffusion of style in the book, which spins it out to a greater length than is necessary. But this is the character of French composition: and an English writer of tolerable merit generally condenses more thoughts into one page, than the very best of the French put into two. But then this nervous Englishman will not have all the flowing softness in his periods, without which a Frenchman would not be read. And those of our authors who study this delicate accomplishment, have, in general, all the diffusion of a French writer, without his vivacity.

It is certainly no little praise to say of a Frenchman, who has passed through all that has happened in that country, for a few years, before and since the revolution, that though intimately connected with the principal philosophers of the age, and even, at one period, partially infected with their detestable principles, he very soon perceived, and manfully retracted, his error; and has suffered no vestige, either of their

fantastical taste, or abominable licentiousness to remain on his mind. And it is surely a pleasing consideration to persons of every country, that a man is now employed to instruct the inhabitants of Paris, with a taste, formed upon the pure models of ancient Greece and Rome, and the best productions of the former days of French literary glory, who has the utmost contempt for the weakness of that pretended philosophy, which has turned every thing upside down, and the greatest abhorrence of its tendency, and who understands and values the solidity and truth, as well as the salutary influence, of those venerable doctrines, which unite the heart of man to the author and to the partners of his nature

THOMAS PAINE.

[The subsequent article is descriptive of one, who, in a bill of indictment, found by a grand jury of the universe, might be described, as THE COMMON DISTURBER OF NATIONS. Thomas Paine is a perpetual rebel; not only a foe to Christianity, but to civil obedience, not only an enemy to subordination, but to society. His favorable reception, among Americans, would foully tarnish our national honour; for it is notorious that men of his own jacobinical complexion, and zealots for the propagation of his own theories, have long since abandoned the degraded man, though they strive to disseminate the opinions of the factious writer.]

Before Paine fled from England to receive the fraternal hug of the regicides of France, he made a house in London called the White Bear, in Picadilly, his usual place of residence. The house, which was a respectable one, became so notorious on account of Paine's visits, that the landlord was not only under the necessity of absolutely forbidding the *Infidel* to enter his door, but to circulate handbills acquainting the public that Thomas Paine was no longer suffered to visit the White Bear. Paine's character in Paris is well known to have been so despicable, even among those that belonged to the same party, that his company was avoided like the presence of a person infected with the plague. He never associated but with the meanest and lowest of the scribbling tribe; indeed he was suffered to associate with no others. Frequently he was found rolling and tossing in the streets, in a state of intoxication that astonished the Parisians unused to such spectacles of human depravation; they called him the English Ourang Outang. One evening Paine was caught in this disgraceful state, and was conveyed to an exhibition of wild beasts, kept near the Palais Royal, where he was displayed during his state of intoxication, in a cage, along with a bear and a monkey, to the no small amusement of the Sans Culottes. This happened in the year 1797, when a Mr. Benjamin Sword, a respectable merchant of Glasgow, was in Paris, who was present at the spectacle. Mr. Sword afterwards dined in a select company of Scotch gentlemen, where the unfortunate Thomas Muir was present, as also Tom Paine. The author of the *Age of Reason* in a few hours got so completely besotted, that they were under the necessity of having him dragged out, and conveyed home to his lodgings in a fiacre. It was solely at the request of Mr. Sword, that Paine was invited as even Muir, his fellow sufferer in politics, was too much of a Christian to relish the conversation of such an infidel.

For the last eight years our hero existed in Paris solely on the charity of the booksellers, who employed him a few hours in the morning, the only part of the day during which Paine was sober, in correcting the press. His lodgings were frequently in some cellar, in some remote lane of the city, and frequently he has been known to be so reduced as to be under the necessity of serving the Parisian *Poissards* to open and clean their shell fish! This description of Paine may appear to some to be exaggerated, but so far from that, it conveys but a very faint idea of the misery, the

filth and the contempt, which attended the author of Common Sense during his residence in Paris; indeed scarcely any words can paint the wretched life he usually led. It was not until the arrival of Chancellor Livingston, that Paine was honored with the visit of a single respectable American. The attention which our minister paid to this *infidel*, not only astonished, but even disgusted the Court of the First Consul. It gave to Bonaparte but a very contemptible idea of the talents of Mr. Livingston. When the chancellor was first introduced to the First Consul, the latter received him with the coldest indifference. Talleyrand observed Bonaparte's behaviour, and took the opportunity of informing him that Mr. Livingston was a character that held the first reputation in the United States. "He may hold what reputation he may," (said Bonaparte) "I know mankind as well as most people, and the conduct of that American certainly does not impress my mind with the most favorable opinion." The public may rely upon the correctness of this observation of Bonaparte respecting Mr. Livingston. It was received directly from a Mr. Lapigare, a French gentleman of the greatest respectability, and an intimate acquaintance of the chancellor's, who resides near Hudson, in the state of New-York. Mr. Lapigare had the perusal of a letter from Paris which contained the observation. Had Mr. Lapigare been a Federalist, the democrats, no doubt, would immediately insist upon the story being a forgery; but as Mr. Lapigare is well known in the state where he resides, to be a warm Jeffersonian, no such conclusion can be drawn, nor will Mr. Lapigare deny his having said so, and he added, at the same time, that the countenance which Mr. Livingston gave Paine, in his opinion, was the cause of it.

How humiliating is it to Americans to be told that the fourth of July was celebrated by their minister and their countrymen in Paris, by giving a public entertainment to the greatest infidel on earth!

STATISTICAL REMARKS.

The number of the inhabitants of a country or city is almost renewed every thirty years; and, in a century, the human race is renewed three times and one third.

If we allow three generations for a century, and suppose the world to be only five thousand seven hundred years old, there appears to have been one hundred and seventy-one generations since the creation of the world to the present time, one hundred and twenty-four since the deluge, and fifty-three since the Christian era; and as there is not a family that can prove its origin even so far back as the emperor Charlemagne, it consequently follows that the most ancient families are unable to trace their origin farther back than thirty generations. Very few indeed can trace so far, without diving into fiction.

Out of one thousand infants, who are nursed by the mother, about three hundred die; of the same number, committed to the care of strange nurses, it is calculated that five hundred perish.

Among the one hundred and fifteen deaths, their may be reckoned one woman in child-bed; but only one of four hundred dies in labour.

The small-pox, in the natural way, usually carries off eight out of one hundred.

By inoculation, one dies out of three hundred.

It is remarked, that more girls than boys die of the small-pox in the natural way.

From the calculations founded on the bills of mortality, only one out of three thousand one hundred and twenty-six reaches the age of one hundred.

More people live to a greater age in elevated situations than in those which are lower.

The probability is, that a new born child will live to the age of thirty-four years and six months.

Years.	Years.	Months.
That one of 1	will live 41	9
3	45	7
5	46	4
10	44	9
A person of 15	41	6
20	38	3
24	35	5
30	32	3
35	29	8
40	26	6
45	23	0
50	20	11
55	17	0
60	14	2
65	11	5
70	8	11
75	6	8
80	4	10
85	3	3
90	2	0

The proportion of the deaths of women to those of men is, one hundred to one hundred and eight; the probable duration of a man's life is sixty years.

Married women live longer than those who are not married.

By observations made during the space of fifty years it has been found that the greatest number of deaths has been in the month of March; and next to that, the months of August and September. In November, December, and February, there are the fewest deaths.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SLANDER.

Pearce v. Luckfield.

Mr. Erskine stated the case for the plaintiff; his client was an attorney, who lived in Fitzroy-square; the defendant was a German, a musical instrument maker, connected with the house of Longman and Broderip: the jury, (from their frequent attendance in that court) must be aware, that those attorneys, who were proved to have misconducted themselves in their profession, were always punished with proper severity; it was, therefore, but just, that those who conducted themselves uprightly, should, by the verdict of a jury, protect their characters from malicious slanderers; his client had been, called upon by a Mr. Fountain, to draw the will of Mr. Mason, a publican, who lived in Tottenham Court Road, but who was then in such a bad state of health, that his death was daily expected. He accordingly went to the house, but was obstructed, as much as possible, by Mrs. Mason and the defendant, from seeing the sick man; he, however, insisted on admittance, took Mr. Mason's instructions, and drew his will. In consequence of this, the defendant, who was on the most intimate terms of friendship (if it was nothing more than friendship) with Mrs. Mason, quarrelled with him, abused him, and told him, in the presence of other persons, "that he was no attorney, but a *petty-fogging scoundrel*, that he had drawn his own will, and not the will of Mr. Mason, and that he came there to help to rob Mrs. Mason of her property." Such words as these, spoken of an attorney, were clearly actionable; and when they were said of an honest man, acting faithfully in the discharge of his trust, it was the duty of his client, who possessed a character and who valued it, to bring a slanderer of this description, before a jury of his country, and give him an opportunity of justifying his expressions, if they are true, under the penalty of being recorded as a slanderer, should they appear to be false.

Mr. Fountain, the first witness for the plaintiff, said, that he was related to the late Mr. Mason, and had been a school-fellow of his; that, hearing he was ill, he called at his house to see him, but was told he

had gone to Fulham; not believing this story, he forced his way to his bed-chamber, and found him in a dying state. He was much shocked at this discovery, and after some little conversation with him, he sent for the plaintiff to take Mr. Mason's instructions, and draw his will. When the plaintiff came to the house, he was opposed by the defendant and Mrs. Mason; he, however, drew his will, and an altercation afterwards ensued, in which the defendant used words to the effect of those stated by Mr. Erskine, from the declaration.

A Mr. Spencer, a surgeon and apothecary, (who attended Mason) and a Mr. Thompson, swore positively to the expressions having been made use of by the defendant; but it appeared, that they rather proceeded from passion, and the irritation of the moment, than from any deliberate malicious intention of injuring the character of the plaintiff in his profession.

Mr. Park addressed the jury in mitigation of damages. He thought mere nominal damages would meet the justice of the case.

Lord Ellenborough told the jury, that the words were clearly proved to have been spoken, and that they were actionable. It was the province of the jury, however, to proportion the damages, they should give, to the injury sustained, and to the circumstances of the case. It appeared to him, that those expressions rather proceeded from sudden passion than deliberate malice.... Verdict for the plaintiff; damages 10l.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

An article of nautical import, found under the head of European intelligence, suggests an humorous combination.

October 20. This morning dispatches, said to be of importance, arrived *express* to admiral Davies, to be put on board a fast sailing vessel *directly*. They were *instantly* put on board the *Nimble Cutter*, lieutenant *Jump*.

ANECDOTE FOUNDED ON FACT.

A few days, prior to the late election, while the trade of being *be citizenized* was driving apace, one of the people, called *Irish*, having a brother, who had applied for a certificate, took the trouble to wait upon the proper officer, for the purpose of obtaining it. His business being made known.... the officer enquired the reason why, his brother had not come in person for the certificate? "To tell you the truth sir," (says Patrick) "my brother is too *drunk* to come, and as I did not wish him *exposed*, I thought best to come myself. Well, but somebody certified t'other day, that your brother was a person of good moral character, and of course, a sober man." By *Jasus*, said Patrick, if they had known him, as well as I do, they would have been clear of certifying any such thing.

Citizen Gallatin is supposed to be calculating the amount of our losses at New-Orleans, and anxiously inquires of the Spanish intendant, why he "*stops de veels*?"

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Amid the difficulties of his public duty, few things cheer the Editor more than such approbation and such advice, as the following]

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A VENERABLE FRIEND IN PENNSYLVANIA.

I know not what to reply to your invitation to write, occasionally, in your paper. When my mind is warm with old-fashioned sentiments, I am sometimes ready to wish that they were communicated to the public; and, on the other hand, when I reflect on the frequent ignorance, stupidity, and blindness of the sovereign people, and the extent

to which they are apt to carry their resentments. I am afraid to have any thing to do with them. For, if I should happen to differ in opinion from any of their favourite demagogues, or if my sentiments should be found to be not perfectly Gallo-republican, I might be calumniated in the Aurora; and though it is sometimes necessary that a chimney sweeper, or a scavenger be knocked down, yet a gentleman is loth to approach such filthy personages, for fear of being soiled by their soot and mud. I am glad that you have never promised to publish an impartial paper. I approve of your general plan, and of that variety of matter, by which you strive to allure squeamish readers, but I am afraid you must depend chiefly on your own stores, as I suppose it would be difficult to find, at present, many assistants. I am sometimes diffident of the propriety of admitting Latin, even though it has the advantage of not being understood, for as to French, it is quite another thing, being the language of republicans. I think all apology for your assumed name of Oldschool, is unnecessary in an age, in which *Messidor*, and *Floreal*, *duo-di*, *tre-di*, &c. are reckoned elegant compounds; for if it be legal and agreeable to Jacobin principles, to stitch Greek and Latin together, in the clumsy manner of the Taylors, who compiled the new French Calendar, it cannot surely be improper to combine two pure English words, even though they are plain and intelligible. In a country so slow to reward useful labour, and so frequently ungrateful for actual service, it is impossible accurately to predict the future fortune of your work. But, if you can procure active and sincere friends to circulate it in other states, especially to the eastward, it may in time, *force itself* into public notice. But you will not expect to find many subscribers in this state, which is so deeply immersed in jacobinism. Many disappointments and inconveniencies must be expected, and you must fortify your spirit contemptuously to disregard the insolence of impertinent dictation and the abjectness of timid counsels. You are right to insist on payment in advance, lest to all other inconveniencies, that of bad debtors should be superadded, and such are apt to abound in an age of so much liberty.

I am,

With sincere esteem, yours.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication, from a friend, of some loose sheets of the London Magazine, for July 1802, is very acceptable. Our poetical department will be enriched by the supply, from which some choice selections, will speedily be made.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Our subscribers at Boston, Salem, New-York, Baltimore, Norfolk, Richmond, Charleston and Savannah, are thanked by the Editor, for their prompt and punctual attention to his wishes. If it were not for the liberal subscriptions he receives from many literary characters, in the above indicated places, not a moiety of the ordinary expenses, even of printing the Port Folio, could be discharged from the funds of the establishment. A literary paper, without the gainful aid of advertisements, relies for its support upon distant subscribers, a general circulation, and regular receipts. Gentlemen, who wish to read our *Third* volume, will please to give the Editor early notice, and he hopes that all who are indebted for past Port Folio's, will have the justice to cancel our claims, and that all, who choose to encourage the future publication, will have the liberality to pay in season.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(FROM THE ANTI-DEMOCRAT.)

[In the *Epistola Heroidum* of OVID, the classical reader will instantly remember the original of the following, and the mere English reader may find, in some of the miscellanies of the day, a translation, we believe, by the celebrated Mrs. Anna BARN. In the Anti-Democrat, a Baltimore paper, conducted by Mr. PRENTISS, the following ludicrous letter, supposed to be addressed to a philosophic personage, by a jettty mistress, has made us laugh and sneer at republican morality; and our readers, the ANCIENT GENTLEMEN of the country, will find, in the ensuing verses, fresh food to feed and increase their contempt for democratic imposture.]

PHYLLIS TO DEMO-PHOON.

And does DEMO-phoon, he for whom I live,
One thought to his distracted Phyllis give?
Not more the wretch, sad victim of disease,
To night's pain-lengthen'd gloom, rejoicing sees,
The morn succeed, than I thy letter sweet,
Which as I read, my tears fast flowing wet.
Not the wild Arab more delights to hear,
The Nile's hoarse murmur, bursting on his ear,
When, with the desert's sultry blast oppress,
His fainting heart scarce beats within his breast,
Than I thy name; quick starting at the sound,
The children drop their sports, and croud around;
Our youngest hope still asks, with ceaseless bawl,
"Papa send doodies to his little Sal!"
And darling Tom inquires with eager look,
If you had also sent the promis'd book:
Silent I note this early proof so true,
That the lov'd boy in all resembles you.

Why dost thou, cruel memory, bid restore
Those luscious hours, we past on Gallia's shore?
They come too surely at her busy call—
O let me hasten to forget them all.
Enough the fleeting visions of the night
By fancy bred, present thee to my sight
To vex my soul. Thy sleep-imagin'd charms
With joy I view, and stretch my longing arms
In vain to clasp thee; vanishing in air
Thy form dissolves and leaves me to despair;
I wake to anguish and to hopeless love,
And the fierce fires of mad'ning passion prove.

Still wilt thou fearless tempt power's tott'ring
height?
How sad preages fill me with affright—
Methinks I see the storm already low'r,
In vain dull Lincoln scribbles by the hour,
His leaden sheet, from truth and reason free—
Alas! no *Egis* will it prove to thee,
To guard thee from an injur'd people's hate,
Or the low murmurs of the good and great.
Thy ruin's plan'd, and if I'm not mistaken,
"Aurora" lies will hardly save thy bacon.
No more Duane dares cry out "Rats; Rats; Rats;"
The Scotchman's ready with his BAG OF CATS.
All, all conspire to push thee from thy seat;
—Better in time secure a safe retreat.
Then quit the chair, return to M——,
And let the cursed feds at others bellow.
Resume the "Notes," and still philosophise;
Or write a book to prove the mammoth size.

Believe me love, not all who boldly dare,
As soldiers merely, the grim ranks of war,
Are fit for *Consuls*; the untutor'd hand
Of nerveless science, never could command;
Nor every Wight, whom wild ambition fires,
Is made for that to which his pride aspires.
Remember Phaeton. He kneels forlorn,
And sues to guide the chariot of the morn.
With boding ears, unwilling to his prayer,
The father-god consents; he bids prepare
The fiery steeds and anxious marks the way
Himself. The son, impatient of delay,
Springs to the gorgeous seat and whisks the lash;
Swift up the steeps of air the coursers dash:

Alas! not long they hold their destined course—
To keep the track Phaeton plies his force
In vain, unconscious of resistless might,
The steeds impetuous urge their devious flight;
To curb their fury once again he strains;
Wild with despair he drops the floating reins.
More widely now unmindful of the goal,
They blaze along and steer to either pole.
Now burning downwards to the earth they bend
In circling wheel, and now to heav'n ascend.
Quick running flames the tow'ring forest fires;
Sublime in air they curl their smoky spires.
The hapless wood-nymphs, impotent to save,
Disorder'd, shrieking, seek the sheltering cave:
Far from the shore old Ocean's trembling tide
Receding, leaves a sandy desert wide;
From snow-clad mountains swelling torrents foam,
And frightened nations dread the general doom.
Jove, bending, hears their sadly piteous cries,
Grasps the red bolt and swift to vengeance flies;
High from the glittering car his lightning hurl'd
The wretch whose madness would have fir'd a world.
Taught by experience hadst thou shunned his fate,
Ah me! how much I fear 'tis now too late!

But, grant that thou art all that's truly great,
With strongest arm can wield the helm of state;
Lov'd by the worthy, by the worthless feared—
Does merit always meet its just reward?
How oft has blushing virtue seen withstood
The patriot's efforts for his country's good?
Beheld indignant the unworthy mind
Blast the fair wreath that glory had entwined;
With tears bedew'd the hero's sculptur'd bust,
A shatter'd ruin prostrate in the dust.
Witness great Cincinnatus, once ador'd;
Rome's brightest gem confess'd and honour's lord.
'Twas not enough that all her foes he foil'd;
Still for his much lov'd Rome he watchful toil'd;
First in dread war, and first in smiling peace;
His, every virtue which the man may grace.
Yet envy labours to destroy his fame,
Nay, e'en base Romans live, who curse his name.
Europe's vile outcasts too have spit their gall—
And thy man-mistress, *Paine*, the first of all.
That name appals me;—at his wondrous birth,
Dogs howl'd, owls screech'd, and horror seiz'd the
earth;

Wild from the denizens of murky hell;
Convulsive laughter burst with hideous yell;
The pois'nous dug of base malignity
The squalid bantling fed; with leering eye
Falseness approached to bless her fav'rite son,
And vice exulting mark'd him for her own.

Why do my thoughts to other objects roam—
Let me not think, but how to woo thee home.
For thee I sigh, and thy long absence mourn,
O haste then to my arms; return, return.
Oft do the beauteous pledges of our love
Disconsolate around their mother move,
With whining sob demand their father dear,
Till bread and butter dry the glist'ning tear.
Thy faithful servants frequent ask me when
From the great town thou will come back again;
Old Cudjoe cries, to duty's bidding true,
"Do make the paper peak, do missy, do;
"Tell massa quick come home; now he no here,
"De corn field neber see de overseer;
"Him all day sleepin in de fodder-house
"While neger workin; him no wort a louse.
"Him often wid' abnt Dinah in de barn;
"I peep one day; dey no go dere for corn;
"I no been hab um, but I bet a guinea,
"Fore Christmas next, she hab a pickininy."

Where will Demo-phoon such enjoyments find,
So unalloy'd, as those he left behind?
His calm day, and his the blissful night;
Each hour began and ended with delight.
Bright was my morn and bright my noon of life;
O bless its eve, and make a happy wife;

What still remains, from care, from envy free,
Well pleas'd I'd pass, content with love and thee.

POST-SCRIPTUM.

The blind mare's dead, and I have sold her skin
To buy some clouting—I shall soon lay in.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The night is silent and the moon shines clear,
And all the scene is grateful to my soul;
No more the voice of pleasure grates my ear,
No joys for me contains the sparkling bowl.

To this lone spot, by melancholy led,
With heart o'ercharg'd at recollected ills;
Here, where thou liest, my friend, I'll make my bed,
And shield thy grave from night's oppressive chills.

'Twas on a night like this, this same moon beam'd,
Hither we came, our hearts with sadness fraught;
I mark'd my Henry well, his soft eye stream'd,
As on his Emma's form he fondly thought.

The turf, that lightly presses on his breast,
Had not been bath'd with many an evening dew,
Ere Henry's grief had wither'd him to rest,
And here he sleeps, where late the wild rose blew.

EDWARD

SELECTED POETRY.

PARODY

ON OTHELLO'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.

Her father lov'd me—oft got drunk with me;
Captain, he'd cry, come tell us your adventures
From year to year; the scrapes, intrigues, and frolics,
That you've been vers'd in.
I ran them through, from the day I first wore scarlet,
To the very hour I tasted his first claret.
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
In my amours with widow, maid, and wife:
Of hair-breadth scrapes from drunken frays in
bagnios,
Of being taken by the insolent foe, and lodg'd in
the watch-house,
Of my redemption thence; with all my gallantry
at country quarters.
When of rope ladders, and of garret windows,
Of scaling garden walls, lying hid in closets
It was my bent to speak, for I love bragging,
And of the gamblers that each other cheat
The pawn brokers, that prey on needy soldiers
When sword or waistcoat's dipt. All these to hear
His daughter Prue would from a corner lean
But still to strain the milk, or skim the cream
Was call'd to the dairy—
Which, when she'd done, and cleanly lick'd the
spoon,
She'd come again, and sit, with gaping mouth,
And staring eyes, devouring my discourse;
Which I soon smoking,
Once kneel'd by her in church and entertain'd her
With a full history of my adventures;
Of fights in countries, where I ne'er had been,
And of amours with those I never saw,
And often made her stare with stupid wonder
When I did talk of leaping from a window
Or lying hid on tester of a bed.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 49.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXVI.

Not showers to larks, nor sunshine to the bee
Are half so grateful as thy sight to me.

POPE.

Last night, as I sat musing in my chamber, till
my fire was out, and till both my candle and nose
looked blue, I could not avoid reflecting, with some
complacency, upon the success of these little pa-
pers. I had learned, in the course of the past week,
that two of my speculations had been bought for
the express purpose of curling the hair, four had
the honour to wrap up bride cake, six were employ-
ed at the bottom of a trunk, to defend Kitty Trans-
parent's muslin gown from the attrition of a long
journey in the stage coach, and twelve, more or
less, were ordered to Washington by a valiant se-
cretary to make cartridges for the French and Span-
ish wars. Civility so flattering, and patronage so
wide animate me some degrees beyond the apathy
of a Lounger. I shall now, with a semblance of
alacrity, look over my files, and arrange, with
more than usual assiduity, the favours of my cor-
respondents. The first letter that I cast my eye
on, contains an ORIGINAL POEM, which will form
the durable substance of to-day's speculation. The
miscellaneous reader, as he pauses to consider the
measure of the verse, will recollect SHERIDAN'S
verses to Miss Linley,

Uncouth is this moss-covered grotto of stone,
And damp is the shade of this dew dropping tree;

and the poetical reader will be pleased to read one
Lounger, which neither creeps in apathy, nor sinks
to tameness.

Ye shepherds your ill tim'd amusements forego,
Those flower woven garlands so sprightly unbind,
I'll suit your diversions with tidings of woe,
I'll suit with the fears, that disquiet my mind.

For well must you know, how with sickness and pain
Dorinda has long been severely assail'd,
Each human endeavour prov'd powerless and vain,
And nought the nice efforts of science avail'd.

Yet, alas! they inform me the symptoms increase;
And life from the conflict seems musing to fly;
Then cease, gentle shepherds, your merriment, cease,
And reflect on the dangers, that threaten so nigh.

Ah, rather repair to yon rivulet's side,
And bind your sad brows with the pale willow wreath,
There lonely reclind by the murmuring tide,
The melting effusions of elegy breathe.

For me, I will haste to the midwood recess,
I will haste to the gloom of the woodland profound;
There, pensive reclining, indulge my distress,
And pore on the sorrows, that thicken around.

Erewhile this sequester'd retreat when I sought,
'Twas to pour the soft language of hope and of joys
Bright landscapes luxuriantly rose to my thought,
And the swift footed minutes stole placidly by.

Met thought, all around me partook of my glee,
The stream o'er the pebbles stole playful away,

The breeze whisper'd mirth as it pass'd thro' the tree,
And fancy's enchantment made every thing gay.

But, ah! as the hours of affliction advance,
By degrees they awake to reflection and woe,
While fancy, assiduous our pains to enhance,
Averse to be newer, enlists as a foe.

The shadows of eve'n'ing my grotto obscure,
The stream o'er the pebbles glides wailingly by;
The oak's aged branches wave awfully o'er,
And the breezes, shrill 'plaining, along the clift sigh.

Ah! 'plain not so sadly, thou querulous wind,
Thou stream, with less grieving, thy journey pursue;
Small need your laments should disquiet my mind,
Small need, that my griefs should be heighten'd by you.

In the circles of youth and of beauty admir'd,
How late in the meadows young Phillada shone;
What pleasing emotions her accents inspir'd,
How the shepherds would listen when Phillis begun.

Now cold on her grave hangs the dew drops of morn,
And daisies thick springing the green sods array;
Oft sighs as he passes the shepherd forlorn,
And homewards, dejectedly steals on his way.

Then oft the sweet red-breast mellifluent pours,
At lone hour of dew-fall his tenderest lay;
There oft, with nice industry searches the flow'rs,
And piously bears the rude insect away.

Ah! gent'lest of warblers, continue thy care,
Still guard from aught noxious the favourite soil;
Still warble thy evening roundelays there,
And, oh! that my verse could compensate thy toil.

Ah! think'st thou Dorinda, to leave us behind,
What strains could e'en live, what valleys could cheer;
When should I so constant an advocate find,
How could I the loss of thy friendship repair?

How vain are our hopes of felicity here,
How quickly the prospects of youth are o'ercast!
Then let not fresh prospects fresh beauties ensnare,
Be check'd my fond heart and reflect on the past.

Oh! think ere thou give thine affections the rein,
Oh! think, will those graces so shining endure?
Oh! think thou must shortly relinquish with pain,
The charms which at present, so sweetly allure.

How happy the man who, this changeable scene
With the cursory glance of a traveller eyes,
Nor suffers allurements intruding between,
To divert his pursuit of unchangeable joys.

Who appriz'd that to happiest attachments below,
A sad separation full surely ensues;
A guarded approbance dares only bestow,
And timely the soft growing fondness subdues.

But, alas! tho' each moment fresh warnings impart,
Our visions of happiness here to resign;
Tho' instructed to turn the fond hopes of the heart,
To joys that unfadingly permanent shine.

No sooner the waves of affliction retire,
And hope's bright illusions return to the view;
Than, untaught by experience, again we admire,
And tho' still disappointed, with ardour pursue.

Still, still there are objects, that cling to the breast,
And with pleasing compulsion our wishes confine,
There are seals of affection so deeply impress'd,
What bosom, that feels them, can bear to resign?

And so let it be, thy repinings recal,
'Tis meet we refuse not the favours bestow'd;

'Tis meet that affliction should also befall,
To awake our desires for a happier abode.

How hard were the state of probation below,
Was there nought of affection to soften the road;
No bond'ring attraction to steal us from woe,
No friendship to lighten adversity's load!

And shall friendship be shunn'd to avoid the distress,
Which the loss of that friendship may one day impart,
Is nought unexempt from decay and disease,
Deem'd worthy to share the fond hopes of the heart?

Ah! hapless Dorinda, how well could'st thou prove,
Tho' so fading and fleeting is every thing here;
There are objects deserving of friendship and love,
Tho' fading and fugitive, not the less dear.

Tho' sorrows thrill deep the susceptible mind,
And greatly its portion of pleasure exceed;
The joys and the griefs are so closely combin'd,
What bosom that feels them could wish to be freed?

Yes, still must I love you, ye elegant ties,
Tho' blended with troubles, your troubles are dear;
Ev'n pleasure oft dwells in a pensive disguise,
Nor scorns the soft features of sorrow to wear

Thus pour'd the sad Thyrasis his wild running lay,
But night overtook him as lonely he mourn'd;
When stealing at length from his cavern so gray,
He mournfully slow to the village return'd.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER III.

*America will not increase so rapidly in population and
power, as many writers have maintained.*

Many writers are in this respect, very sanguine
in their hopes, and Brissot is the absurdest of them
all. They build cities with the utmost expedition.
It is to them, children's play, to strip millions of
acres in a moment, of their trees, and to dam up
rivers, and their imagination is peculiarly produc-
tive of immense numbers of people in the twinkling
of an eye. All these appear to me to be mere
dreams. The western regions are indeed very fer-
tile; their climate mild, and healthier than that of
the neighbourhood to the sea; but the pernicious
land-usurers oppose obstacles to the population,
without which they would make incomparably a
more rapid progress. It is already known that the
lands, even deep in North-America, are raised
thereby in price, and that the confusion of the right
of property is such, that no man is secure in his
possession. This will obstruct the rapid cultiva-
tion of the land.

But even independent of these political causes,
the settlement of a rough country, covered with
wood, advances not so swiftly as those gentlemen
imagine, who never extirpated trees, dried up
marshes, or dammed in rivers. They reckon be-
forehand the population at some hundreds of mil-
lions, in a few centuries, and saw all America, from

sea to sea, over with cities. Brissot, if I recollect right, even maintains that this will be the case at the end of the nineteenth century. All this, is too much.

In respect to this increasing population, too much stress is laid upon the supposed excellence of the laws in the United States. We are too much astonished at what is said to have been in less than two centuries effected in the English colonies, without considering that in Brazil, and in Spanish America, greater progress seems to have been made towards the cultivation of the land, than in the North-American republic. Rio Janeiro, has according to credible testimony, many more inhabitants than the largest sea port town in the United States. Such a public work, as the aqueduct in Rio Janeiro would be sought in vain throughout the United States, and I believe nothing equal to it, could be found in Europe. Mexico, has many hundred thousand inhabitants. Philadelphia, the queen of the cities of the republic, has at most, only seventy thousand. In both the kingdoms of Mexico, there are many cities, which may compare with Philadelphia. Lima, Buenos Ayres, &c. are large cities; and the province of Quito is better cultivated than the county of Lancaster in Pennsylvania. New-Grenada is likewise a large and beautiful kingdom, which has a considerable capital city. Much must indeed be ascribed to the natural advantages of those delightful regions; for even the finest parts of the United States cannot by any means be compared with Chili, New-Grenada, Brazil, Quito, &c.

The progress of the English colonies, in population and culture, is therefore not so astonishing as it has been pretty generally considered, and I think I have already given the causes of it. It consists, according to my judgment in the mercantile system, which is adverse to the interests of agriculture.

It is surprising that the English government, in establishing their American colonies, were not more attentive to the preservation of the Indians, and to the mixture of them by marriages with the colonists. Instead of which, the colonists, by their rum and their small-pox, have ruined and murdered them. It is indeed generally affirmed in America, that the Indians are incapable of living in a civilized state; but in Mexico and Peru, this is not the case. In both these kingdoms there is yet a great number of Indians, who live like the Spaniards. The Choctaws practice farming; so do the six nations, and the Moravians had collected upon the Muskingum several villages of converted Indians, all which the Virginians, however, butchered; and this cruel massacre was never in the slightest degree punished by the government. What an increase of population would the present United States possess, had this measure been adopted from the first; but the taylor and shoe-makers from Scotland, and the gaol-birds from England, deemed themselves too pure and exalted to debase themselves by conscientious marriage with Indian princesses; and thus the only consideration was how to extirpate those Indians. This has been effected by poisoning them with every species of vice. The pretence, that the venereal disease was originally taken from them is hardly to be believed; and if the Indians were infected with it, we may venture the conjecture that the ladies, transported from England, who were by no means rigid in their virtue, were not altogether exempt from the same infection.

The English policy of sending their vilest miscreants to their colonies, or rather of founding them with such miscreants, appears to me to be not over-wise. A colony is thus vitiated in the very grain. On the contrary none but families in good repute, should be allowed to remove to colonies: the establishments should be founded by the flower of a nation, by the best individuals of the least

corrupted class of human society, and be afterwards supported and increased by successive emigrations. For the object in settling colonies ought to be, solely to acquire powerful friends and allies in every quarter of the world. But a colony descended from a lawless rabble, will feel no sentiment of gratitude towards the mother country, will upon the slightest occasion declare itself independent of her, and connect itself with her enemies.

A colony founded by vicious characters, will, owing to those vices, not increase in numbers and in cultivation, so rapidly as one settled by sober and industrious families. For every vice is destructive of the human body: they are properly nothing else but the dissolution of the human form. Even those evils which do not immediately impair the human body externally, weaken, however, its internal parts. Envy, hatred, revenge, anger, and even avarice, corrupt the inward parts. But the most dreadful of all, are the consequences of that vice, which poisons and mutilates the human race at its source, and almost annihilates the powers of propagation*.

Wickedness is, furthermore, always connected with error; hence it arises, that a morally corrupt citizen of a state, has always a false system of policy; and a bad system of policy impedes the growth of the state.

For all these reasons, therefore, I do not believe that America will so rapidly rise to such an extraordinary elevation, as authors too partially inclined towards her, suppose. It is still more problematical, whether the United States will ever extend from sea to sea; and this shall be the subject of our inquiries in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lew d.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. III.

In vol. 5, Journals of Congress, under date, January 6th, 1779, about one year and three quarters, after Paine's appointment, it is thus entered.

"A letter, of this day, from Thomas Paine, was read; whereupon, the order of the day, on the memorial of the minister of France, was called for, and the said memorial being read;

"Ordered, that Mr. John Dunlap, printer, and Mr. Thomas Paine, attend immediately at the bar of this house.

"Mr. John Dunlap attending, was called in, and the newspaper of the 2d and 5th January, 1779, intitled 'Pennsylvania Packet or General Advertiser,' being shewn to him, he was asked whether he was the publisher; to which he answered, yes.—He was then asked, who is the author of the pieces in the said papers, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs; to which he answered, Mr. Thomas Paine, &c.

"Mr. Thomas Paine attending, was called in, and being asked, if he was the author of the pieces in the Pennsylvania Packet or general advertiser of January 2d and 5th, 1779, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs; he answered that he was the author of those pieces; he was then ordered to withdraw."

* The present generation ought to blush for this ignominious punishment of their moral depravity: but they are far from so doing. On the contrary they murmur against the Deity for punishing thus their depravity. But justice must take its course: and how could vice be curbed if it were not connected with the punishment necessarily consequent upon it? The Deity never punishes: punishment is contrary to his essential nature, but vice punishes itself, and such an order of things is in the highest degree salutary.

January 7th, 1779.

"Congress resumed the consideration of the subject, which was under debate yesterday, and the following set of resolutions were moved;

"That all the late publications in the General Advertiser, printed by John Dunlap, relative to American foreign affairs, are *ill-judged, premature and indiscreet*, and that as they must, in general, be founded on very partial documents, and consequently depend much on conjecture, they ought not, by any means to be considered as justly authenticated. That congress never has given occasion for, or sanction to any of the said publications.

"That congress never has received any species of military stores, as a present, from the court of France, or from any other court or persons in Europe. That Mr. Thomas Paine, for his imprudence, ought immediately to be dismissed from his office of secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, and the said committee are directed to dismiss him accordingly, and to take such further steps relative to his misapplication of public papers, as they shall deem necessary."

In amendment, and as a substitute to the foregoing, the following set of resolutions was moved.

"Whereas Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, has acknowledged himself to be the author of a piece in the Pennsylvania Packet of January 2d, 1779, under the title Common Sense to the Public, on Mr. Deane's affairs, in which is the following paragraph, viz. "If Mr. Deane, or any other gentleman, will procure an order from congress, to inspect an account in my office, or any of Mr. Deane's friends in congress, will take the trouble of coming themselves, I will give him or them my attendance, and shew them in hand-writing, which Mr. Deane is well acquainted with, that the supplies he so pompously plumes himself upon, were promised and engaged, and that, as a present, before he even arrived in France; and the part that fell to Mr. Deane was only to see it done, and how he has performed that service, the public are now acquainted with." The last paragraph in the account is, upon Mr. Deane's arrival, in France, the business went into his hands, and the aids were at length embarked in the Amphitrite, Mercury and Seine. And whereas the said Thomas Paine, hath also acknowledged himself to be the author of a piece in the succeeding Packet of January 5, 1779, under the same title, in which is the following paragraph, to wit, "and in the second instance, that those, who are now her allies, prefaced that alliance by an early and generous friendship, yet, that we might not attribute too much to human or auxiliary aid, so unfortunate were these supplies, that only one ship out of three arrived; the Mercury and Seine fell into the hands of the enemy."

"Resolved. That the insinuation contained in the said publications, that the supplies sent to America in the Amphitrite, Seine and Mercury, were a present from France, is untrue.—That the publications above recited tend to impose upon, mislead and deceive the public.

"That the attempt of the said Thomas Paine, to authenticate the said false insinuations, by referring to papers in the office of the committee of foreign affairs, is an abuse of Office.

"That the said Thomas Paine be, and he hereby is, dismissed from his said office."

A third set of resolutions was moved, as an amendment and substitute to the foregoing sets—viz.

"That congress are deeply concerned at the imprudent publication of Mr. Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, referred to by the minister of France, in his memorial of the 5th inst. and are ready to adopt any measure, consistent with good policy, and their own honour, for correcting any assertions or insinuations in the

said publications, derogatory to the honour of the court of France;

"That a committee be appointed to consider the said memorial and paragraphs referred to, that they confer with the minister of France on the subject, and report as soon as may be."

In lieu of the whole, the following resolution was moved as a substitute, viz.—

"Whereas, exceptionable passages have appeared in Mr. Dunlap's Pennsylvania Packet, of the 2d and 5th inst. under the character of Common Sense; and Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, being called before congress, avowed his being the author of those publications;

"Resolved, That Thomas Paine be summoned to appear before congress, at eleven o'clock to-morrow, and be informed what those exceptionable passages are, and called upon to explain and to shew by what authority he made those publications, in order that congress may take proper measures relative thereto.

"On the question to substitute the last resolution, as an amendment to the whole, the yeas and nays being required by Mr. G. Morris; it passed in the negative."

January 8, 1779.

"A letter, of this day, from Thomas Paine, was read, by which he resigns his office of secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, and in which are the following words, 'finding by the journals of this house of yesterday, that I am not to be heard,' &c. The sequel of this day's journal it is not material to transcribe, as it only relates to the order, which was taken in congress, upon Paine's insinuation, that he found by the journals of the preceding day, that he was not to be heard—when it turned out upon inquiry of the secretary, that Paine, nor any one else, had seen the journal; the insinuation therefore was false.

January 16, 1779.

"Congress took into consideration the letters from Thomas Paine, whereupon a motion was made that Mr. Thomas Paine be dismissed from office. To which an amendment was offered as a substitute in the following words. That Thomas Paine be directed to attend at the bar of this house, on Monday next at 11 o'clock, to answer whether he had any direction or permission from the committee of foreign affairs, for the publications of which he confessed himself to be the author, when he was before the house on the 6th day of January last.

"Another amendment was moved, as a substitute to both the foregoing propositions, in the words following; Whereas congress were about to proceed against Thomas Paine, secretary to the committee of foreign affairs, for certain publications and letters, as being inconsistent with his official character and duty, when the said Thomas Paine resigned his office; thereupon resolved: That the said Thomas Paine is dismissed from any further service in the said office, and the committee of foreign affairs, are directed to call upon said Thomas Paine, and receive from him on oath, all public letters, papers and documents, in his possession.

"A fourth amendment was moved as a substitute to the whole, in the words following—Resolved, that the committee of foreign affairs be directed to take out of the possession of Thomas Paine, all the public papers, entrusted to him as secretary to that committee, and then discharge him from that office."

"When the question was about to be put, a division was called for, and the question being put to adopt the first part, passed in the affirmative.

"On the question to adopt the second part, the yeas and nays being required, it was resolved in the affirmative.

"The question being then about to be put on the main question, a division was called for, and

the yeas and nays being required on the first part by Mr. McKean—Resolved *unanimously* in the affirmative.

"On the question to agree to the second clause, namely, 'and then discharge him from that office;' the yeas and nays being required, the states being divided, the clause was lost."

It should be remembered, that under the old confederation, congress voted by states, and it was a permanent rule, that whenever it should happen, that the states were equally divided, the vote passed in the negative. Thus, although a majority of individual votes, were in favour of the latter clause, yet the states were equally divided; it was therefore lost. But Paine had prudently resigned his office, eight days before, and the foregoing resolves, serve to illustrate the manner in which his resignation was accepted.

All this happened while Mr. Jefferson was governor of Virginia, and being a matter of public notoriety, must necessarily have been known to him; indeed he probably knew it sooner than most people, in consequence of "the line of communication, which he was forming, by expresses southward and northward," of which congress approved. By way of digression, it may be remarked, that Mr. Jefferson was one of the earliest to digest and establish a line of communication, by expresses southward and northward, which besides being approved at "the time, which tried men's souls," was found to be eminently useful, when he was intriguing to be elected president of the United States. I have heard it said, that Mr. Jefferson was himself, one of the first express-riders, under his own plan, and that he rode so fast, people were wicked enough to say, it resembled a flight. But to return to Paine. I pledged myself to prove, that Paine was a traitor to his trust; that he was publicly reproached by congress, and dismissed from office, in consequence of his treachery, and that Mr. Jefferson, could not have been ignorant of the fact. For this purpose, the journals of congress were consulted, and found to contain the record of disgrace, which was fastened upon Paine, at an early period of the American war. The above extracts from those journals, incontestibly prove, that Thomas Paine was guilty of a flagrant violation of the oaths he had taken, when sworn into the office of secretary, to the committee of foreign affairs; that he was arraigned at the bar of congress, upon a charge of "disclosing matters, the knowledge of which was acquired in consequence of his office, which he was directed to keep secret;" he was thereupon convicted of a breach of oath, inasmuch as he did not "well and faithfully execute the trust reposed in him; having published certain documents and written letters, inconsistent with his official character and duty."

Supposing the character of Mr. Jefferson to be in any degree better, and more entitled to respect, than that of Thomas Paine, (and in the single article of sobriety, I do believe it is,) taking this for granted, I say, he ought not to consort with that man; and if Paine be not absolutely resolved to ruin his patron, both morally and politically, he will say to him, like Shakespeare's Helena in her soliloquy, of the exiled Rousillon;

"Shall I stay here to do it? No No: although,
The air of Paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight
To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
For, with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away."

THE EXAMINER.

ESSAY III.

CONSENT OF THE PEOPLE.

I am aware, that at a time when the study of all factious men has long been to flatter the people, in order to avail themselves of their authority, to ac-

complish the objects of their own interest or ambition; it is an ungracious task to speak unpleasant truths that are the reverse of flattery, and that tend to destroy illusions that are soothing to some of the most agreeable feelings of the human mind. If I wished to make use of the people as my tools, I would prostrate myself before them—and, in order to render them my servants, I would hail them as my master.

But true friends are not flatterers—Government is an immense and complicated machine, in which every thing has its place; and if any one of its component parts is deranged, the whole machine is immediately destroyed.

That all power is derived from the people* is an undeniable truth;—and the consequence is as apparent, that all power should be employed for the happiness of the people. But it by no means follows that the people ought to exercise the whole, or any part, of the power that is derived from them, unless it can be proved that such exercise is essential to their happiness.

When I say that all power is derived from the people, I hope I shall not be understood to countenance the curious supposition that men, in a state of brute nature, previous to the institution of society, agreed to meet together in a great plain, and there discussed, with all due solemnity, the comparative excellence of different forms of government, selecting and rejecting such articles as should compose their Constitution in future; giving it a sanction of their united suffrages, and committing it in writing, for the guidance of their posterity, under all possible future emergencies; though the very word Government must be, in that state, unknown to them, and the art of writing an invention to be discovered, centuries after, by future generations.

What I mean is only this: that in whatever manner Governments insensibly grow amongst mankind, the power consists in the aggregate mass of the people, though it is exercised by the few who are trusted with it, and who would cease to have any power at all to exercise, if the people should refuse to obey, and to enforce their authority. Now in that view it is clear, that the governors were made for the governed, and that it is an abuse of the institution whenever the happiness of the governed is made subservient to that of the governors.

As it was impossible for men ever to have existed in a perfect state of nature, so it is absurd to derive any argument from the compact, which is supposed to have been made when they changed it for the state of civil society. Families may be supposed to have united for their common benefit, and population to have increased. Hunters became herdsmen, and herdsmen agricultors. Wandering tribes may have grown stationary, and towns at last may have produced the first principles of manufacture and commerce. Laws and institutions must have grown gradually out of the several situations in which men found themselves, till the Constitution they at first adopted bore no resemblance to that in which their societies were perfected. The patriarchal government of distinct families was certainly not conferred by the people who formed it, and who had grown up under it from infancy, in habits of obedience and deference to their common parent: different families united, and submitted themselves, probably, to the authority of the most venerable of these little sovereigns. Warlike tribes felt too sensibly the necessity of subordination, not to adopt that chief whose valour and experience led them on to conquest—and so of the rest; but in all these suppositions it must have been rather the acquiescence of the po-

* All power is derived from God, but the writer subsequently explains himself.—EDITOR.

ple to the institutions they were born under, and to the gradual changes, which accident or necessity introduced, than any actual consent in their formation.

In the more advanced conditions of civil society, it is evident, at least in great empires, that the more numerous class of the community are necessarily, from their situation, disqualified from not only bearing a share in the administration of the government, but from even forming an opinion of it:—their passions may be easily inflamed by popular appeals to them, but their judgments can never be sufficiently informed to direct them in a discreet decision upon matters beyond their competency. The people of France were called upon to express their opinion no less than three times, in the course of about three years, as to what form and constitution of Government they would wish to live under. In their instructions to their representatives, at the meeting of the *Etats Genereaux*, they decided almost unanimously, after as much deliberation and as much instruction as could then be laid before them, to claim their old constitution of the three estates—Clergy, Nobility, and Tiers Etat, with the Monarch at the head of them, both as Legislator and sole instrument of the Executive Power.

A constitution differing not very essentially from that of England, but in the separate order of the Clergy. To this form, expressed in writing, as their will, their Representatives solemnly swore to conform themselves, as in duty bound. No sooner had that Assembly, in defiance of their oaths, overthrown that Constitution, and, in its stead, substituted one that, under the name of Monarchy, threw all the power into the people, by confiscating and proscribing Clergy, Nobility, and even the Sovereign himself, who was a prisoner in his palace, than the people were too happy to confirm the usurpation—and, in the persons of their Representatives, in the second Assembly, to acknowledge that order of things which was in direct contradiction to their former instructions. There was then a third Revolution, in the shape of a Republic, which formally dissolved the Monarchy, and most materially changed the Constitution which the first National Constituent Assembly had so lately and solemnly established, and which the people had been so eager to swear the maintenance of, to the peril of their lives and fortunes; and to this also the people, through their Representatives, in a National Convention, summoned for that purpose, gave the willing sanction or consent.

The truth is, they never gave their consent, that is, a rational consent, to any one of these propositions, because they never understood them.

In the first instance they were told, and told truly, that there existed many abuses in the administration of their Government, which might be remedied by reclaiming their ancient Constitution, now grown obsolete, and that they would, in future, be happier.

In the second instance, that by confiscating the possessions of the Clergy, and plundering the Nobility, as well as the ancient domains of the Crown, they would pay off the load of National Debt, and be freed from taxes; and that by destroying the class of the Gentry, every peasant would be a gentleman himself.

In the last instance they were told, that though all their hopes have been deceived, that the abuses of Government have increased ten fold, though their debt has been doubled and tripled, though their miseries are augmented in every way in the same proportion, it is to the existence of Monarchy alone they owe their disappointment. Is it wonderful that their credulity should be duped eternally by artful men, or their passions heated by flatteries?—and that ignorant peasants and mechanics should not be equal to see the effects of political innovations, when the most virtuous and

the wisest men in all ages, who have made Government their peculiar study, have scarcely thought themselves equal to so arduous a task as to prescribe a Constitution of Government for their posterity.

One observation more upon the consent of the people.—If they were ever so competent to form an opinion upon great political questions, their actual suffrages could never be collected in a great empire. Recourse is then had to their virtual consent, which is assumed to be the same thing by those who have any use to make of it.—But, in the name of common sense, is not this a mere illusion?—A elects B, who elects C as a Legislator, who is to use his own discretion; can A be said to have given his consent to the acts of C, which he could know nothing of, and which, perhaps, when it comes to his knowledge, is exactly the thing, which hurts his immediate interests, or shocks his prejudice? His Religion may be abrogated, or his Monarch sacrificed by such a proxy, whilst he dreamt of nothing less than becoming a Jacobin and an Atheist.

MISCELLANY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO. TO OLIVER OLDSCHOOL ESQ.

SIR,

As a subscriber to the Port Folio, of which you are the editor, I take the freedom to congratulate you, and to felicitate the public, upon the fortunate approach of a speedy conclusion of those *slandrous papers*, which have sullied the pages of your weekly miscellany, for a considerable time past, under the title of "Interesting Travels in America, translated from the German of Bulow." It is not my design to give you advice, at this time, for the period is already past, when counsel would have availed, to procure the suppression of a work, which, in point of baseness, has, in my estimation, no parallel. But it may not be amiss to inform you, that you have greatly injured the reputation, and tarnished the fair fame of the Port Folio, by making it the vehicle of such malicious falsehoods against your own country. It is a rule of law, sir, that the publisher is equally culpable with the author of a libel, and when the application of this rule is made to you, how will you defend yourself, before the tribunal of the public? You would not be permitted to give the truth in evidence, nor would it be in your power, if you were. That you pay some deference to public opinion, I have no doubt. Even the morose Dr. Johnson is represented as having been solicitous about what the public thought of him and his writings; I have some reason to hope, therefore, that you will, at least, take the trouble to vindicate yourself from the reproaches, which are lavished upon you, by reason of the publication above-mentioned; by none more than

your humble servant,
CENSOR.

Notwithstanding the style of the above address, which the "morose Dr. Johnson" would most certainly have called *objurgatory*, we will not altogether disappoint the expectation of our subscriber correspondent, who has thus abruptly put us upon our trial before the "tribunal of the public." He shall be answered, though the defence we may set up, should not be drawn with all the technical precision of an attorney's brief.

It was supposed that the readers of the Port Folio were already apprized of the nature and tendency of the work, which has called forth animadversions, so spirited, and epithets, so harsh, from our correspondent. The editor was studiously careful to guard against any unfavourable impression on the public mind, in consequence of the publication of Bulow's Travels, by first presenting a Review of the work, which may be found in numbers 9, 10, 11, of the Port Folio, for the present year, and by a free criticism, prefatory to the pub-

lication of the work itself, which commenced in our eighteenth number.

Not deeming a bare reference to former palliatives sufficient to satisfy the mind of our public accuser, we will indulge him with a repetition of two or three sentences, from our prefatory remarks.

"The picture, which this Prussian delineator, or *dauber* has drawn, is, in many respects, a frightful caricature; but as it is often eminently useful to hear distinctly the reproaches of our enemies, the Editor of the Port Folio was of opinion, that to know even the unfavourable sentiments, which a foreigner entertained of America, might interest some, and instruct others."

"It is proposed to publish a portion, and perhaps the whole of the journal of our Prussian traveller. Amidst much partiality, malignity, and misrepresentation, it contains some wholesome, though perhaps, unpalatable truth, and much interesting description, conveyed in a style, far from phlegmatic."

"Of the opinions of this prejudiced Prussian, it is unnecessary for the Editor to express his frequent disapprobation. By publishing them in his journal, he invites the public attention, in the sure and lively hope, that many a scrutinizing eye will detect and many an ingenious hand describe, the fallacies of an insolent and presumptuous writer."

We regret that our correspondent, who is so profuse of general censure, had not undertaken to detect and refute the fallacies of Bulow, we should most readily have given place to his speculations, nor are we compelled, without reluctance, to apply to him, in vindication of ourselves, one of our author's concluding sentences, "the truth should be told, and those who cannot bear it, should be laughed out of countenance."

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

A serious, yet very elegant writer, presses upon the careless mind the following momentous truth.

Bountiful as is the hand of Providence, its gifts are not so bestowed, as to seduce us into indolence, but to rouse us to exertion; and no one expects to attain to the height of learning, or arts, or power, or wealth, or military glory, without rigorous resolution, and strenuous diligence, and steady perseverance. Yet we expect to be Christians, without labour, study, or inquiry. This is the more preposterous, because we cannot reasonably expect to become proficient, by the accidental intercourses in life, as one might learn insensibly the maxims of worldly policy, or a scheme of mere morals.

The baffled infidel, gnashing his teeth, is reluctantly compelled to acknowledge, with this author, that even if wholly unarmed for the contest, however, Christianity may be forced from her untenable posts, and compelled to disembarass herself from her load of incumbrances, she never can be driven out of the field by puny assailants, with all their cavils, gibes, and sarcasms.

Let the ensuing remark warn the procrastinator, and stimulate the sluggish.

A writer is extremely prone to look forward to some vacant season, in which he may devote his whole time and attention to some work, free from the interruption of other concerns, and he is still farther urged by this fallacious hope, because he hopes, to render his work more worthy. Meanwhile, life is wearing away, and the sorrowing loiterer becomes more and more convinced, that he might wait in vain for this season of complete vacancy. We have every one of us a work to accomplish, a work, to which we are naturally indisposed. We live in a world abounding with objects, which distract our attention and divert our endeavours. Some enemy is always at hand to terrify, or some

syren to seduce us. If we persevere, success is certain, but our efforts must know no remission. There is a call on us for vigorous and continual self-denial, resolution, and activity.

The following beautiful portrait, from a moral limner, is painted from the life, and in colours, which glow with brightness, and will last for ages.

The temper of a Christian is not a temper of sordid sensuality, or lazy apathy, or dogmatizing pride, or disappointed ambition. More truly independent of worldly estimation, than philosophy, with all her boasts, it forms a perfect contrast to Epicurean selfishness, and to Stoical pride, and to Cynical brutality. It is a temper, compounded of firmness and complacency and peace and love; and manifesting itself in acts of kindness and of courtesy, a kindness, not pretended, but genuine; a courtesy, not false and superficial, but cordial and sincere. In the hour of popularity, it is not intoxicated or insolent, in the hour of unpopularity, it is not desponding or morose; unshaken in constancy, unwearied in benevolence, firm without roughness, and assiduous without servility.

A self balanced character, full of energy, fertile in resources, of an elastic spirit, and a stout heart, will not droop, though favour be withdrawn, and splendour fade, and wealth take wings, and even health decay. He may then stand, to use the eloquent phrase of the orator, like the glory of the forest, erect and vigorous, stripped, indeed, of his summer foliage, but more than ever discovering to the observing eye, the solid strength of his substantial texture.

Pondere fixa suo est, nudisque per æera ramos
Attollens, trunco non frondibus efficit umbram.

The following comparison is fairly run, and is eternally true.

The seminal principle, which contains within it, as in an embryo state, the rudiments of all true virtue, though feeble, perhaps, and lowly in its beginnings, yet striking deep its roots, silently progressive, and almost insensibly maturing, will shortly, even in the bleak and churlish temperature of this world, lift up its head, and spread abroad its branches, bearing abundant fruit, precious fruit of refreshment and consolation, of which the boasted products of philosophy are but sickly imitations, void of fragrance and flavour.

But

Ignæus est ollis vigor, et cœlestis origo.

This passage is descriptive of a numerous sect in every country.

Many men, forgetting alike the duties they owe to themselves and to their fellow creatures, often act as though their condition were meant to be a state of uniform indulgence, and vacant sloth. To multiply the comforts of affluence, to provide for the gratification of appetite, to be luxurious without diseases, and indolent without lassitude, seems the chief study of their lives.

In Bunyan's Pilgrim, we still admire the allegory of a race and a warfare in the Christian course, of the irksome descent into the vale of Humiliation, of the gloomy transit through the shadow of Death, of the perilous combat with an infernal adversary, and the pernicious blandishments of Enchanted ground. A more modern author has thus eloquently expressed similar ideas.

Conscious of the indispensable necessity and of the arduous nature of the service in which he is engaged, the true Christian sets himself to work with vigour, and prosecutes it with diligence. His motto is that of the painter, "*Nihilus dies sine lineâ*." Fled, as it were, from a country, in which the plague is raging, he thinks it not enough just to pass the boundary line, but would put out of doubt

his escape beyond the limits of infection. Prepared to meet with difficulties, he is not discouraged when they occur; warned of his numerous adversaries, he is not alarmed on their approach, or unprovided for their encounter. Of the state of such an one the expressions of *Pilgrim* and *Stranger* are a lively description. There is indeed none by which his state on earth is, in the Scriptures, more frequently imaged, or more happily illustrated than by that of a journey; and it may not be amiss to pause, for a while, in order to survey it under that resemblance. The Christian is travelling on business through a strange country, in which he is commanded to execute his work with diligence, and pursue his course homeward with alacrity. The fruits, which he sees by the wayside, he gathers with caution; he drinks of the streams with moderation; he is thankful when the sun shines and his way is pleasant, but if it be rough and rainy, he cares not much, he is but a traveller. He is prepared for vicissitudes; he knows that he must expect to meet with them in this stormy and uncertain climate of the world. But he is travelling to a better country, a country of unclouded light, and undisturbed serenity. He finds, also, by experience, that when he has had the least of external comforts, he has always been least disposed to loiter, and if, for the time, it be a little disagreeable, he can solace himself with the idea of his being thereby forwarded in his course. In a less unfavourable season, he looks round him with an eye of observation: he admires what is beautiful; he examines what is curious; he receives with complacency the refreshments, which are set before him, and enjoys them with thankfulness. Nor does he churlishly refuse to associate with the inhabitants of the country, through which he is passing, nor so far as he may, to speak their language, and adopt their fashions. But he suffers neither pleasure nor curiosity, nor society, to take up too much of his time, and is still intent on transacting the business which he has to execute, and on prosecuting the journey, which he is ordered to pursue. He knows also, that to the very end of life, his journey will be through a country, where he has many enemies; that his way is beset with snares; that temptations throng around to seduce him from his course; that the very air disposes to drowsiness, and that, therefore, to the very last it will be requisite for him to be circumspect and collected. Often, therefore, he examines where he is, how he has got forward, and whether or not he be travelling in the right direction. Sometimes he seems to himself to make considerable progress, sometimes he advances but slowly, and too often he finds reason to fear that he has fallen backward, in his course. Now, he is cheered with hope, and gladdened by success; now he is disquieted with doubt, and then damped by disappointments.

The style of Dr. Johnson is generally considered as very remote from that of Addison. The regular triplets, the Roman words, the pompous march of the sentences, in the first, vary essentially from the careless frankness of Addison's easy expression. Yet Addison might have written the ensuing passage, which, though found in the Rambler, is neither solemn nor stately, neither formidable with dreadful words, nor sonorous with elaborate declamation.

Though I have, like the rest of mankind, many failings and weaknesses, I have not yet, by either friends or enemies been charged with superstition. I never count the company, which I enter, and I look at the new moon indifferently over either shoulder. I have like most other philosophers, often heard the cuckoo without money in my pocket, and I have sometimes been reproached as fool-hardy, for not turning down my eyes, when a raven flew over my head. I never go home abruptly because a snake crosses my way, nor have any

particular dread of a climactrical year; yet I confess that, with all my scorn of old women, and their tales, I consider it as an unhappy day, when I happen to be greeted by *Suspirius*, the screech owl.

In the "*Meteors*" I read and relished the following. As the front of my evening was occupied with the grave, let the "*rear of night*" be brought up by the gay.

Although they write of ardent sighs
The wanton look, the coy surprise,
All envious poets have confest,
My love of rival fair the best.

Around her form so neat, so gay,
Ten thousand rosy Cupids play,
Behold her undulating hair,
Ten thousand flowing charms are there.

How oft her speaking eyes impart
Ten thousand wishes to my heart,
Ten thousand times I long'd to sip
The nectar of her coral lip.

There are, although to those I yield,
Ten thousand other charms conceal'd;
Extatic charms! By love's decree
Destin'd, exclusively, for me.

A wag, attentive to my lays,
Thus resolv'd her boasted praise:
"Friend Tom, my learned head expounds;
Thy Sylvia has TEN THOUSAND POUNDS!"

LEVITY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I wish you would inform us what this great town is employed about; the middle of December is arrived and nothing brilliant transpires; no clubs to abuse, no tea-parties to ridicule, no scandal to spread, and, what is still more alarming, I hear it is to be the fashion to be profoundly grave and sentimental, all this winter. To procure mirth, we are by no means to venture further than a *conundrum*. Now, as I make but an awkward figure at this witty invention, I wish you to propose something to the young ladies and gentlemen, in which all our wits will have a chance. What can be more embarrassing to a young lady, like myself, than immediately on her entry into a room to hear half a dozen voices, at once scream out, Oh! I'm glad you're come; I have just made a most excellent conundrum. Tell me why Mr. Jefferson is like this, tell me why Tom Paine is like that. As I have been very unfortunate in many of my replies to such heterogeneous questions, I pass for a stupid dunce, totally unfit for any polite circle. Perhaps, you will think I am only envious of the superior skill and readiness of my companions at conundrums; it may possibly in some measure proceed from the very ridiculous figure I have made in attempting to be prompt in expounding those laughter-moving witticisms. I do not think the amusement, in itself, altogether contemptible; as we have some great examples before us, in the correspondence of Doctor Swift, Sheridan, and others, in which puns, conundrums, rebusses and enigmas are frequently introduced, and make no inconsiderable figure in the lucubrations of those distinguished wits. But, whilst those chieftains in wit and humour were unbending their minds by these indulgencies, even such trifles partook so strongly of the native genius of those great men as to procure for their sportive sallies considerable reputation.

Do, Mr. Oldschool, let us know what your thought likes, on this occasion. Prithce call forth your lieutenant Saunter to your aid, who has been a long time napping. The office of Lounger appeared so well suited to his love of ease, that I expected we should have been more frequently favoured with his reveries. I do not wish to make

him, or induce you to employ some ill-natured old matron, to count our petticoats, and expose the scantiness of our wardrobes. No, on that score, our subject has been sufficiently discussed. I wish to see the pages of the Port Folio occupied, once more, with sprightly essays, and judicious criticism, and your "Author's Evenings" should never be sleepy or stupid. But, for heaven's sake, give us no more *Interesting Dutch Travels*. We have been sufficiently bored with that mass of incongruity; and the translation of so much ill-natured stupidity was unworthy the attention of an American. It was scarcely worth his while to take the trouble of translating falsehoods and misrepresentations, from Germany, when he could by putting the *Aurora into English* have furnished us with falsehoods at much less expense. What are we to think of the heart, eyes, blood and brains of this *Dutchman*, who has the impudence to assert that the blooming belles of Philadelphia are "old women, at eighteen," and their flesh universally flabby and unwholesome? He must have had a bad assortment of associates. But the fellow does not deserve a serious reply, to such palpable absurdities. I must now conclude, with requesting you not to pass unheeded the first part of this address, in which I solicit your assistance in our behalf. If we are to have no assemblies, no card parties, &c. &c. to assist us, we shall in killing time be at our wit's end, to know how to dispose of ourselves, and shall absolutely be obliged to have continual recourse to Mr. Harwood's and Mr. Philip's libraries for food for the mind.

BEATRICE.

Philadelphia, Dec. 10th, 1802.

POLITE LITERATURE.

From a correct and chaste compilation, entitled "The Female Mentor," lately republished by Mr. Hoff, of this city, and which we recommend to our Lady readers, as a salutary substitute for the frivolous novels of the circulating library, we extract the subsequent well written article. We have read profounder disquisitions on the amiable character of SHAKESPEARE'S affectionate Imogen, but nothing more pleasing and just. Every good wife, among the numerous married dames, who peruse this paper, will discover a near resemblance to her own character, in this interesting full length of one of the most perfect women we ever read of, at least in fictitious history.]

ON THE CHARACTER OF IMOGEN.

At the last meeting, the conversation turned upon the excellence of Shakespeare; but several ladies asserted that he certainly had no very favourable opinion of women, because most of his female characters were either insipid or wicked. Some persons remarked, that in his days there were no women on the stage; and that men could ill supply the delicacy of female characters. Cleora stood forth the champion of our admired bard, and said, that if he had not many excellent female characters, he had at least delineated one, which could not be surpassed by any author. Imogen, in the tragedy of Cymbeline, was the character to which she alluded; nor could the warmest imagination conceive a more perfect woman; as she would endeavour to shew on the next meeting. Accordingly Cleora read the following remarks:

The first interesting part where Imogen appears, is in the act of taking leave of Posthumus, her husband, who is banished by the king, her father: yet in this distressful moment, separated from the person the dearest to her in the world, she shews no resentment against her father; but only a proper firmness to bear those ills he chooses; to inflict upon her:

My dearest husband,
I something feel my father's wrath; but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may see again.

When she is taking leave, the king, her father, enters, reproaches, drives Posthumus away with the most contumelious language, and extorts from her the following tender expressions of regret for her husband's departure:

There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

And after Cymbeline vents his anger against her,

O disloyal thing!
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest many
A year's age on me—

She is so wholly absorbed in grief for the loss of Posthumus, that she is insensible to every other circumstance, even to her father's unkindness, which, at another time, she feels most exquisitely.

I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues ail pangs, all fears.

When the king reproaches her for marrying Posthumus—

Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness—

Imogen replies,

No, I rather added
A lustre to it.
King. Oh thou vile one!
Imogen. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

In the next scene, where Pisanio informs her that he had taken leave of Posthumus, and seen him embark, how beautifully is her affection expressed:

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And question'st every sail: if he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere as a paper lost
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pisa. 'Twas, "His Queen, his Queen!"

Imo. Then wad his handkerchief?

Pisa. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linen, happier therein than I!
And that was all?

Pisa. No, Madam; for so long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him even
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack't 'em, but
To look upon him; till the diminution,
From space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,
When shall we hear from him?

Pisa. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or, I could make him swear,
The She's of Italy should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or could charge him,
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T'encounter me with orisons; (for then
I am in heaven for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father;
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

When Iachimo alarms her fears, and raises her jealousy for her husband's conduct, how feelingly she says,

You do seem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; pray you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do; for certainties
Or are past remedies, or timely known,
The remedy's then born) discover to me
What's both you spur and stop.

And when he artfully relates pretended tales of her husband's infidelity, to induce her to be unfaithful in return, and praises her beauty, she says,

Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee—If thou wer't honourable
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st; as base as strange—

Her anger increases justly, till Iachimo calms her by saying,

Give me your pardon,
I have spoke this to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted.

When Imogen receives a letter from Posthumus to desire her to meet him at Milford-Haven, how delightfully animated she appears.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou Pisanio!
He is at Milford-Haven: read and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day? then, true Pisanio,
Who long'st, like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st
(Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
But in a fainter kind—Oh, not like me;
For mine's beyond, beyond.—

How far is it
To this same blessed Milford: and by th' way
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
To inherit such a haven!

Pr'ythee, speak,
How many score of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pisa. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
Could never go so slow: I've heard of wagers,
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
That run i' th' clock's behalf—but this is foolery.

When Pisanio represents the difficulties of her escape from court, and other embarrassing circumstances, attending her journey, she says,

I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee,
Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
Accessible is none but Milford-way.

When she arrives at Milford-Haven, in the full expectation of meeting Posthumus, how admirably is her distress painted upon seeing Pisanio's misery.

Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind
That makes these stare thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
From th' inward of thee? one, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication. Put thyself
Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish thy steadier senses.

When Pisanio gives her the letter, she says,

Speak man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be ev'n mortal to me.

When she has read the letter, and finds that Posthumus accuses her of infidelity, how mildly and pathetically she proclaims her innocence, in a manner which no guilty person could do:

False to his bed! what is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake! that false to his bed!

When she submits to die, how great is her fortitude and composure, and what angelic patience:

When thou seest him,
A little witness my obedience. Look!
I draw the sword myself; take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;
Fear not, 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master is not there, who was indeed
The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
But now thou seem'st a coward.

When Pisanio says,

Hence, vile instrument!
Thou shalt not damn my hand—

how greatly she shews her love for her husband, and the impossibility of her wishing for life under his disapprobation: but though she longs for death, her religion forbids self-murder—

Why I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart—
(Something's afore 't—soft, soft, we'll no defence.)
Obedient as the scabbard! What is here?

In her eagerness to be killed, how affecting it is to see her produce the letters of Posthumus from her bosom; and in the midst of her desire to die, and her misery at being accused, she shews her exquisite love for him, when she says,

"And I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Pr'ythee dispatch,
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too!

When Pisanio wishes to save her life, with what noble spirit she exclaims,

Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
I've heard I am a strumpet; and mine ear
(Therein false struck) can take no greater wound.

When Pisanio still exhorts her to live, how feelingly she answers,

Why, good fellow,
What shall I do the while? where hide? how live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my husband?

At last, with the hope that Posthumus has been deceived, she consents to live; resumes her firmness of character, and agrees to disguise herself as a boy, and to seek a retreat in the service of Lucius, the Roman ambassador. Having wandered in the forest for two days without food, she says,

I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—
Two beggars told me;
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie.
That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? yet no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars. My dear Lord!
Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee
My hunger's gone; but even before I was
At point to sink for food—but what is this?
(seeing a cave)

Here is a path to it; 'tis some savage hold—
'Twere best not call; I dare not call; yet famine,
Ere it clean o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards; hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take or lend.—Ho! no answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Grant such a foe, good heavens!

How interesting does she appear when, having satisfied her hunger, she comes out of the cave, and addresses Bellarius and his companions:

Good masters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here I call'd, and thought
'T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took; good troth
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board, so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.

And when she meets with a kind reception, how fine is this sentiment:

Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue

Which their own conscience seal'd them (laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes)
Could not out-peer this twain.

Her remarks upon the two brothers are charming:

So man and man should be,
But clay and clay differ in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guiderius says to his brother,

Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

How pathetic is Imogen's reply:

So sick I'm not, yet I am not well;
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die ere sick. 'S—lease you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course. The breach of custom
Is breach of all. I'm ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort to one
Not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but myself, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

When Imogen awakes from her lethargy, which was occasioned by the drug she had taken, she incoherently dwells upon her affection for her husband, and her impatience to meet him.

Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way?
I thank you—by yon bush—pray how far thither!—
'Ods pittikins, can it be six miles yet?—
I've gone all night—faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

As she lies down she perceives the body of a man beheaded.

But soft! no bedfellow: oh Gods and Goddesses!
The flowers are like the pleasures of the world;
This bloody man the cares on't—I hope I dream;
For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so;
'Twas but a blot of nothing, shot at nothing.
Which the brain makes of fumes: our very eyes,
Are sometimes, like our judgment, blind. Good faith
I tremble still with fear; but if there be
Yet left in Heaven as small a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, oh! Gods! a part of it!

How forcible is the following passage,

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headless man!—the garments of Posthumus.

Then follows her incoherent expressions, on supposing the headless body to be that of Posthumus murdered by Pisanio. When she is discovered by Lucius, lamenting over the supposed Posthumus, and he demands who she is, she answers most affectingly,

I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may
Wander from east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

When she is hired by Lucius, she says,

I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the skies, as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when,
With wild wood-leaves and weeds, I've strew'd his grave,
And on it said a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh;
And, leaving so his service, follow you,
So please you entertain me.

When Imogen finds Posthumus alive, and that he is convinced of her innocence, the only reproach she makes him for his cruel suspicions is,

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?

Before the conclusion she proves her unambitious character and true disinterestedness. When Cymbeline discovers his two sons, he says to her,

O Imogen,
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.
She replies,

No, my Lord,
I've got two worlds by it. O my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met?

These passages, which are selected from the speeches of Imogen, may be esteemed the most striking and beautiful parts; but scarcely any line can be read where some sublime sentiment is not expressed, or some indication of a firm and virtuous mind is not displayed. To detail all the beauties of this character, would be to detail all the speeches of Imogen, and cannot fail of pleasing every reader of delicacy and discernment, because she is feminine and natural. She appears to be almost a perfect character. Her only error was that of marriage without parental authority; for which she apologizes when she says, "Sir, it is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus; you bred him as my play-fellow, and he is a man worth any woman." But the poet has justly made this only reprehensible part of her conduct as the cause of her misfortunes.

Imogen is placed in a variety of distressing situations; and most persons will agree, that were she to act differently in any one particular from what she does, she would not act so well. She displays the strongest conjugal affection, contained within the bounds of delicacy; duty and submission to her father, as far as is consistent with her superior duty to her husband; she is steady in her chastity, though artfully led to believe that her husband was unfaithful, and even abandoned to every thing that was dissolute. She is not outrageous when she is accused of incontinency, though the accusation is worse to her than death. She shews no ill-will to Posthumus, though he orders her to be murdered; and anticipates his misery when he will find that she was innocent. She bears sickness and fatigue with patience and fortitude; and lastly what to most persons would be a severe trial, she relinquishes a crown without feeling any mortification.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Great preparations are making at Washington for war. The president is scouring a rusty helmet, found on Carter's mountain, after Tarleton had left this country. The attorney general is forging and hammering many heavy weapons of defence. The secretary of war, has actually contracted for two or three extra bundles of matches, more or less. The dry docks have been swept, but not garnished; and we learn that a rusty nail, rescued by democratic parsimony from federal squanderers, has been recently whetted into a pike, to pierce Spanish aggression to the very core.

A letter from a friend, contains the following paragraph. The Editor can only add in the words of Ovid—*Pudet hæc opprobria nobis et dici potest, et non potuisse refelli.*—In other governments, a private man may be known and respected, without the adjuncts of wealth or public office, but in a republic, a private citizen, unless he is a demagogue, is like a drop in the ocean, and bears no proportion to the irresistible might, and impenetrable wisdom of the sovereign people.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The lampoons are numerous and caustic, which we receive, at the proper cost of a great man, the proprietor of a charming mansion, and the lover of ink charmers. Heroes and statesmen, in every age, have solaced their cares with love.

Atrides with his captive play'd
Who always shar'd the bed she made,
Each hero kiss'd his maid, and why
Though I'm no hero, may not I?

"RAINBOW" must be a descendant of a noted changeable character, in this city, who has tried all parties, and been trusted by none.

For all must own his worth completely tried,
By turns experienced, upon every side.

ORIGINAL POETRY.
FOR THE PORT FOLIO.
IMITATION OF HORACE.

BOOK I. ODE XXII.

Vinosum ubique tutum esse.

Happy the man, with old Madeira prim'd:
He needs not, Jock, the cane with latent sword,
The pocket-pistol, oaken cudgel dire,
Or pugilistic might.*

Whether through *Southwark-lanes* he darkling roams,
Where phiz of righteous man is rarely seen;
Or in *Spring-garden*, perilous abode
Of butchers, savage tribe!†

For erst from *Hardy's*, as, at one, I rec'd,
Roaring a joyous catch, and arm'd with wine,
From box octagonal a watchman sprung,
But, me beholding, fled.‡

So huge in make, was never catchpole seen,
When he on hapless debtor claps his claw,
And sturdy drayman, from *Hibernia's* bogs,
Was never his compeer.

Place me at some remote Virginia inn,
Where drunken democrats the state amend
Where nought but hog and hominy is found,
And toddy, tiff abhor'd.¶

Place me a knot of ancient crones among,
Drench'd with hot water, bor'd with sombre whist;
There will I silent muse the joys of wine,
And for a wassail sigh.**

* Integer vixit.....
Non eget Mauri jaculis neque arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

† Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosas,
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum,

‡ Namque me sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen

Fugit inermem:

¶ Quale portentum, neque militaris
Dannia in latis alit esculetis;
Nec Juba tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrit.

** Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
.....

†† Pone sub
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE.

MR. PAINE, of Boston, a gentleman of classical education, and brilliant fancy, has been greatly celebrated for his felicity in the lyric stile. His Ode entitled "Adams and Liberty," has been reprinted in England, and commended even by the austerity of British criticism. The ensuing pathetic lines it is our pleasure to preserve in the Port Folio. They are equally honorable to the heart and the head of the author. The scriptural allusion in the close of the third stanza is finely introduced; the office of Charity is very nervously described; and the apostrophe and the picture in the last stanza, are eminently poetical and pious.

ODE.

WRITTEN BY THOMAS PAINE, ESQ. AND SUNG AT THE ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE "BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM."

Shall man, stern man, 'gainst heav'n's behest,
His cold, unfeeling pride oppose;
To thankless wealth unlock his breast,
Yet freeze his heart to Orphan's woes?

Weak casuist! where yon thunder broke,
Seest how the livid light'ning glares!
Behold it rives the knotted oak,
But still the humble myrtle spares.*

Let stoic valour boldly brave
The wars and elements of life;
But more like heaven, who stoops to save
A being, sinking in the strife;
Poor exiles! wandering o'er this sphere,
Through scenes, of which yon form no part;
Lov'd Orphan Girls! come welcome, here,
Th' Asylum of the human heart.

Sweet CHARITY! thou sprite benign,
Who oft art seen in angel form,
To point the sun-beam where to shine,
Or rein the coursers of the storm!
Oh! through yon dark and dripping cell,
Where sorrow's outcast offspring weep,
Flash, as when Peter's fetters fell,
And bid the woe, that guard them, SLEEP!

Warm'd by thy beams, the frost unkind,
Which blasts sweet woman's vernal years,
In dew exhal'd, shall leave behind
Pure Gratitude's unsullied tears!
So shall our Orphan Girls no more
Lament the untimely blight of woe;
But rear'd to Virtue, thrice restore
To generous Man, the debt they owe.

BLEST PROVIDENCE! whose parent power
All being gives....for all provides;
Co-equal, when it paints the flower,
As when it curbs old Ocean's tides!
See, lorn and piteous, at thy throne,
Love, Mercy, Hope and Homage sue;....
They weep for sorrows not their own,
They bend, dear Orphan Girls, for you!

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[Every mail now brings us, not only irrefragable arguments, but specimens of brilliant wit and humour, levelled against our feeble administration. The following lampoon is from the *Wasp*, whose sting is sharp, and who is justly angry. The officer, in our "*Mumbo Jumbo*" government, whom Waspish wit derides, is a prominent object of political ridicule. He is charged with being more assiduous in the toils of a *Politician* "Farmer," than in those of official duty. He *acclaims* and writes to his folios of metaphysics against the clergy, and the late administration. In a barbarous and involved style, he labours to diffuse the exploded theories of democracy, while his own political skill and experience are so limited and so manacled by the blindest prejudice, that like those infant legislators in the French *Tiers Etat*, described by BURKE, "he has not seen the state; no not so much as in a picture."]

FARMER LINCOLN IN FURIOUS FRET.

THE FARMER SPEAKETH:

Upon my word, I do declare,
The deuce is in our nation:
In vain I rant, and curse, and swear,
And bawl for moderation.

CHORUS.

For moderation all do know
I am a spanking fellow;
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

When to affright the fed'ral crew
I threat extermination,
And with loud bawlings try to shew
My zeal for moderation.

* Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unweadable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft Myrtle
SHAKESPEARE'S Measure for Measure.

The stubborn rascals little heed
My noisy declamation;
But laugh, and say Lincoln's indeed
Red-hot for moderation.

Whene'er I stammer out a lie,
Somewhat like boys at school, sir,
They strait set up a hoot and cry
Fierce Levi's turn'd a fool, sir,

And when my master to obey,
'Bout priests I make a racket,
The dirty scoundrels dare to say,
He needs the bedlam jacket.

And then, to crown this vile abuse,
Some saucy wags have said, sir,
The President's bull-dog let loose,
Is running raving mad, sir.

Shan't I, who hold the people dear,
Who hate prevarication,
Who get some hundred pounds a year,
Roar out for moderation.

In honour's temple I've a seat;
But scarce have touch'd a dollar;
And will feds try me thence to beat—
By Jove it stirs my choler.

These feds are worse than Nick of hell
I'm bold enough to say, sir;
He'd let me fill my pockets well.
They'd drive me poor away, sir.

My salary to me is dear,
I love it to a penny;
For pay I'll rant, and howl, and swear,
And he who won't's a ninny.

To Washington I strait will go,
And then I do assure ye,
When I come back I'll lay feds low,
And make them feel my fury.

And now beware, each fed'ral lad,
Nor vent on me your spite, sir,
If Farmer Lincoln has grown mad,
Take care he doth not bite, sir.

CHORUS.

For moderation all do know
I am a spanking fellow;
To moderation I will hold,
As long as I can bellow.

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF BOILEAU, ON ST. PAVIN,
AN AVOWED ATHEIST, AND SO GOUTY, THAT HE
COULD NOT WALK.

ALIDOR, assis dans sa chaise,
Méditant du ciel à son aise,
Peut bien médire aussi de moi.
Je ris de ses discours frivoles:
On sait fort bien que ses paroles
Ne sont pas articles de foi.

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H. MAXWELL, PRINTER.

THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 50.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18th, 1802.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXVII.

MR. SAUNTER,

I beg leave, through the medium of your excellent paper, to offer to the perusal of my fair countrywomen, the following letter from Madame de Maintenon, addressed to the duchess of Burgogne. There are some parts of the original omitted, in this translation, which I did not think could at all apply to the conduct or condition of American women. The prefixed encomium of the Abbé Levizac, I trust is a sufficient sanction for my obtruding it on your attention.

Yours, respectfully,

o

The following letter, from Madame de Maintenon, cannot be too frequently perused, or too much admired. Every young woman, destined for the great world, should attentively read it, and it ought to be engraven, in letters of gold, in every seminary of female education.

LEVIZAC.

You must not, my young friend, hope for perfect happiness; on our globe, it is not to be found, and if it existed at all, in a court, be assured it could never dwell. This life is replete with cares, but those attendant on grandeur, are more insupportable than any, connected with other conditions; for in a private station, we make our own troubles; in a court we must contend with the vexations of other people. When I persuade you to believe that our sex is most particularly exposed to suffering, because we are always in a state of dependence, do not imagine that I would wish to make you displeased at, or ashamed of, what was wisely ordained by a just Providence. When a woman marries, if from proper motives, she will always regard her husband as her best friend, her wisest counsellor, and her only confidant. It has now become your duty to listen to his advice always; and when required, freely to give him yours. Your husband and yourself should have but one mind, one heart, and one soul; that is, your sentiments, your feelings, should be always in unison. Human bliss, however, cannot be perfect, and I believe those to be the most happy marriages where each suffers in turn with mildness and patience. There is naturally, in every connection, some little contradiction, arising from constitutional humour, from difference of education and opinion. Under such an evil be tranquil and submissive, for by submission, impossible as it may seem, we can only reign. Make obedience your steadfast principle, require none from your husband, in whom you must not expect to find as much disinterested friendship as in one of your own sex. It is peculiar to our bosoms, and men are less susceptible of it than women. You will be unhappy if you are too nice in this particular.

Offer up your prayers to heaven that you may never be jealous. If unfortunately you have real cause, do not, as you value your own peace, for a moment, think you can recal your husband's affection, either by the sourness of complaint, or the bitterness of reproach; your only resource is patience and religion. Impatience aggravates the worst misfortunes, and believe me, if you once descend to reproaches, you will alienate your husband's tenderness. On the other hand, if you suffer in silence you will take the only effectual means of awakening it.

In sacrificing your own will, do not hope to influence that of your husband, for men are by nature more obstinate, and in their education, less accustomed to restraint than women. They are naturally tyrannical, attached to pleasure and liberty, and no reasonable woman will expect them to renounce this inclination. We must not examine if their rights are all just, it is sufficient that custom has so long established them. They are the masters, there is nothing left for us but to obey, and to suffer (if so ordained) with a good grace.

Never confide any thing to a friend which can injure you, if repeated: speak, write, act, as if you had ten thousand witnesses: reflect that sooner or later all will be known: and before you venture to have a secret correspondent, recollect that the most confidential persons are not always to be trusted, and that there is no situation in life where you will meet with more indiscretion of this kind than at a court, where all is dissimulation and intrigue.

If you are blest with children, love them with tenderness, be with them often: this is the noblest occupation of a princess or a peasant. Be diligent in cultivating their minds, and reflect that on their education their future virtue and happiness depend. Support, with becoming dignity, the greatness of your condition. Worldly honours should not make you haughty, or they will not make you beloved. In your behaviour, we must neither see vanity nor immodesty. In your conversation, no calumny, exaggeration, offensive railery, nor anything which is inconsistent with perfect charity. Select, as your friends, those persons who are mild and forgetful of injury, but fear and despise those who would wish to excite you against others, under an appearance of zeal for you, by which they conceal their own resentment or serve their own interest. Avoid all interested, vain, ambitious, vindictive people, their society will always injure you. Never do intentional wrong, and you will never dread discovery. Always give good advice, when you presume to give any. Vindicate the absent, and accuse no one.

Sanctify all your virtues, in allowing their motive to be a desire of pleasing God. In protecting and assisting any one that you know, think if it be not possible that in so doing you may injure some one of greater merit whom you do not know. Do not attach your mind to giddy pleasures; you should learn to abstain, most particularly in your present condition, which should be that of restraint and self-denial.

Be on your guard with respect to your relish for wit. Much wit humiliates those who have but lit-

tle: it will surely make you many enemies, and perhaps make men of sense undervalue your understanding.

MAINTENON.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF BULOW,

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER IV.

The republic of North-America, will probably never extend from the Atlantic Ocean to the South-Sea.

It is not even ascertained as yet, whether the eastern maritime states, and those to the westward, such as Kentucky, Tennessee, &c. will not separate; nor is it yet sure that the northern and southern states which are divided by the Potomack, will always remain united in one political body; and certain writers have already wrested from the crown of Spain, all the lands westward of the Mississippi, and given them to the Republic.

That these territories properly belong to the Indians, might easily be proved, and it appears, clear from some accounts, that certain Indian nations exist there, who may perhaps be found capable of defending their country.—It is maintained that there are in the internal parts, nations which are in the practice of agriculture, and live in a tolerable civilized condition.

A settlement made by violent means, upon land belonging to a people, who live upon hunting or the breeding of cattle, may in some measure be excused. The new-comers might allege for their justification, the following argument: "The earth exists for the purpose of cultivation. Man can consider as his property only the spot, which he has cultivated. By this he introduces into it a part of his own existence; he imparts to the earth a portion of his own strength. What have you done; you, who live by hunting, or upon your flocks? Did you create the wild beast, upon which you singly and exclusively subsist? By no means.—Did you, by your labour bring forth the grass, which feeds your flocks? not at all. You have too much land; and it is land upon which you have acquired no just claim by your labour. All the world must live.—And so therefore must we. But if we have no land to till, we must perish.—Here is land upon which no man has yet laboured; we shall consequently take it, for farming..... Follow our example, and we shall leave you in peace, in your narrower bounds, so that we may all live in a quiet neighbourhood, together"..... I know not what the shepherd and the hunter could answer to this.

But even if the Indians should prove incapable of maintaining the possession of their land, and Spain should lose the extensive territories westward of the Mississippi, they would nevertheless not become parts of the United States..... The European powers will settle and determine concerning them, among

themselves, and the American Republic will be allowed no voice in the case, for she has no military force to give her weight, and the well known un-military spirit of her citizens would render less formidable any force that she could raise. The Europeans will therefore most probably decide who shall possess that country, and they will not give it to the Americans.

In this case, all depends upon the peace, which will put an end to the present war. As the Americans, by their treaty, and by their unfriendly conduct towards the French, have lost their favour, it may very well happen that France should sacrifice America to England, provided England in return should grant advantages to France; for instance, France might have Canada restored to her, to which Louisiana might be added, for an indemnity to Spain.—In such a case the Americans would be reduced to a strait from which their own powers could never extricate them.—England would not indeed surrender to France all the territories westward of the Allegany mountain; but France must have a part of it to connect Canada with Louisiana. The rivers Illinois and Thuahibi and Fox river might be the boundaries.

Perhaps however England might cede likewise the Western Territory to France, for the two Floridas. She would then govern America upon the same footing she does Ireland! which she might do without difficulty.—The worst of the speculators would then be made lords, which they ardently desire, and the greatest part of the people are dependent upon the speculators and merchants—civil liberty must only be left in its present condition, and all would remain quiet.

These extensive territories in the internal part of North America, would be very useful to France in providing for the large armies from which she will probably be glad to be relieved at the peace. She might establish military colonies there.

I do not assert that things will so happen, for that depends upon too many circumstances which cannot be foreseen, and in particular upon the events which may happen in England. I only meant to shew that the Americans by their own fault have brought themselves into a critical situation. Here I see my antagonists in high glee; believing they have detected me in a contradiction, because in the first volume I have applauded the diplomatic conduct of Washington.—But if they will indulge me with an hearing their joy will be of short duration. I applauded Washington's conduct with respect to the British Treaty, because it was adapted to the circumstances, because in the defenceless condition of the American Republic, there was no other expedient than to yield, and because it was absolutely necessary to choose between the enmity of England, and that of France; for England, owing to her superiority at sea, and the facility which she has of carrying on war at a distance, was by far the most formidable; it was therefore indispensable to endeavour rather to pacify her; and she was pacified by the smallest possible sacrifices.

Should America be brought again under the English sceptre, her Independence will have been merely a transitory dream, and the American Republic only an ephemeral appearance, like that of England, in the last century—Republics cannot at this day at all succeed; and the fault of this lies

in the moral depravity of the present generation. If mankind would be better, and more rational, their political constitutions might become more republican, and with a progressive increase of goodness, there would finally be no need of any government at all.

The territory westward of the Mississippi, will it is said, be peopled by emigrations from the United States, and these new colonies will connect themselves in union with the elder States. But this depends altogether upon what the European powers shall determine concerning that territory. If France should have it, she will people it with Frenchmen. If it should be retained by Spain, it may perhaps be peopled by the Anglo-Americans.—Perhaps Spain will not in that quarter be in a condition to prevent them; but I believe these new colonies would rather form an independent state, than connect themselves with the United States.—But the Anglo-Americans, will never extend themselves to the South Sea, because the most western parts of America are already peopled by the Spaniards, as for instance, in New Mexico.

CHAPTER V.

The emigration from Europe to America, will probably not be so great in future, as it has been hitherto.

This emigration will perhaps not be so much diminished by the disadvantageous accounts which may be published of America, to contradict the excessive panegyric of certain writers, and represent things more conformable to truth; for most of the emigrants never have a chance to see a book, and nobody has dissuaded the oppressed poor in Europe from emigrating to America. But the causes of this emigration may perhaps diminish, in consequence of the French Revolution.—For it is to be supposed that the French Revolution, whatever turn it may take in other respects will have two consequences; namely the destruction of the popedom, and the abolition of feodality. These effects must soon or late discover themselves, even though they should not immediately take place.

The love of country, is an innate passion of man, and the country people especially are chained by a strong affection to their huts; nothing but oppression and the impossibility, of preserving a wretched subsistence, compel them to emigrate. Let the burdens of the lower class of country people be then alleviated, and the emigrations will diminish. I believe the French Revolution will produce such an alleviation. There are in my opinion many circumstances which make this probable.

But should emigration continue to prevail, there are nearer and happier countries, which present themselves to the European emigrant, and to the lap of which he can fly, from poverty and oppression, than America, which will gradually go out of fashion. The attention which is now paid to Africa, is the commencement of an entire new order of things, and prepares the world for a complete commercial revolution; the colonies which England and Denmark are settling on the fertile shores of that beautiful quarter of the world, from principles of pure humanity, to put an end to the slave-trade are undertakings which reconcile the philosophical observer, with our age again. The interior of Africa, where according to authentic accounts, there exists a great cultivated nation, wise enough to separate itself from all others, will very soon be discovered by these colonies.

It is astonishing that this most fertile of all the quarters of the earth, has been hitherto neglected.

I mistake not a pickpocket—I am not of opinion that the history of our times, furnishes like the annals of Tacitus, melancholy pictures. It is disgusting, and ridiculous.—To butcher men, to eat human flesh, and to drink blood, is disgusting. To pilfer, and to steal from the public treasury, &c. is contemptible; and to play the Cato and the Brutus, is ridiculous. Such is my confession of faith.—Even the present instances of suicide are an affected, and ridiculous imitation of the Romans.

It is incomparably nearer, and would yield all the tropical productions in infinitely greater abundance than America, and yet the Europeans have transported men from Africa to America, to cultivate the latter. The idea has at last occurred, which should have been adopted from the first, of cultivating Africa itself. The simplest measures are commonly the last devised.

By this colonization, however so late commenced, this advantage has been gained, that the African colonies are founded upon more correct principles than those in America. To this the enlightened character of the age has contributed. No vile malefactors are sent there; none but persons of good fame are allowed to go. Connections by marriage with the natives are thought of; the preservation and civilization of these natives, and not their extirpation, are contemplated; and care will be taken that agriculture shall not be made subordinate to the trading interest. For the plan of a new form of government, which enriches with new discoveries the domain of politics, and is the most perfect of all the political systems hitherto known, we are indebted to the zeal and genius of a philanthropic Swede, by the name of Nordanshiöld.

The Europeans therefore will in future emigrate in multitudes to these new colonies on the western coast of Africa, and America will be left to its own population. Every thing invites to give the preference to Africa; unexampled fertility; the tropical productions, a climate which after the wood shall be cleared away, may be called healthy, and is at no time unhealthier than Carolina, Georgia, Surinam, &c. If the cape of Good Hope should remain in the hands of the English, many Europeans will be attracted thither.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. IV.

Should any body tell me, that writing about Thomas Paine, and exposing his intimacy with Thomas Jefferson, will be of no avail, since the public mind is already made up, on that subject; and, what is a still greater discouragement against scribbling, that nobody will read what I may write; I answer, that, although a large portion of the community, may have formed a correct opinion of this intimacy, that opinion has not yet been fully expressed; and as to my writings, I am not so vain, that the neglect of them by the public, should occasion much chagrin. I am not yet able to boast, that "I have an established fame in the literary world," nor do I think much of the "profits I could make as an author." These are speculations worthy of author Paine and his bashfulness.

In the preceding papers of the Examiner, no reason has been assigned, why the intimacy, between Paine and Jefferson, ought not to exist. If the fact of his having been ignominiously discharged from a confidential office, by the American congress of 1779, for a flagitious breach of oath, and a treacherous disclosure of secrets, the knowledge of which was obtained in consequence of his office, be not alone sufficient to brand any future connection with Thomas Paine, with infamy, let his subsequent life and writings be adduced to corroborate the appellation.

Whatever opinion "the world" may have formerly entertained of the "stature" of Paine's mind, it would be difficult, by any scale of admeasurement, to ascertain its present size. To "see what is not to be seen," may be among the number of those "living contradictions, to the mortified federalists," of which Paine boasts in his fourth epistle. A man, in his own cause, is no witness; otherwise

* A French republic has never yet existed. The French have already often decreed that the revolution was now ended, and nothing was left but peaceably to enjoy the fruits of liberty, &c. and immediately after these decrees, the confusion begins again.—Their behaviour as Republicans is truly wonderful.—Their catonising shop-keepers, candle-snuffers and taylorers are especially diverting. Not that I despise these useful classes of society, but I only would wish them not to attempt playing the Cato or the Brutus.—Antiquity produced one Cato, and one Brutus. But among the great soap-boilers, taylorers and shop-keepers at this day, they shoot up by hundreds.—The Parisian Socrates, was if

Paine might be permitted to testify as to his own character; but whether any body would believe him, is quite another question.

It was a spark from the altar of 1779, that burnt Paine's fingers, and another spark from the altar of 1802, will, in all probability, either consume his body by a slow-fire, or light him to bed with the blaze. But Paine's flint is worn out, and his steel is turned to brass.

The blasphemer of God, the libeller of Jesus Christ, and the habitual reviler of the rites, ceremonies, and doctrines of the Christian Religion, is thought to be a fit companion for Thomas Jefferson, the president of the United States.—Why?—Do these men keep company with each other in opinion, as well as in person? The presumption is natural. Christian! of whatever sect, thou mayest be, "think on these things." If Paine be "a living contradiction" of any thing, it surely must be of his being a good christian. Yet, how soberly he talks of "the continued protection of providence," which "through a thousand dangers has left him almost alone, of those who began the French revolution," to tell the tale of woe; when the fact is notorious, that *his own personal and mental insignificance*, was the only providence that presided over his destiny. His life was spared it is true, "but whether in mercy or in wrath," "time will shape."

It would be inexcusable to quote Paine's writings so often, if any other mode of expression, would answer equally well to refute him. "Out of thine own mouth, will I condemn thee." That he should write jargon and nonsense, when a *superintending providence* is the subject, is no wonder; the miracle would appear, if a *professed infidel*, should seem to know any thing of the attributes and perfections of a Deity. Take as a specimen, the following passage, in his third epistle. "But there is one dish, and that the choicest of all, they, (the federalists) have not yet presented on the table, and, it is time they should. They have not yet accused *providence* of infidelity, yet according to their outrageous piety, SHE must be as bad as Thomas Paine. SHE has protected him in all his dangers, patronized him in all his undertakings, encouraged him in all his ways, and rewarded him at last, by bringing him in safety and in health, to the promised land. This is more than SHE did by the Jews, the chosen people, that they tell us she brought out of the land of Egypt, and out of the house of bondage."

This stuff is so perfectly of French revolution manufactures, that it can be made to suit nobody, but a French philosopher. These culinary metaphors are exactly in the style of Paine's thoughts.—He is a low bred fellow, and had he been confined to the menial employment of a kitchen scullion, all his life, he might have served God better, and proved less a curse to his fellow men.—But who is this SHE being of whom he speaks? Verily, one of the "gods of the heathen, who are a vanity and a lie;" SHE is the goddess of Reason, one of Fortune's younger daughters; the same that presides in the Parisian temples, which are or were dedicated to her, and once resorted to, "more or less" on Dédaci, by Paine and such as worship her. She left her votaries in the lurch, all of a sudden, upon the appearance of a competitor, and no vestige now remains of her, save a vacant niche in the pantheon, with this inscription, underneath, "I am reserved for the goddess of Reason." She was worshipped by her true and faithful prophet, Thomas Paine, known among his fellows as the author and compiler of the bible of our sect, denominated, the Age of Reason; as a reward for which, SHE has protected him in all his dangers, patronized him in all his undertakings, encouraged him in all his ways, and to crown all, SHE has, at last, restored him to the delightful converse, and bosom friendship of her great high priest and faithful follower,

Thomas Jefferson, president of the promised land. We cannot conclude this paper, without a quotation from that scourge of hypocrites and impostors—

CHURCHILL.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways: such starving rules
Are only fit for coward fools;
Fellows, who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell;
His spirit dares contend with grace,
And meets damnation, face to face.

THE EXAMINER.

ESSAY IV.

EQUALITY.

It would not have been easy to have imagined what sense the French intended by the word Equality, if their subsequent conduct had not gradually unfolded their intention of *equalizing* the ruin of all those who had property to bring them upon the level of all those who had none.

When this word stood at first qualified with one that limited the application of it, *egal en droits*, equal in rights, it seemed to mean no more than could be fairly justified; it implied only an equal protection to every subject in all the rights he possessed under the law. In this sense it is not only true, but contains perhaps the best and only definition of a free government. If the smallest property an individual can hold—if the slightest privilege he is legally entitled to, is not in the same degree of security to him with the highest privileges and the most noble possessions of the proudest, there is no longer that Equality that constitutes the essence of justice. The ewe-lamb is as dear to the man who has no more, as the numerous herds and flocks can be to the rich proprietor; it is *his all*; and it is precisely for the purpose of securing this Equality between the rich and the poor, between the great and the little, between the strong and the weak, that societies are formed, that, in this sense, all men may be equal.

But this is not the sense to which the French have thought fit to confine their pretended Equality. All order and gradation in the community is disclaimed by them, and they have the merit, at least, of being the first legislators from the beginning of the world, whoever conceived so extravagant an idea, as, that man could exist in a great empire without those shades of rank and dependence upon each other which, to use one of their favourite expressions, have hitherto been thought to constitute the organization of civil society.

The whole plan of nature is in direct contradiction to such an idea; and it would be as reasonable, and, perhaps, little more cruel, to reduce men to the same stature, by stretching or shortening them in height, to a given standard, as to deprive them at this time of all the advantages that give one man pre-eminence over another.

I will suppose that the violence of this strange system shall annihilate property, as well as rank, in the hands of all those who were entitled to them; the power of violence will extend no farther; Equality will not then be established among mankind; their different talents, their good and bad qualities, will give to some the superiority over others; power, and the abuse of power, will grow out of influence and authority; nay, the very pre-eminence of wealth that they are now labouring to destroy, must be continually springing up as long as thrift and industry tend to procure riches, and riches to produce the means of rendering others dependent upon us, which is a consequence that no power of human legislation can prevent. Thus, when all this scene of blood and rapine shall be closed, which is to procure the ideal blessing of Equality; when the name of every family in France that had intitled itself to veneration, by the services of a long line

of ancestors, shall have been exterminated to the most distant branches of them; and their fair possessions wasted and dissipated, what will it lead to, but to the future aristocracy of mean upstarts; and the sons of a Jourdan or a Santerre shall stand in the places of a Montmorency, a Sully, or a Crillon.

But were it possible that men could be brought to the same Equality in rank, in riches, in consideration, in power, and in talent—with the feelings that animate the human breast, what would be the consequence of this perfect independence, but brutality and insolence, and every unsocial repulsive quality, that it has been the study of civil life, through a course of ages, to soften by all the nameless dependencies that bind us to each other with hopes and fears, and the means of conferring and receiving obligations: in a word, that distinguish man from the brutes, that know no such connections nor endearments. In such a state, no objects of emulation could bring forward the genius or faculties of the mind; fair science would be without object, and the arts would lie in eternal oblivion; the narrow circle of selfish enjoyment would limit every desire, and every sentiment would be confined to the unsocial individual.

In the sad history of that devoted country, we may trace, from the beginning, a plan to reduce mankind, if possible, to the state of savages. What share fanaticism, and what share interested ambition, have had in the undertaking, it is not easy to determine—it is evident that both motives have been exerted with too much success. The destruction of monarchy, and of Religion seem to have been only the preparatives to the invasion of all other property: and, in truth, when the laws of property are daringly violated in one instance, there is no security for it in any other. We used to say, if the meanest subject was oppressed, the proudest might tremble; judge whether the poor man can now expect protection, where the first properties in the kingdom have been confiscated?

Before the meeting of the Etats Generaux, the cry was already raised against the privileges of the nobility. In vain had they made a voluntary sacrifice of their pecuniary exemptions, which, to say the truth, was a trifling loss or gain on either side. Their chateaus had been burnt, and their lives destroyed in the defence of them, in more instances than one. In the states of Burgundy their Order had been besieged by the populace, and all succour refused to them by the minister. By degrees the plan opened itself more plainly to complete their ruin, when it was seen how much the influence of government was exerted, first, to procure a return at the election of the Etats Generaux, in favour of such as had no property, and then having, contrary to ancient usage, doubled the number of the commons, by the pains taken, and the authority exercised, to force the order of the nobility, as well as the clergy (who were chiefly composed also of those of inferior property) to be lost in the general union of the estates voting in common. Little was the immediate consequence of this union to be wondered at, in an assembly so constituted, as to have a decided majority of those who had no property for the express purpose, that the interests of those who had property should be at their mercy. The confiscation of the estates of the clergy, that of all the feudal rights, quit-rents, and services attached to landed estates, followed—the abrogation of titles of honour, and distinction of ranks, completed the levelling system; and monarchy, deprived of its support, fell as a thing of course, till the republic has been finally established in all the scenes of horror we have seen.

What a situation have these unfortunate nobles been reduced to! Deprived of their honours, and abridged in their fortunes by laws which had their *virtual assent* in that assembly, where their suffrages were implied in a preponderating majority of their enemies. Thus spoiled and degraded, they

were delivered over without protection, they and their families, to the insults of hired banditti all over the provinces, their papers, and the records by which they held their property, universally destroyed, their houses pillaged and given to the flames, their wives and children exposed to the barbarous fury of a rabble—and when these unprotected families, persecuted with the connivance of the legislature, and but too evidently by the subordination of the leaders in that assembly, sought security to their persons by flight into other countries, a right which is one of those peculiarly specified among the *rights of men*, that very flight becomes a crime. They were summoned to return, under pain of confiscation of all they had; though no security was holden out to them that the persecution should cease upon their return. What could be intended by all this, but to drive them to despair, that they might furnish new pretexts for their entire ruin, which the late unfortunate events have furnished?

Thus is the system of Equality fatally accomplished, and its melancholy victims are sent to wander over the earth—a proof that the tyranny of the many is by far a more execrable injustice than the most odious despot ever yet exerted.

MISCELLANY. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Is it possible for any circumstances of human misery to justify the commission of suicide? A question discussed, in the forensic manner, before a literary society in England.

The subject now before us is of the most serious import to every individual, who bears the name of man. Though rejoicing this moment in the bosom of prosperity and plenty, the next may behold us sinking fast into the lowest abyss of wretchedness and woe. The power of the highest is unable to resist the shock of adversity, nor can the weakness of the lowest by any means form a shelter against its force. Surely, then, it becomes highly interesting to every soldier in the battle of human life, to know whether he may, at any peculiarly pressing conjuncture, withdraw from the ranks, and bid adieu to the scenes of misery and desolation, without incurring the imputation of cowardice or of crime.

The question, however, is of a very delicate nature. There are many, too many, whose affections are deeply interested in it.

There are too many, who can recollect some valued acquaintance, some respected friend, some beloved relation, some kindred spirit, whose fate is involved in the decision. Can it then be expected, that we should enter upon the investigation, unprejudiced by passion, and prepared to discriminate with coolness and precision? Can it be expected, that we should look with indifference upon those circumstances, the recollection of which has so often stung our souls with unutterable anguish? * Ye, who have been wounded in the tenderest part, to you I appeal. Are not the best feelings of our nature combined to influence the discussion? Do we not feel an almost unconquerable reluctance to acquiesce in a sentence, which may affect our most endeared connexions, even while reason assures us that it must be just. How consoling is the idea, could we be but rationally persuaded of its truth, that the mercy of the Almighty will be extended even to that crime, which excludes the possibility of repentance, when it proceeds not from the dreadful despair of a vicious mind, looking back on the horrors of a mis-spent life, and flying to this last dire refuge from itself, but from the accumulating pressure of misfortune, against which, even the fortitude of virtue is unable to contend? How horrible is the consideration, that the object of our tenderest

regard, the friend, with whom we have been accustomed to converse, the man of sense and of virtue, whose life has been one continued, one uniform endeavour to fulfil his duty, as a valuable member of the community, should, by one unadvised act, one rash deed, cancel the labours of a whole life, and forfeit forever the favour of that Being, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, and who will assuredly judge with the most steady and undeviating justice.

Deeply impressed with these solemn considerations, I approach the subject with a sacred awe! Would that my abilities were equal to the task of sketching the great outlines of the question before us, with delicacy and precision...with sufficient tenderness to avoid wounding the feelings of sensibility, on the one hand, and sufficient strength to shew a marked and decided disapprobation on the other.

The view, hitherto exhibited, only relates to those amiable propensities, which lead us to claim acquaintance with misery, to step forward, as the advocates of misfortune, and to feel for the distresses of our fellow-creatures, without suffering the recollection of their vices to damp the sympathetic glow. To these generous emotions no bounds can be set; sympathy and compassion ought always to be cherished, and it is incumbent upon us, while we are endeavouring to establish just maxims and sound principles, to be ever ready, from a conviction of the weakness of human nature, to prefer condolence to censure, mercy to justice. With these sentiments, we may pity, though we cannot approve. But as there are many, who undertake to reason coolly in favour of suicide, to the arguments of these the following discourse will be principally directed. Before we enter fully into the subject, however, it may not be amiss to premise, that where the scale of evidence hangs doubtful, much is to be allowed for the peculiar situation in which we are placed. Our island is remarkable for furnishing numberless instances of suicide, and this circumstance alone, considering the detriment which society suffers therefrom, would be sufficient, even if there was not otherwise a preponderancy of arguments, to induce us to take the negative side of the question. But if we silence, for a moment, the partial voice of affection, and listen alone to the unprejudiced dictates of reason, surely we cannot hesitate to conclude that it is entirely impossible for any circumstances of human misery to justify the commission of suicide.

It is frequently taken for granted, that the principle of self preservation is so deeply implanted in the human mind, that no man can lift his hand against his own life, except his reasoning faculties be suspended or deranged. This indeed is dismissing the argument in a compendious manner. Upon this supposition no guilt can possibly attach to the self-murderer. For how is it consistent with the justice of a beneficent Creator, first to deprive his creatures of reason, and afterwards to punish them for an action, committed in consequence of its loss? But this hypothesis is untenable, and may easily be refuted, by observing the numerous instances of men, who this moment reason with the greatest precision and accuracy, and the next fall by their own hands...nay, who have brooded for weeks, months, and even years over the melancholy resolution, and have, during the whole of that time, been found capable of the soundest argumentation, except upon that particular point; and it is generally admitted as a fundamental and incontrovertible truth, that an error of the judgment, or the perversion of reason, in one instance only, is by no means sufficient to substantiate the charge of *Lunacy* or *Madness*.

But it is not on these principles, that we are called upon to decide. Experience, evidently, proves, that a person, in the full possession of his mental powers, may, by the pressure of misfortune,

become a self-murderer; and the question is, can any circumstances of human misery justify the deed?

When we behold a libertine ardently pursuing the shadow of pleasure, while he mistakes the substance, neglecting the pure, uncontaminated source of real enjoyment, and greedily quaffing the turbid and polluted torrent of licentious indulgence... when we behold him wallowing in luxury and wanton riot, and hazarding, for the gratification of a moment, the peace and prosperity of his whole future life, and the comfort and happiness of all his dearest connections, we cannot but feel a solicitous anxiety for the event. If this anxiety induces us to take a nearer view of such a character, what is the distressing picture, which frequently arrests our attention? We behold him, in every instance, yielding to the impetuous impulses of his passions, till, by long custom, they confirm themselves into habits, and lord it over his soul with uncontrollable sway. The effects of this subjugation of his reason, are soon dreadfully apparent. If his inhuman revenge prompts him to seek the life of his neighbour, he stops at no enormity to satisfy his thirst of blood. If his insatiable avarice hurries him to the gaming-table, he stakes on the fate of one desperate throw, the ruin of himself and his competitor.

If his inordinate lust kindle, in his soul, an illicit desire for the daughter or the wife of his friend, he stoops to any meanness, rather than relinquish his nefarious purpose. Should his conduct be resented, he makes no scruple of stepping into the field of false honour, to meet, or perhaps to murder the father, the brother, or the husband, of that woman, whom he has seduced from the paths of virtue, and robbed of her innocence, under the most solemn protestations of unalterable affection. In short, after a life passed in all the wild delirium of passion, stained with every vice, and scarce exhibiting one solitary virtue, to cast a transient gleam over the dark and dreary wilderness of his crimes, ruined in his health and fortune, disgusted with the world, and convinced that all its enjoyments can never restore that peace of mind, which his multiplied enormities seem to have banished forever, and distracted with the heart-rending thoughts, which continually crowd upon his soul, and rob him of all repose, he madly puts a period to his wretched existence, by the pistol, or the poisoned bowl. Here indeed there is no room for doubt.

The horror and detestation, which we feel at this vicious course of life, and the dreadful catastrophe, which terminates it, are equal and unlimited. There are, however, many suicides, who can neither fairly be accused of insanity nor licentiousness of moral character. The sons and daughters of affliction are but too ready to fly to this desperate remedy, as a final antidote for the evils of life, and the only certain cure of all their calamities. Reduced by an unforeseen and accumulating series of misfortunes, to misery and want, or racked by a thousand imaginary ills, crowding on their distempered minds, they abandon themselves to all the gloomy horrors of despair, and hopeless of any redress in this world, they desperately rush for refuge on the next. Nay, even while convinced of its atrocity, they frequently implore the mercy of the Almighty, for the crime they are about to commit, and then direct a trembling and irresolute hand to the purposes of self-destruction. But they think that their happiness is gone, and all the avenues of hope closed upon them forever; and under this persuasion, they force themselves upon an action, which their better judgment, in the cool moments of reflection, would lead them to abhor.

To these it may be observed, that in the hour of difficulty and danger, a firm and steady reliance on Divine Providence, is absolutely necessary, and that it is also fully adequate to our support, in the most trying circumstances. There is not a doubt, but it was the intention of the benevolent Creator of

* How must the gentle and sympathetic mind revolt at the idea of tearing away the last faint hope, whereon, however delusive and ill-founded, the weary bosom has been accustomed to repose?

the universe, that, in the whole existence of man, there should be a preponderance of happiness; and we are too weak and too short-sighted to determine what is best for ourselves, or most likely to produce this end. Know we not the vicissitudes of human life? Cannot the same Almighty Hand, which, with salutary correction, has reduced us to a low estate, raise us again, in a moment, to a greater height of prosperity and joy? And will it be no satisfaction to look back on our past sufferings with a recollection that we have borne them firmly, and as became men? We know not for what we are reserved; and shall we, by a rash impatience, counteract the purposes of eternal wisdom? Or can it rationally be expected, that we shall be entitled to the mercy and forgiveness of the Almighty, even while we are committing an act of rebellion against his holy will? But it is much to be doubted, whether these principles have ever become deeply rooted in the minds of those, who withdraw from life, under the sudden pressure of misfortune. Having never been sufficiently accustomed to look up for support in adversity, to the great Father of mankind, they are easily discouraged, their minds are weak and languid, and offer an easy access to the approaches of despair....of despair, that pest of the human race! That blackest of the demons of darkness! Where shall I find words, tinged with sufficient horror, to convey the detestation I feel of thy indescribable deformity? Thou stalkest forwards like a malignant fiend, scattering destruction in thy course, blasting the vale of beauty with thy breath, and tearing up every blooming floweret, planted by the hand of hope, to cheer the rugged path of life, and beguile the wanderer of his woe....'Tis thou, who howlest in the storm of affliction, 'tis thou, who conjurest up that midnight of the mind, which blinds the hapless wretch to every sense of danger....and after conducting him to the edge of a dreadful precipice, beyond which he cannot stretch his view, nor see his desperate situation, in the full extent of its horrors, pushest him at once down the unfathomable and unknown abyss. Oh! may we never feel the benumbing grasp of thy cold icy hand, leading us on to certain ruin! May we ever be on our guard against thy first approaches, and while we are free from thy tyranny, let us resist with all our might, the spells of thy too powerful magic. Let us never, for a moment, lose sight of the sweet visions of hope.

.....While your hearts are yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel;
Dark even at noon tide is our mortal sphere:
But let us hope....to doubt is to rebel...
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Proceed we now to the arguments of those who boast of having conquered the prejudices of human nature, and discarded

All that the nurse and all the priest have taught.

It is urged, that to die voluntarily, and by one's own hand, shews much more courage than to drag on a listless life of ignominy and mental, as well as bodily pain. But this is easily answered, by observing, that though the immediate act may, in some degree, partake of a phrenzied courage, yet it certainly shews a dastardly spirit meanly bending under present evils, and unable to bear up against the pressure of misfortune, thus to shrink from their approach.

But, as this argument cannot greatly affect the question either way, let us hear, what further is adduced on the affirmative side:

If life, it is objected, be a gift, where is the crime of disposing of it as we choose, or of resigning it when it becomes a burden? If it be bestowed as a blessing, is it not absurd to suppose, that we may not lawfully rid ourselves of it when it ceases to be so? No one, who sincerely believes that God is the Governor of the Universe, can lay any stress upon this argument. This belief naturally leads us to conclude, that there must be some

certain conditions, some set of duties connected with our present state of existence; and how can the suicide, who flies from the part assigned him, in the great drama of human life, be said to fulfil those duties, or those conditions? Obedience and submission to the decrees of providence are in a particular degree incumbent on all, but the suicide arrogantly throws back the gift of life into the hands of the bountiful giver, and tacitly charges him with injustice for having bestowed it. The absurdity and weakness of the reasoning which overlooks these circumstances need not be pointed out.—The latter part of this objection has already been fully noticed. It may not be amiss, however, to repeat, that where misery is so often attendant upon success, and blessings are so frequently the companions of disappointment, we should be very cautious how we judge of any circumstance till our opinion be justified by the event. If this consideration were suffered to have its due weight, it would form no inconsiderable check to the progress of suicide.

It is further urged, that there is no express prohibition of suicide in the scriptures. Neither is there any express command respecting self-preservation. But an horror of suicide, and a wish for the preservation of life are both equally implanted in the human breast, and neither of them can be removed but by some violent concussion of the mental and corporeal system. The precepts of the Gospel, however, invariably inculcate a resignation to the divine will, and a submission to every dispensation of his providence. This is diametrically opposite to the principles of the self-murderer. Again, is it probable that in commanding mankind to do no murder, the silence of the scriptures respecting suicide should be considered as an exception in favor of the most desperate and horrid of all murders? Those who are best acquainted with the spirit of the sacred writings, will scarcely be persuaded to think so. But, as the question before us is put in the most general terms, whether any circumstances whatever of human misery, can possibly justify the act of self-slaughter, let us consider the argument which apparently carries the greatest weight in the opinion of the favourers of suicide, just observing that if this be completely answered, the subject seems to admit of no further debate.

When all the ties of sentiment and affection, which attach the heart to this world, are, by a variety of circumstances, dissolved or torn asunder; when I am a forlorn and solitary being, whom wretchedness alone accompanies, and to whom life is become a burden; why should I not deliver myself from so much misery, by putting an immediate end to my existence?

It will readily be granted, that where any position is calculated to infringe materially upon the best interests of society, we should be exceedingly cautious how we admit its truth. That this is the case in the instance before us is manifest. Should the opinion become predominant, every person who feels a tedium of life, and wishes to resign it, would avail himself of the excuse. The fatal consequences likely to follow such a general laxity of principle, form, in my opinion, a strong presumptive proof of its fallacy. But, it is evident, that there are few, very few, indeed, who are really reduced to this extremity of wretchedness, and how unfair, to say no worse of it, is that argument which makes a very uncommon occurrence the groundwork of a general principle—shew me the man who is destitute of friends, who is torn from every connection in life, which he once held dear, are there yet no duties for him to perform? No wretchedness which his assistance could ameliorate? Will not acts of humanity and benevolence again connect him with life? Again raise around the tender and affectionate sympathies of our nature. Is there nothing valuable, nothing consolatory in

the recollection of a virtuous action? Are not the praises of those we love grateful and soothing to the ear of friendship, and is not a remembrance of their worth an encouragement to bear a little longer the load of earthly existence, under the idea that by an imitation of their virtues we may be eventually united forever? But I appeal to the experience of every one present, (and to experience, in cases of this nature, we must ever have recourse) whether it does not more frequently happen that the suicide is surrounded with friends the most dear, with relations the most affectionate, who are ever ready to condole with him in his afflictions, and to administer every consolation in their power. How then must his sorrowful exit affect those? Does it, indeed, leave no stigma behind it? Have all the world freed themselves from prejudices, as he supposes he himself has done? Ought we not even to respect the prejudices of virtue? But above all, and what most essentially affects the present argument, are the persons he holds most dear, free from those supposed prejudices, and will not a death by his own hand awaken in their bosoms the most poignant anguish? Let the man of real sensibility consider the distracted situation of a mother, a wife, or a daughter, entering the fatal apartment, and beholding the son of her love, the husband of her choice, the father on whom her fond hopes ever leaned for support, weltering in his blood, or expiring in the fatal noose. Surely this melancholy, this moving consideration would be sufficient to arrest the fatal stroke ere it fell, charm away the wildness of despair, and reduce any person, not entirely insensible, to right reason. But supposing it possible for a man to be entirely insulated from the world, and void of every interest therein, that no duty remains which it was not in his power to perform, that no one would lament his loss nor shed the tears of pity on his tomb, still the duty he owes the great author of his being remains unimpaired, and in its full force. No circumstance can invalidate this; it is eternal and immutable, founded on the everlasting basis of justice, gratitude, and truth.

Who then art thou, vain man, who settest thyself up as a judge between the almighty and his creatures? Canst thou suppose that he is ignorant of the proper time of calling thee from a state of probation to the rewards of virtue or the punishments of vice? Has he, indeed, confided to thee the privilege of rushing into his presence, when even thy outrageous passions have so far blinded thy reason as to make thee weary of life? Tremble at the just indignation which awaits thy presumption. Thou art but a child of the dust; be humble and be wise. If it be asked, how then am I to bear such a complication of misery? The answer is obvious, and may be delivered in a few words: fly to the consolation of religion—repose thy troubles and thy sorrows in the bosom of a benevolent Deity, and never think of suicide till his promises of comfort and support are found to be fallacious.

But, before we dismiss the subject, it may be well to observe, that though much has been said against the principle of suicide, yet it was never meant to be asserted that there are no gradations of guilt in this, as well as in other crimes, or that every act of self-murder is equally offensive and enormous. Doubtless, there are frequently mitigating circumstances, which greatly lessen its criminality. But it is not for man to judge his fellow-man; it rests with the almighty alone to determine and to punish, or to pardon, as is most consistent with the dictates of his justice and mercy.

Upon the whole, however, it appears that no circumstances of human misery can justify the crime of suicide, whether we consider it as an

outrage against every principle of self-preservation in the individual, as an injury to society in general, or as an act of rebellion against the divine majesty of God, the great ruler of the universe.

TURKISH MANNER OF DRINKING COFFEE.

Coffee to be good, must either be ground into powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle.

The Turks first put the coffee, dry into the coffee pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often: then from another pot, they pour on it boiling water. They then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth, like cream, but it must not boil, but only gently rise; it is then poured backward and forward, two or three times, from one pot into another and it soon becomes clear. Some put in a spoonful of fresh water, to make it clear sooner; or lay a cloth dipt in cold water on the top of the pot. Coffee should be roasted in an earthen, or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles, it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven, while it is heating.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

In the conducting of this paper, in such factious times, as the present, the Editor, far from dreaming of general approbation, constantly anticipates, and is stedfastly prepared to hear much Jacobinical censure; and many a timid doubt, and lukewarm suggestion. He proceeds fearlessly on his way, and uniformly publishes his opinions with the freedom of one, who is "*no man's heir, or slave.*" Uncontrouled by the vulgar, uninfluenced by foreign or domestic dictation, unconnected with any political club, he is his own counsellor, and trusts to Time to test the utility of the political speculations in the Port Folio. Meanwhile the subsequent extract of a letter, from a venerable friend, will more than counterbalance a load of jacobinical obloquy, and vulgar disapprobation.

"The extreme rarity of men of letters in this country, has led you to suppose that I might be capable of assisting you in your literary labours. But although none can be more sincere in wishing you success, I can only assist you in a subordinate way, as I do not belong to the class of authors, and am, by no means, a favourite with the sovereign people.

"But, that I may not abase too far the order to which I belong, I give you notice that I belong to the class of readers, without whom the class of authors could not exist; and I am an old member of this society, for I have been a reader since the year 1739. It would be needless for me to say, that I approve of the doctrines of the Oldschool, as contained in your writings. My reading, my habits, my conviction, the company I have kept, and the connections I have formed, all tend to confirm me in the belief of these doctrines, and the longer I consider them, the more I am convinced of their truth and usefulness to society. I approve of your design, as announced in your prospectus, and hope that, even in these days of jacobin fury, your speculations are useful to keep some people in

their senses, who are in danger of being infected with the madness of the times. You will not expect any jacobin subscribers, as that sect have been taught by their demagogues to wink hard against the clearest light, and to believe nothing, except what is recommended by their leaders. I have long waited in vain in the hope that they might be enlightened by events; but there is nothing that seems to have any effect on them, for, although what they called the French republic, by a figure of speech, very common in Ireland, was nothing but a succession of different despots; and although Buonaparte, by the assistance of forty grenadiers, has annihilated the very appearance of republicanism in France; yet our infatuated Jacobins are still eager to introduce among us the infernal doctrines of the French revolution."

It is a fact that within two years a Philadelphia publisher offered to print for the Devil, if he would be graciously pleased to favor him with his speculations. We have not yet heard that Beelzebub has accepted this flattering offer, though the works of the Devil would probably prove quite agreeable to the sovereign people, as he is known to be a perfect republican character, and has had the honour of founding the Pandemonium, a republic, more ancient than the world.

STANZAS TO THOMAS JEFFERSON,

President of the United States.

National Ægis, 8th December.

The lover of exquisite versification, and the votary of refined genius, are invited to seek the sonnet of the Sutton songstress, under the signature of Rosanna Maria, agreeably to the above reference.

The perusal of it has brought to mind the first lines of other stanzas addressed, by a Virginia bard, to Mr. Jefferson, on his return from Europe,

"Great patron of Virginia state,
We hail thee equal with the great."

We recommend to these laureate rhymsters, "if this fall into their hands to revolve," that "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Most lamentably indigent must be that fame, which can be enriched by such contributions.

The following stanza is selected as a specimen of pure and perspicuous versification, from the pen of Rosanna.

Here can no poet's mercenary song,
Echo the praises of a courtly throng,
Nor the poor wealth of many a powerful state
Buy a new humor for the truly great.

Mr. Blake, the Editor of the Attorney General's newspaper, called the National Ægis, criticised with no little severity, last summer, an occasional ode styled, "Rule New-England," written by Mr. Paine, of Boston.

We recommend to the Editor of the Ægis, to exercise his "acute and penetrating" talent at criticism upon the stanzas of his Rosanna.

CERTIFICATE OF GOOD CHARACTER.

The House of Delegates in the State of Virginia; have passed certain resolutions, about the "extreme licentiousness of the Federal Editors, in the abuse of the President," and in order to express their "entire disapprobation of the attacks" made on his character, they subjoin a kind of certificate of their belief in "*the purity and uprightness of his motives.*" If the President should ever get out of place, this certificate may possibly be of some use in recommending him, to a new one, in the State of Virginia, though we are far from thinking, that in any other

State, it would avail him, even as a passport, whatever "*pleasurable duty*" the Delegates might have felt "in declaring, that there is no man in America, who deserves more of the confidence and support of these United States, than the enlightened, philosophic, benevolent and patriotic REPUBLICAN—Thomas Jefferson." In this climate, we are surprised to find so pretty a title as "*Serene*," omitted; more especially as the Democratic members of the Vermont Legislature, lately inserted it in their Certificate. It would not surprise us to see a regular series of these Certificates, made out and filed, during the winter, as "expressions of the public will," and what is still more of a peep into futurity, we venture to predict Legislative shackles upon the liberty of the press. The party now in power will not be satisfied to wait the slow operation, of "the detestation and discountenance of good men, manifested in private life," which, in the language (perhaps in the opinion) of Governor McKean, "will prove more efficacious to purify and reform the press, than legislative acts, or judicial animadversion." Their vices and their follies, their hypocrisy and their incapacity for Government, must and will be blazoned to the Country, and they will infallibly be driven to take shelter under "legal restraint" or the consequences to them will be ruin and desolation.

The following article, from an English journal, has not found its way into any of our newspapers. We copy it, because it is well written, and of much interest.

"The immense armies, which Buonaparte formerly carried into the field, are scarcely more wonderful than the vast bodies of workmen he now employs all over the republic. The capital does not engage more of his attention than the departments; and here, I am certain, there must be several thousands in his pay. He is building three new bridges over the Seine, and he is repairing and beautifying all the public buildings. If you go to the Library, to the Pantheon, to the Louvre, to the Monuments, to the Invalids....you find them all crowded with masons and carpenters. The churches are not overlooked. A good many had been sold, and are now converted into shops and warehouses; but the marks of devastation are rapidly disappearing from all the rest. Great improvements are making in various parts of the town, at the public expense. Near the *Place de Carousel*, whole streets have been lately pulled down, and there are others marked out, which are to be removed immediately. If one considers, at the same time, the works that are carrying on at Boulogne, at Havre, at Lyons, and on the Rhine, one is lost in astonishment. It is easy to conceive, that Buonaparte should wish to do all this from the well known magnificence of his views; but how he is able to supply the expense appears altogether unaccountable. Every salary is in arrear, and there is no doubt that he is often extremely embarrassed to find money for the most necessary purposes.

"But as he has rivalled Julius Cæsar, in military achievements, it seems now to be the grand object of his ambition, that his reign should resemble that of Augustus, in the prosperity of the arts. I fear he has little moderation, and that it is himself alone that enters into all his calculations. Yet, from a regard to his own glory, he must have laid aside all thoughts of extending his conquests. Though his attitude must remain formidable and commanding he would enter upon a new war with infinite disadvantages. The enthusiasm, produced by the revolution is gone. He would only have the means of a regular government, while he would have to struggle with all the dangers of usurped power. Would he venture to put Lasnes, Massena, or Angereau at the head of a hundred thousand men? Would he himself now venture into Italy, when Paris is filled with malecontents? At any rate, his

crown would be at stake. The least turn of ill-success would be the signal for his enemies to conspire against him. The discontent, which he now dams up, is gathering in secret, and will be ready every moment to burst forth, and overwhelm him. From his wonderful talents, he might perhaps reasonably hope for uninterrupted triumph; but fortune still is fickle, and, when her frowns would be so fatal, it is not very probable that he will put himself in her power.

"I do not at all envy Paris the splendid monuments which the chief consul is raising of his greatness; nor do I think, that we incur any disgrace, from being, in this respect, so much outdone. A despotic government is not an unmixed evil. When the whole resources of a great country are in the irresponsible hands of one man, he may confer great benefits on the community. But bridges and picture galleries are but a poor compensation for the loss of freedom. If the English government could appropriate the revenue according to its caprice, and could arbitrarily seize private property,* upon giving the owner a little stock, upon the valuation of one of its own agents, I have not the smallest doubt, that the vanity of our kings and ministers would prompt them to adorn the metropolis, and to raise edifices, not inferior to those, which constitute the boast of the enslaved Parisians."

The following is a thorough paced Jacobin dream, quite in the *sans culotte costume*. It will be worth the reading. If the reader do not find in it more wit, than to Jacobin belongs, he may burn the article, and let it be a profound secret. For the Jacobin from whom we had it, told us, that though he considered it in point of argument, as an unanswerable defence of his favourite statesman, yet it would not do for the weak brethren, and, therefore, it must be a secret. We do not say it is unanswerable. But we will say that it is in point of argument against a certain charge the very strongest defence of the great man, which has yet appeared.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

BY A JACOBIN.

In days of yore, as poets tell,
When Jove in love with mortals fell,
He stripp'd off dignity and pride,
Laid all his thunder-bolts aside;
From high Olympus made escape
To beastly deeds, in beastly shape....
By turns, as lewdness spurr'd him on,
A bull, a serpent or a swan....
Yet, when the lustful fit was o'er,
He rose, resplendent, as before:
Ascend'd heav'n's bright throne again,
Majestic king of gods and men!
Again the blasting thunder hurl'd,
And snuff'd the incense of a world.
Say, then, ye scoundrel tory crew,
Who make of morals such ado:
Since Jove could make himself a beast,
On Grecian beauty's charms to feast;
If he, whom Jacobins adore,
Should lust to kennel with a whore,
If, scorning all his country's dames,†
No tint, but jet, his blood inflames,
Why should our demi-god forbear
A transient veil of soot to wear,
Why not his godship put away,
Invest himself in Afric's clay,
Smear with lamp-black his pallid wax,
And look and smell like other blacks,
To charm the lovely Sally's eye,
And wallow in a negro-sty:
Then take his proper form again,
The pride of virtue...first of men.
In vain you prate of moral rites,
The net of priests...the bait of fools:

* The proprietors of the houses, pulled down near the *Place de Carrousel*, one morning were presented with an *arrete*, informing them that their names had been put upon the national books for an annuity, and that they must immediately remove....No petitioning....no hearing by counsel....no appeal to a jury.

† This is a mistake....He did not scorn all his country's dames....But thereby hangs another tale.

He shall not lose beneath your rod,
The ancient birth-right of a god....
Lo, while his wond'ring form I seek,
The rosy hue forsakes his cheek,
And straight, by transformation strange,
From white to black his features change!
His tresses fall, and in their stead,
A fleece shoots curling from his head,
Flat sinks the bridge, that prop'd his nose,
Which round his nostril plumper grows:
His jaw protrudes, his lip expands,
Pah! he secretes by all the glands:
His legs infect: his stature shrinks,
And from his skin all Congo stinks:
Behold him now, by Cupid sped,
In darkness sneak to Sally's bed:
With philosophic nose inquire,
How rank the sable race perspire.
In foul pollution steep his life,
Insult the ashes of his wife:
All the paternal duties smother,
Give his white girls a yellow brother:
Mid loud hosannas of his knaves,
From his own loins raise herds of slaves.
With numbers to outvote the free,
And smoke the yankies, five for three.
Yet shall he not be long confin'd
To the base mould of Afric's kind:
But with the morrow's dawning light
Resume his native red and white....
Then pure to jacobinic eyes,
Claim the full tribute of their lies.
Still under Smith's and Jones's pen,
Appear the first of mortal men.
Still in the praise of Dallas shine,
Still seem to Lincoln all divine.
Still worshipp'd as a god remain,
By Cheetham, Grainger and Duane:
And, spite of all you Tories can,
Still wield the state...THE PEOPLE'S MAN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A GENTLEMAN AT CINCINNATI, DATED NOV. 30.

Our Territory, or perhaps I now ought to say State, long secluded from the political bustle of the members of the union, is now convulsed with party rage. That hideous monster, Jacobinism, under the specious name of *Republicanism*, which has so radically destroyed the liberties, the happiness, and the prosperity of the French Nation, and has made such dangerous innovations in the United States, is now stalking through our country, with rapid strides. Ruin and disorder are in the train; where the fatal infatuation of the people will stop I am not able to foresee. It will not stop, indeed, until great mischief be effected. A Convention, to frame a Constitution is now sitting at Chillicothe, completely under Jacobinical influence. What sort of a thing this written Constitution will be I cannot anticipate. One act of this Convention I have seen, and I flatter myself it will have a good effect. The *Washington* party made a proposal to submit the Constitution proposed to the People for their acceptance, or rejection; and, in the resolution, pointed out the method of taking the popular sense on the question. This proposal was immediately rejected by the self-styled republicans, who compose three fourths of the house. The Sovereign People I think will take this in high dudgeon. So great an evidence of want of confidence in their wisdom will never be submitted to with impunity. The mushrooms of the day who are now clothed with a little brief authority, will soon, I persuade myself, be obliged to sink to that obscurity, from which they never should have been drawn; and the disciples of the *Old-school*, who certainly possess the talents of the country, be again found necessary to the correct administration of our Government.

A nobleman lately advising his son to keep inferior people at a distance, a tradesman, who overheard the admonition, replied, "I am very sorry, my lord, you did not give the young gentleman this advice before he got deeply in my books,"

The ensuing sketch of a French *Cataline*, may suggest to some that there is a close resemblance

of Cardinal de Retz, in this country. "Cardinal de Retz was proud to be called the *Little Cataline*. Ambitious without measure, he knew no restraint, and was fearless of danger. To gain his point, he made use, alternately, of gallantry and politics, vice and virtue, religion and the passions. Quick, subtle, and of an unruly imagination; his schemes, though he had great penetration, and a vast extent of capacity, *always bordered on the chimerical*. He was fond of all extraordinary projects, and endeavoured to put them in execution, by methods the least common, and the fullest of artifice.

The talents of M. Jekyll for wit and pleasantry are well known. Being at Covent Garden, the other evening, to hear Mrs. Billington, in *Love in a Village*, a friend sitting with him in a box, asked him on her appearance, whether that was *Rossetta*, to which the wit, replied in the negative by observing it was *Grand Cairo*. The allusion was at the *embonpoint* of the Syren, and the comparison between the little village of Rosetta, and the overgrown size of the Egyptian Capital.

The wits of London have playfully sported the subsequent list of plays to be represented during the winter for the benefit of certain well known characters.

Wit without Money, For the benefit of R. B. Sheridan, Esq.

Management,	- - - - -	T. Harris.
The Farmer,	- - - - -	Sir John Sinclair.
The Old Bachelor,	- - - - -	Duke of Queensbury.
Road to Ruin,	- - - - -	Coffee House at New-Market.
Naval Pillar,	- - - - -	Lord St. Vincent.
Poor Soldier,	- - - - -	Col. Geo. Hanger.
The Way to keep Him,	- - - - -	Mrs. Jordan.
Cato,	- - - - -	Lord Thurlow.
The Mysterious Husband,	- - - - -	The P. of Wales.
The Widowed Wife,	- - - - -	The Princess.
Wheel of Fortune,	- - - - -	Sir Harry Vane Tempest.
The Constant Couple,	- - - - -	Lord and Lady Derby.
The Critic,	- - - - -	Dr. Parr.
The Humorist,	- - - - -	Caleb Whitefoord.
The Distressed Baronet,	- - - - -	Sir John Lade.
The Tender Husband,	- - - - -	Lord Derby.
Cheap Living,	- - - - -	Jack Wilnot

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The imitation of *Integer vixit* is very elegantly and wittily accomplished, by an ingenious friend, who, we hope, will frequently exercise his pen, in the service of the gracious muse. Such sprightly turns from the Roman poets, are very delightful to the editor. He remembers a whimsical version of "*Persicos Odi, puer, apparatus*," which is supposed to be addressed to his chambermaid, by an old bachelor.

The neatness of Batavian *trousers*,
Their mops and pails in endless rows
I hate, and suffer in my room
A duster, only and a broom.
Each Saturday, upon your knees
Scour, scrub your kitchen, as you please,
But where I sit, and where I lie,
The floor, Rebecca, shall be dry.

"The *Metamorphosis*, by a Jacobin," which is inserted among our paragraphs, is one of the most poetical, severe, and well deserved satires, of American origin, we have ever perused.

We are bewitched with "Beatrice."

We rejoice to hear from "Asmodeo."

The letter from *Verbal* and *Trochee* will soon appear.

Numerous favours are under consideration. Correspondents, impatient for an early attention, must write early in the week.

SELECTED POETRY.

[Imitations of Spenser are generally uncouth, or languid. The 'Castle of Indolence,' and the 'Schoolmistress,' are most honourable exceptions to this general remark. We may add the following stanzas, from the pen of some ingenious, but unknown writer,

"Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity."

They were snatched from the perishable pages of a fugitive publication, and preserved by the care of the editors of an annual repository of poetical pieces. Seldom has a mere *bantling* of poetry exhibited a form more finished. The initial lines of the second stanza are very tersely expressed. The description of our bachelor's room in the ninth, of his precise habits in the tenth, and of the topics of a club, in the eleventh stanzas, is well imagined, and happily given. Single lines too, are not without brilliancy,

But when the Sabbath-day might challenge more,
Or feast, or birth-day, should it chance to be,

A glossy suit, devoid of stain, he wore,
And gold his buttons glanc'd, so fair to see.

and—his social moments own'd,
The generous signet of the purple wine.
are striking examples.]

THE OLD BACHELOR.

AFTER THE MANNER OF SPENSER.

This poem is re-printed from the Town and Country Magazine for 1777.—The Editor has never seen it elsewhere, though its excellence ought to have rescued it from obscurity.

In Phœbus' region while some bards there be
That sing of battles, and the trumpet's roar;
Yet these, I ween, more powerful bards than me,
Above my ken, on equal pinions soar!
Haply a scene of meaner view to scan,
Beneath their laurel'd praise my verse may give,
To trace the features of unnoticed man:
Deeds, else forgotten, in my verse may live!
Her lore, mayhap, instructive sense may teach,
From weeds of humbler growth within my fowly reach.

A wight there was, who, single and alone,
Had crept from vigorous youth to waning age,
Nor e'er was worth, nor e'er was beauty known
His heart to captive, or his thought engage:
Some feeble joyaunce, though his conscious mind
Might female worth or beauty give to wear,
Yet to the nobler sex he held confin'd
The genuine graces of the soul sincere,
And well could show, with saw or proverb quaint,
All semblance woman's soul, and all her beauty paint.

In plain attire this wight apparel'd was,
(For much he conn'd of frugal lore and knew)
Nor, till some day of larger note might cause,
From iron-bound chest his better garb he drew:
But when the Sabbath-day might challenge more,
Or feast, or birth-day should it chance to be,
A glossy suit, devoid of stain he wore,
And gold his buttons glanced so fair to see,
Gold clasp'd his shoon, by maiden brush'd so sheen,
And his rough beard he shav'd, and donn'd his linen clean.

But in his common garb a coat he wore,
A faithful coat that long its lord had known,
That once was black, but now was black no more,
Atting'd by various colours not its own.
All from his nostrils was the front imbrown'd,
And down the back ran many a greasy line,
While, here and there, his social moments own'd,
The generous signet of the purple wine.
Brown o'er the bent of eld his wig appear'd,
Like fox's trailing tail by hunters sore assair'd.

One only maid he had, like turtle true,
But not like turtle gentle, soft, and kind;
For many a time her tongue bewray'd the shrew,
And in meet words unpack'd her peevish mind:
Ne form'd was she to raise the soft desire
That stirs the tingling blood in youthful vein,
Ne form'd was she to light the tender fire,
By many a bard is sung in many a strain:

Hook'd was her nose, and countless wrinkles, told,
What no man durst to her, I ween, that she was old.

When the clock told the wonted hour was come
When from his nightly cups the wight withdrew,
Right patient would she watch his wending home,
His feet she heard, and soon the bolt she drew.
If long his time was past, and leaden sleep
O'er her tir'd eye lids 'gan his reign to stretch,
Oft would she curse that men such hours should keep,

And many a saw 'gainst drunkenness would preach;

Haply if potent gin had arm'd her tongue,
All on the reeling wight a thund'ring peal she rung.

For though the blooming queen of Cyprus' isle,
O'er her cold bosom long had ceas'd to reign,
On that cold bosom still could Bacchus smile,
Such beverage to own if Bacchus deign:

For wine she priz'd not much, for stronger drink
Its medicine, oft a cholic-pain will call,
And for the medicine's sake, might envy think,
Oft would a cholic-pain her bowels enthrall;
Yet much the proffer did she loath and say
No dram might maiden taste, and often answer'd nay.

So, as in single animals he joy'd
One cat, and eke one dog, his bounty fed:
The first the cate-devouring mice destroy'd,
Thieves heard the last, and from his threshold fled:
All in the sun-beams basked the lazy cat,
Her mottled length in couchant posture laid;
On one accustomed chair while Pompey sat,
And loud he bark'd should Puss his right invade.
The human pair oft mark'd them as they lay,
And haply sometimes thought like cat and dog
were they.

A room he had that fac'd the southern ray,
Where oft he walk'd to set his thoughts in tune,
Pensive he passed its length an hour or twa,
All to the music of his creaking shoon.
And at the end a darkling closet stood,
Where books he kept of old research and new,
In seemly order rang'd on shelves of wood,
And rusty nails, and phials not a few:
Thilk place a wooden box besemeth well,
And papers squar'd and trimm'd for use unmeet
to tell.

For still in form he plac'd his chief delight,
Nor lightly broke his old accusom'd rule,
And such uncourteous would he hold the wight
That e'er displaced a table, chair or stool;
And oft in meet array their ranks review'd;
For novel forms, though much those forms had
graced,

Himself and maiden-minister eschew'd.
One path he trod, nor ever would decline
A hair's unmeasur'd breadth from off the ev'n line.
A Club select there was, where various talk
On various chapters pass'd the ling'ring hour,
And thither oft he bent his evening walk,
And warm'd to mirth by wine's enlivening pow'r.
And oft on politics the preachments ran,
If a pipe lent its thought-begetting fume,
And oft important matters would they scan,
And deep in council fix a nation's doom,
And oft they chuckled loud at jest or jeer,
Or bawdy tale the most, thilk much they lov'd to hear.

For men like him they were, of like consort,
Thilk much the honest muse must needs condemn,

Who made of women's wiles their wanton sport,
And bless'd their stars that kept their curse
from them!

No honest love they knew, no melting smile
That shoots the transports to the throbbing heart!
Thilk knew they not but in a harlot's guile
Lascivious smiling through the mask of art:
And so of women deem'd they as they knew,
And from a Demon's traits an Angel's picture drew.

But most abhorr'd they Hymeneal rites,
And boasted oft the freedom of their fate;
Nor vail'd, as they opin'd, its best delytes,
Those ills to balance that on wedlock wait;
And often would they tell of hen-peck'd fool
Snubb'd by the hard behest of sour-ey'd dame,
And vow'd no tongue-arm'd woman's freakish rule
Their mirth should quail, or damp their generous
flame:—
Then pledged their hands, and toss'd their bumpers
o'er.

If e'er a doubt of softer kind arose
Within some breast of less obdurate frame,
Lo! where its hideous form a Phantom shows
Full in his view, and Cuckold is its name.
Him Scorn attended with a glance askew,
And Scorpion Shame for delicts not his own,
Her painted bubbles, while Suspicion blew,
And vex'd the region round the Cupid's throne:
"Far be from us, they cry'd, the treach'rous bane,
Far be the dimply guile, and far the flow'ry chain!"

A NOSEGAY.

The violet is modesty,
For it conceals itself;
The rose is likewise modesty,
Though it reveals itself;
For it a blush betrays.

The jes'min shews us innocence,
So chaste, and pure its hue;
The hyacinth, sweet diffidence,
Which bends to shun our view,
'Tis fancy thus pourtrays.

The honeysuckle, sympathy,
Distilling dewy tears;
The passion-flower, brevity;
Scarce blown, it disappears.

The tulip is variety,
That changes with the hour;
The primrose is simplicity,
And Flora's favorite flower.

Thus in each plant, some lesson we may find
Which serves t'improve, while it corrects the mind;
And flowers and weeds are an exhaustless store
Of pleasure, profit, and intrinsic—lore.
In short, each object, to a grateful heart,
However humble, must delight impart.

EPIGRAM.

From the French.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

That he had been to see a play,
A Christian penitent one day
Confess'd, with accusations sore,
And promis'd he'd do so no more.
Let's see, the sage confessor cries,
The guilt within the pleasure lies;
What was the play?—the wretch replied
'Twas the Deserter, rev'rend guide—
Since seeing it is your offence,
Read it—to shew your penitence.

* A line is wanting in the copy.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 51.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25th, 1802.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDRE.

JUNIUS.

To the incubations of this evening, this is a title, which will attract the attention of every student, and even detain the vagrant mind of the literary loiterer. JUNIUS, however he may disgust some by his democracy, astonish others by his audaciousness, irritate many by his prejudices, and grieve more by his total contempt of charity and candour, is still diligently and frequently perused by all, who can be arranged in any of the ranks of literature. This is the glorious triumph, this the high prerogative and imperial power of GENIUS, consummated by ART, that reluctant mortals are compelled to assent to its authority, and to admire, and to glorify, at the very instant they disapprove. This position is wonderfully exemplified by the transcendent success of these fugitive letters. Seditious, inflammatory, rancorous, exaggerating; without charity, that is kind, without candour, which is catholic, without truth, which is eternal, these factious epistles, sacred from the usual oblivion of party writings, still perpetuate the lofty fame of their author.* The most rigid criticism has saluted him with the title of a *legitimate English classic*. The parliamentary orator models his style after the pattern of JUNIUS. The lawyer quotes him in his pleading; his elegant irony, and his venomous sarcasms are repeated both in the senate house and before the tribunal. Authors strive to turn periods with his exquisite polish, and, like him, to point their satire, and to animate their page. Declaimers are emulous of his indignant tone, and poets learn new lessons of melody

* In speaking of the elegant invectives of this malicious writer, the Editor employs the *plausible* style, in behalf merely of their literary merit. Of their political truth or usefulness, he is more than sceptical. Indeed he abominates most of the doctrines of this demagogue. His insubordination, and his flattery of the people he hates, with a perfect hatred. They are false, malignant, libellous and enormously subversive of the best interests of society. The author was a cowardly fomentor of the passions of the populace; and when he strove to shake allegiance to the sovereign, and to destroy respect for the judge and the noble, he gave the best proof of the wickedness and sophistry of his cause, by not daring to advance, and to defend it in the face of day. His calumny of the King; of Lord Mansfield, of the earl of Bute, of the duke of Grafton, and of Welbore Ellis, was equally atrocious and execrable. Time, an unerring test, has proved him a liar. The eroded robe of Mansfield's justice is not even sullied with a stain; and the fair fame of the EARL OF BUTE, an honest minister, a most sagacious statesman, a learned scholar, and a munificent patron of genius, is not tarnished by the foulest arts of the lurking libeller. His virulent abuse of the Scotch, that gallant and high-spirited nation, they read, only to despise, and the memory of the hapless STUARTS will always be cherished by many a cavalier, execrating both the cruelty and the theories of JUNIUS.

I cannot, in this place, refrain from recommending very earnestly to the reader DR. JOHNSON'S famous strictures upon the pernicious sentiments of JUNIUS. See a Political Tract respecting Falkland's Island. In a vein of the sharpest satire, and with all the potency of argument and truth, that venerable champion of law and loyalty completely overthrows his adversary. JUNIUS could not reply. His vaunted powers seemed at once to wither, as if blasted by the necromancy of a magician.

from his harmonious periods. Though all his topics are transitory, though most of the personages, the objects of his reproach, are no more, though obnoxious men and measures have passed away, yet his ingenuity has contrived that his satire should be perennial. An ordinary demagogue may rail loudly, but is forgotten soon. His virulence fades away, with the occasion, which gave it birth. But JUNIUS does not "light, as one who beateeth the air." He makes desperate passes, and their effects are lasting. His vindictiveness, like that everlasting animosity, described by the Roman, is,

"IMMORTALE odium, et nunquam sanabile vulnus."

In America, perhaps, no book, with the exception of the Bible and Blackstone's Commentaries, is more generally perused, among men of letters, than JUNIUS. Almost every lawyer and politician has much of him by heart. Our admiration of this splendid writer is fully commensurate with that of his own nation. In the speeches of our legislators, and in the writings of our authors, may be discerned many an imitation of his manner. Whatever, therefore, relates to this popular writer, will be read with uncommon eagerness, and with peculiar interest. Like Butler, Oldham, Churchill, and many more, who describe evanescent objects, and whose topics are both local and fleeting, even the lucid JUNIUS is not, without a commentary, always clear. Many a note is desirable, and much explanation is necessary. A new edition, with these advantages, was wanted, and the more so, because many splendid impressions of this work, though they might captivate the eye, by the pageantry of plates, and the glitter of a hot press, yet offended the judgment of the student, by the most palpable violation of correctness. To explain the meaning, and to regulate the text of JUNIUS, has been this year undertaken, in England, by ROBERT HERON ESQUIRE, a Scottish author of distinguished reputation, and who has long been conspicuous both for his learning and his loyalty. He has published an edition of these celebrated letters, with notes and illustrations, historical, political, biographical and critical. The following Review, from a literary journal, contains so much interesting information, and so much skillful criticism, I am persuaded, my readers will read it, notwithstanding its minuteness and length, with an attention, as continued as my own. The conjecture, that this long concealed author was the celebrated DUNNING,† afterwards LORD ASHBURTON, is highly plausible. Mr. Heron has rendered essential service to the republic of letters, by his laborious researches into the history of his author, that this new edition of JUNIUS, will, without doubt, supersede every other extant. It is ardently hoped, that it may be promptly imported here, and that our countrymen may have fresh reason to study a pure English writer, whose classical style will incite to emulation, and whom to imitate, in any degree,

† The curious reader will find, in the works of Sir William Jones, a very spirited sketch of the character of this nobleman. Perhaps a recurrence to this article of biography and to the speeches and law arguments of Mr. Dunning, during a memorable epoch in British history, will reflect some light upon one of the most mysterious occurrences in the annals of literature.

is sufficient to purify our expressions, to rescue our tongue from barbarism, and to render our conversation and composition both nervous and elegant.

The object of this edition of JUNIUS, appears to be, to present to the world such a commentary, as will unfold the state and circumstances of political affairs, parties, and characters, in which JUNIUS wrote; thereby to account for the scope, constituents, and effect of the letters.

In a preface, our author introduces an essay on the eloquence of JUNIUS. Explaining the nature and purposes of eloquence; and tracing its progress, from its first rude essays, to its highest perfection, he observes, that the most exalted species of our oratorical excellence, is its complete adaptation of the best means to the best ends; that he is the most consummate orator, whose discourse, oral or written, most powerfully and effectually promotes wisdom, virtue, religion, private and public happiness. This species of eloquence comprehends purity of affection, and of motive, as well as force of genius, and impressiveness of communication.

A subordinate excellence of eloquence, is that, which rests much less on purity of design, than felicity of execution, which less regards the absolute goodness of the end, than the appositeness of the means.

The highest of these two characters he ascribes to DEMOSTHENES.

'In this quality, I am inclined to think, that every other orator, of every age, must yield to DEMOSTHENES. DEMOSTHENES alone discerned, and steadily pursued the true interests of his country, in his opposition to the artifices and the arms of Philip. To preserve to Athens the ascendancy among the Grecian states, to save the republics from sinking into subjection to a barbarous monarch, to maintain, in the most civilized country of the world, that political arrangement of the people, under which alone its arts, its science, its virtues, had been known to flourish, to revive the energy of their ancient virtue, in the hearts of the Greeks;... these were the express objects, to accomplish which, the great Grecian author exercised his eloquence. He discerned the true interests of Greece; he pursued them steadily, to the care of promoting them, he sacrificed all the sordid cares of private interest and base-minded ambition.'

For this highest excellence of eloquence, CICERO he justly deems inferior to DEMOSTHENES.

'When he probes the soul, and detects the guilt of a Cataline, the prejudices and arts of the devoted member of a party are not less conspicuous, amid the thunder of his harangues, than the sublime beneficence and integrity of the patriot. In the speeches of the prosecution against VERRES, you see chiefly the young man, striving to raise himself, to political and oratorical importance, as the advocate of a splendid and popular cause. In the invectives against ANTHONY, personal resentment, and party zeal are much more apparent, than the generous spirit and the sublime views of pure enlightened patriotism, discerning and preferring nothing but the public good.'

Unblinded purity of design the author is far from claiming for JUNIUS.

'To overthrow (he says) a ministry; to gratify and sway the minds of a populace; to oppose a system for the abolition of national distinctions, and party prejudices, to indulge secret disgust, jealousies or resentments, rankling at his heart; to obtain the praise of unrivalled excellence in literary composition, were probably the leading purposes, with which this author wrote. He co-operated, but without true patriot design, for the redress of wrongs, which the long reign of aristocratical whiggism, and lately, the inexperienced zeal of toryism had inflicted on the constitution. In his invectives against particular persons, he descended into a malignity of attack, which, however effectual towards the ends he had in view, was utterly incompatible with exalted rectitude of design. He disdained not to mingle in the miserable bustle of ochlocracy, with as much readiness for wild mischief, as if he had been, in truth, a man of weak understanding. But in that design, which adapts all the means, as happily as possible, to the end in view, Junius is inferior to no other orator of any age. Junius uses no metaphors, except such as enter essentially and directly into the accomplishment of his design: he employs no figures, but such as perfectly amalgamate with his arguments. Whenever the shew of ornament, and the burst of passion have not a tendency to enforce conviction, he haughtily disdains them, and writes with the very plainness of a merchant's ledger. In his invectives, he had in view to confound and terrify the persons, against whom they were employed; to dignify, by repeating, in the language of eloquence, the malicious jealousies, prejudices, and clamours of the vulgar; and to assert the authority of a leader, by furnishing arguments and topics of complaint, infinitely more powerful than any which the rest of his party could find for themselves. Junius never, for a moment, sacrifices his primary object to any matter of subordinate importance. Even when outrageous in abuse, to a degree, that could not but offend the delicate and virtuous, he is not so, as being hurried away by his own feelings, but because the tone of the prejudices and feelings of the English multitude was not to be otherwise moved to his purpose.'

Having thus stated the objects and means of Junius, in a general view, Mr. Heron enters upon the state of affairs, at the time when Junius wrote. He takes a survey of the British constitution, in itself, and as conceived by Junius. In this part of his work, he gives an historical view of parties; especially the parties, which subsisted, from the accession of the house of Hanover. The whigs had predominated, during the two first reigns. Mr. Heron, justly and highly impressed, both with the character of his present majesty, and the beneficial objects, which he has constantly pursued; very clearly unfolds the policy of our sovereign.

'From the commencement of his government, our king had uniformly sought to choose his servants, according to their talents and integrity, without any regard to their party connections. This liberal system of policy greatly displeased the whig combination. The exercise of his majesty's prerogative, in appointing his political servants, was imputed to the influence of a secret junto; which, according to the received hypothesis, really guided every exertion of the kingly power. To this junto was imputed, both the general policy and every particular act, which the whig party, with the assistance or coincidence, of popular demagogues, reprehended. The whig aristocracy, in pursuing their specific objects of opposing a government, which did not choose to admit their combination, exclusively, to offices of state, experienced the co-operation of the turbulent and seditious, whose general purpose and character it is, to oppose all kind of government. Thus democratical licentiousness concurred with the disappointment of an aristocratical confederacy, in enmity to the court and ministers. These concurring causes aggravated discon-

tents. The incident of the Middlesex election, which, though really the act of the house of commons, was imputed to the court, inflamed the general dissatisfaction; and the energetic and skilful oratory of Junius was steadily employed to fan the flame. To this purpose are the whole and every part of his letters subservient.'

This unity of design our author keeps very closely in view; and in his notes on the several letters, illustrating particular passages and topics, he clearly shews how well they are adapted to Junius's purpose. As prefatory to the work, he exhibits the whole view of political affairs and contentions, prefixed to each letter there is a sketch of the precise situation of things, on which that letter is written.

The author discovers very considerable acuteness, in developing Junius's design illustrated through his successive letters. His sketches of political parties, both historical and biographical, taken together, and in series, constitute outlines which, if filled up, might make a very valuable work, as a history of the British parties in the eighteenth century.

Considered in its main and professed object, as a commentary upon Junius, the present work very fully explains the meaning and purposes of the text. In this author's appreciation of Junius, though he very clearly discerns his moral and political merits; and, being himself the champion of virtue, loyalty, and constitutional subordination, he reprobates efforts, so conducive to disloyalty, disorder, and licentiousness; yet he rather over-rates the intellectual force, employed in these malignant efforts. If we judge from results, compare exertions with effect, and, in estimating effect, consider difficulty, what Junius performed, was, by chiming in unison with the prevalent tone of sentiment and opinion, to rouse and inflame the multitude. To effect such a purpose, dexterous skill is generally sufficient, without either extraordinary depth of understanding, or energy of genius. In analyzing the constituents of Junius's intellectual excellence, our author is extremely accurate in the enumeration of items, but rather magnifying the value of each article, over-rates the whole.

We admit with the author, that Junius is well acquainted with human nature, but that he thinks with the depth of a Johnson or a Tacitus, having very accurately studied both his works and theirs, respectively, we cannot admit.

Our author justly considers Junius as abounding in abstract truths; but, we think, overvalues their amount, when he says "on account, solely, of the great original truths which these letters contain, they would deserve to be studied, with unwearied diligence, by readers of every class, from the school-boy of the highest form, to the statesman and the philosopher."

In logic our author justly ascribes to Junius consummate skill. If his positions be admitted, his poignant deductions would be incontrovertible. Our author observes, "his logic was evidently not learned in the Scottish school, which, extending too far the principles of Bacon, would, in every instance, reject the powerful, luminous, and comprehensive method of synthesis, for the feeble details of analysis and subsequent induction." Junius certainly forbears these details of analysis in professing to exhibit both general systems of policy and individual characters, instead of establishing by investigation the principles from which he proceeds in his synthetic course of reasoning; he does not establish them at all. He has neither, by the Baconic mode, nor any other, proved the folly and iniquity of the systems and characters which with such skill and ability, he holds up to reprobation. His logic, therefore, though dexterous, is chiefly employed (as indeed our author admits) in sophistical misrepresentation. We think

it requires stronger logical powers to convey important truths in spite of the obstacles of prejudice and passion, so forcibly to the understanding, thereby to influence and direct the affections, than to impress falsehood, gratifying prejudices and passions already influenced in the highest exercise of logic. In the impression of truth on unwilling minds, we have no data for estimating the powers of Junius. Our author compares his force to the force of Demosthenes; let us examine their respective exercise and effects.

Junius stirred up the people, already incensed against the ministerial system, and against the Dukes of Grafton and Bedford, Lords Bute and Mansfield, already hated, to hate them much more; he moved the citizens of London, already disrespectful, to the most insolent irreverence towards our sovereign. Demosthenes roused and invigorated the torpid and luxurious Athenians to active and patriotic efforts. He called them from the pleasurable dissipation and indolence of the city, of which they were so generally and deeply enamoured, to the toils and sufferance of warfare, of the field which they detested and dreaded. Junius sailed with the current of popular opinion; he drove vessels down a rapid stream; Demosthenes, seeing the current leading to destruction, faced it, and, by the most arduous efforts, pulled and guided his countrymen to a salutary direction."

Our author will perceive, that here, perfectly agreeing with him as to the respective designs of Junius and Demosthenes, we are only differing as to their comparative force. We agree with the author, that whatever strength Junius possessed was constantly exercised; that there are no instances in his writings of intellectual oscillancy; and, in that view, he is superior to most eloquent writers or speakers. Considering Junius as equal in force to Demosthenes, our author, by just reasoning from this assumed principle, esteems him superior, in force, to most other orators and writers. In compression, we admit, he resembles Thucydides and Tacitus, but we cannot agree with him that he equals either in strength. Here we must observe, that compression or compactness of parts, though an indication of strength relatively to the size of those parts, justifies no assimilation between the whole strength of unequal bulks, though similar in acuteness of adhesion. A compact grenadier is not equal in strength to a compact giant. Pursuing his comparison of his hero with other distinguished men, besides those whom his manner, if not his substance, might resemble; our author gives him the preference to Cicero, and, in one point, the power of bringing knowledge by the nearest way to the uses of business, he is probably right. Whatever powers or attainments Junius possessed, he employed them with the directest efficacy to the objects which they were competent to acquire; however strongly he could run, he ran directly to the goal.

Our author, in comparing Junius with Mr. Burke, will, by most readers, be deemed to over-rate Junius, and to under-rate Burke, when he affirms he was not at all equal to the composition of these letters. That they are not like the compositions of Mr. Burke will be readily conceded. And he who, in its nascent pulings, perceived, comprehended, and expounded, the objects which the revolutionary monster was, in the progressive stages of childhood and youth, to pursue to the absorption of the world in its tremendous maw; who, with wisdom accurately prophetic, marking its influence and puerile strides, called on mankind to combine in crushing its rapidly increasing strength, before, mature and adult, it should become irresistible; who planned and inculcated means and efforts by which, if uniformly adopted, and vigorously employed, it must have certainly been destroyed; who, by transcendent genius, efficaciously

patriotic, saved his own country from its fell gripe; who, extensively and actively benevolent, endeavoured to preserve the rest of mankind; and would have preserved them if they had not been wanting to themselves; Is he not equal to the letters of Junius?

Our author, in one of his notes, styles Mr. Fox the political descendant of the illustrious Chatham. That Mr. Fox, in point of intellectual talents, equalled him, or any other man, except Burke, who has adorned the political stage during the eighteenth century, much as we disapprove of many parts of his conduct, we most readily admit. But in their political cast and character there is a total diversity. Fox has been uniformly the associate, and, very often, the tool of men infinitely inferior to himself. First, he was the implicit coadjutor of a ministerial junto; and, in that capacity, under the administration of Grafton and of North, the ardent impugner of the licence of the press, the austere censor of popular violence. Such was the tone of his party. From promoting the power of the crown, he turned to promote the influence of an aristocratical combination for reprobating all its counsels, and paralysing its efforts; adopting their measures, he was the spokesman of their opinions, and the promoter of their views. Coalescing with his recent adversaries, he still pursued the same end of overbearing regal power by aristocratic confederacy. Subservient to this object, he renounced popularity, because not favourable to the projects of his party. Successively the instrument of the Court and of the aristocracy, and having pursued the schemes of each much farther than either the ingenuous candour of his own disposition, or the acuteness of his judgment could justify; he next ranged himself on the side of democracy, became the ardent champion of innovation, did homage to the mob, adopted the new opinions of puny politicians, and still was the spokesman of a party junto.—Chatham, on the contrary, set out with one great and general principle, to bring ability of every kind into beneficial action; to disregard all party distinctions, to promote the good of his country, by placing every man in the situation in which, from talents and disposition, he was most likely to act with patriotic and advantageous efficacy. As political men, Fox has generally spoken and acted from a party, whereas Chatham spoke and acted from himself.

Dissenting from our author in several of his positions, we think that his views of the several political characters are generally just and discriminating, and frequently profound. Junius he skilfully characterizes, as to the species of his excellence, although we think he magnifies the degree. We might select many favourable specimens of his knowledge and ability, but shall confine ourselves to two. Having traced party history to the close of George II.'s reign, he ably marks the character and effects of Mr. Pitt's administration.

As Mr. Pitt was raised to power by his own abilities and character, and not through whig influence, the monopoly of the Cabinet was no longer possessed by a faction. He had set at nought all the wonted distinctions of party, all but the nobler distinctions of talents, activity, and public virtue.

The Tories (continues our author) began to be more than ever reconciled to the revolution government; since it seemed, that they themselves were no more to be malignantly excluded from the confidence of the government of their country. Jacobitism had before received its death wound. France, though it had been recovering new strength, ever since the peace at Utrecht, though lately triumphant on almost every side, in the war with Britain and her allies, was now, on every side, disgracefully vanquished. The days of Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of the Edwards, and the Henrys, seem-

ed to be, on a sudden, renewed. Within the space of two or three years, the national character was completely retrieved from disgrace. In these circumstances of the empire, and in these neutral dispositions of parties, our present Sovereign ascended the throne. The Whigs were still the masters in the aristocracy. Yet the Tories were no longer thrust to a distance from all public employment, and contemptuously oppressed. Parliamentary interest had been, for a time, compelled to truckle to superior virtue and talents. The Crown was not, at this time, absolutely so much, as it had some time before been, the mere property of an overbearing aristocratical faction; while the young Monarch had not yet, very decisively, declared to what party his confidence was to be particularly given, his person and the first measures of his reign were, among all, unboundedly popular. Had he continued to leave the principal authority in the hands of the Whigs, yet without proscribing the Tories, that popularity might have known even no transient diminution. But the ascendancy of some excellent men, from among the Tories, at the Court of his father, had recommended them to the most confidential influence in the education of this young Monarch. That influence had not been abused; and he was therefore disposed, upon his accession to the throne, to employ them, rather than the Whigs, of whom he had less personal knowledge, as his chief Ministers. The Earl of Bute had, in the confidence of his young Sovereign, a pre-eminence over every other counsellor. Bute, certainly a good man, of no mean talents, of a pleasing personal appearance, and of the most elegant accomplishments, was, however, not free from prejudices and imperfections of character, as well as relations of party, and connexions of friendship, which could not but render his best administration little acceptable to the predominant party among the English. He was a Scotsman; and English prejudices could scarcely, as yet, induce men to see a native of Scotland, even in a subordinate ministerial situation. He was a Tory; and could it be suffered by the Whigs, that, after a sort of proscription, for more than five and forty years, the Tories should, at last, vigorously grasp the reins of Government? He was allied to the exiled family of the Stuarts; and should one, related to them, become the Minister of a Prince of the House of Hanover? No sooner had he begun to dispute the propositions of Mr. Pitt, in the Cabinet Council, to promote some changes, in which his private affections and enmities seemed to be interested, to call forth into official employment, or at least under the patronage of the Royal favor, both Tory merit and Scotch talents, than all the prejudices of the English Whigs, from the highest to the lowest, from one end of the kingdom to the other, rose in arms against him. Popular opinion, never stronger than at this particular moment, deserted Bute, when Pitt deserted the Cabinet. In vain did the Scotch Minister strive to procure the support of the Newcastle Whigs to a Ministry that should be effectively Tory, and guided, at least secretly, by himself, in all its measures. Those Whigs were sufficiently willing to exclude Pitt from office, and to reinstate themselves, by means of Bute and the Tories. But they would not be tools in the hands of Bute, till he should have established himself in the Ministerial authority too firmly to be driven from it by their opposition. They would not resign to the Tories the first part in the government of their country. They soon attempted to make it impossible for Bute to continue Minister. The peace negotiated under his auspices, but by the secondary co-operation, as well of Whigs as of Tories, was, in comparison even with that of Utrecht, far from being very advantageous in a due proportion to the advantages Britain had gained in the war. It was arraigned, by the outrageous cry of popular opinion, from the press,

and, after a short time, also in Parliament. The Earl of Bute would not embarrass his young Sovereign by fruitless attempts to serve him. He retired from ostensible power.

Another specimen we shall quote, as it contains a new and very plausible opinion concerning the much agitated question, who was the author of Junius.

'I believe myself to have nearly discovered who was the author of these letters; but I have, without entirely satisfying myself, protracted my inquiries and renewed my doubts, till the necessity of publication calls upon me to interpret them, with an imperiousness that is no longer to be resisted. I cannot now lay before the reader all the detail of facts and circumstances, on which my judgment is founded. The result I shall briefly state:—The author of these letters was no other than the celebrated Dunning, afterwards Lord Ashburton. He alone had the motives for personal attack against Lord Mansfield and the Duke of Grafton, which certainly inflamed the mind of Junius, in writing these letters. He alone possessed that knowledge of the constitutional law of England, which Junius has so eminently displayed. The nervous epigrammatic cast of his speeches and pleadings had no mean resemblance to the style and manner of Junius. His style was formed, like that of Junius, by taste, and genius operating upon the phraseology of law and business, as well as upon the sentiments and images of the classics. He had those connexions with the Ministerial, the Parliamentary, and the City parties, with Wilkes, and with Horne, which the letters imply. He possessed that fervid mind and that maturity of experience from which alone such effusions could proceed. He had reasons to conceal, to the last, that he was the author: for, if he had been known as such, when the letters were written—his hopes of professional preferment, or of any favours from the Crown, must have been, forever, at an end. At the time of his death, he, and his family, had received from the Crown, such emoluments and honours, that nothing could then impress his mind more strongly, than the necessity for his continuing to hide, that he had addressed his Sovereign, the Earl of Mansfield, and others of the first persons in these kingdoms, in a strain of such fierce invective. He alone had reasons of personal interest to resolve, from the very first, that his secret should die with him, and, to the last, to adhere to that resolution.'

As the author here only mentions a result, without detailing the facts and circumstances on which his conclusion is founded, we shall not enter into the discussion, but should be glad to have the evidence before the public, which might tend to throw light on a point which has remained so long in darkness.

But without adopting the peculiar opinions of this author, we have to acknowledge ourselves indebted to him for much entertainment from the perusal of his edition of Junius. We are particularly pleased with his exhibition of political measures and characters both in the preceding and the present reigns. One of the ablest portions of his work is his view of the Walpole administration. On Mr. George Grenville, and the Marquis of Rockingham, he is rather too cursory in proportion to his other sketches. He is extremely accurate in making the origin, process, and turns of the Duke of Grafton's administration. In his annotations on the Middlesex election, Mr. Heron exhibits a very masterly sketch and comparison of the opposite arguments of Johnson and Junius on that celebrated subject.

On the whole, we think, the author displays very considerable sagacity; and has ably and usefully employed it in his illustrations of Junius; and that his literary composition agreeably sets off important and instructive materials.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXVIII.

MR. SAUNTER,

If you will listen to a brother-lounger, rocking in his chair, he will mutter, between each puff of his Segar, a few half-formed sentences on *friendship*, the boast of man and idol of female sensibility.

Friendship, my dear Mr. Saunter, as a *genus*, has been scanned and applauded—The harp of the Bard has sounded its praise, and the goose-quill of each modern Juliet has shed rivulets of sable tears over its ephemeral existence. But it has numerous species, and each one is amply important to be distinctly noticed; for although they all end in the same manner, yet each owns a different source, and is marked in its progress by different traits—If my sketches be brief as "*Woman's love*," yet it must be remembered, that the Lounger is "*lengthy*" in nothing but a yawn; except indeed it be in spelling one of "*The Rambler's*" seequipedalia verba—He also, courts variety with the ardour of a lover, and therefore must be pardoned if he but skim over his subject, and dip no deeper than the swallow's wing on a May-morn, in the slumb'ring wave.

I shall notice, at present but three species of friendship, and while I am recruiting my exhausted energies to enable me to resume my pen, I shall, peradventure, lounge to a tea-party, where lolling at ease in my chair in the corner, I may witness the candid dissection of this essay by female critics, and be pierced by the satire of airy fops, who flutter round the room from Miss to Miss.

One species of friendship is found in its luxuriance among youthful bucks, who have just crossed the threshold of fashion's temple—I am so charmed with it, when it appears in these, that I never inquire whether it be seated in their hearts, or merely play on the end of the tongue—I know that it has been denied to exist among persons of this class, but certainly the assertion has been hazarded without due consideration—What but the seducing voice of friendship could seat them in the club-room, where instead of mountain air, and varied landscape, the fumes of Tobacco envelope them round, and decanters and spotted pasteboard alone relieve the wearied eye?—What but that voice could detain them at the club-room till the morning hour, when the damp dews have chilled the air, and the wily agents of pleurisies and consumptions "go about, seeking whom they may devour"—What but the cement of friendship locks them arm in arm in a high-street sabbath morning lounge, when each one perspires and creeps beneath the dozen capes of a coachman's *wrapp-ras-eal*?—Could any thing but friendship induce them to assist each other in a box-lobby quarrel, or, when separated, enable them to correspond? Ye, then, who have denied to these the strong impulses of friendship, respect the authority of the observant Lounger, and "give to Cæsar, what is Cæsar's due."

The second species of friendship exists among the sacred sisterhood of antiquated damsels—It binds old maids together, as the Joiner's glue the wooden ornaments of a Clock—It creates in them the charitable desire of washing away the foul stains that blot each others reputation;—and when their hearts are mellowed by its influence, they skip from house to house, good-natured friends, to amuse and cheer with the first report of some charming tale, which tends to dignify and adorn the female character—On this species of friendship, however, I shall not dwell, for I have not yet heard it denied, that it exists between them—It is clear

to my mind, that no man, I presume will be audacious enough to tell them; that their hearts do not yearn toward each other.

The third species is found among romantic Misses between the ages of 16 and 20—It shews itself in anxious morning inquiries after each other's health, and in multitudes of manuscript messages which fly between them, by the aid of a servant, with the rapidity, and the versatility, and the *lightness* of a shuttlecock from battledore to battledore—When either is *nervous*, it makes the heart sigh, and the eye stream—If separated from each other, it increases the coffers of the post-office department, and swells the mail to the size, of one of Æolus's wind-bags—It furnishes a constant theme of incessant and flippant and fluent dialogue, and on each other's virtues, and schemes and gallants and ball-room partners, each can out-last a winter's evening in amusing a circle of strangers or friends—It is always of a Phoenix-nature, for "*a friendship as warm as ours my dear girl, is no where to be found.*"

My dear Mr. Saunter, my yawns now are grown too frequent and too long for me to continue my sketches.

NICK INDOLENT.

INTERESTING TRAVELS

IN AMERICA,

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF RULOW.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PART THE FOURTH.

FUTURE DESTINY OF NORTH-AMERICA.

CHAPTER VI.

The commerce between Europe and America will decline.

The commerce between the new world and Europe will diminish, in proportion as that between Africa and Europe, will by the colonization of Africa increase. But this diminution will especially affect the United States, which are properly the subject of these considerations. What returns will the United States then be able to send to Europe, which the Europeans cannot procure nearer at hand, from Africa, of better quality, and in greater quantities, and, of course, at cheaper prices? Tobacco grows, in the tropical climates, in perfection; indigo the same, for that from Carolina is not to be compared, for goodness, with that from Spanish America. Rice of various sorts, and in immense quantities, is produced, to the utmost perfection in Africa. In some parts, they are believed to have five or six crops every year. Africa produces a peculiar kind of mountain rice, which is better than the others, as well as the most precious kinds of wood. It raises spices, and can yield all the tropical productions, such as coffee, sugar, cotton, &c. in greater quantity, and of better quality* than the West-Indies, where the crops are much more uncertain. To this must further be added, the reduced distance of transportation, and the increased quickness of returns.

I am, therefore, of opinion, that after commerce has attained its greatest eccentricity, as at present it embraces the whole globe, it will again concentrate itself, and that each of the two worlds, the old and the new, will labour more within itself, and the colonization of Africa, will produce this salutary revolution. I call it salutary upon the following grounds.

There will be a greater abundance of goods, which will, therefore, be cheaper. The quicker

* The astonishing fertility of Africa, exceeding every thing of the kind, known upon the globe, is proved by the fact, that grass, after having been burnt away, shoots up again in a single night.—See Zimmermann's translation of Wadstrom's Essay upon the colonization of America.

returns, will, at the same time, produce cheaper prices, because the merchant will gain, by an increased frequency of exchanges, what he may perhaps lose by the reduction in the price of sales. By the diminished distance of the countries, from which the goods come, the prices of things, at their source, will be better known, and of course, the rapacity of merchants will not be able to raise them to such enormous prices. The expense of living will consequently be reduced. But even then, to enjoy these advantages, adequate establishments must be made, to provide against the monopolizing associations of merchants. I am likewise convinced, that soon or late, the commerce of a nation, with its colonies, must become a national concern, which the state must carry on itself, unless all property should be suffered to concentrate itself in the hands of the richest merchants, and we should all submit to their despotism; from which, may heaven in mercy defend us.

North America will then be principally confined to its trade with the West Indies: which will always truly be the most advantageous, or rather the only advantageous trade to her. The ports of Spanish America, will, by some revolution or other, be opened to foreigners, and of course to the Anglo-Americans. This will be the principal trade of the republic in future. For what can she send to Europe, when Africa shall yield rice, indigo, and tobacco? Will it be corn and meal? But with improved agriculture, and less frequent wars, all the countries of Europe will produce more corn than they need; agriculture will be improved, and wars more seldom; for we must at length grow more rational, or be totally ruined. Will it be wood? But America, when more cultivated, will no longer be able to supply this article, at least not in such quantities, or so cheap. Will it be iron? But Sweden furnishes this. Some pitch and tar she may perhaps dispose of—and possibly silk and wine. But although the climate in the United States will probably grow continually more favourable for these productions, and although many promising experiments have already been made, with regard to silk, yet Europe, producing both wine and silk herself, will have both those articles cheaper than America can furnish her with them.

Some commerce will doubtless continue to be carried on between America and the old world, sufficient, indeed, to aid the continual advancement by progressive culture, towards perfection, of the various nations of the globe; by a mutual intercourse, and a reciprocal communication of their respective attainments in knowledge. This commercial revolution will, I believe, be accomplished in the course of fifty years, for in that period, the colonization of Africa will be probably very far advanced.

For, immediately after the peace, which, after all, must come at last, the English will certainly busy themselves very seriously with the establishment of these colonies; especially, as I consider myself authorised to assume, as a full certainty, that the virtuous part of the English nation, in which there are, perhaps, more remains of virtue, than among any other European nation, must soon or late obtain a predominant influence over the public affairs, which will enable them to realize their favourite project, the abolition of the slave trade, which can best be effected by the civilization and culture of the African coast.

In proportion as the trade with Europe shall decline, the commercial influence must lose its overbearing prevalence in the American republic. For commerce, in general, will then employ fewer heads and hands, seeing that no manufactured goods can be sent thither from Europe, when no returns of other goods can be expected; and if America should pay for her importations in cash, she would very soon be drained of that. She will, therefore, certainly be compelled to attempt to manufacture herself, these articles which she received from Europe. The

merchants, who previously traded to Europe, will be obliged to turn manufacturers and farmers. Consequently the manufacturing and producing capital will be increased, while that employed in trade will be diminished, and thereby the commercial interest itself will be weakened.

But there are yet other circumstances, of which I shall treat in the next chapter, and which will contribute to deprive the commercial interest of its present overbearing influence.

CHAPTER VII.

The trading interest will lose its present predominance, by the population of the western territory.

Many States will arise, westward of the Alleghany mountain; and according to the Federal Constitution every state has two members in the Senate; so that the majority of the states decides, and not that of the people. At this day there are scarcely any, but commercial sea-port towns, and very few inland cities. The trading interest prevails therefore in the Senate, especially as the Senators are chosen from among the merchants and land-jobbers. By new inland States, a majority of the Senate in Congress, will turn in favour of the farming and manufacturing interests.

The election of President, is made by electors, chosen by the Legislature of each State, and equal in number to all the representatives of the State, in Congress; both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. When there shall be more anti-mercantile, inland states, the choice will not fall upon persons who favour the trading interest. In the house of representatives every state has a number of members in proportion to its population. For every 33000 persons there is one representative. When the western territory shall be more populous, it will in proportion to its numbers send to this lower house of Congress more representatives, who will all be adverse to the commercial interest; and thus the party against the speculators, which in this branch of Congress is already considerable, will obtain a complete ascendancy.

But the question arises here, which I must answer... Why should the western states be anti-commercially inclined?

They can procure manufactured goods, and objects of luxury only from the sea-ports of the Atlantic States. For, as I have already observed, the navigation of the Mississippi from New-Orleans upwards, is, owing to the rapidity of the stream, excessively tedious. It takes several months to go from New-Orleans to the mouth of the Ohio. Hence the merchants from Kentucky, sell at New-Orleans the vessels, in which they brought corn, meal and other provisions, down the river to that city. They then embark for one of the sea-ports of the Atlantic states, on, as there are not always at New-Orleans, vessels belonging to those ports, they go first to the West-Indies, and thence to the eastern coast of North America. In one of these ports, commonly Baltimore or Philadelphia, they purchase articles of manufactures and of luxury, for Kentucky, which they are obliged to transport by land, over hill and valley, many hundred miles, to Pittsburg. At Pittsburg, they are again embarked upon the Ohio, and thus forwarded to the place of their destination.

Such a journey and voyage always takes a year. Consider how much it must raise the price of foreign goods in this western territory. The enormous price of these goods will therefore necessarily bring the inhabitants to the thought of establishing manufactures in their own country, and the fertility of the land, which is competent to produce the finest materials, together with a great abundance of provisions, which, owing to the little exportation, must always remain proportionably cheap, will encourage such undertakings. As soon as manufactures shall once get a going there, the

importation must, of itself, fall off, even without prohibition, because foreign goods will bear no competition, in price, with those manufactured in the country. Consequently the foreign trade, in those countries, will be next to nothing; and they will not be, on that account, more unhappy than those, where, as the phrase is, it flourishes.

I need not here set down the necessary consequence of all this. Where scarcely any body carries on foreign commerce, there will no laws be made for its encouragement, and where the advantage of the richest persons, who, in elective aristocracies, always hold the power in their hands, requires that it should not exist, laws against it will be made. In a farming and manufacturing state, the richest persons are the manufacturers, as well because manufactures commonly bring riches, as because the rich are best able to undertake such establishments. The western states will, therefore, work against the trading interest, and when, as must sooner or later happen, they shall obtain a majority in congress, the whole system of legislation will be pointed against speculation.

The population and culture of the western territory, will likewise essentially affect the export trade of the Atlantic states. These western countries can supply the West-Indies with corn, meal, and other provisions, cheaper, owing to the great fertility of their soil, and to the facility of conveyance down the river, than the Atlantic states. New-Orleans is much nearer to the Antilles, than any harbour of the eastern coast. This competition of the western country must depreciate the productions of the eastern states, and consequently the value of lands, their inhabitants, therefore, will be obliged to have recourse to raising silk and wine, as the cultivation of the vine will be less profitable.

The western states must, therefore, be the richest in money as well as in productions. At New-Orleans, which must in time become one of the greatest marts for goods, in the world, they will receive dollars for the goods, which they have brought down, and the merchants finding nothing there to purchase in return, will go home laden with silver, which will again contribute to the animation of industry there.

The population of the western country will also put an end to land speculations. For as from the concurrence of all the above-mentioned causes, the produce will keep at a more permanent and settled price; that of land will not rise and fall with such rapid alternatives, and nothing but improved cultivation will give rise to advanced prices.

This alteration of things will have the most beneficial influence upon the manners.

(To be continued.)

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOMAS PAINE'S EPISTLES, TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

A hoary drunkard, with each vice imbued,
Malignant, without wit, and without passion, lewd.
Country Gaz. U. S. Nov. 30th, 1802.

THE EXAMINER, No. V.

The patronage which the President of the United States, has at different times extended to such parasites as J. P. Callender and Thomas Paine, has been variously accounted for, by his political adherents. Christian charity, that dove-eyed virgin, "which hopeth all things, and endureth all things," has been invoked as the patroness of these base and abject acts of bounty, which afforded a temporary relief to "suffering humanity." When generosity is prostituted to succour the unworthy, and when public morals are insulted, by an open, or covert avowal of deeds like these, the sane and sober of the community will exclaim, when speaking of Mr. Jefferson, "his charity is outrage; life his shame."

Were Mr. Jefferson a believer in the Christian religion, his motives might be ascribed to the practice of the cardinal virtues, and as *charity* is chiefest among the number, even the *brining* of Callender, to vilify virtuous characters, might pass with some, as a venial error, arising from a mistaken notion of the essence of charity. Though in the broad language of scriptural phraseology, charity is said to hope all things, and endure all things, it would be the excess of candour, to construe Mr. Jefferson's munificence to Callender, into a laudable zeal to rescue a reprobate "from the error of his ways." This indeed would, in one sense, be "hoping all things," and in another sense, the toleration of such a being, as Thomas Paine, may justly be styled the "enduring of all things."

With respect to Paine, we hear much said of gratitude, and the rights of hospitality. I know not, for my part, under what obligations of gratitude Mr. Jefferson may lie, to Thomas Paine, nor do I know what inducement he may have, to accord him the rights of hospitality, so far, as first to give him a cordial invitation to leave France, and return to America, and then, to entertain him, as a guest, at his own table. These are probably private considerations of the President, with which I have no concern; but the public marks of personal esteem, which he has lavished upon Paine, constitute the offence, of which every true friend to the dignity and honour of his native country, has a right to complain. By the official defenders of these acts of the President, we are called upon to admire the gratitude and philanthropy of which they are evidence, and an invidious contrast, between the conduct of General Washington, and that of Mr. Jefferson, in their treatment of Paine, has been attempted, for the purpose of commending the latter, at the expense of the former.

When Paine, from a jail in Paris, wrote to General Washington, begging for the personal and official interference of that gentleman, to rescue him from the fangs of citizen Robespierre, little or no attention was paid to his petition. Why? Because Paine as a prisoner of state in France, and a naturalized French citizen, could have no right or pretence to be claimed by the American government, as a citizen of the United States. He was considered by the French government as an expatriated Englishman, and having been elected a deputy to the National Convention, was completely amenable to the government of his darling French republic. On the same grounds, and for the same reasons, the Envoy of the United States, then at Paris, refrained from claiming Paine as an American, though it is no secret, that Paine was very urgent in his solicitations for the interference of that minister. It was very convenient for Paine to have France, England and America, alike interested in his fate and fortunes, especially at the critical times of the French revolution, and in this proneness to change his condition, or to vary his climate, it is not easy to say, which he most resembles, a camelion or a cosmopolite. But according to modern philosophy-jargon, we are "all camelions, we are all cosmopolites."

Paine was seized and imprisoned, as he says, by order of citizen Robespierre, for belonging to the Gironde, or federal party, in the Convention; there was also, at one period, another party or faction in France, to which Paine belonged; that was the *Egotist* or *I by myself I party*, and as he confesses or rather arrogates to himself the honour "to stand first on the list of federalists," so he is pre-eminently entitled to stand first on the list of *Egotists*. Since his return to America, he has found it convenient to disclaim federalism, but for Paine to renounce the *Egotist* party would be as impossible, as that the "Ethiopian should change his skin, or the Leopard his spots."

Paine plumes himself much upon his *humanity*, and as a striking example of it, he cites his state in

the Convention, for saving the life of the king of France. He might have valued himself more upon his antipathy to the punishment of death, had he recollected, the "Reasons for preserving the life of Louis Capet, as delivered to the National Convention," by some-body in his name, in which we find the following eulogium upon the proposition of his then *dear friend, citizen Robespierre*, to "abolish that punishment."

"It has already been proposed, says Paine, to abolish the punishment of death; and it is with infinite satisfaction, that I recollect the humane and excellent oration, pronounced by Robespierre, on that subject, in the constituent Assembly."

This constitutional dread of death, which has so long afflicted Paine, is easily accounted for, and his inveteracy against General Washington, discovered itself with uncommon rancor, because that gentleman left him to get out of a French prison, as he got into it;—by the exercise of his own wits, and because he did not exert his personal influence to make Paine's life, in his own estimation, "worth twenty-four hours." I incline to think, that, for these last fifteen years, the life Paine has led, has made his existence so precarious, that any attempt to effect insurance upon it, by way of annuity, would have failed.

But why was not citizen Robespierre charged with ingratitude, for incarcerating citizen Paine and jeopardising his life? Paine had in the warmest terms, commended his project for abolishing the punishment of death, in which there was about as much sincerity, and far less impiety, in the festival he instituted in honour of the supreme Being; but as Paine did not "come forward in defence" of this latter project, he probably thought it one of Robespierre's "blunders," of which nothing could be made, and it is presumed, by his silence, on that occasion, he provoked the resentment of his former patron, who notwithstanding his "*humane and excellent oration*," was not over-scrupulous about "abolishing the punishment of death," in favour of citizen Thomas Paine.

"There must have been, (says Paine in his third epistle) a coalition in sentiment, if not in fact, between the terrorists of America and the terrorists of France, and Robespierre must have known it, or he could not have had the idea of putting America into the bill of accusation against me."

Now, it strikes me, that the coalition in sentiment, respecting Paine, is strongly exemplified, in the conduct of Robespierre and Mr. Jefferson towards him; the former would have brought Paine to the tribunal, which, he says, was like sending him at once to the scaffold, "for the interest of America as well as of France," and the latter invited him to return to this country, for the interest of France as well as America. Here is perfect reciprocity of good will towards Paine, for France is, at this time, quite as much interested in getting rid of him, as Mr. Jefferson thinks America is interested in receiving him.

The revolutionary wheel has turned round so often, that all such blanks as Thomas Paine, have been drawn out of the French lottery; he has come back to try his luck, once more, in the American lottery, and it is with no common sensations of shame and indignation, that I am constrained to believe, that his chance for a prize, in this country, is greater than it would be, in any other region of the habitable globe. Spirit of Jacobinism and Infidelity where wilt thou lead us!

THE EXAMINER.

Oliver Oldschool, Esq.

ESSAY V.

RELIGIOUS ESTABLISHMENTS.

It has been the labour of modern philosophy to attribute to religion itself all the abuses which pride, ambition, and avarice have grafted upon it; and by

calling the attention to the many mischiefs which have been brought upon mankind through the pretence of religious zeal to disgust us; and to make us draw this inference, "that it is safer to trust to an instinctive love for our fellow-creatures, which can never be perverted to their annoyance, than to religious opinions, which have too frequently produced the seeds of hatred, intolerance, and persecution."

We have now seen the experiment fairly tried; religious opinions utterly discarded, and modern philosophy substituted in their stead; and we may now judge from our own experience, whether irreligion is less liable to fanaticism, and less capable of the extremes of violence, intolerance, and persecution. Let the massacre of so many thousand priests in cold blood; the expulsion of the rest of their body, sent into foreign lands to seek their subsistence with the fowls of the air—let the insults and cruel outrages offered to unoffending women, whose lives were destined to the offices of piety, and many of them devoted to the relief of their fellow-creatures in the most unwearied attention to the sick, speak the *indulgence* of philosophical toleration. Whilst every refinement of cruelty, every breach of trust and gratitude, every prostitution of morals in all possible shapes, proclaim the spirit of philanthropy, that has been so much insisted upon as a surer guide for our conduct, than the precepts of a religion that inculcates to its disciples "Peace on earth, and good-will towards men."

In order to accomplish the ruin of religion, these philosophers were too wise to alarm the consciences of the people, by proclaiming their intention; they prudently trusted to two expedients, which have proved effectual. The first was to strip the established church of all those appointments, which the piety of past times had provided for its external dignity; the other was, to avail themselves of the specious plea of liberty of conscience and intolerance; that all religious opinions might be put upon an equal footing with that established, which was, in effect, to destroy the establishment itself. It is true, that salaries to those who officiated in the church, which was still called the established one, were substituted instead of the tithes and estates, which, under the former laws of the country, were its independent property; but, it was well known, that this precarious endowment might, as the plan advanced, be diminished or suspended at pleasure, till the hours should come, when, as a public burden, they may venture totally to withdraw it.

There are evidently two lights in which religion may be considered: the one is as a matter of conscience to each individual, for which he is answerable to God only; in which nobody has a right to interfere with him, be his tenets ever so absurd and erroneous, farther than by persuasion, and the affording him better lights, if he chooses to avail himself of them. In this light, religion affects none but the individual; it is his own affair, and his own affair only; every man must go to Heaven in his own way—and if he has the misfortune to mistake the road, so much the worse for him.

But there is another light in which religion is to be considered as affecting the peace and happiness of the community we live in; and in this light we have certainly a right to give a decided preference in behalf of one set of religious opinions over another, in as much as the political authority, to which the safety of the people is committed, conceives the interest of the public to be more or less engaged. This preference I conceive to be perfectly compatible with such a toleration of the rejected doctrines, as shall leave that liberty of conscience, which enables every man to work out his own salvation.

When an established church, endowed with emoluments, has long taken root in the country, it is incorporated with the government itself; and any

attempt to overthrow it must be attended not only with acts of crying injustice to individuals, who hold their benefices under the sanction of the laws, but must produce such convulsions to the state, as must shake the tranquillity of the nation to its foundations. A government is therefore bound to protect its church-establishment, not only from the motives upon which it was at first instituted, as having a preference over others, but as being so interwoven with the government itself as to endanger the whole fabric, if torn away from it by violence.

It is a natural consequence in this view of church establishments, that the power of the government, whether in the hands of the Legislators, or Administrators of it, should be trusted only to those who are attached to the established church. A King, a Parliament, or an Army, of a different Religion from that which the Government professes, would be as absurd as to trust the dearest concerns of a minor in the hands of the person who had the most immediate interest to betray them; in vain would you plead in favour of such a trust, that the guardian would be above taking advantage of his situation; nobody, in his senses, would think of putting his virtues to so severe a trial.

Government, in all its branches, from the highest to the lowest instrument of which it is composed, is an object of trust, and not of right; and nobody ought, in common sense, to complain that he is deprived of an advantage he has a just claim to, because he is not trusted, when he has placed himself voluntarily in a situation that ought to inspire diffidence.

Persecution is the depriving a man of those enjoyments he holds under the laws of his country, or which are inseparable from his nature. The liberty of conscience is certainly in the latter description, since no human power can controul the freedom of the mind; and the interest every man has in his future hopes, is a concern of so much greater importance than any temporary benefit, that it would be the extremest tyranny, if we were able to exact a sacrifice, that nothing can compensate.

But the participation in the government of a country, in any degree whatsoever, is no more a right inherent in our nature, and inseparable from it, than it is a right derived from laws which are eternal and immutable. The Legislature alone is competent to extend, or to restrict, the limits, within which men shall be deemed capable of the trust to be exercised by them; and the Executive Power of every government is alone capable of selecting such persons, within those limits, who are to be preferred in that appointment. In these appointments, it is evident, that, though the consciences of men might be embarrassed, by being compelled to accept them, nobody's conscience can be hurt from being excluded from them.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 8, 1802.

SIR,

We are now making preparations for, and shall publish early in the spring, a very neat edition of "Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature; by the Rev. J. Hamilton," on a very fine wove paper, and a pearl type (casting for the purpose) to equal the last London edition; with which we will supply the trade, upon liberal terms, for cash, or in exchange for books of equal value.

We give this early information of our intentions to prevent gentlemen from entering upon the same work, as it will be attended with considerable expense, and we intend to have an extensive edition, so as to be able to supply the booksellers with such numbers as they may want.

We are, Sir,

Your humble servants,

Wm. P. & Lem. Blake.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN RUTLEDGE.

Of all the barefaced impositions, which Jacobinic malice ever suggested, and which a still more daring effrontery is striving to carry through, we notice peculiarly the scandalous and nefarious attempt, made by a gang of ruffians, to injure the reputation of the Hon. John Rutledge, a distinguished delegate from the state of South Carolina, to the national legislature.

The public have long possessed the facts, on which the accusers of Mr. Rutledge rely to prove against him a charge of forgery, in having written, in another person's name, certain letters to the President of the United States, during the course of the last summer. A general verdict of acquittal has already been given in favour of this gentleman, by the public; and yet, for some unaccountable reason, the *original lie* is revived, and fills the prostituted columns of Denniston and Cheetham's newspaper, with, by far, the greater portion of its *original matter*. New-York has, indeed, been the theatre, on which this controversial drama has been principally acted, and, though hitherto we have been silent, we have not been disinterested spectators of the passing scenes. Denniston and Cheetham are but "puppets to some chief juggler behind the curtain," and it would be some satisfaction to know, from whom these *lying valets* receive their lessons. Mr. Blake, the Editor of the National Aegis, though a strong political foe to Mr. Rutledge, has had the justice to declare his *mature* opinion, "that the evidence is far from being sufficient to criminate that gentleman," and for this simple, though honest concession, Mr. Blake is himself assailed, by these *scavengers of faction*, with as much filth as they would, on other occasions, shower down upon a Federalist. But Mr. Blake is a man of education, and, by birth, an American. Denniston and Cheetham are neither one nor the other; they are consequently his natural foes, though they may be, as *politicians*, on the same side with Mr. Blake.

No parallel to this *LIE*, fabricated against Mr. Rutledge, is remembered, so closely resembling it in many of its features, as the far-famed fable of *Jonathan Robbins*. That story was persisted in by the Jacobin writers, till refutation was tired of its office, and the same spirit, which perpetuated that atrocious falsehood, is now busy in its efforts to fasten reproach upon the character of Mr. Rutledge.

To a native of New-England it is a humiliating reflection that, of both these plots, the scene was laid in *that region*, and though we have long regarded the little state of Rhode-Island as a troublesome excrescence upon the fair face of Federalism, we little expected that even Rhode-Island would have harboured reptiles, sufficiently venomous to poison the good name of an unoffending stranger.—From this general reproach against that state, which a flagrant outrage upon the laws of hospitality, committed by some of its inhabitants, has exported from us, we feel a pride in making an honor-

able exception in favor of those individuals, who, from a laudable anxiety to wipe off so foul a stain upon the character of the state, eagerly volunteered a flattering address to Mr. Rutledge, upon the eve of his departure from Newport, wherein they disclaim, with just abhorrence, all countenance or credit, to the tale of slander, which had been so mischievously propagated, at his expense. We aim the shafts of censor and reproof at *knaves*; *honesty* is a target which we shall never intentionally assail; we court the approbation of the latter with the same assiduity, as we covet the hatred of the former.

CONTRAST BETWEEN LONDON AND PARIS.

It cannot be denied, that these two cities, and their inhabitants, have manners, taste, and turn of mind, quite opposite. In France, they raise houses. In England, they dig them up. An Englishman does not believe he is conveniently lodged, when he has not a whole story under ground. This under-ground story contains not only remarkably well ordered, clean and elegant kitchens, but well furnished apartments for chamber-maids, chief cooks, &c.

In warm countries, they may raise up pillars, they only want a roof. In cold countries, good thick walls, that can preserve from the inclemencies of the weather. In more northern countries, walls are insufficient....people have to inhabit under ground.

What is fine in Paris, is ugly in London; and what is fine in London, is ugly in Paris. You must come to Paris, to see fine houses, and to London, to see fine streets. Out of two Englishmen, that arrive at Paris, one commonly admires its magnificence, the other its ugliness. Two Frenchmen, going to London, may receive the like impression. London is the city of a sad, clean, and reasonable people. Paris, the city of an heedless, elegant people: In Paris, they love all that is fine: they set too high a value upon life, not to employ it in useful and convenient pursuits. An Englishman endeavours, above all things, to put himself in good circumstances, but with an awkwardness, peculiar to himself, he takes so much pains that, provided he has gained his object, he is too weak to go beyond it.

It is not more than forty years, that the city of London has been paved; or at least, it was so badly paved before, that it was difficult to walk in it. They could not ride in carriages, with less difficulty, on account of the joltings. Pavements were not invented, in London, through luxury, but through necessity. On the contrary, Paris has been this long time well paved, and for this very reason, they have not thought of pavements.

The people of Paris get up, at least, an hour sooner than those of London. In London, in winter time, the shops are scarcely open at nine o'clock in the morning.

It is a fact, worth being remarked, that the several tradesmen, and all people of the lower class, are much more respectable, in London, than in Paris. In Paris, a servant will speak to his master, without his being asked to speak; the same, in London, would be looked upon as insulting.

They may count handsome women, in London, in the following manner; out of ten common, one is *pretty enough*; out of ten *pretty enough*, one is *pretty*; out of ten *pretty*, one is *handsome*:..... Beauty there is in proportion of one thousand to one. In France, pretty women are, perhaps, in as great a number as in England; but the handsome ones are much more scarce. It is true to say, that, what is *fine* in France, is much more so, than in any country in the world.

The outskirts of the cities are as different as the interior. You are no sooner out of Paris, than you meet with beautiful roads, bordered with trees. In England, plantations of trees are to be seen only in the country seats of the inhabitants; the roads are narrow and naked. The northern part of London, by Hamstead, has a striking resemblance with Crimea or Tartaria: there are seen numberless meadows, stretching out in Hertfordshire: hills, valleys, mountains, are covered with meadows: these meadows are without trees, separated here and there by some little hedges. On these meadows, close by the city, there is a nightly guard of four or five thousand cows, in five or six separate camps. The noise of coaches, the bellowing of flocks, the labours of rural and pastoral life, the show of luxury and opulence of the city,....no,....no other country presents so curious and strange an assemblage.

MR. INCLEDON.

This gentleman has compiled and composed a musical collection, intitled Variety, consisting of all his favourite songs, and many beautiful new airs. With this he proposes to make a tour through all the principal cities and towns of England, Scotland, and Ireland, upon the Dibdinian plan, and with well founded hopes of reaping a rich harvest. His company consists of Mr. Incledon, Davis, his violin, and his man servant. He fills the whole vocal department himself—Davis constitutes the band, and the servant is to be door keeper and treasurer. [Lon. pap.]

TO REMOTE SUBSCRIBERS.

Gentlemen, who are studious to cherish a literary journal, but who, distant from Philadelphia, and occupied with higher cares, forget, or procrastinate our trifling claims, are respectfully reminded, that the increasing expense of the establishment requires a strict punctuality of payment. Remote subscribers are requested to correspond with the Editor, and let the topics be cash, and increasing patronage.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Z. has a most "gentleman-like contempt for the pedantry of grammar, and a poetical abhorrence of dull matter of fact."

The EXAMINER probes Paine to the very core. This miserable pamphleteer appears, however, to be unworthy of a disquisition, so elaborate. In 1776 and 1777, he threw about his squibs and crackers, with some éclat; and though he has fired nothing but a pop-gun against religion and government, yet, in the opinion of the tickled mob, he made something like an *explosion*. But now, alas! "*Pistol's flash is out.*" Paine's recent compositions are as remote from correctness or neatness of style, as they are from logical precision, and the laws of truth and decency.

The Author of "Alliteration," a poem, is requested to write more. The Editor is pleased with such poetry.

The Editor most fervently wishes, that a scholar, so elegant, and a poet, so harmonious, as HARLEY, would furnish something for every Port Folio.

"JAQUES" has the exquisite sensibility, the "humorous sadness," and the moral perceptions of his namesake, without his libertinism.

The Editor is honoured and delighted with many elegant essays, from the ingenuity of the ladies.

We shall be glad to hear from "EDWARD."

"FERDINANDO" merits our constant attention.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADDRESS TO A LADY, LEAVING EDINBURGH.

When to the Highland hills you go
Will you remember me?
Nor bid the thoughts, that then must flow,
Unwish'd intruders be?

For though ere long across the tide
I must my course pursue;
Beyond the ocean, rolling wide,
I will remember you.

You soon shall trace each mountain scene,
And every breezy vale,
That frequent in your thoughts has been,
And frequent in your tale.

Each well known mountain scene again
With rapture you shall see;
Yet, 'midst the pleasures of Bovain,*
Bestow one thought on me.

The rising morn shall soon reveal
Each friend's long absent face,
And soon shall you enraptur'd feel
A parent's warm embrace.

With answering joy the transports greet
Of friends sincere and free;
With joy a tender parent greet,
But, Oh! forget not me.

And soon, perhaps, your long lost charms,
Shall greet a lover's eyes,
Who quick shall clasp you to his arms
With pleasure and surprise.

When then there be some favour'd youth,
Who oft has urg'd his plea,
Oh love him, and reward his truth,
But sometimes think of me!

ITHACUS.

THE BARD TO HIS CANDLE.

BY A FRIEND.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Hail bright companion of my lonely hours!
My midnight sun, with faintly glimm'ring ray,
To thee thy master now a sonnet pours,
Accept the verse—'tis all the bard can pay.

When solemn darkness veils the gloom spread
earth,

And Night, with sable sceptre, rules the plain,
What time pale Fear gives fancied spectres birth,
And imag'd terrors fill the vulgar brain.

Then to my silent chamber I retire,
Where books and musing solitude invite,
With secret pleasure trim my cheerful fire,
And from its flame my frugal taper light.

More dear to me thy little quivering rays
Which scarce illumine my silent study round,
Than the proud glare where thousand torches blaze,
And Mirth and Folly pour their mingled sound.

These spread their light, with glitt'ring radiance
fraught,
To chase reflection from the heedless throng;
Thy sober beam assists the poet's thought,
Inspires the lay, and tunes his soul to song.

By thy lone light, full oft the muse has wove,
Or tale, or song in Fancy's flowing loom;
Oft has she breath'd in plaintive notes of love,
And mourn'd her fate, a hapless lover's doom.

* The seat of ——— Esq. Perthshire.

Thou sole companion of each anxious care,
Did'st yield sweet solace in this pensive hour,
My bosom's various thought did'st seem to share,
And rise or fall with sympathetic power.

When transient joy beam'd rapture to my breast,
In Fancy's eye I saw thee brighter shine;
And when my heart some hov'ring fear confest,
With gloom congenial did thy flame decline.

To thee the poet's grateful song is due,
To thee, my friend, (for social is thy kind,)
More than companion, thou'rt a teacher too,
And much of moral shew'st the observant mind.

Thy gradual waste, in unperceiv'd decay,
May well, to man, a moral lesson teach,
Thus glide his years in silent course away
Towards that bourne we all are doom'd to reach.

Be thou my friend—and as thy lustre mine;
And when life's lamp but gleams with feeble
power,
Clear as thy flame may parting reason shine,
Warm in decay, and bright in life's last hour.

A SKETCH OF LEMON-HILL, THE SUMMER RESIDENCE

OF H..... P....., ESQ.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Here varied beauties charm the ravis'd sight,
And animate the breast with pure delight.
Gay flowers, and trees, from tropic regions bloom
In vernal pride, and shed a rich perfume;
The aromatic plant, and curling vine,
And glowing fruit and blossoms sweet combine!
Rich without ostentation, simply grand,
See on an eminence the mansion stand,
No gaudy ornaments, no glitter there,
No empty show to catch the vulgar stare;
It speaks a transcript of the owner's mind,
Conceptions just, and sentiments refin'd!
Fit residence for her, as good as fair,
The partner of his love and fondest care.
Meand'ring near, the Schuylkill gently flows
Inspiring tranquil joy, or bland repose.
Romantic scream! though still unknown in song,
Thy name shall yet inspire the poet's tongue.
The votive lay, by some enraptur'd bard,
In sweetly flowing accents shall be heard;
Not lov'd Scamander's fairer fame shall crown,
Or Ganges, boast a more diffus'd renown.
Near scenes that show the cultur'd hand of art,
Nature, with plastic power, displays her part.
In rude magnificence each rising hill,
And pendant rock, the busy fancy fill.
See craggy cliffs in various forms appear,
And such deep shades as anchorites revere.
Below these scenes the Schuylkill gently glides,
Rising and falling with alternate tides.

L.

SONG.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TRANSLATED IMPROMPTU FROM THE FRENCH, AT THE
REQUEST OF A YOUNG LADY.

Ah! Thyrsis return, and my torments remove;
How painful the moments when absent from thee!
Upbraid me no more for concealing my love,
But read this torn heart and my punishment see.

Thy image, through these silent groves as I stray,
Diffuses its balm o'er the wounds of my breast,
With delight I recall thy soft languishing lay,
—Where all thy emotions in rapture were drest.

Ah! how could my reason deny my fond choice,
When in thee she beheld all my soul could
approve;

That look too expressive, that eloquent voice,
First spoke to my bosom and taught it to love

Without fear, unresisting, I yielded to fate,
No doubt racks the heart which love deigns to
sublime;
Should I dare against virtue suspicion create?
Ah! no—when could happiness spring from a
crime!

FERDINANDO.

SELECTED POETRY.

PIC NIC.

[Our curiosity has long been in search of an accurate definition of the fashionable watch-words *Pic Nic*, under the protection of which many a splendid, and many a convivial circle has been convened. In the following interpretation, we are gratified with vivacity and humour, if we still remain in the dark, as to the true meaning of these eccentric terms.]

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Colonel Greville.

What is Pic Nic? I hear you all exclaim,
What does it mean, and whence the odious name?
It means no mischief, thus far may I tell,
Nor is it, as some think, an imp of Hell!
Though, if believ'd, like talismans of old,
It gives to its possessor wealth untold.
Some think 'tis certainly Pandora's box,
While others think it simply means the stocks!
Miss Magnet blushing lips—it means the straw,
But's comforted when told, we act by law.
Some say none better can define the word
Than Billy Townshend and sir Richard Ford;
While others, though in Johnson they can't find it,
Still somehow think that Sheridan's defin'd it.
For me, though 'gainst my will, I frankly own,
Its mystic qualities must soon be known;
For saunt'ring up St. James's street to-day,
I heard a friend explain it in this way:
A Pic Nic is a devilish clever plan,
Invented when the scarcity began;
By which a supper by the guests is given,
That feeds the host at least six days in seven;
And while it promises to make them merry,
Replenishes his bins with Port and Sherry.
A general laugh announced the approbation
With which Pic Nic receiv'd interpretation,
While sneaking off, quite vex'd, I plainly saw,
Our Pic Nic damn'd by satire, not by law.
To you, more lib'ral, I commit my fate,
Oh! save my fame, by emptying ev'ry plate;
Leave no nice pickings for your needy host,
And grant some respite to the Morning Post.
But e'er with modest look I make my bow,
One word to proper manly pride allow.
Under whatever name this meeting goes,
'T has rais'd a host of mean malignant foes;
Not such as gen'ral blame should summon forth,
But foes alike to candour as to worth.
If then th' amusements of ten social nights,
Raise Virtue's blush, or trench on patent rights,
Like Birnam's wood that walk'd to Dunsinane,
Make poor St. Giles take root in Drury-Lane—
If this be prov'd, why then one hour endure
A trifling pleasure, neither just nor pure?
But if your reason owns no better cause
For tamely yielding, than newspaper laws—
Or what, perhaps, you'll deem more gallant still,
The lordly mandates of the Green-Room will;
Then let that reason spurn a mimic throne,
And others rights respecting—Guard your own.

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THE PORT FOLIO

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

..... "VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

VOL. II.]

[No. 52.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1803.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. XXXIX.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord, nor faint, when thou art rebuked of him; for whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you, as with sons; but if ye be without chastisement, whereof all are partakers, then are ye bastards, and not sons.

PAUL TO THE HEBREWS.

There is not a spectacle more worthy the regard of a Creator, intent upon his works, than a brave man superior to his sufferings.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows not to suffer, has not a noble soul.

Telemachus of FENELON.

To bear, is to conquer our fate.

THOS. CAMPBELL.

How does he rise against a load of woes,
And thanks the gods, who throw the weight upon him!

ADDISON'S CATO.

TO SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

SIR,

We trust you comprehend the allegory, the mention of our *Toy-Shop* is intended to carry with it; and, as there are, among the many vain and fanciful children of this world, some few serious and candid ones, you will not think it altogether inconsistent with our profession, if, in aiming to please all our customers, we occasionally exhibit, in our assortment of fancy-pieces, others of a more substantial and solid texture. In taking an account of stock, last week, we found the following epistolary article, sent us by a worthy philosophic friend, who, among his acquaintances reckons many, to whom he has frequent occasion to say, as the friar said to Romeo,

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Similar to our friend's moral sentiments was the doctrine we lately heard advanced in the pulpit, by an orthodox divine. He maintained that we were sent here to combat troubles and dangers; and that to leave our posts, and absent ourselves from the world, because of the asperities of the way, would be like deserting in the day of battle.

But, setting aside all metaphor, similes, &c. we are persuaded, that if every one would adopt our friend's theory of a resigned and confidential acquiescence in every dispensation, we should hear less of the enormous vexations of this life, and witness fewer instances of despair and suicide. If you deem this letter worth your attention, and have nothing else on hand to furnish materials for a Lounger, it is at your disposal.

Yours, &c.

VERBAL AND TROCHEE.

DEAR FRIENDS,

When we look around us, and consider the numerous perplexities, with which man is encompassed, what shall we say of his situation? Notwithstanding all that may be said of the evils of this life, by those who view every thing on the "sombre side" I cannot but think that, if there were less affliction, there would be less happiness; or, in other words, that every particular circumstance, in our affairs, is as it should be.*

If we were self-created, we might well complain of our misfortunes, or repine at every thing which obstructs the rapid career of our pleasures. But, happily for man, he is a dependent on an allwise, and all-powerful Being, who never created any thing but to answer some valuable purpose.

Almost innumerable are the difficulties we have to encounter in the tumultuous scenes of the "busy world;" but they are most necessary monitors† to warn us of our weakness, and to admonish us to resist them to the utmost of our faculties, and to submit patiently to those, that remain irresistible.

At one time, I seem gliding along the zenith of prosperity; at another, smitten by adversity, I am groveling on the confines of despair. In the first situation, what is there to prevent my esteeming myself a celestial being, equally exalted with the heavenly choir; or, in the last, to hinder my being plunged into a continual despondency? One serious reflection, on the instability and fickleness of human nature, will forever banish, from my mind, every triumphant thought, every haughty exultation. A confidential reliance on, a Just, Benevolent, and Almighty Power; and an assurance that nothing will be permitted, by that Power, but what will finally prove his wisdom and goodness; together with the recollection, that I may have something more to perform, will enable me to rise superior to the frowns of fortune, and the contempt of the world; will dispel the clouds of melancholy, which gather over my head, and leave me resigned, and contented, in the light of reason and philosophy.

As for myself, I have, hitherto, been highly favored among mortals; and, therefore, may not be considered capable of conceiving how greatly I might be affected in extreme adversity. But, I can the better paint to myself its horrid form, by considering how deserving I am of it; can lighten its burden, by supposing it just at hand; and, when it arrives, can bid it welcome, in hopes that it will convince me of some error, cure me of some folly, or rid me of some vice.

* Not that the misconduct of one man to another is as it should be, with regard to himself and neighbour; but as it respects God's universal administration, which ultimately proves, that no circumstance is from chance, or blind casualties.

† Sweet are the uses of adversity.

SHAKESPEARE—As you like it.

To live in the world, suffer its unavoidable difficulties, and bear our misfortunes with fortitude, is to answer one purpose of our existence. But to live, as happily as possible, and contribute, all in our power, to the happiness of our fellow-creatures, is to perform the most important part of our duty on earth.

Thus, through the different scenes of life 'tis my delight to pass, despising wealth, acquired by base means, and esteeming poverty a most welcome inheritance.

Friends, faithful and true, are the sure assuagers of grief; and when deprived of them, the thought of doing something beneficial to mankind, even while neglected and despised, will amply compensate a philanthropic breast, for the greatest exertions. What! endeavour to assist those, who refuse your assistance, and strive to live in the world, when almost pressed to the ground, by the rigor of fate, and the burden of woe? Yes, this is a case, in which we can exercise our perseverance in doing good; for, to live, when prosperity is poured upon us in profusion, requires but trifling efforts.

Let me then be contented with whatever of good or ill fortune may fall to my share. Yes, be it my task to pass my life agreeably to myself, and useful to others, as far as my slender abilities, and situation in life, will permit. Let storms of adversity beat on, and threaten to plunge me into the gulf of desperation—rage with the impetuosity of a roaring torrent—and spread gloom and despair around; though, at first, it seem to shock me, and baffle my utmost resistance, yet, I will try to collect my fluctuating thoughts, summon resolution, and, casting off the shackles of consternation, stand firm and unmoved amidst the dismal calamity, which many would pronounce insupportable, and sufficient to authorise the declaration, that the world is a miserable place, and a life here is not worth possessing!

Thus, I think, while Reason remain, I will listen to her voice, and, believe, that to live in the world, without knowing its incidental calamities, and without experiencing want and disasters, would be not to live at all.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Some persons are apt to suppose that the older the world grows, the more enlightened it becomes; and consequently that doctrines contrary to the sentiments of the wisest ancients, may be maintained with peculiar propriety and merit praise. Whether those innovations, in science in cases where the merits of both sides of the question are nearly balanced are or are not proper, I shall not determine—but when the arguments against a change are stronger than those in favour of it, common sense tells us in what manner we are to decide. Those doctrines which are sanctioned with the approbation and

support of the most learned men—which for ages have been regarded as genuine, and upon which, have been effected revolutions, and governments established, are entitled to some degree of veneration. We should not reject them as spurious, without very forcible reasons. We should impartially and attentively investigate the subject—consider the established doctrine—view the intended change, examine authors on the subject and submit to be guided by reason. The result of this enquiry must doubtless be right—or one at least, with which we may rest satisfied.

The state of nature and natural rights has latterly been treated by a writer in your paper as mere chimeras—as things that never had any existence but in the brains of philosophers. Such a thing as a right in a state of nature appears to him contrary to reason—what, in fact, never existed.

To establish his doctrine, so inconsistent with the received opinion of philosophers for centuries past—philosophers celebrated for correctness of sentiment and depth of reason—a few arguments are produced—arguments of such a nature as will not perhaps carry conviction to every mind. But as these new assertions are deemed self-evident, it is not surprising he is so frugal with his reasons. The only argument, indeed, produced, to shew the non-existence of natural rights, is the invalidity of a person, pleading those rights against his fellow-brutes (as the author expresses himself) when they attempt to offer him violence. This surely, is strange reasoning, that men in a state of nature, have no rights, because when unjustly attacked—pleading them, would be useless. It would be a very fortunate circumstance, in civil society if by pleading our rights, when attacked by a robber, or murderer, we could escape unhurt—murders and robberies would if this were the case, exist only in name. Happy, indeed, would be our lot. Universal experience, proves however the inefficacy of such a plea, and few if any ever make use of it. But does it follow from this, we have no right to our lives and property. You might with as much propriety answer in the negative, in this case as in the other. Though asserting those rights when assailed is ineffectual—yet this does not lessen the wrong, which the killing, or restraining a man without a legal cause, in a state of nature certainly is—there could be no wrong committed, unless a right existed—a right must exist somewhere, and that must be in the injured party.

In what state of society are the savage inhabitants of many parts of the world? have they any positive laws to regulate their intercourse—does any political government exist among them? if not they clearly do not come under the denomination of civilized. But does it follow that because they are not civilized—they are in no state whatever—most certainly not—That state, which in the history of man is previous to his entering into civil government, is termed by philosophers natural—a state of nature—the lot of all mankind till the introduction of positive law. This is the name it has received, and which expresses clearly the idea it represents. Such a state does not exclude the idea of imperfect union and mutual dependency—the Indians of North America are a proof of this, still they are in a state of nature in the same manner as flocks of birds, and herds of wild cattle. That men in this state have no rights, appears a very strange proposition. One would have thought that Mr. Locke had long since proved the absurdity of the idea, and that from his time none would attempt to maintain it—but mirabile dictu the attempt has again been made—and a system produced in which the non-existence

of natural rights forms a main pillar. Rights acquired by entering into society, are talked of but not a word said of the rights, resigned or those, previously possessed—What do the constitutions of every state in the union declare? Whether has not man in a state of nature as good and indubitable a right to his life as under a form of civil government—and would not a person depriving him of it, commit in the eye of God, a sin as highly heinous as if it had been perpetrated in civil society? an answer to these questions will decide the point. By what kind of right does a man enjoy his limbs—his liberty—the elements, air, water, and light—surely not by an adventitious one—it must be then by a natural right—or in other words by the gift of God.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS. FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDER.

It is related of Henry Fielding, that when he was martyr'd with the gout, or depressed by poverty, he used to read Seneca, and Cicero de Consolatione. These are admirable authors, to be sure, for the use of men who repose calmly in the elbow chair, and like Shakespear's Dogberry, have "two coats, and every thing comfortable about them." But when we are rendered more than usually grave, by the "dull realities" of this miserable life, it seems absurd to read grave authors, to make us still graver. If we wish to divert the humour of black melancholy, we should apply to some merry mountebank, instead of the lawful physicians of the schools.

The gay Monsieur St. Evremond recommends authors, who can excite us to laughter; and imagines Don Quixote a better assuager of care, than Plutarch, because it is easier to dissipate than to vanquish grief. I like this theory of the cheerful Frenchman; and, when I fall into a fit of Welsh choler and profound melancholy, as I reflect upon the degradation of my country, the misfortunes of my family, and the most venerable of my friends, plundered by all the factions of a revolution; when I meditate upon health, assailed by every sullen gale, in the most capricious of climes, and honour and fortune, like young eaglets, hindered from rising, and held down to the earth, by every republican boor, I run to the merriest authors in my library. I laugh with Rabelais, who satirizes, and Swift, who scorns, with Sterne, who sneers, and with Addison, who smiles at the awkward follies, or the portentous crimes of man. I giggle with Gil Blas and Monsieur Scarron, and, I chuckle, as I see my chambermaid brush into the fire, from the tired shelves, tomes of French philosophy, and all the free and equal consolations to be found among republican rubbish.

Voltaire, in his letters from Amabed, makes his hero declare, that he had been lately studying the elements of the Italian tongue, with his mistress by his side. "The first day, we conjugated together very easily, the verb I love. It employed us several days," the author archly adds, "to conjugate the rest of the verbs."

I have read a multitude of literal and faithful versions of that ode of HORACE, in which he praises Licinia, the betrothed bride of his patron, Mæcenas. None has, in my opinion, so exquisitely described the airs and graces of a Roman charmer, as the following paraphrase, for which I am indebted to the genius of Miss Seward, who without copying servilely from the ancient canvass, has given us the felicity of the original outline, and the vivid glow of the colours.

Enraptur'd by Licinia's grace,
My muse would all high themes decline,
Charm'd that the heart, the form, the face
Of matchless excellence is thine.

Ah, happy friend, for whom an eye,
Of splendid, and resistless fire,
Lays all its pointed arrows by,
For the mild gleams of soft desire!

With what gay spirit does she foil
The Pedant's meditated hit!
What happy archness in her smile!
What pointed meaning in her wit!

Her cheek how pure a crimson warms,
When with the nymphs, in circling line,
Bending she twines her snowy arms,
And dances round Diana's shrine.

Mæcenas, thou wouldst not exchange
The treasures gorgeous Persia pours,
The wealth of Phrygia's fertile range,
Or warm Arabia's spicy shores,

For one light ringlet of the hair,
Which shades thy sweet Licinia's face,
In that dear moment when the fair
Is flying from thy fond embrace,

Relenting turns her snowy neck,
To meet thy kisses half the way,
Or, when her feign'd resentments check
The ardours thy warm lips convey.

While in her eyes the languid light
Betrays a yielding wish to prove,
Amid her coy, yet playful fight,
The pleasing force of fervent love,

Or when in gaily frolic guise,
She snatches her fair self the kiss,
E'en at the instant she denies
Her lover the requested bliss.

The following serious sonnet, though somewhat harsh in its construction, will be perused with pleasure, by the few, who have learned the value of solitary hours, and who are skilled in other modes of enjoying the winter eve, than amid the malignant gossiping of prudish parties, or the humdrum remarks of insipid citizens, more flat and mawkish, than their stupefying beer.

WINTER EVENING.

When mourn the dark winds o'er the lonely plain,
And from pale noon sinks, ere the fifth cold hour,
The transient light, IMAGINATION'S power,
With knowledge and with science in her train,
Not unpropitious Hyems' icy train
Perceives;—since, in the deep and silent hour
High themes the rap: concentrating thoughts explore,
Freed from external pleasure's glittering chain.
Then most the understanding's culture pays
Luxuriant harvest, nor shall folly bring
Her aids obtrusive—Then, with ardent gaze,
The ingenious to their rich resources spring,
While sullen winter's dull imprisoning days,
Hang on the vacant mind, with flitting wing.

Miss Anna SEWARD, a very elegant poetess, and whose "Llangollen Vale" will transmit her genius to future ages, has paraphrased certain of the odes of Horace, sometimes in a very diffuse, but oftener in a very spirited manner. The Roman poet, on a festal day, commemorating the elevation of L. Murena to the dignity of an augur, composed an ode at table, in which he exhorts Telephus to dissolve his care. The ensuing extracts from Miss Seward's version, I read, and all the social tribe will read with glee.

Fill a bright bumper—to the moon!
She's new!—auspicious be her birth!
One to the midnight!—'tis our noon
Of jocund thought and festal mirth!

Arrange the cups of various size,
The least containing bumpers three,
And nine the rest.—Come, no disguise!
Nor yet constraint, the choice is free,

All but the *barrels*—the bowl of *nine*,
He is in duty, bound to fill;
The *musics* number to decline,
Were treason at Aonia's hill.

For here the sisters shall preside,
So they allow us leave to laugh;
Unzon'd the graces round us glide,
While we the liquid ruby quaff.

Yet *they*, in kind and guardian care,
Dreading lest wild inebriate glee
With broils disturb our light career,
Would stint us to their number, *three*.

Away, ye *prudes*—the caution wise
Becomes not this convivial hour,
That every dull restraint defies,
And laughs at all their frigid power.

Thou sayst I rove;—and *true* thou sayst.
Nor must thou check the flowing vein,
For sprightly nonsense suits him best,
Whom grave reflection leads to pain.

Why mute the pipe's enlivening note?
Why sleeps the charming lyre so long?
O, let their strains around us float,
Mix'd with the sweet and jocund song:

And lavish be the roses strewn!
Ye flutes, ye lyres, exulting breathe!
The fatal hour disdains to own,
The mournful note, the niggard wreath.

From themes, that wake the powers of mind,
The wounded spirit sick'ning turns;
To those be then *this* hour consign'd,
That mirth approves, though wisdom spurns.

Dr. GRAINGER's Tibullus is rather a heavy translation, and I find my opinion of its poetical imbecility confirmed, by Mr. Pye, the present Laureat. The Sugar Cane, a poem of some celebrity, I never could read through; though a few passages engaged my attention, and merited praise. But the following invocation to solitude is wonderfully sublime, and Dr. Johnson once repeated it with the enthusiasm of applause.

O Solitude, romantic maid,
Whether by nodding towers you tread;
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb;
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide;
Or, starting from your half year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmer's marble waste survey.

Nothing can be more picturesque, than the images of this lonely Power contemplating, from the height of Hecla, the dissolution of polar ice, and, amid the brightness of the morning, expatiating over the desolate ruins of ancient grandeur. The various stations, which Solitude may be supposed to assume, are described by the poet, with the most admirable propriety, whether he directs his imagination to the source of the Nile, or the side of the Andes.

Many of the odes of Anacreon, Catullus, and Horace, are often incentive, not only to the raptures, but to the madness of Love and Wine. But the ensuing lines, translated from the merriest of the *Greeks*, by the accomplished Moore, contain a *wholesome* law of drinking, which Prudence and Temperance may sign, and which old Experience may approve.

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water *amply* flow,
To cool the grape's imperate glow;
Let not the fiery God be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For, though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness.

Pierius Valerianus, says Mr. Moore, has founded the ensuing epigram, on the mythologi-

cal allegory of commemorating by altars to *Bacchus* and the *nymphs*, the temperate union of *water* with wine.

Ardentem ex utero Semeles lavere Lyæum
Naiades; extincto fulminis igne sacri;
Cum nymphis igitur tractabilis, at sine nymphis
Candenti rursus fulmine corripitur.

While Heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A Naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him, burning, in her purest lymph.
Still, still, he leaves the sea maid's chrysal urn,
And, when his native fires infuriate burn,
He bathes him in the fountain of the nymph.

The poet, SMART, who has translated PHÆDRUS, in a manner that the Thracian Freedman himself might read with complacency in the court of Tiberius, has written a few ORIGINAL fables, which I think very little inferior to those of La Fontaine. One of the most liberal critics among my literary friends, has recently expressed to me his pleasure, in perusing the easy verses, which a few evenings since, I copied from that brilliant book, "The Meteors," on the subject of imputed plagiarism. I hope he will agree with me, that the ensuing fable rivals the tale of Clodio in the *Oven*.

The poker lost, poor Susan storm'd,
And all the rights of rage perform'd;
As scolding, crying, swearing, sweating,
Abusing, fidgetting, and fretting.
"Nothing but villainy and thieving;
Good heavens, what a world we live in!
If I don't find it in the morning,
I'll surely give my master warning.
He'd better far shut up his doors,
Than keep such good for nothing —s.
For, whereso'er their trade they drive,
We *virtuous* bodies cannot thrive."
Well may poor Susan grieve and groan,
Misfortunes never come alone,
But tread each others heels in throngs,
For the next day she lost the tongs,
The salt box, cullender and pot
Soon shar'd the same untimely lot.
In vain she wails and wages spent,
On new ones—for the new ones went.
There'd been, she swore, some devil, or witch in
To rob and plunder all her kitchen.
One night she to her chamber crept,
Where, for a month, she had not slept,
Her master being, to her seeming,
A better playfellow, than dreaming.
Curse on the author of these wrongs,
In her own bed she found the tongs,
Hang Thomas for an idle joker,
In her own bed she found—the *poker*;
Her salt box, pepper box, and kettle,
With all the culinary metal.—
Be warn'd, ye fair, by Susan's crosses,
Keep chaste, and guard yourselves from losses,
For if young girls delight in kissing,
No wonder that the *poker's* missing.

I think I could pretty accurately estimate the quantum of sensibility in a man's bosom, by knowing with what kind of emotions he rose from the perusal of the following lines, faithful to nature; so descriptive of the heart, and so honourable to the muse of the sensitive author. He, who does not enter into the spirit of the fourth, and, above all, of the last stanza, has yet to perform his noviciate of the passions, and it will be long, before he can exclaim with Virgil's shepherd "Nunc scio quid sit AMOR."

Near yonder cot upon the moor,
Whose grey smoke winds in many a curl;
I met this morn a lovely girl,
Knitting beside the cottage door.

With many a modish damsel oft,
I've squander'd foolishly my time,
Play'd with their hands and cheeks so soft,
Or hitch'd them into many a rhyme.

But when I turn'd to go away,
My bosom felt no tickling pain,
And scarcely did I hear them say,
I'd thank you, sir, to call again.

But when I saw this lass so fair,
Her floating eye so blue and round,
Its lustre I could no more bear,
But bashful look'd upon the ground.

My jealous pride then took alarm,
Face her, it whisper'd o'er and o'er,
Look up, she cannot do thee harm,
Did'st thou ne'er see a girl before.

Rous'd from the dream, I rais'd my hat
And tho't some civil thing to say;
I look'd, my heart went pit a pat,
And glad was I to get away.

Yet tho' I hurried from her sight,
Roam whereso'er my footsteps will,
That full blue eye, that face so bright,
Will HAUNT ME, LIKE A SPECTRE, STILL.

Monsieur Menage has composed a Greek Anacreontic, which I will not terrify my fair or my superficial readers by publishing in the original. But I will preserve an enchanting translation of it by T. Moore, Esq.

As dancing o'er the enamell'd plain,
The flowret of the virgin train,
My soul's Corinna lightly play'd,
Young Cupid saw the graceful maid;
He saw, and in a moment flew,
And round her neck his arms he threw;
And said, with smiles of infant joy,
"Oh! kiss me, mother, kiss thy boy."
Unconscious of a mother's name,
The modest virgin blush'd with shame!
And angry Cupid, scarce believing
That vision could be so deceiving,
Thus to mistake his *Cyprian* dame,
The little infant blush'd with shame.
"Be not asham'd, my boy," I cried,
For I was lingering by his side,
"Corinna and thy lovely mother,
"Believe me, are so like each other,
"That clearest eyes are oft betray'd,
"And take thy *Venus* for my maid!"

In many editions of the works of GRAY, the following song, gallantly written by him, at the request of Miss Speed, does not appear. The thought is so ingenious, the expression so delicate, and the passion so natural, I shall be thanked by many a sentimental reader for copying it during my Evenings.

Thyrsis, when we parted, swore
Ere the *Spring* he would return!
Ah, what means yon *violet* flower,
What the *buds*, that deck the thorn?
'Twas the *lark*, that upwards sprung,
'Twas the *nightingale*, that sung.

Idle notes, untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales, and skies serene,
Speak not *always* winter past
Cease my doubts, my tears to move,
Spare the *HONOUR* of MY LOVE!

I know not whether the following passage, from Addison's works, has ever been quoted as an example of his inimitable style. When I am engaged in the composition of an essay, and reflect how hard it is to approach even a faint resemblance of the manner of the SPECTATOR, and how exquisitely elegant that manner is, I record such a paragraph as the following with a mixed sensation of delight and despair.

"The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face. She has touched it with vermillion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her

works; and when we load it with a pile of super-numerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties to childish gew gaws, ribbons, and bone lace."

In the "Meteors" the following amorous remonstrance, is addressed to a jealous mistress, and it is both pathetic and poetical.

Oh! spare those sighs, that softly speak
The fond repinings of thy breast,
On which from storms and north winds bleak,
Secure I often sought to rest.

While her love's true, my sweet one's fears
Should all be banish'd to the wind;
A slight affliction, bath'd with tears,
Respeaks a weakness in the mind.

I would not have the girl I love,
Wrap in suspicion all her soul,
Because sometimes I devious rove,
Neglecting her, to drain the bowl.

Bacchus, the god of nectar'd treasure,
Ranges in Venus' myrtle grove,
And if his grapes invite to pleasure,
Where shall I fly, but to my love?

Can I then leave thy dear controul,
Or deign on false ones to repose?
Thinkest thou, I would mid nettles roll,
And slight the fragrance of the rose?

MATTHEW GREEN, one of the most original poets in our language, prescribes no less pleasantly, than judiciously against the attacks of hypochondria. In very desperate cases, he describes his own regimen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
Talk of unusual swell of waist,
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed:
And jewels, pawned for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty, aunt left in the lurch,
By grave pretence to go to church,
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin,
And thus, in modish manner, we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH.

THE KING V. HARRIS.

Mr. Gibbs stated, on the part of the prosecution, that the defendant is, by profession, a money broker and money lender.

Mr. Taylor, manager of the Opera-house, having got into great difficulties, persuaded Federici, a musician at that theatre, to accept a bill of exchange for 245*l.* at three months after date, which Federici consented to, merely to accommodate Mr. Taylor. This bill was given to a Mr. Galleni (also connected with the Opera-house) to get discounted. Galleni carried it to this money broker, who, like most of his profession, had not *sho much money* by him, but if he would take the greatest part in *goods*, he would accommodate him. Mr. Taylor's necessities were so urgent, that Galleni, who acted in this case as his agent, was obliged to accept of any terms: 50*l.* accordingly was given in money; the *goods* were, a grand piano-forte, valued at 75*l.* and worth nothing at all, except for the mahogany frame; in addition to this, there were different parcels of Irish linens, Welch flannels, and sea charts; when the bill became due, the defendant sued Federici, and obtained a verdict. As Galleni (whom Federici had relied upon as a witness) could not speak English, or give an

intelligible account of the transaction. Federici then filed a bill in chancery against the defendant, calling upon him to set forth, upon oath, what value he had given for this bill. The defendant then called upon Galleni, and asked him, had he the bill of parcels which he had sent with the goods. Galleni replied, he had lost it; well then, says the money lender, I will not say a word of the pianoforte. Accordingly in his answer he did not mention this pianoforte. Mr. Gibbs then said, he intended to submit to the jury, whether it was possible for the defendant to have forgot this pianoforte, which was by much the principal item of those goods, which he professed to give in payment of this bill? If he had not forgot it, and yet omitted when accounting upon oath to mention it, in such case he was guilty of wilful and corrupt perjury.

Mr. Garrow, on the part of the defendant, pointed out several variations in the record, from the statement in the original bill.

Lord Ellenborough said, that he was obliged to pronounce those variations fatal; but at the same time he was sorry to see the justice of the country disappointed by the carelessness of practitioners; he did not mean particularly to allude to this defendant, for every man was to be presumed innocent till he should be proved guilty; but it was of great public importance, that those who swore answers to bills in equity, should have the fear of an indictment before them, if they were inclined to swear falsely.

POLITE LITERATURE.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It is pleasing to see such a writer as Cumberland, speak in praise of the Leonidas of Mr. Glover, for notwithstanding the abrupt and laconic structure of his periods, which, like Cowper's translation of Homer, in some places, is ill suited to the melody of verse, and his rejection of the use of machinery, yet, for the happiness of choice in the subject, the artful conduct of the principal design, and adapting the episodes to the carrying on, and serving that design, for variety and discrimination of character, both in conduct and sentiment, and for variety of beautiful and new comparisons and similes, the Leonidas may rank with Lucan's *Pharsalia*, Statius' *Thebaid*, with Camoen's *Lusiad*, and Voltaire's *Henriade*, and may be considered as a legitimate descendant of the great Milton himself.

It is surprising that this poem is so little known; some who have read it attentively, think that even Lord Lyttleton did not over-rate its merits, though he was so partial to the author and the work. And it is peculiarly pleasing to the friends of Glover's memory, to read his character, as given by the eminent Dr. Brocklesby, on the occasion of his death—to be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1785.

The specimen which Mr. Cumberland has given of a blank verse translation of the *Iliad* is, by some, considered as peculiarly excellent;—in melody of verse, and harmony of cadence, it is supposed to excel that of the illustrious Cowper, even in his happy talent: witness the following:

—To the stationed fleet of Greece,
With costly ransom, offering to redeem
His captive daughter, came the holy seer:
The laurel garland, ensign of his God,
And golden sceptre in his hand he bore;
And thus to all—but chief the kingly sons
Of Atreus, suppliant he address'd his suit.

"Kings, and ye well appointed warriors, all!
So may the gods, who on Olympus' heights
Hold their celestial mansions, and your arms
To level yon proud towers, and to your homes
Restore you, as to me you shall restore
My captive daughter, and her ransom take,
In awful reverence of the God I serve."

He ceas'd: the assembled warriors all assent,
All but Atreides—he the general voice
Opposing, with determined pride rejects
The proffer'd ransom, and insul's the suit—
"Let me not find thee, priest!—if thou presum'st,
Or here to loiter, or henceforth to come,
'Tis not thy sceptre, no, nor laurel crown,
Shall be thy safeguard; hence!—I'll not restore
The captive thou demand'st; deem'd for her life
In distant Argos, where I reign, to ply
The house-wife's loom, and spread my nightly couch—
Fly, whilst thy flight can save thee, and begone!

No more!—obedient to the stern decree,
The aged suitor turns his trembling steps
To the surf-beaten shore; there calls his God,
And, in the bitterness of anguish, prays—

"Hear me thou God who draw'st the silver bow,
Hear, thou, whom Chrysa worships, hear thou king
Of Tenedos, of Cella:—Smintheus hear!
And if thy priest hath ever deck'd thy shrine,
Or on thy flaming altars offer'd up
Grateful oblations,—send thine arrows forth,
Strike, strike these tyrants, and avenge my tears."

Thus Chryses pray'd, nor was the prayer unheard;
Quick, at his call, the vengeful God uprear'd
His tow'ring stature on Olympus' top,
Behind him hung his bow; onward he strode,
Terrible, black as night, and as he shook
The quiver'd arrows, the affrighted air
Echo'd the dreadful knell:—Now from aloft
Wide o'er the subject fleet he glanc'd his eye,
And from his silver bow, with sounding string,
Launch'd the unerring shaft, &c.

It will not be denied but that Cowper has, in many respects, given an excellent translation of Homer; especially in the endeavour to preserve the energy of the original, and in the compound epithets, which so much abound in the *Iliad*, which was supposed would not be well translated.

The act of Apollo in smiting the Greeks, with the plague, is also happily translated.

....."Clang'd the cord,
Dread-sounding, bounding on the silver bow."

Observations on the above, from some learned readers, may be acceptable. It will, at least, be admitted, that had not the task been undertaken by Cowper, we should have been very solicitous for Mr. Cumberland to have proceeded. For the tags of rhyme, even in the hands of Pope, could not permit us to discover even as well as the English language could exhibit, the spirit of the Greek poems—On this much might be said.

J. D.

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The speculative opinions of a writer, whose travels in the United States have lately been published, may deserve some attention, when they are expressed upon a topic so universally interesting as "the future destiny" of our country. The question whether that important region of territory, upon the continent of America, which, for a series of years, has been in the peaceable possession of Spain, shall now, all of a sudden, be transferred to new hands, and in the interim of its being occupied by its new masters, whether the commerce of the citizens of the United States, shall be totally excluded from the only port of entry in the river Mississippi, is discussed, at this moment, with singular zeal, by all ranks of the community. On subjects of such momentous concern to the people of the United States, even the remarks of a foreigner should be listened to, and if they contain useful hints, they ought to be advantageously improved.

The traveller referred to, in considering the "future destinies of North America," has made the observation, that, "it is not even ascertained as yet, whether the eastern maritime states, and those to the westward, such as Kentucky, Ten-

nessee, &c. will not separate; nor is it yet sure, that the northern and southern states, which are divided by the Potomack, will always remain united in one political body; and certain writers have already wrested from the crown of Spain, all the lands westward of the Mississippi, and given them to the Republic."

In the preceding remarks, there is evidence of foresight and penetration in the writer, which is singularly striking, at this moment, when the attention of our countrymen is roused at the idea of a dismemberment of our territory, as a consequence of the cession of Louisiana by Spain to France.

He proceeds; "But if the Indians should prove incapable of maintaining the possession of their land, and Spain should lose the extensive territories westward of the Mississippi, they would nevertheless not become parts of the United States. The European powers will settle and determine concerning them, among themselves, and the American Republic will be allowed no voice in the case, for she has no military force to give her weight; the Europeans will therefore most probably decide, who shall possess that country, and they will not give it to the Americans."

When the president of the United States announced, in his late message to congress, "the cession of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France," as having taken place, "in the course of the late war," the predictions of this writer, were literally verified; two European powers, undertook "to settle and determine concerning the extensive territories, westward of the Mississippi," without allowing "the American Republic any voice in the case." It is true, that the United States had no claim to the territory in question, but they had an undoubted right to make a treaty with Spain, and to stipulate for the free navigation of a river, which is a source and a flood of wealth to the people of our western country, dwelling near its borders. Nor did Spain the right of ceding to France, a territory in which the United States possessed, by compact, certain valuable privileges, without first obtaining their consent, or charging the transfer of possession to other hands, with all existing incumbrances.

The principle, which has just been advanced, is fully recognized by the law of nations, and during the debate in the national legislature, on Mr. Griswold's motion to go into a committee of the whole, on the state of the union, for the purpose of calling up the resolution, asking, from the executive, information respecting the cession of Louisiana to France, Mr. Lowndes, (of South Carolina) insisted, with emphasis, upon its application to the relative situations of the United States, Spain and France, in the present contest respecting Louisiana. The remarks of this gentleman were as follows: "It has been observed, Mr. Speaker, that if Spain has ceded the province of Louisiana to France, it is merely a transaction between two foreign powers, into which we have no right to enquire. It is said, she had a right to make the cession without consulting us. This, sir, I deny. She has not a right to vary our situation without our consent; she has not a right, without consulting us, to give us what neighbours she may think proper."

"If, by the conditions of the transfer, France is to be allowed, upon taking possession, to consult her own convenience, without regard to our rights, there has been a violation of good faith on the part of Spain. The essential interests of this country, interests secured to us by treaty, have been abandoned."

In this great question, respecting the right of Spain to cede to France the province of Louisiana, several important points of the law of nature and nations, are incidentally involved. The na-

vigation of the river Mississippi may possibly give rise to contentions, as serious in their consequences to the United States, as ever flowed from the disputes between the maritime states of Europe, respecting the free navigation of the river Scheld. This is an occasion, when it would be justifiable to cite and discuss the doctrine of *mare liberum* and *mare clausum*, and when we wish to consult authorities on this subject, we shall much sooner refer to Grotius, than to governor M'Kean and governor Mercer.*

We think very well of Hugh Grotius's treatise "*De Mare libero*," and have heard the knowing ones express high approbation of Paul Merula's "*Dissertatio de Maribus*," and as Thomas M'Kean pretends to know something of the controversies which have prevailed respecting *Mare liberum*, and *Mare clausum*, and James Monroe, the President's Envoy, is entirely ignorant of these subjects, we should have been disposed to acquiesce in the mission to Spain, had the first named person been selected to fill the station. The character of Mr. M'Kean is that of a proud Castilian, and a grandee of Spain. The motto to his coat of arms would seem to indicate, "*homo antiqua virtute ac fide*," for to what higher praise can man aspire than the title of the "*Mens sana in corpore sano*." Mr. Monroe, on the contrary, is one of your canting, meek, lowly, republican puritans—the motto to whose coat of arms is, "*Dread God*." When the Roman people, once on a time, sent an impotent Embassy, it was said, by some of their satirists, "*Misset populus Romanus, legationem, qui nec pedes, nec caput habet*."

The impartial statement of the affray which took place, not far from Port-Tobacco, on the 28th of December last, which was published in the National Intelligencer, so completely nailed Mr. Rutledge to the wall, that we apprehend some difficulty will be found in extracting him, with the aid of Messrs. Simmes and Clagget's portable patent pincers.

Of what avail are affidavits on oath, in establishing the truth of facts, when opposed by the word of "a Senator of the United States," from the state of Rhode-Island?

The honourable Mr. E——— has proved himself so clever at detecting forgeries, that we expect to hear very soon, that the depositions of Messrs. Simmes and Clagget are documents, falsified by Mr. R——— and in his hand writing.

Messieurs Bayard, Griswold, and Rutledge, enjoy, it is said, the distinguished honor of the cordial hatred and abhorrence of the President of the United States. Their masculine intrepidity, seconded by unrivalled talents, have enabled them to "speak daggers" to the soul of every jacobin in the country. Hence the extraordinary efforts of the government party to defeat the reelection of these gentlemen as Representatives to the national legislature.

* To understand this allusion the reader is reminded of a certain consequential letter from governor M'Kean to governor Mercer, on the important subject of "a toll on the passage of vessels from this state, down the bed of the Susquehanna river, through part of the state of Maryland, into the Chesapeake bay, and towards the Atlantic Ocean," in which governor M'Kean, with abundant solemnity, expresses a well grounded confidence, that, "The controversies respecting the *mare liberum* and *mare clausum*, the Baltic, the Scheldt, and the Rhine, in Europe, and the Mississippi, in America, will not, as they need not, be revived in this case."

Monsieur Gallatin makes fearful work with the English language, as well as with American finances. We are at a loss to determine what sentiment he means to convey, in his rumbling and jolting vehicle of expression. We recommend Dilworth and Ashe's portable little grammar to this gabbling Genevieve, and we admonish him to learn something of English construction, before he presumes to appear again in print.

In most of our print-shops, there is a most outrageous likeness of a gawky figure, to which the artist has appended the far-famed name of T. Jefferson. As we stopped, the other day, to gaze at this portentous figure, we could not help remembering a passage in the Rolliad—

Behold the Engraver's mimic labours trace,
The sober image of that sapient face;
See him, in each peculiar charm exact,
Below dilate it, and above contract;
For Nature thus, inverting her design,
From vulgar ovals hath distinguish'd thine:
See him each nicer character supply,
The pert, no meaning puckering round the eye;
The mouth, in plaits precise, demurely clos'd,
Each ordered feature, and each line composed;
There wisdom sits a-squat, in starch disguise,
Like dulness couch'd, to catch us by surprise.

The specious hypocrisy of the revolutionary disciples of Rousseau, their tender mercies towards Grubs, and their latent animosity to grandeur and virtue, are all finely described by Burke, who well understood the depraved nature of the traitors to the French monarchy. He knew the weakness as well as the wickedness of their accursed theory. He cherished a moral antipathy towards these political highwaymen, or rather footpads, because he was sure that with all their republican babble, their whole system was rottenness.

From within
Their shallow centre to their utmost skin."

"These savages seemed tame and even caressing. They had nothing but *douce humanité* in their mouths. They could not bear the punishment of the mildest laws on the greatest criminals. The slightest severity of justice made their flesh creep. The very idea that war existed in the world disturbed their repose. Military glory was no more with them, than a splendid infamy. Hardly would they hear of self defence, which they reduced within such bounds, as to leave it no defence at all. All this while, they meditated confiscation and massacres."

In a paper in the Idler, by Dr. Johnson, there occurs a suggestion of an historical subject, for the pencil, which we find has been actually taken up by our countryman, Sir Benjamin West, who, to the great scandal of a republic, has accepted a title from a king, and chooses to live in London, rather than in the Liberties of Philadelphia.

If the design were not too multifarious and extensive, I should wish that our painters would attempt the dissolution of the parliament, by Cromwell. The point of time may be chosen, when Cromwell, looking round the Pandemonium with contempt, ordered the bauble to be taken away; and Harrison laid hands on the speaker to drag him from the chair.

The various appearances, which rage and terror, and astonishment and guilt might exhibit in the faces of that hateful assembly; the irresolute repugnance of some, the hypocritical submission of others, the ferocious insolence of Cromwell, the rugged brutality of Harrison, and the general trepidation of fear and wickedness, would make a picture of irresistible instruction.

A youth of a luxuriant imagination and vivid parts, at a college in a certain democratic state, anxious to convince his father of his rapid improvement, as well as his talent at imitating, and even excelling, a certain great character in the sublimity of his language, concludes a very flourishing letter to him in these words—"I tender you the homage of a fumigation, with the odoriferous incense, which evaporates from the profound respects of

Your most obsequious Son,

In a late Providence paper, a blacksmith advertises a VICE, which has been stolen from him. He must be a vicious thief that can steal vices.

The following is strict truth, respecting Charles Fox, the noted profligate patriot, who visits Buonaparte and La Fayette. "Nothing is more certain than that the party leader of the English jacobins, though he thinks it suits his interest to sacrifice at the shrine of Democracy, is, in reality, actuated by a proud Aristocratic spirit. But it is, indeed, impossible for men of sense and education to relish the coarse tyranny of republican usurpers, though they may be induced, by selfish motives, to abet so gross and odious a system.

The ensuing extract, from the letter of an elegant remarker, contains so many ingenious remarks, neatly expressed, that it is well worthy a memorial.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PARIS, SEPTEMBER 12.

"The residence of an Englishman in Paris powerfully tends to render him contented with his own country. On a fair comparison, we have the advantage in almost every thing that contributes to the happiness of a man of an enlightened and independent mind. But in our capital source of pleasure and improvement we are infinitely excelled. I reflect with disgust on almost all the theatrical representations I ever saw in England. I attach no consequence to the number of theatres; but I reflect with mortification and envy upon the admirable manner in which they are conducted. It would be more desirable to have a box in the fourth or fifth house here, than in the second in London. One would witness more judgment in the managers, more talent in the actors, and more taste in the audience. Constant habit renders us insensible to the low state of our drama; but, on coming over to this side of the water, it strikes one with extraordinary force. This degeneracy is altogether unaccountable. Where have the audience spoilt the actors; or the actors the audience? unquestionably they are very bad. Here the theatres are filled with real amateurs, and they seldom find occasion but to approve. What order prevails? what expectation is excited? what devotion is shewn to the business of the stage? what rapture is displayed on every countenance at any particular happy trait of humour or burst of passion? In London few seem to go for the sake of the play, and the greatest part would probably be as well pleased if the curtain were never drawn up. Judging by the public places, London must be reckoned infinitely the most profligate. I will by no means vouch for the virtue of all the female part of a French audience; but women are never seen in the theatres insulting decency, and openly bartering their charms. Venal beauty constitutes no part of the attraction. The theatres are under very severe regulations, framed by the police. These, however, have little influence. There is no occasion for positive law, as no one shews the least propensity to offend. While

the curtain is up, a whisper among the audience is never heard; to cough even is reckoned unmannerly, and if an Englishman moves from one box to another the performance is suspended. What must a Frenchman think when he sees the stage of the opera house crowded with cocombs, and when at all the theatres the grand object of most people seems to be to disturb their neighbours. While the actors excuse themselves by the inattention of the audience, the audience perhaps may urge as their plea the badness of the actors. There is no doubt that the stage here is much better worth attending to. We have artists, I am proud to think, superior to any that Paris can boast of. I admire Talma enthusiastically. In clearness, strength, and flexibility of voice, in variety of tone, in dignity of exclamation, in ease of deportment, in elegance of attitude, I think him much superior to Mr. Kemble. Perhaps he falls short of him in portraying the passions, less from want of ability than from the limited range allowed him by French tragedy—which, whatever its merits, in simplicity and correctness, in richness of imagery, and smoothness of versification, in its power over the heart, must at once yield to the irregular effusions of Shakespeare, Otway, and Rowe. But I have never seen Talma so great as Mr. Kemble in *Hamlet*, *Piercy*, or *the Stranger*. Mrs. Siddons appeared to me to be still more superior to the principal female tragic performers here.... Still our spectacles are miserable. We have parts well performed, but never a whole. Here the second rate artists, whether tragedians, comedians, or dancers, are almost equal to the first, and there are but two divisions. After you have descended one degree the scale stops. The attendants on queens, the bearers of messages, and the figurants in the ballet are all admirable performers, and could take almost any part in the piece. At this moment there are many at Paris who would be almost at the top of the profession in England, and who cannot get an engagement of any kind. Why among us there should be so few tolerable actors I am altogether at a loss to explain. Except Cooke no one has appeared in London for many years; while at the *Comedie Francaise*, I give you my word, within a few weeks back, there have been several *debutants* and *deputantes* of the most superior talents, and there are many, of whom report speaks favourably, that cannot get a hearing. Where is the actor so well paid as with us? Where is he held in higher estimation? In provincial theatricals we are left further behind. Although the performers of the metropolis are never permitted to go into the country, there is in every town a company, superior to that of Bristol, Manchester, or Edinburg, during the summer months. I went to the theatre as I passed through Calais. The admission to the boxes was but 30 sols, or 1s. 3d. There were an opera and a farce. The opera was but so so, though far better than I expected; but I protest that I never saw a farce better acted at Drury Lane or Covent Garden. I have great hopes that an intercourse with the French nation, while it strengthens our love of liberty and our attachment to the constitution, will lead us to emulate them in what they excel, and that their example will teach us both what we are to aspire after, and what we are to shun."

HALIFAX, (N. S.)

KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N. S.

On Tuesday, the 14th of September, was held the first meeting of all the governors of the new university of king's college, at Windsor, incorporated by his majesty's royal charter, bearing date the 12th of May, 1802. They consist of his excellency Sir John Wentworth, bart. L. L. D.

lieutenant-governor of the province; the right reverend the bishop of Nova-Scotia; S. S. Blowers, esq. the chief justice; Alexander Croke, L. L. D. judge of the vice admiralty court; R. J. Uniacke, esq. speaker of the house of assembly and attorney-general; S. Stewart, esq. solicitor-general; and Benning Wentworth, esq. secretary of the province. Upon this occasion the charter was publicly read in the college hall. It establishes "at Windsor, in the province of Nova-Scotia, one college, the mother of an university, for the education and instruction of youth and students, in arts and faculties, to continue for ever, and to be called KING'S COLLEGE, by the name and style of the governors, president, and fellows of king's college, at Windsor, in the province of Nova-Scotia; the college to consist of one president, three or more fellows and professors, and twelve or more scholars; the governors named in the charter, and their successors, to have power to frame statutes, rules and ordinances, for the good government of the said college, subject to the approbation of the lord archbishop of Canterbury, who is constituted patron, as the bishop of Nova-Scotia, is appointed visitor of the college." The charter further ordains, "That the said college shall be deemed and taken to be an university, and shall have and enjoy all such and the like privileges as are enjoyed by the universities in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland: and that the students in the said college shall have liberty and faculty of taking the degrees of bachelor, master, and doctor, in the several arts and faculties, at the appointed times."

The governors have appointed a committee to frame and digest a body of statutes, and also to procure, from the British universities, men of learning, religion, and abilities, to fill the different stations. It is hoped that the whole will be accomplished, and the establishment completed for the admission of students, in one year, or less from the present time.

The following sketch of the meat sold in the market of Halifax, for the September quarter, affords a pleasing proof of the agricultural improvements which have, in a few years taken place in this country, and furnishes a happy presage of its increasing prosperity.

3158 sheep; 502 calves, 614 oxen; 21 hogs.

The apostolic rite of confirmation was lately conferred on several hundred persons in Christ Church, by Benjamin Moore, D. D. bishop of the Protestant episcopal church in the state of New-York. The bishop, on this occasion, was received, at his entrance into the church, by the congregation singing those appropriate lines from the 118th psalm,

"Him that approaches in God's name
"Let all the assembly bless;" &c.

The discourse he delivered was impressive, and well adapted to the occasion, and was suitably received by the congregation, whose satisfaction was greatly enhanced by this seal of their union with their sister societies in the state.

[New-York paper.]

The new and beautiful church at Danbury, was lately consecrated, by the right reverend Doctor Jarvis—a sermon preached by the bishop from Exodus 25. 8. to a crowded audience, which manifested their approbation by their very attentive and decent behaviour. The elegance of the house evinced to all present that the members gratefully received and religiously improved the grant of a lottery which enabled them to build it, and dedicate to the worship of Almighty God,

Dr. Aiken's Beggar's Petition has produced many a parody. The following will amuse the *Aumane* hunter.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from th' ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthened to despair,
For I am lame, and wretchedly unsound.

This pierced skin my poverty betides,
Oh, once, alas! the sleekest of the stud;
And many a furrow in my spur-worn sides,
Has been the channel of a tide of blood.

Yon tavern sign, erected near the wood,
With tempting aspect, drew me from the road;
To shelter there—for "entertainment good,
For man and horse," was painted on the board.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor—
Here, as I crav'd a handful of their hay,
An ostler drove me from the stable door,
To seek again my solitary way.

Oh, take me to yon hovel's straw-built shed,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold;
Oh, spare some litter for a scanty bed,
For I am lame, and miserably cold.

Should I reveal the sources of my pain,
How long I've borne oppressions direful sways
Your hand would not withhold a little grain,
And I, in humble gratitude, would neigh.

Myself descended from the noblest race,
Of from Newmarket's course the palm have borne;
Or ran the foremost in the jovial chase,
When rous'd to mettle by the sprightly horn.

Hard riding makes the stoutest horse decline;
Hard riding brought me to the state you see;
May your own horse's fate be ne'er like mine,
The foal of famine and of misery.

Doom'd to draw sand, I labour'd through the day,
With toil oppress'd, to earn my master's bread;
Then turn'd adrift, this dreary waste to stray,
Unheeded, and unhoused, and worst of all, unfed.

Blind Dobbin, late companion of my age,
Of did the cruel whip his carcass flay;
Fell, stumbling fell, sad victim to blind rage,
And left the cart to cruelty, and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old MARE,
Whose trembling limbs scarce keep her from th' ground;
Whose wearied days are lengthened to despair,
For I am lame, and wretchedly unsound.

The songs of Dibdin are sung not only in the fore-castle, but in the saloon. All admire the merit of his maritime muse, and all testify the utility of thus animating the seaman to his duty. In one of the newest operas, the following sea ballad is sung, and Dibdin need not be ashamed of the style, or the sentiments.

A sailor I was born and bred,
My father's name was Midship Ned,
I doesn't tell a story;
And when he died, says Mam, says she,
Suppose, my lad, you goes to sea,
Says I, that there's all one to me,
If 'tis for Britain's glory.

I learnt to splice, and reef, and clue,
To drink my grog, till all was blue,
And tell a merry story;
And though I was'n't very big,
Aloft I'd climb, nor care a fig,
Or load a gun, and dance a jig,
And all for Britain's glory.

When I came home again, I found
My mother she was left aground,
I doesn't tell a story;
For she was cheated by an elf,
Who married her for father's pelf,
Then spent the cash, and hang'd himself,
And all for Britain's glory.

I fought the Spanish, French, and Dutch,
You know it doesn't matter much,
To tell a tedious story;
While mother liv'd, why I kept she,
And, now I cannot go to sea,
The King, God bless him, he keeps me,
And all for Britain's glory.

The perfections of the grey hound, are thus described in certain old couplets.

Head like a snake,
Neck'd like a drake,
Back'd like a beam,
Sided like a beam,
Tail'd like a rat,
And footed like a cat.

The general reader may remember the gross scurility, employed by the jacobin Junius, against Welbore Ellis, Esq. as a ministerial partizan in 1770. *Time, which on all things lays his lenient hand*, has redeemed the character of this virtuous nobleman, and a recent mourner for his loss has thus given the lie to Junius, that great patriot.

The right honourable Welbore Ellis, Lord Mendep, was respected and honoured by all who knew him while living, and his loss will long be sincerely regretted. His mind was stored with extensive learning, which his extraordinary memory retained to the last. No man possessed more strict integrity and honesty; his charities were extensive; there never was a man who, through so long a political life, made so few enemies; his country has lost an able and honest STATESMAN; his king a most loyal subject.

The following remarks, from a very respectable London print, merit regard, and will suggest topics of curious speculation to wise politicians, of old fashioned principles, who do not repair for perfect theories of government to the shallow presumption of jacobin cuckows.

A short time ago the three petty cantons of Switzerland, which refuse to acknowledge the new constitution of the Helvetic Republic, applied to the chief consul for his sanction in resuming their ancient government. The *Moniteur* notices certain publications in the *Publiciste* on this subject, and says, "the French government recognizes only one government in the Helvetic Republic. A portion, therefore, of this people could not have written to him without placing themselves in a state of rebellion against their own government." The sentiment here expressed forms an important part of the history of the French revolution. It is a censure of those persons who went from England in 1792, and presented addresses at the bar of the convention; it is a revocation of the doctrine of assistance and fraternity, which is said to have given so much alarm at the commencement of the war. Buonaparte has discovered that principles of insubordination existing in the breasts of surrounding nations will not promote his schemes of aggrandizement. He trusts to force alone, and is desirous of appealing only to his sword. He has nothing to hope from the affection of any people, and relies for the success of all his projects on his soldiers. He now, too, feels the inconvenience of allowing a people to have too great a share in the management of the affairs of state, and daily throws out hints to assure them that, if they will but support his authority, they shall have nothing to fear from the practice of any of the principles of the French revolution. Now that he is seated on the throne, he thinks, as every one thought before him, that all goes well, that all are incendiary jacobins, who attempt to thwart his projects or restrain his power. Let him proceed....He will run himself down at last. Opposition to his views would at present be wholly ineffectual.

We have the greatest satisfaction in assuring the public that Mr. Pitt's health has been perfectly re-established by even the short use which he has made of the Bath waters. That great man never was in better health than at the present moment, and we have no doubt of soon seeing his unrivalled talents exerted in parliament, in support of the cause and the interests of his country.

We hope that the following literary plan of an ingenious and correct Editor, will receive ample encouragement, and that though he labours amid the rigours of the north, he may feel the genial influence of the south. "Proposals are issued, at Quebec, by John Neilson, for publishing every Saturday, a periodical work, in the French and English language, embracing a variety of useful information, entitled "The British American Register," each number to contain sixteen pages royal octavo, at one guinea per annum.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Two years have elapsed since the establishment of the Port Folio; and, amid adverse fortune, and vexing cares, in despite of the menaces of some, the timidity of others, and the languor of all, the Editor has struggled to support the spirit of the undertaking.

But, from various causes, unpleasant and unforeseen, his literary labours have been so desultory, so languid, and so imperfect, that, as he sternly surveys his own compositions, in this Journal, no Zoilus can criticise more austere, than their author.

Yet, though he is depressed, by reflecting on the past, he still looks forward, confidently, to the future; such is the bounding elasticity of mind, and the flattery of Hope is so beguiling.

His friends will not, therefore, be surprised, though another volume of this paper be projected. The Editor cordially thanks them for assisting him, a way-farer towards public utility, and partial approbation. He begs leave to add, after the compliments of a festal season, that, with the alacrity of the shepherd swain, in Milton's *Lycidas*, he will rise from the couch of lassitude, and commence his intellectual tour,

"To-morrow to fresh fields, and pastures new."

It is expedient to add, that the public encouragement of this Journal is so moderate, that the Editor, far from receiving the labourer's hire, has gained nothing, but the kindness of a few of the most partial of his friends. Since the autumn of 1795, at all times zealously, and oftentimes laboriously, he has attempted, by literary and political essays, to amuse a few, and to warn many. His sketches, sufficiently imperfect, have scarcely been lucrative enough to pay for the oil, consumed in their composition. This is a retrospect of regret, and a cause of just alarm for the morrow. In the third year of his Journal, great efforts will be made to deserve a liberal retribution. If the Editor still fail to receive the fairly earned recompence, for literary toil, he will then think with the poet, that this is, indeed, an idle trade; and, in the words of Johnson "finding, with all his industry, that he cannot deserve regard, or cannot attain it, he may let his design fall at once, and, without injury to others, or himself, retire to amusements of greater pleasure, and to studies of better prospect."

The Copartnership, in the Port Folio establishment, which has hitherto subsisted, between the Editor, Asbury Dickins, and Elizabeth Dickins—is this day dissolved.

31st December, 1802.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

Friend of my heart! and must we bid farewell?
Has death, unfeeling, pierc'd thy noble breast?
Could nought, the rage of dire disease, repel,
Nor no kind aid the fatal stroke arrest?

Then have I cause to grieve, for I had thought
With thee to journey through the world's sad
wild,

Thy truth my guide, by thine example taught;
In thee I trusted and was ne'er beguil'd.

Thy soul was honor's self, ingenuous, true,
No vicious action stain'd thy bright career;
Fair virtue's precepts did thy mind imbue,
And made thee what I mourn, a friend sincere.

As o'er thy early grave I bend in tears,
And heave for thee the sorrow-freighted sigh,
Thy vision rising to my sight appears,
And mournful whispers, that I too must die.

EDWARD.

DIONYSIUS, THE TYRANT, AND PHILOXENUS, THE
BARD, OR, THE POET NO FLATTERER.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

Sated with conquests, and with crimes,
A Robespierre of other times,
To warm his former courtiers freezing praise,
Attempted to usurp the Bays;
But how to make his title good,
Whilst Genius dreads the man of blood!
The better to secure his Jury,
He mask'd in smiles his innate fury.
Were poets hungry, poor, or cold,
He gave them dinners, furs, and gold;
Ask'd men of genius to his table,
Who, 'midst such blandishments, unable
Their Io-Peans to refuse,
Flatter'd the monster, and his muse.
But Philoxenus, who alone,
To all the rest superior shone,
Join'd not the adulating strain,
And fawning greatness fawn'd in vain.
Such conduct could a tyrant bear,
Anxious a laurel crown to wear?
"Your sullen silence, sir, give o'er,
"Speak out—what say you?"—"Write no
more!"

How!—write no more!—'twas envy spoke,
I'll crush her, with a single stroke,
At genius, royalty, to scoff!
"Guards, to the mines, the wretch bear off."
Th' obsequious guards the nod obey,
And bear him to the mines away.

Aw'd with the fate of such a guest,
A thrilling terror chill'd each breast;
Each felt, with sympathetic sorrow,
That such might be his fate to-morrow.
The sword o'er Damocles suspended,
Might fall, before the feast was ended.
The tyrant reads his works in vain,
Give Philoxenus back again,
He read in ev'ry downcast eye,
And found it prudent to comply;
So seal'd a pardon to the sinner,
By asking him again to dinner.
Choice were the wines, the viands rare,
But the desert of coarser fare;
Some palling, namby-pamby sweets,
Such as in birth-day odes, one meets,
All of the tyrant's own composing,
Soon, set our honest bard a dosing.
"Why, Philoxenus! rub your eyes,
"Hath not experience made you wise?

"My last, best efforts, I've recited,
"My guests, you see, are all delighted;
"Envy ne'er taints a generous spirit,
"Give your opinion on their merit.
"What, Philoxenus, do you say?"
—"Guards, bear me to the mines away!"

But whilst the guards around him rally,
Charm'd with the humour of this sally,
The tyrant chose a wiser plan,
And for his wit forgave the man.

SELECTED POETRY.

[When the propagation of French and infamous principles had arisen to an alarming height in England, the friends of government, to counteract and expose the baleful effects of democracy, established in London a most masterly paper, called "The Anti-Jacobin," conducted in a very superior style, by some of the brightest wits in the kingdom. Some of the most excellent arguments against revolutionary and irreligious principles have appeared in this paper, and it is frequently the vehicle of poetry, serious and ludicrous of which Juvenal, and the author of the Pursuits of Literature need not have been ashamed. Among their most elegant effusions, we find the following sarcasm upon the French, which in a strain of poetry and parody, nearly unrivalled, ridicules the directory, and most aptly alludes to the Morning Hymn of Milton.]

Ere long perhaps, to this astonished isle,
Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile,
Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect
The genuine Theo Philanthropic sect?—
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,
Led by their pontiff, good La Revelliere.
Rejoic'd our clubs shall greet him, and instal
The holy hunch back in thy dome, St. Paul,
While countless votaries thronging in his train
Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain;
"Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening host,
Thou Morning Chronicle, and Morning Post,
Whether you make the Rights of Man your theme,
Your country libel and your God blaspheme,
Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw,
Still, blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.
And ye five other wandering bards that move
In sweet accords of harmony and love,
Coleridge and Southey, Loyd and Lambe and Co.
Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux!
Priestly and Wakefield, humble, holy men,
Give praises to his name with tongue and pen!
Thalwell, and ye that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux!
Praise him each jacobin, or fool, or knave,
And your crop'd heads in sign of worship wave!
All creeping creatures, venomous and low,
Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft—praise Lepaux!

And thou leviathan! on ocean's brim
Hugest of living things that sleep and swim;
Thou in whose nose by Burke's gigantic hand
The hook was fixed to drag thee to the land,
With Tierney, Fox, and Nicholls in thy train,
And Whitebread wallowing in the yeastly main,
Still as you snort, and puff, and spout, and blow,
In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!"

Britain beware; nor let the insidious foe,
Offorce despairing, aim a deadly blow.
Thy peace, thy strength, with dev'lish wiles as-
sail,

And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail.
True thou art rich, art powerful—through thine
isle,
Industrious skill, contented labour, smile—
For seas are studded with thy countless sails—
What wind but wafes them, and what shore but
hails?

True, thou art brave—throughout thy busy land
In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand!
Thy foes behold with impotent amaze,
And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze.

But what avails to guard each outward part,
If subtle poison circling at her heart,
Spice of thy courage, of thy pow'r, and wealth,
Mime the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,
Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,
Shades the green earth, and tow'ring to the skies,
In conscious strength, the tempest's wrath de-
fies.

The fowls of heav'n its ample branches share,
To its cool shade the panting herds repair;
The limpid current works its noiseless way;
The fibres loosen, and the roots decay.
Prostrate the mighty ruin lies; and all
That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou, lamented sage, whose prescient scan
Laid bare foul anarchy's gigantic plan;
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world of woes:
Thou, on whose name far distant time shall gaze,
The mighty sea mark of those troubled days,
O large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,
Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind:
Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd,
Whose copious tongue with Grecian richness
flow'd,
Well hast thou found (if such thy country's
doom)

A timely refuge in the shelt'ring tomb.

As in far realms beneath the cypress shade,
Where eastern kings in pomp of death are laid,
The perfum'd lamp with unextinguished light
Flames thro' the vault, and cheers the gloom of
night;

So mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn
To fancy's view the lamp of truth shall burn.
Thither late times shall turn their rev'rent eyes,
Led by that light, and by thy wisdom wise.

FROM MAURICE'S POEMS.

TO SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Whither does fancy stretch her rapid wing?
Through what new regions of serener spring?
My ravish'd sense an opening Eden greets,
A waste of treasures, and a wild of sweets—
Entranc'd I seem through fairy bowers to stray,
Where scatter'd rubies pave the spangled way;
Transparent walks, with polish'd sapphires bright,
And fountains* sparkling with ambrosian light.
A sweeter lyre no eastern swain had strung,
More softly warbled or more boldly sung;
Whether, great bard, thy vigorous muse rehearse
Solima's deathless praise, in deathless verse;
Or, tuned to grief, thy melting numbers move,
Breathing the softest tales of plaintive love;
Tender as Petrarch's flows the impassion'd line,
Nor Vida boasts a chaster page than thine.
Yet not that Britain's laurels round thy head,
And Arab's palms with rival lustre spread,
For this I sing—but that, with fix'd disdain,
Thy Roman soul refus'd the flatterer's strain;
And dar'd prefer (unvers'd in courtly guile)
Virtue's just praise beyond a monarch's smile.†

EPIGRAM.

Cries Doctor Slop, elated with his skill,
My patient, Tom, observe I never kill;
In twice ten hours, so quick'd I cur'd his gout,
The Alderman was able to go out.
That's true, quoth Tom, let our opponents rave,
I myself met him—going—to his grave.

* Alluding to the Poem of the Seven Fountains.
† See preface to Nadir Shah.

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